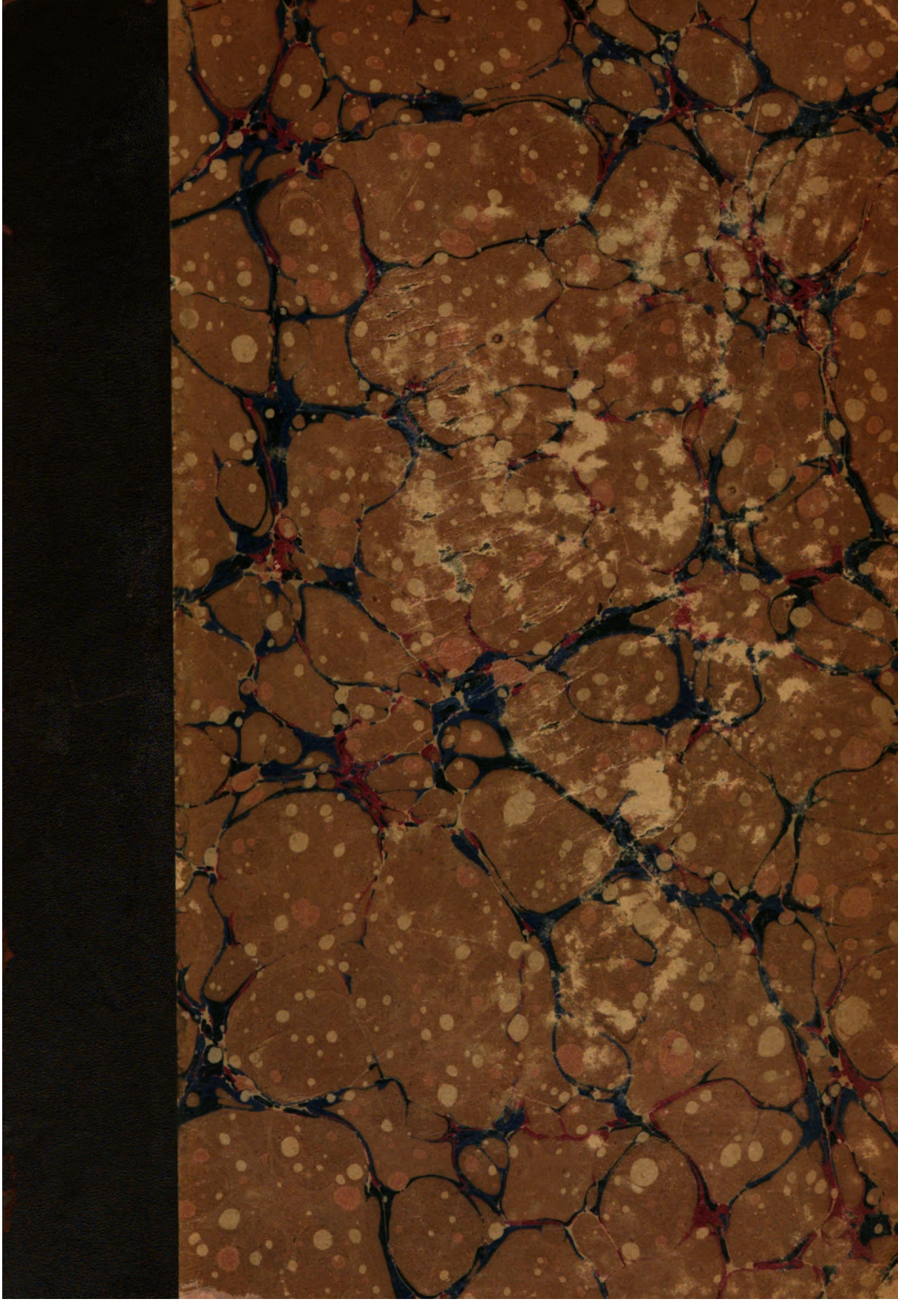

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LESLIE'S
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VOLUME LVIII. MAY, 1904 No I.

OPEN-AIR SCULPTURE

The Work of American Artists at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

By KARL BITTER
Director of Sculpture at the Fair

THE use of statuary out-of-doors, both upon buildings and in public or private grounds, has increased in America to a notable extent in recent years. In part this is due to a general increase in appreciation of art among Americans, in part to the awakening appreciation among architects in the United States of the ancient alliance between the sister arts of sculpture and of architecture. In part, also, it is due to the striking example given at the great International Expositions showing how a beautiful scene may be created out-of-doors by bringing architects, landscape gardeners and sculptors to work in coöperation so that one art may complement the other and the result be a harmonious whole.

Among the ancients sculpture was used in the adornment of temples and palaces and forums and other structures where the conditions called for figures of heroic size, and, indeed, often titanic proportions. An exposition with its palaces of classic type, its broad courts and ample vistas, its statuary reproducing the divinities and heroes of ancient mythology as well as expressing ideas associated with later times, may indeed seem a reminder of the grandeur of those by-gone days when the masters of antiquity carved the noble groups which are the admiration of all time.

When the task of creating the works of sculpture for the Columbian Exposition which so inspired the American public was undertaken, the number of artists available for the work was much smaller than at the present time. Con-

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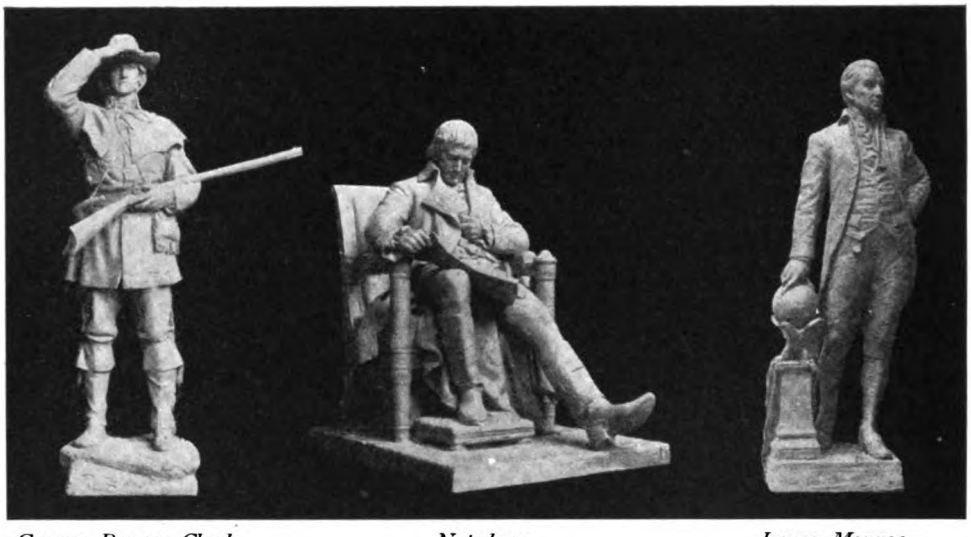


George Rogers Clark,
By Elsie Ward.

Napoleon,
By Daniel C. French.

James Monroe,
By Julia M. Bracken.

sidering the fact that the art of the sculptor at that time was just passing out of its infancy in the United States, it is most remarkable that so much really fine work was accomplished. The result was indeed not simply a great artistic education to the people of the United States, but it also furnished a strong impetus for young Americans to take up this art and for young men

The Triumph of Apollo, by Philip Martiny.

educated in foreign countries to come here to practice their calling. In consequence of this artistic impetus there are to-day several times as many sculptors in the United States as when the sculptural work for the Columbian Exposition was begun. It was just before this time that a number of young men who had attained high standing in their profession came to America from the different countries of Europe, having acquired their art education in the great centers of art influence like Paris and Rome, Vienna and Munich.

They brought here the training in art and the knowledge of its principles acquired abroad, but were young enough to imbibe at once the ideas characteristic of the New World, with its freedom from tradition and serious pursuit of the objects of life. These men, with those of native birth whom they have influenced by their work and artistic ideals, have contributed to the development of what promises to be a distinctively American school of sculpture. The characteristics of this school are a certain depth of work and originality of sentiment combined with a seriousness not found in the contemporary sculpture of European countries. In France, for instance, there is a sort of superficiality,

The Spirit of Music, by George E. Bissell.

Boy and Bear Cub, by Isidore Konti.

almost Bohemian, that is not found in the works of the leading American sculptors of to-day. These men of foreign birth, who came here almost as youths and have grown up with the generation now in control of the activities of the country, drinking in its ideas of freedom and individual opportunity, are to-day as American in their work as the artists who are native-born. No line of nationality can be drawn between them. But coming here fresh from the art centers of the Old World, they were able to assist in creating here that art atmosphere whose existence in America is now unquestioned, but which was formerly supposed to belong almost wholly to Europe. Their work reflects that originality, earnestness and freedom from tradition and convention which is characteristic of all departments of American life.

The sculptor who is to participate in the decoration of the grounds of an exposition has a fine opportunity to display that originality and grace joined to seriousness of effort which are so marked in the best American work. He is not usually hampered by requirements, and so long as he keeps in touch with the spirit of the composition as a whole finds himself in the possession of much liberty for individual expression. The out-of-door atmosphere harmonizes with this spirit of freedom.

Reverting once more to Chicago, it is proper to note that the results achieved there were perhaps most valuable on account of the stimulus to further achievement which they afforded. The public, too, began to realize how much had been lacking in earlier attainments along architectural lines, and how much opportunity for progress and improvement extended in that direction. From that time on there has been a notable increase in the commissions given for the sculptural adornment of buildings and grounds in large cities and on extensive estates. Eight years after the Columbian Exposition came the Pan-American at Buffalo, where a very harmonious scheme of sculptural adornment was carried out. In that scheme the idea of typifying in sculptural works the attributes of nature, such as abundance; agricultural, mineral and other natural wealth; the power of great water courses and the various qualities of the elements was dominant.

A notable aid to the Pan-American Exposition were the improvements made since 1893 in the facilities for "building up" statues in staff from the small models furnished by the sculptors.

This improvement has continued, the skill and artistic abilities of the sculptors have increased, and now, with the completion of the task of the sculptors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, it is possible to see at St. Louis how great a step has been taken by this branch of the guild of American artists. There were over eighty sculptors who

Ornaments for the

participated in this work and, as all are American citizens, the results may be set down to the credit of our own artists. Not half so many were employed in the sculptural work of the Pan-American Exposition, while at Chicago, ten years ago, the list of those who did original work scarcely exceeded fifteen.

The World's Fair at St. Louis, having its inspiration in a great historical event, and presenting a wealth of historic associations for embodiment in statuary, and with all its opportunities for employing poetic and fanciful ideas in securing decorative effect, will prove of inestimable benefit to art in this country. Of the exhibits in the Palace of Art, representing every civilized country in the world, I will not speak, as they belong to another branch of the Exposition organization. But without depreciating the value of the works of art to be seen in exhibit buildings, it may be safely said that the gallery of art which exists out-of-doors, under the open sky, to which almost all the well-known sculptors of America have made important contributions, will prove the most natural and potent influence in the education along artistic lines of the American people.

Horse Group typifying Energy, by L. O. Lawrie.

THE MAKERS OF THE STATUARY

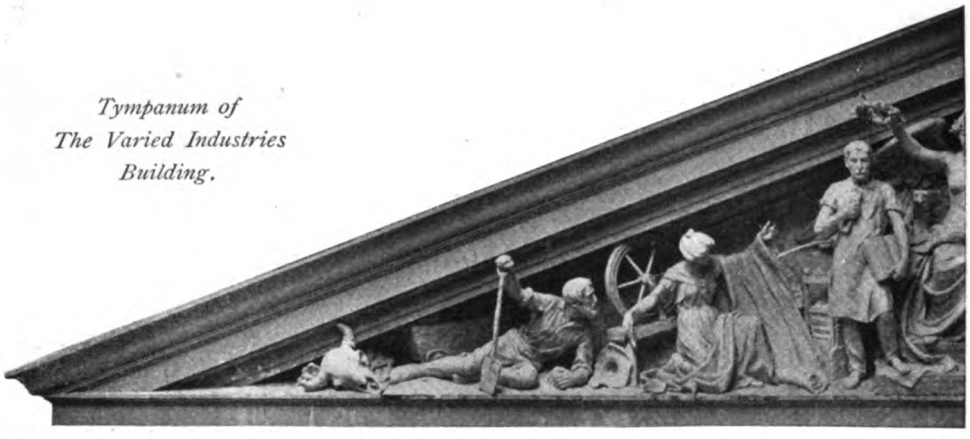
By EDWARD HALE BRUSH

The beauty of statuary is much enhanced by appropriate landscape surroundings. How much more effective a figure or group in marble appears when its outlines are portrayed against a background of green, as in a park or garden, than when it is seen in a gallery against a white wall with numerous other things to distract from its contemplation. This has been recognized recently in New York by the holding of the exhibitions of the National Sculpture Society in conjunction with floral exhibitions, the plants and flowers furnishing a setting that much increases the charm of the scene as a whole and at the same time augments the artistic effect of the individual pieces of statuary.

Cascades, by Isidore Konti.

The expositions have given the general public in this country glimpses of the possibilities of beauty lying in this direction. With their grand architectural effects, their profuse use of sculpture and their employment of beautiful landscape work, scenes have been created which for a time have completely transported millions of visitors out of the work-a-day world into a realm of fairyland.

The purpose of statuary on a build-



Tympanum of The Varied Industries Building.

ing is not only to enhance the architectural effect of the structure, but to emphasize its significance. For example, the Palace of Liberal Arts of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, a building in the general style of the French Renaissance, was so planned by its architects that its effectiveness is greatly increased by profuse use of sculpture over archways, at the entrances, in doorways, etc., while the ideas associated with the building are expressed in these forms of plastic art. Music is one of the greatest of the liberal arts and science is another most important phase of the learning and culture embraced under this head, so on either side of the main building we find well modeled groups by George E. Bissell entitled "Music" and "Science." A goddess typifying the "Genius of the Liberal Arts" is driving prancing steeds far up above the lofty porticos. The sculptor of this Quadriga, Charles A. Lopez, has so planned his groups that they present a pleasing outline against the sky, not an easy task. "Ceramic Art," by C. Y. Harvey, is another figure of the many on this building typifying some idea associated with the exhibits within.

Ceramic Art, by C. Y. Harvey.

Again the sculpture for the Festival Hall, the great show piece of the St. Louis World's Fair, emphasizes the idea of festivity and groups like Martiny's "Triumph of Apollo," Tonetti's "Dance," Lukeman's "Music," with adornments such as lyres and masques and other symbols of the drama and music, prove appropriate and effective in giving to the building as a whole the character it should possess, for it is the key note in a composition intended as a whole to express the jubilation felt by the nation in the extension of the sway of liberty from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Or again, we have a building such as the Palace of Education and Social Economy, which brings up ideas associated with the

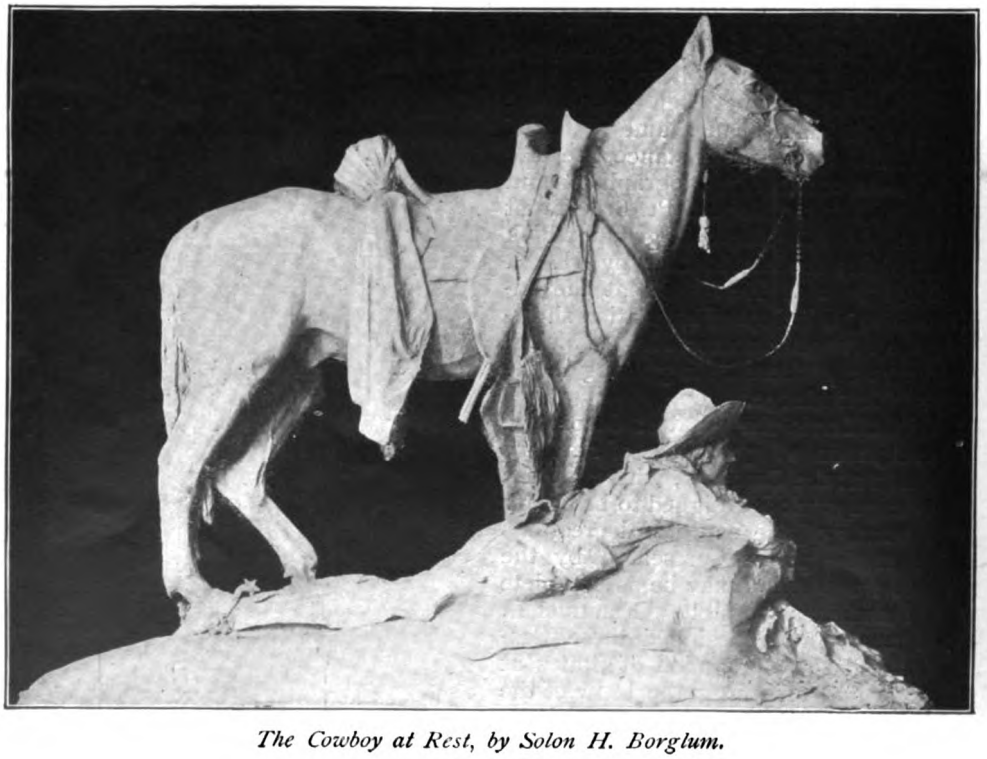
Clement J. Barnhorm, of Cincinnati, Sculptor.

progress of mankind along higher planes of existence, toward the attainment of those improved social conditions and moral and intellectual graces which contribute so much to make life worth living. Here the architect has provided a structure of dignified and even majestic proportions, its classic character expressing that culture which comes from the nurture of the intellectual faculties, and its beauty and meaning brought out and emphasized by the figures and groups for which the designers of the building planned when they began work on the first drawings. The sculpture of the building is an essential part of it. Yet even taken alone much of it has a beauty and grace of its own. Such for instance are the spandrels entitled "Geography" and "History" by Robert P. Bringhurst of St. Louis. Another group which exemplifies the idea is that by H. K. Bush-Brown of New York at the entrance to the Palace of Education showing the famous educator, Horace Mann, and a youth whom he is guiding in the way of knowledge.

At St. Louis the greatest decorative effects produced by the use of statuary are seen at the Cascades, where all the landscape work is designed to bring out the beauty of the sculptural creations so that the picture presented by the whole composition may be as complete and beautiful as possible. Emanuel L. Masqueray, who designed these Cascades and the Colonnade of States at the rear and crowning the brow of the hill, studied the most successful attempts of the same kind which Europe affords and, borrowing what he needed from these sources, introduced original ideas of his own so that, as a whole, the picture presented by the Cascades, Festival Hall and Colonnade of States, with the statuary and landscape gardening, is the most elaborate and ambitious work of its kind anywhere to be seen. There is a distance of about four hundred feet from the water in the basin in

Oriental Art, by H. Linden.

Physical Liberty, by H. A. MacNeil.



The Cowboy at Rest, by Solon H. Borglum.

The Protest of the Sioux, by Cyrus E. Dallin.

front to the long, curved Colonnade at the rear and the height of the slope is sixty feet. The distance across the space partially enclosed by the Colonnade is about one-quarter of a mile, and the grassy slope, with its shrubbery, clumps of pines and beds of flowering plants, makes a magnificent setting for the works of art by Konti and MacNeil which adorn the Cascades. The graceful girl floating upon an albatross which Mr. Konti has modeled to represent

The Blizzard, a Peril of the Plains, by Solon H. Borglum.

"The Spirit of the Pacific," and which stands at the head of one side Cascade, gives a golden note to the picture for the white staff has been gilded and the companion figure on the other side, representing "The Spirit of the Atlantic," has been similarly treated. The splash of the water and the dash of the spray, as the Cascades descend into the basin, give an appropriate atmosphere to the girls with gulls and children with fish and other sculptures typifying things relating to the great oceans of the earth that Mr. Konti has executed, while in the Central Cascades, that burst forth seemingly out of the Festival Hall itself, Mr. H. A. MacNeil has portrayed ideas connected with national freedom, patriotism and progress, interpreting in poetic form the association which springs from the event celebrated by the Exposition. An especially fine example of this sculpture is his Indian with buffalo, entitled "Physical Liberty," the idea of a free, wild life being represented by it, the liberty which exists under the restraining institutions of civilization being typified by the same sculptor in another Cascade group.

Interest will naturally center in the statue of the man whose cession of Louisiana to the United States gave the occasion for this World's Fair. The seated figure of Napoleon studying the map of the Louisiana territory is by Daniel C. French, whom Lorado Taft describes as "undoubtedly America's best-known sculptor."

Even the animals and the aboriginal inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley have been commemorated in the sculpture of the Exposition. Cyrus E. Dallin's "Protest of the Sioux" is a notable work of this kind, while that eminently successful sculptor of frontier subjects, Solon H. Borglum, contributes several striking and original groups, among them "The Cowboy at Rest" and "A Peril of the Plains," reproduced on the preceding page.

Most of the sculpture that has been passed in review in this brief way possesses not only grace and beauty but an original quality, and as a whole it seems to mark the occupation by American sculptors of new ground in territory where the atmosphere is the free and vivifying air of the New World.

Victory, by F. Michel Tonetti.

She lay, a new and glorified being.

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN

By C. GRACE KEPHART

With a Drawing by ALICE BEACH WINTER

SHE lay, a new and glorified being, white and frail among the pillows, like a white rose in a drift of snow.

In the glad and needed peace and rest of her dim room, she lay very quiet, just as the nurse and doctor had left her, her right arm, round and lovely where the laces fell back, outstretched over the pillow to the edge of the great bed.

In the hollow of her left arm lay the Little Child, its very small head cradled close on her bosom and caressed protectingly by her white left hand with its two seals, of sweethearthood and wifehood, shining dimly on the third finger.

On the Young Mother's face there rested a look unlike all other human expressions. All that was glad and sweet and peaceful and happy—yea, and holy—lay there outlined. The soft, wet tendrils of hair upon the brow were girlish, and girlish was the round, white throat, but Womanhood and Motherhood were written on the peaceful face.

And then the door opened softly—but though the sound was infinitesimal, she heard it and stirred and opened her eyes.

Would not her very heart have told her He was there, even though her ears had not conveyed the glad news?

A flood of exquisite joy thrilled her pale face. She put up her weak right hand in joyous welcome and entreaty and the Young Father entered the sanctified place, abashed and frightened and awkward—yet wholly happy. He knelt down by the bed and put his arms tenderly about her and unconsciously about the Little Child, also. His voice trembled as he whispered—"My Little Girl," and then he laid his lips on hers in a rush of joy and gladness.

The Young Mother put up her free hand and laid it on his face caressingly and said, "My dear Boy." It had always been in this fond and foolish fashion that they had greeted each other from the days of betrothal.

Her soft bare arm crept about his neck with infinite tenderness and she laid her hand on his dark head and pressed it to her shoulder in her gentle, motherly fashion. She had felt the moisture of tears on his face, but she worshipped rather than despised this momentary weakness that she knew had been the outcome of fear for her safe deliverance.

Each completely absorbed and satisfied with the other, they were silent a moment in this tender caress.

She was the first to remember.

"You haven't asked to see our baby yet, you ungrateful papa," she said happily; and at that new, strangely sweet name they both laughed softly in tender joy. And then the Young Father watched wonderingly while she unfolded soft white wrappings and displayed to him his first-born child—a very small pink creature, with no hair to speak of, a nose wrinkled in displeasure—one small fist waving belligerently before its tight-shut eyes.

The Father looked and wondered speechlessly.

Then he shrugged his shoulders.

The Mother's face grew anxious. "Why, Dear!" she said, half sobbingly. "I don't believe you like her at all. I'm sorry it wasn't a boy—because—because I wanted to name it for you, but she's so sweet and small and dear!"

She drew her baby even closer as she plead.

"It isn't that, Dearie. A girl is all right. She'll be lot's of comfort for you some day. But new babies are ugly—even yours and mine—and—"

"Now *what*, Dear?"

"Well, to be truthful, I'm jealous of her. You will be so much the baby's mother, you will forget to be my sweetheart."

She slipped her arm from underneath the Child and laid a hand on either side of his handsome, boyish face and looked long and lovingly into his worshipful eyes. Then she said slowly and reverently.

"My Dearest, it is because I am the mother of your child that I am ten thousand times more your sweetheart now than ever. I love you now, completely, wholly, as never before, dear as you were to me. I am now the happiest woman in all God's world, I think."

"Sweetheart!"

He drew her dear head to his arm and kissed her long and tenderly.

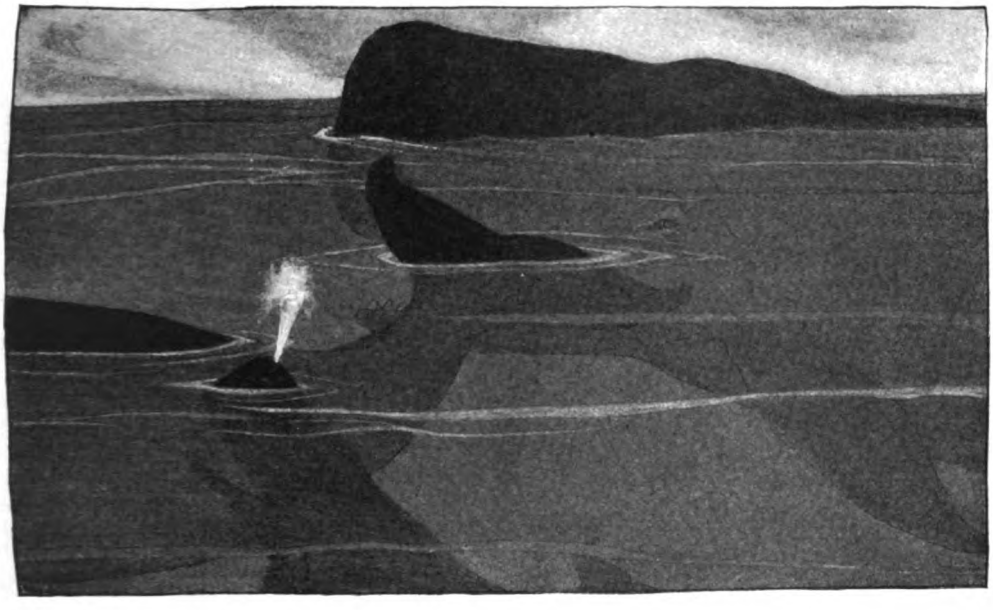
And then to hide his joy, he once more uncovered the Child and, wonder of wonders, took it up in his arms and kissed it, shyly and half amazed at his own action. Then he dug an awkward forefinger in its flower soft cheek and hastily laid it down again on the Young Mother's arm.

After that he drew the white coverings gently over both, and kissing the Mother once more, said anxiously, "I must leave you now to sleep and rest. The doctor says so." He had already turned to go when the Young Mother laid hold on his arm pleadingly and said drowsily, "Stay, Dear."

And almost before her head was once again pillowed in the shelter of his strong arm, she had fallen asleep, her breathing coming soft and regular and childlike.

And as he looked upon the sleeping ones—his very own—the Father's heart was stirred unspeakably with the sweetness, the mystery, the holiness of it all.

The most delicious cradle that ever babe was rocked in.



THE OLD WHALE'S STORY

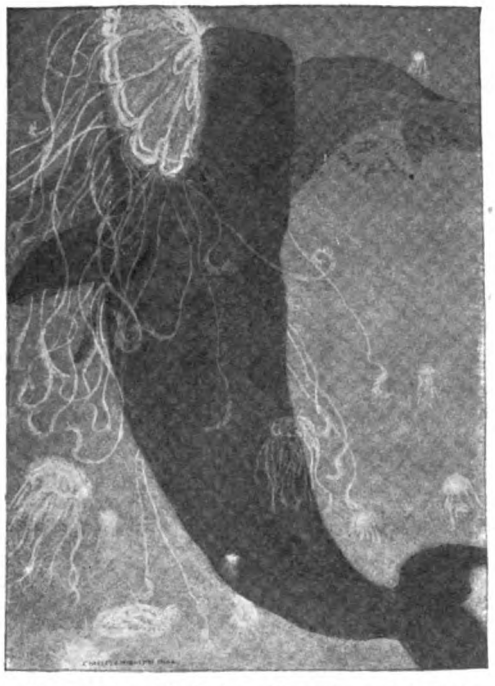
By FRANK T. BULLEN
Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," Etc.

With Drawings by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

"Oh, all ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

MY earliest recollections are rather hazy, but principally center themselves around pleasant sensations. I was born as nearly as I can remember at high noon in the Indian Ocean, near the equator, and my first feeling was, "How pleasant everything is." The sea was like warm milk, the softest, most delicious cradle that ever babe was rocked in. Overhead the glorious sun, like a globe of molten fire that was bursting its bounds on every part of its rim, poured down a flood of life-giving heat. Not a cloud in the stainless blue, not a fleck of foam on the peaceful waters, only great, glowing breadths of color ever changing in obedience to some mysterious law. I lay, happiest of the happy, by my mother's side, my blunt nose protruding from the water about a foot, the teat in the angle of my jaw in which the immature teeth were just sprouting, and the rich milk streaming sweetly down my throat quite unmixed with any sea-water. You see, we have a most exquisite contrivance in our gullets which, without any effort on our part, takes in the food and shuts out the sea, even at enormous depths. But just how it does it I cannot explain, nor do I think that anybody can. I looked a queer little creature with my head, the biggest part of me, like a tadpole, and my long, thin, lower jaw sticking out in front of me almost as if a big splinter had run into my face and remained there. But my mother did not think so, she was very proud of me, and we both lay upon our beautiful couch supremely happy.

All around us lay the rest of the school—thirty or forty cows, eight or



Rose perpendicularly with some palely glowing mass between his jaws.

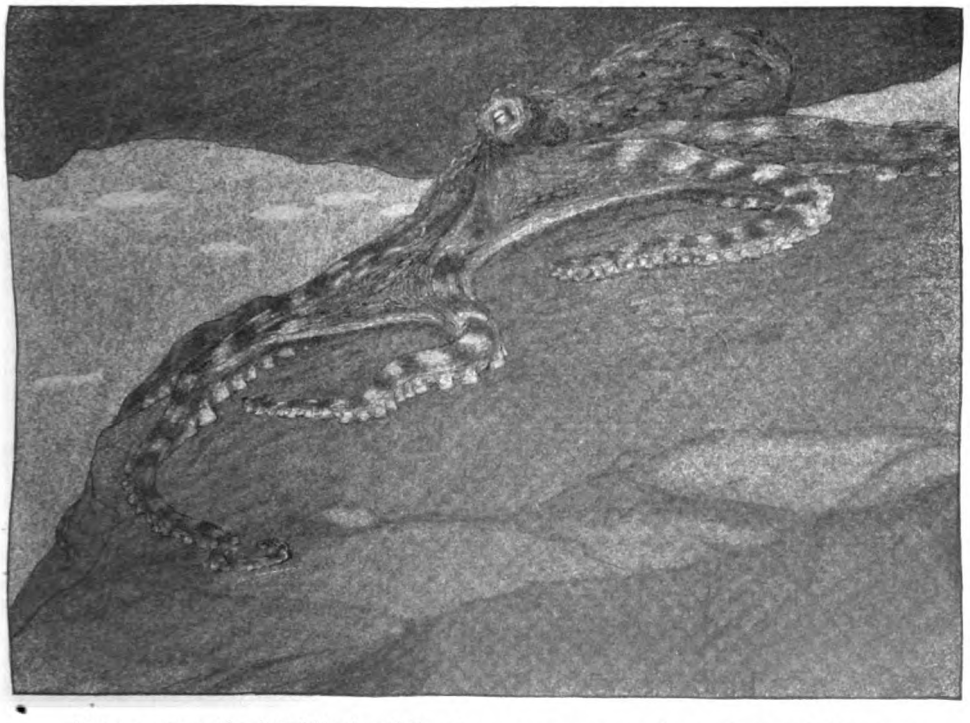
ten young bulls, and father. Ah, never shall I forget when I saw him first! He was going round the family to see that all was well, as he did some six times a day, and he passed quite close to where I nestled at my mother's side. He was one of the mightiest of our mighty race, with a head like a promontory and a length of over seventy feet. And as he surged slowly up behind me on the surface of the quiet sea I saw the whole of him clearly, and trembled. (You must understand that we can only see behind us, owing to the position of our eyes, which are placed a little below where the shoulders are in a man, and almost in the midst of the body's breadth). He just glanced at me as he glided by, a glance, as it seemed to me, of perfect satisfaction. My mother quivered with delight as, sheering in towards her, he touched his forehead to hers graciously, as became a monarch to his adoring consort with whom he was well pleased.

For many days we remained in this mid-ocean solitude, chosen by our wise ruler as a place where none of the hateful monsters of man's making ever came, a place not too far from rich plateaux, whose intricacies swarmed with our proper food, where the sea streams ran warmly and the sun rose and set continually with never a cloud, a place where we alone of all the sea-folk had no foes to fear. This proud pre-eminence above all our fellows had not long been ours. In our hasteless chronology it seemed but a short time past since in every part of the sea we were liable to pursuit, harrassing wounds and death at the hands of men. True, we did them terrible damage on occasion, and some of our warriors, notably the head of my family, had invariably come out of conflicts with the earth-people without deadly injury, although bearing all over their vast body surfaces wide, white scars where the cruel wounds dealt them by men had healed.

Like all young creatures for the early days of my life I was content to be alive and full of joy, everything was new, everything was entirely delightful. I was very soon weaned, for among our people, the sperm whales, there does not exist that intensity of maternal affection which characterizes the other kinds of whale with only one exception. We really do not need it for food is easy to obtain and of a nature entirely fitted for a mere baby to eat, so that when I was less than a month old I had taken my place in the school as one of its ordinary members and my early relations with my mother were entirely forgotten—in fact I knew no difference between her and any other member of the school or family. But during all that period I had been learning, by closest imitation, the art of swimming, diving and obtaining food. Vividly as on that first day do I remember when by my mother's side, closely following her every movement, I sank into the cool, translucent and darkling depths for the first time. I shrank closely into my mother's bosom as we left the warm sunshine in which we had been basking. I noticed with youthful wonder and admiration the stately, graceful way in which my mother arched her back, lowered her

head and elevated the broad fans of her tail into the air as she descended, and then all else was swallowed up in admiration. Slowly we sank through the increasing coolness of the sea, dimmer and dimmer grew the light from above, until, after what seemed a day, but could only have been a few minutes, we stopped our descent and began to move horizontally. At first I was dreadfully distressed. I felt as if I was being squeezed flat. I wanted to breathe, but I found that my nostril was as securely sealed as if it was never to be opened again, certainly I could not open it. My lower jaw hung down, leaving my mouth wide open, and presently a delicious quivering morsel went gliding down my throat, giving me a most exquisite feeling of satisfaction. The gloom which had so troubled me at first gave way to a tender, greenish light, shed abroad by myriads of shining things that glowed and faded as they floated about apparently without any will of their own. The cold, too, which at first had felt almost unbearable, chilling my blood and making it feel as if it was thickening so much that it could not flow, became less unpleasant, and presently, tiny as I was, I realized that this was my proper realm, that here our people were supreme, and that of all the myriads of diverse creatures in the sea we were the undoubted heads and leaders. All other sea-citizens but ourselves preyed upon and were preyed upon by other denizens of the deep; we alone took toll where we would, ourselves secure from all assault by any of the sea folk.

All around me glided, in utter silence amid the varying gleams, like vast shadows, the members of the school. Occasionally in hasteless, dignified fashion one would rise perpendicularly with some palely glowing mass between his jaws, and, reversing his position, let the great saw of his lower mandible divide whatever it was he held into sizeable fragments for swallowing. These were upon the same colossal



Alone among the inhabitants of the deep seas we were the masters and they our legitimate prey.

scale as himself and slipped down his gullet with an easy celerity that was pleasant to see. No one was selfish. The prey of one was the prey of all, and a certain gigantic courtesy prevented any individual from appropriating more than his actual share. But suddenly into the midst of these mysterious delights there thrust itself an imperative command to seek air. We can and do remain in the depths for as much as one hour, according to our size, but the length of time we stay down is always carefully calculated according to the need of the youngest member of the party. Ah, the swift rush upward, impelled seemingly by the whole weight of ocean beneath. Ah, the blissful emergence into brightness most dazzling, and the simultaneous opening of all spiracles. Oh, the sweet rush of heaven's air through the quivering nostrils into the laboring lungs. Indeed it is good to endure privation of air for a season if only to realize how lavish of His choicest gifts is the power that sways us all.

Then to lie basking again, feeling that sweet breath, the essence of life, coursing through every artery, tingling in every muscle, making one feel as if nothing but action, swift, tremendous, exhausting, could satisfy the exuberant needs of the body. Oh, the delight of just being alive. Is it any wonder that even our majestic chief, yielding to the overmastering needs of such an influx of life, suddenly forgot his dignity, rushed like a tidal wave along the glowing surface of the ocean, and hurled his whole vast bulk towards the sky by the exercise of a force beyond all calculation? After that one stupendous exhibition of power all lay in almost utter quiet, content so to lie. The sun went down, the moon rose up, and the pleasant stars peeped out from the purple curtain of night. No ripple of wave or querulous wail of wind disturbed the mid-sea quiet. Even the deep sigh of a waking whale but punctuated the stillness of the restful scene. All nature was at ease around us, and above as below there was perfect peace.

The foregoing was just a typical evening as I remember it during my babyhood. But one morning there was communicated to all the family by that subtle interchange of thought, independent of speech, which we possess, the chief's order to proceed northward, following him. No one so much as thought of questioning his authority. He was our law and its only exponent. So as the great sun flooded the horizon with golden flame as if he had burst his orb, we formed into ranks and at a uniform speed of about six miles an hour, departed from that spot of ocean where I first knew life.

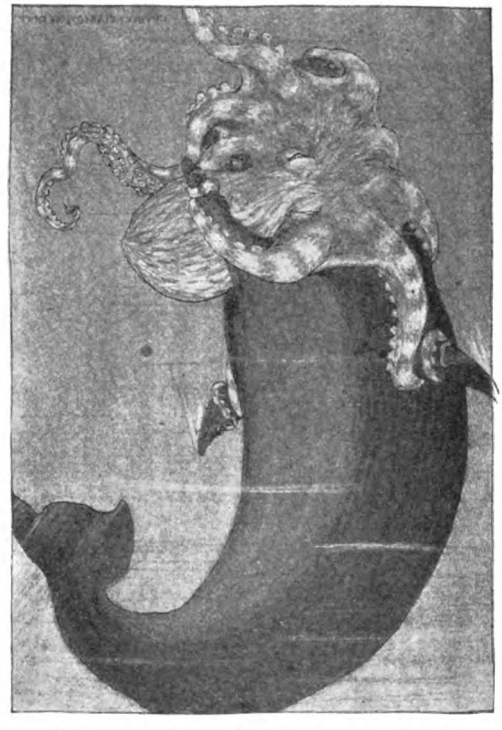
Very pleasantly passed a space of six days and then a whole wide area of new pleasures met my delighted senses. Whither we were bound I did not know, but now I can tell you that we made the Bab-el-Mandeb, no gate of tears to me but a veritable entrance of joy. During that short passage, so rich in life are the tepid Indian Seas, even my small body had become quite encrusted with parasitical growths, barnacles and moss and tiny limpets. They worried my tender skin, they fretted me beyond bearing and so, when I saw the jagged surfaces of coral at the gate of the Red Sea, I rushed as did my fellows to chafe my irritated body along those gratefully corrugated summits of the edifices below. Ah, another joy; to drag oneself luxuriously over those myriad needle-points of coral, every touch sending a thrill of delight from fluke-edge to spiracle—yes, indeed, it was worth all the miserable days of irritation preceding it to know the sweetness of relief.

And then the food. Here are found in fullest abundance all the sea has to offer. Massy shoals of lazy fish that, needing no inducement, just swam serenely down the gaping caverns of our jaws, cuttles of medium size but soft and sapid, that without any attempt at resistance allowed themselves to drift gelatinously into the warm haven of our stomachs. Ah! the Red Sea is a good place.

Here in this pleasant sea we remained for many days. Naught of harm or annoyance came near us so long as we kept to East or West of a well defined line drawn down the mid-

dle of the sea. We lay and luxuriated in the rich sea-pastures within the sheltering reef-barriers, fearing nothing and fattening upon the never failing stores of rich food around us. The other youngsters and myself grew amazingly, for not only did we eat all we felt inclined to, but like all young things rejoicing in our perfect life and full freedom we gamboled, we raced, and did all that the abundant vitality within us prompted us to do, and there were none to say us nay. And so the happy days passed. None taking count of them, all too intent upon enjoyment of the present to think of the future, until one morning our great Chief gave the gathering signal, and was instantly obeyed.

In a close, compact body we left the pleasant purlieus of the Red Sea and without deviating from our direct course, except to clear Sokotoa, we made our way southward. Now I began to feel the benefit of our long stay in the abundant waters we had just quitted. Because here there was almost nothing for us to eat. True, as we passed through the blue depths in stately ranks an occasional shoal of fish would swim down our gaping throats, or a passing school of porpoises find permanent shelter in the vast maws of our ellers. But these were incidental only. Nothing like the rich banqueting day after day which had been our lot in the teeming sea behind us. But if we could feast when occasion offered we could also fast when need arose. And need was laid upon us now. None but our chief knew whither we went, yet we followed him unfalteringly through those almost barren seas—barren, that is, so far as we were concerned. Without haste, yet resting not day or night, we pursued our journey southward through the mighty silences of the sea. Once and only once did we see anything to give us pause, and that was, as the water began to chill, when we met one of those mighty fabrics made by men and driven by fire across the sea. We had been so long immune from pursuit, or indeed annoyance of any kind, that we took little heed of her except just to avoid her great onward



He writhed round and enwrapped me.

rush and the deadly swirl of her tail. Full of curiosity to see what this wonderful surface monster might be I rose behind it and, putting forth all my vigor, swam after it to get a good view of it. When suddenly I heard a curious noise almost like the sound we make on a calm day when lying upon the surface we strike the water with our tails, and immediately I felt a burning, stinging pain run through me. I swerved in my course and sought my companions, all of whom, as I joined them, put on their utmost speed on our original course. For a time it seemed as if they avoided me, but gradually, as the healing of the sea exercised its benignant effect upon the place in my side where I felt the pain, they closed in upon me again and I was no longer shunned. Later, as we slowed down, our great chief deigned to halt near me and tell me what had really happened. He said that idle men and women (how I wondered what they were) on board of these land monsters, or ships, possessing deadly things able to kill a long

Deeper than I had ever dreamed of, skirting the black bases of a mighty mountain ***range.***

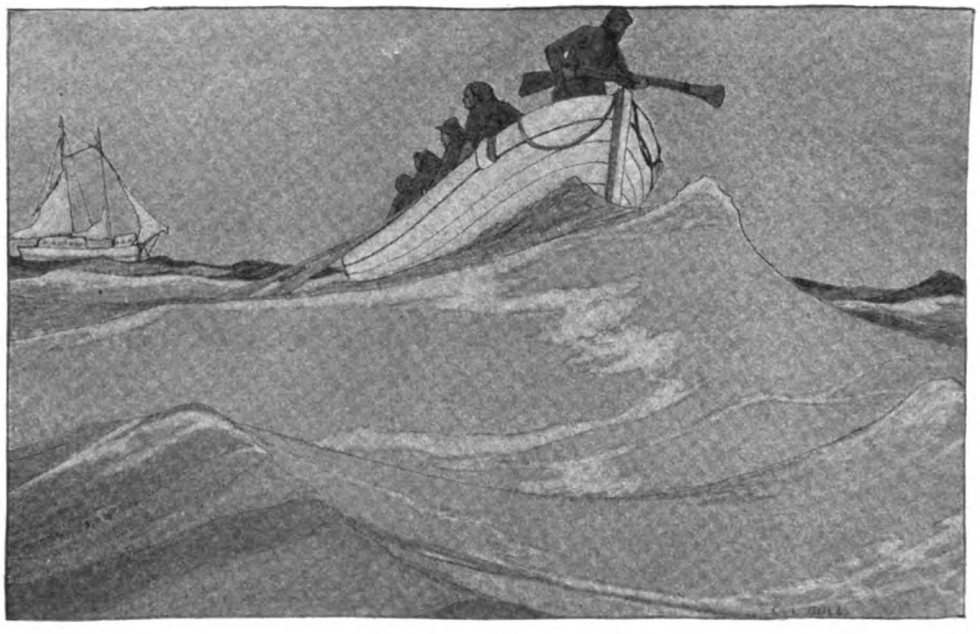
way off, did not hesitate to try and deprive of life, just for amusement any of the sea folk they saw. At which I wondered very much, for the earliest knowledge I absorbed was never to kill but for food, and the news that there were creatures who killed for amusement was very terrible to me.

However, although the memory of that encounter has never left me, my wound healed so rapidly that I never once faltered in our southward rush, feeling stronger and more fit every day as the good sea gave me of its strength and the long feasting in the Red Sea came to its predestined and proper effect. Our speed increased; without faltering or straggling we held steadily on until one day, following our chief, we settled down, down, down. Deeper than ever I had dreamed of until, skirting the black bases of a mighty mountain range, we found our prey. Hundreds upon hundreds of enormous cuttle fish, helplessly, slimily crawling about on the rocky floor or clinging with their myriad tentacles to the pillars of the earth as with their huge eyes they saw us approaching. There was no escape for them. Alone among the inhabitants of the deep seas we were their masters and they our legitimate prey. We fell upon them in a body and tore them limb from limb, feeling exquisite satisfaction as the quivering, succulent morsels glided down into our craving stomachs. I had devoured one huge fellow whose head had been bitten off by a big bull close to me, and was almost satisfied. Not quite, though, and with fresh ardor I flung myself into the fray, seizing a vast cuttle by the middle. He writhed round and enwrapped me with his far-reaching arms so that I could not get my mouth open. But my tail was free, and exerting all my strength I rose through the murky water dragging him with me. Fortunately he had not had time to anchor himself to one of the rock bases. We reached the surface in a welter of foam and there by my side was the chief, who, ranging up closely, seized some outlying tentacles of my prize, causing him to unclasp those that bound my jaw, and next moment the strong, salt air of the sky was sending thrills of renewed life through my body.

Many dangerous crises have been encountered by me since then, but in none of them have I felt so near my end as on that occasion. Had it not been for my chief I must have drowned. But I was not, and when in the sweet moonlight all our company foregathered on the surface, full fed, to lie in peace, lulled by the gentle rocking of the wavelets, I no longer regretted the peaceful, tepid waters of the Red Sea. I had learned the delights of struggle and conquest. And I had been noticed by the chief.

Thenceforward I grew with amazing rapidity. I felt the gigantic power twisting the cable-like sinews of my flukes, knitting the columnar passes of my vertebræ, and piling up the cushions of muscle around my bones. A great joy filled me. I needed an outlet for it. Perhaps it was the bracing effect of that chill sea. For we were now well south, on the outskirts of the beautiful isles of New Zealand, and every nerve in our bodies was strung tense with the springing of new life. Day broke and showed us the towering precipices of the South Island against which the monstrous rollers of the Southern Ocean hurled themselves vainly, retiring sullenly in clouds of spray and leagues of foam.

Up out of the boiling foam there sprang a mighty mountain top, a pinnacle of rock that, reaching down into the darkling depths of that stern ocean, soared into the air as far again. And round it we circled feeding, for here food was even more abundant than within the Bab-el-Mandeb, my only standard of comparison. The storm raged higher and higher, the great waves fathoms above us hurled themselves headlong from their world encircling journey against the mountain base and whitened its summit with spray. Gradually it dawned upon me that our ranks were being augmented by many strangers. Whales I had certainly never seen before rubbed shoulders with me, but communicated no sign. When the next morning broke bleak and cheerless over the foaming surface of the straits there were hun-



A strange white monster.

dreds of our kind gathered, as if at some pre-arranged rendezvous for some definite purpose. I felt a great pride at being one of this mighty concourse, this assembling of the mightiest creatures living, and I had some dim idea that maybe I might distinguish myself in some manner among them for was I not getting well grown, though far behind our noble chief in his gigantic majesty.

It was a premonition, full of truth, for on the third day after our arrival, while in company of some hundreds of my fellows, I lay basking in the clear sunshine, the warning signal passed through me, telling of terrible danger very near. How it is communicated I cannot tell you, neither by speech nor sound of any kind are we apprised of the presence of an enemy, but in every fiber of our bodies we suddenly feel that danger is near. Only we do not know from whence it is coming. We are intensely on the alert but that is all. I lay like most of my fellows upon the shining sea-surface, my columnar head half out of the water, my body slightly arched and my tail quiveringly playing from side to side as if seeking to test the vibrations of the water. Suddenly an unfamiliar tremor ran through me (I heard nothing because with us hearing is almost a lost sense) and almost immediately I felt a sharp, stinging pain shoot through my right side. Filled with rage as well as alarm, I sprang forward, feeling as I did a drag at the wound in my side. Instinctively I dived, turning a somersault beneath the water and coming up with a furious rush about twenty yards astern of my former position. As I did so I caught a glimpse of a strange white monster, long and narrow, with two slender legs on each side, and throwing my tail high delivered a blow at it with all my force. I felt my stroke take effect, saw as I came to the surface again a quantity of strange fragments floating, but beyond all I felt the smarting, burning pain of my wound, and without seeking further revenge, sank down, down into the cool depths where I knew my enemy could never come.

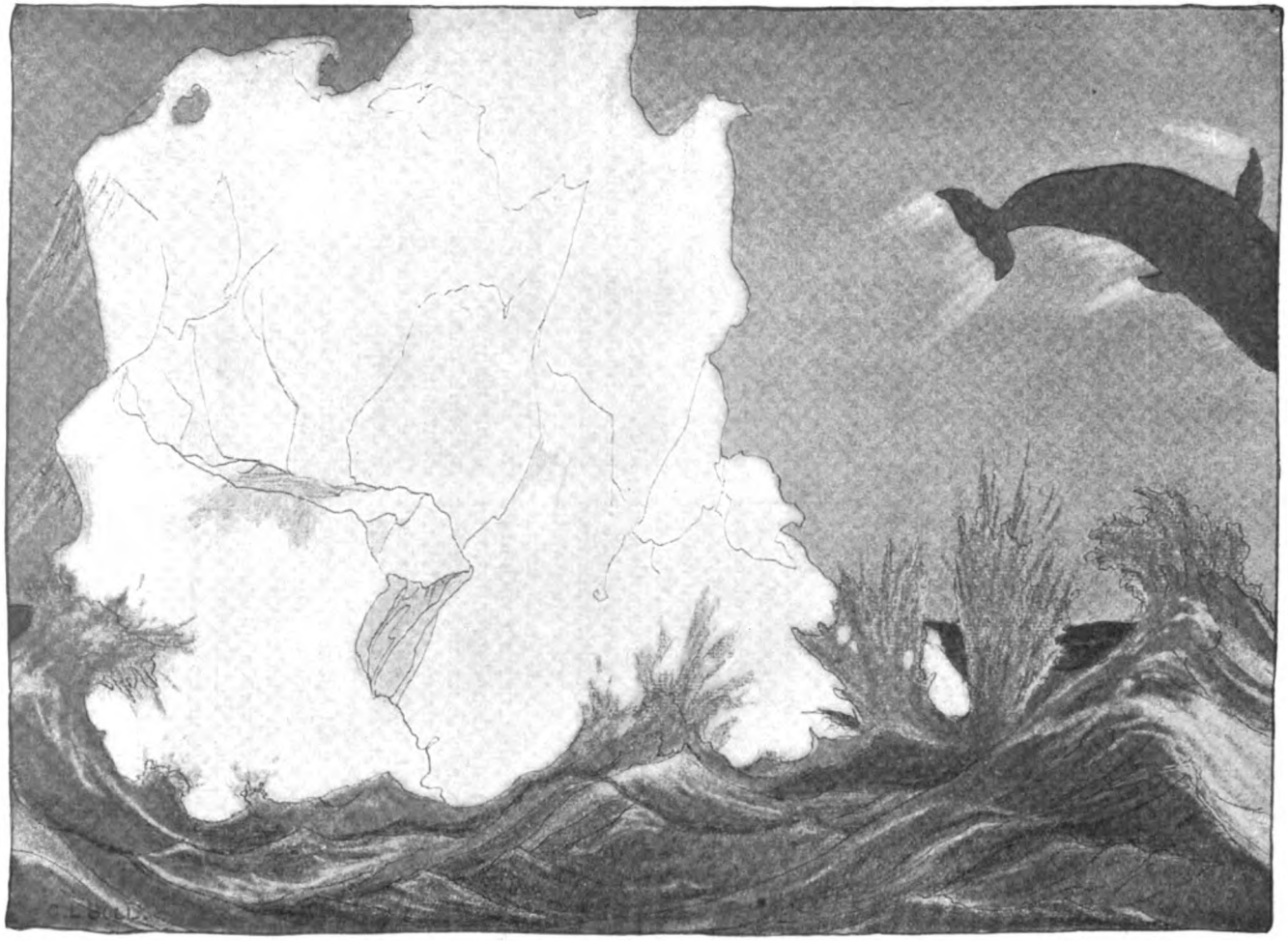
My fellows were all scattered far and wide, all cohesion or discipline seemed to have ended. I remained down to the full limit of my endurance, seeing nothing of any of my companions during the time. But when I reached the surface again, I felt the rallying signal vibrating through my body, and hurrying in the indicated direction soon rejoined the school. Then I learned that the strange monster I had destroyed

was a boat with men in it who were armed with terrible weapons, compared to which our jaws and flukes were but clumsy and almost useless. They had wantonly attacked us for some reason of their own and had succeeded in slaying two of our number who, paralysed with alarm at the sudden onslaught, had made but a poor defense and had fallen comparatively easy victims. Me, the great chief singled out for high honors.

Then feeling that such a neighborhood was unpleasant to remain in our chief led us farther south, to where a group of mountains just raised their heads from the tremendous depths to a little above the surface. He said he had never known man come there even in the days when few haunts of our people were secure. Yet here we had almost all lost our lives through a singular misfortune which befell us. We had entered a little bay scooped out of one of the mountain sides with a very narrow neck not much larger than would admit one of us at a time. At the entrance it was shallow but within it widened and deepened so much that it was an ideal place to rest in, while from the surface on either side the steep walls of cliff rose sheer to a great height. And it was literally crawling with huge cuttles, our natural and greatly loved food. Here we were feeding in perfect content and I had almost forgotten my recent adventure when suddenly a chill struck through my very marrow; I felt as if my vital forces were about to cease their duties. We all felt it at the same time—that dread cold which is the horror of the sperm whale and makes him avoid as if it were a plague spot the vicinity of ice. But the first shock of alarm over we sought the cause and found to our dismay that the narrow entrance was entirely blocked by a monstrous iceberg which had drifted in there and become jammed between the jaws of the pass. We were all prisoners and at the mercy of the cold.

So for several days and nights we remained in this prison, eating throughout every waking hour. I kept returning to the icy barrier, much as I hated and feared it, and even forced myself to try and wriggle beneath it. And at last as I was burrowing like a sand groper, I felt a sudden trembling of the whole vast mass above me and with a crash as if of an earthquake I was hurled forward full twenty times my own length and lay stunned, bleeding and helpless. I slowly rose to the surface without any volition of my own, and feebly spouting, felt my senses coming back to me. I was presently joined by my companions, whose admiration of me was now greatly increased, for they attributed their deliverance to me. But I had been so sadly ill-used by that tremendous blow that had it not been for the stored up energy of all the food I had been so plentifully devouring lately and an exceptionally powerful physique I should certainly have been unable to keep up with the school, and should probably have died quietly or been slain by order of the chief. Our mighty race tolerates no weaklings or cripples.

Now in a community like ours there are just three ruling motives, each causing us to exercise all our powers. First the desire for food. Instinct assisted by training teaches us whales to find it and to that search everything is subordinated. Moreover we are, as compared with the smaller denizens of the sea, upon many of which we might feed were it possible to catch them, very slow and clumsy in our movements. The gigantic cuttlefish alone, which hides its mighty gelatinous bulk in the submarine caves at the roots of the mountains is capable of satisfying our enormous appetites and of being fairly easily obtained. Creatures of smaller bulk and less prowess than ours it does not fear. They become its comparatively easy prey. But we are invincible, invulnerable; against our onslaught no cuttlefish can defend itself when we are full-grown. This, then, is our primal need, and indeed it is of most creatures that live, although many are able to subordinate it to other needs for long periods at a time, notably the seals. Next comes the love motive, the intense, overmastering desire to have wives and children, and coupled with it, really a consequence of it, the desire



With a crash as of an earthquake, I was hurled forward twenty times my own length.

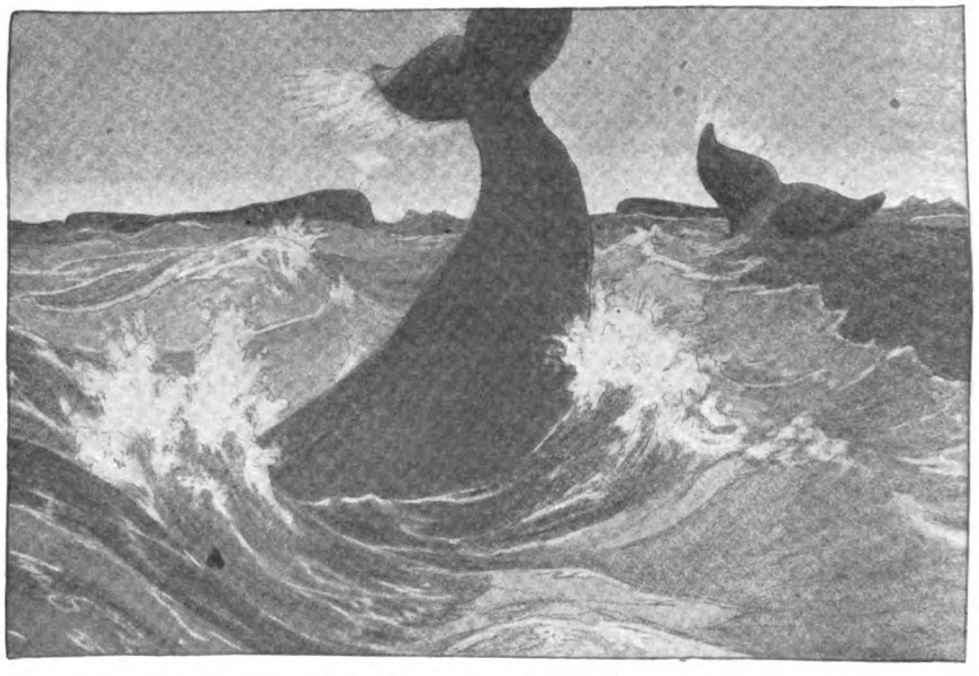
for supremacy over our fellows. These two last only apply to the males. Our females are almost like beings of another race, so inferior to us are they in size, in agility, in ferocity. The full-grown sperm whale cow never exceeds in size half the dimensions of the full-grown bull, and is, moreover, a gentle, timid creature, whose one object is to keep near her lord, to obey his lightest sign, and who will cheerfully remain by his side and die with him if he be in danger of death.

The young bulls are in an anomalous position. For a long time they are mere nobodies. They are of the family, but have nothing to do with it but to obey the lead of the chief. When at last instinct compels them to cast amorous glances upon the young cows, another instinct warns them that before love must come war. And so it comes to pass that at a certain period in the life of the school there are furious battles between the young bulls, battles that sometimes result in the death of one or both of the combatants and sometimes in that terrible disablement and disfigurement known as twisted jaw, where the bone of the long, mandible-like lower jaw is wrenched to one side at right angles to the line of the body. Then the sufferer is thrust out of the school, never again to know the fellowship of his kind, but to wander hungry and lonely until his life's end. The victor in the battle, at which the great chief of the school looks gravely and with perfect impartiality, may then form a school of his own. He proudly selects for himself wives from among the young cows and departs to use for himself the wisdom he has learned during his adolescence.

So the making of new families goes on until finally there arises a young bull who, seeing that the leader is not so fierce or so agile as of old, feels called upon to put his headship to the test and haply succeed in driving him from his place and filling the same himself more efficiently. Then a tremendous fight ensues, lasting sometimes from the rising to the setting of the sun. And the outcome is often that the old king is beaten, deposed and driven forth to wander solitary, it may be, for many years through the wide oceans where once he ranged as an ocean monarch, leader of a great family, but now doomed to finish his journey alone.

Now in this long digression I have sought to show the customs of our people as regards family life for the reason that to me was rapidly approaching the time when I must needs do battle with my peers for the right to lead. I had no choice nor did I desire any. I felt keenly eager to fight, the more so because my exploits had already brought me fame, as it is understood by us, and also because there were several winsome cows who looked lovingly upon me. They kept near me in the school when we were on our passages, in spite of the jealous efforts made by the other young bulls to edge between us. Many attempts were made to provoke me to a fight but I disregarded them all. Mine was a loftier aim, a higher ambition. I aspired to leadership of the school, although there was no sign visible that our chief was growing too old to lead. All the more glory I felt for me if I could overcome him and take his place. Consequently battle after battle took place among my young fellow bulls, and several new families were founded and led away as we journeyed about the oceans of the world. One battle royal took place in the Indian Ocean, near where I was born, and a contemporary of my own, born four days after me, led off four young cows triumphantly. Another founded a new family on the coast of Japan, another off the Sandwich Islands, another in the North Atlantic, where a great ship full of men and women paused to view the fight and held their breath to see how fiercely strove the monarchs of the deep, though knowing nothing of the cause of quarrel or of the prize of victory. Still I bided my time, but I always kept close to the chief, watching his every movement, noting all his wise ways and absorbing all that he had to teach. Until at last, as we fled around the bases of that lonely rock in the South Atlantic, Inaccessible Island, while the furious southern storm raged round us and lifted the vast waves

towards the sky, I calmly challenged his supremacy. He had given the signal to depart northwards in consequence of the inclemency of the sea. And I questioned his wisdom. I pointed out that here was abundant food, that the storms did not affect us, that all were well content to remain here but he, and that it appeared as if the leadership of such a school, was becoming a task beyond his powers. Other family matters I touched upon which need not be enlarged about here, such as the dwindling numbers of our new calves, quite insufficient to supply the waste of departures. And concluded by offering to contest the headship with him at once.



The ocean boiled with our efforts.

During all this time the rest of the school lay in a wide circle of which we two were the center, their huge black bodies almost motionless like wave beaten rocks protruding above the surface of the foaming sea. He and I lay nearly head on to each other, also almost motionless, not seeing each other, but with that mysterious sense of ours, which I have before mentioned, in full activity. Well for me that I had waited so long, and had rehearsed to myself all possibilities of his behavior. For suddenly as if hurled by a stupendous wave he launched himself at me,—and missed me by a yard, for I had felt him coming and given one tremendous sweep with my flukes that had carried me forward and downward withal. Keeping just beneath the surface I felt for him cautiously, every sinew tense for the blow I meant to deal when I should touch him. But I had for an adversary one of the wiliest as well as mightiest of sperm whales, and my only hope of victory, apart from the chances of accident, was to copy his tactics with that rapidity of learning which is our birthright, and trust to my superior youth and consequent vigor to put them into practice for his defeat. So we circled around each other warily, he occasionally making one of his awful rushes, either under or above water, according to our position at the time, for while life remains to us we must obey the irresistible call of our lungs and rise or sink in accordance therewith. I kept strictly on the defensive, husbanding my strength for the first sign of my old ruler's weakening, and so without harm done to either, the long, fierce day rolled

slowly on. Then I noticed that his rushes were not so vigorous, he was losing his caution, and also his temper, for every silent taunt that we know so well to convey without making a sound, he was now using profusely. Suddenly I saw my opportunity; he was lying in such a position that he could not see me, and his vast lower mandible hung down temptingly, a gleaming white bar against the deep blue of the sea. Without making a ripple I arched my body nearly double, then releasing the tension sprang forward at him, turning withal and gripping his jaw in mine. The ocean boiled with our efforts, he to free himself and I to hold on. At last came a rending crack, I felt the jaw give in mine and knew that I was victor. Releasing my hold I sprang to the surface and awaited his coming. As soon as he appeared I rained blows upon him with my tail until all motion on his part ceased and he lay, except for the gentle wash of the waves about his limp body, quite supine. I immediately mustered the school, gave the signal of command, and in a compact body we all sped away, leaving our late chief to enter into a new sphere of usefulness in the bodies of the myriad scavengers of the sea, already hastening to the enormous banquet.

Thenceforward I led the school triumphantly through the various oceans for twelve years. But I never allowed a young bull to linger when it was time that he should go. Yet never did I get an opportunity to show my wisdom's ripest fruitage until one day off the old Solander again, where I first felt the touch of that horrible barbed weapon.

I felt that there were enemies about and I ordered all my tribe to make full speed to the Westward while I remained to guard their retreat, and wonderfully they obeyed me. In the space of three spouts they had disappeared, gliding along beneath the sea at top speed. I lay as if asleep, but by an almost imperceptible motion of my flukes gradually turning, turning, so that when three of the white monsters I remembered so well rushed upon me I, seeing them coming, suddenly turned a full somersault and fell among them. One was crushed to fragments, the other two strove to escape but I hurled myself after them like a dolphin after a flying fish and presently they had both fallen into small morsels under my furious blows. Then calming down at once I followed in the wake of my family, sedately satisfied.

And now I think I must conclude my story. I am still in the full tide of vigorous life, not yet a quarter of a century old, and probably destined to lead the school for another quarter of a century. Then it may be my fate to be ousted by one of my family and roam solitary for many seasons more. But I hope not. I would fain end my splendid career in battle at the jaws and flukes of one of my sons, who would be a worthy successor. Very pleasant my life has been to me, the few really dangerous meetings I have had with enemies having only served to heighten the delight of living. I have been and am fondly loved. I have always been hungry and always found food in abundance. I have traversed every sea and been respectfully greeted by every form of sea folk; they have even saluted me when about to enter the vast cavern of my stomach. Every hour of my life is a delight. The swift, irresistible rush along the raging sea or the soft gliding through balmy waters lit up by mellow sunshine, the sudden change as we sink into the cool, translucent depths, and the thrill of joy as we seize the musky mollusk in his lair and, dragging him upwards, tear and devour his juicy, succulent flesh. The long, steady journey of thousands of miles, straight as the dolphin leaps, without molestation, with only the happy company of our own people, and the long, pleasant days when, free from the necessity of watchfulness, we take our fill of love, of food and of sportive gambols—ah, these are the things that make our life in the Deep, the Beautiful Sea, thrice happy.

There may be things about us that none can ever know but ourselves, our sickness which produces matter treasured by the greedy earthmen, our length of days, our small brains but great intelligence—these are of the Deep Sea secrets that pigmy man shall never understand. But to you, my friend, because you have loved us and striven to do us justice, I have revealed thus much in the hope that the knowledge may bring you joy. And so farewell.

REPARATION

By INA BREVOORT ROBERTS

With Drawings by CHRISTINE L. BREDIN

MRS. ARNOLD'S drawing-room was filled with the hum of many low-toned conversations, a sound pleasing to the hostess, who paused in a doorway and took cognizance of the various groups into which her guests had resolved themselves.

Over in one corner Hugh Winton was having a dull time trying to entertain a woman, possibly young and possibly not, who was neither pretty nor amusing. She would not talk nor did she listen with the enthusiastic attention women usually gave to Hugh's utterances. She simply looked at him in a way which could not be called rude but which made him uncomfortable.

From her post of observation the hostess saw that things were not going well with this couple. She moved towards them, smiling.

Hugh was too popular with women not to be desired at evening parties and Miss Wilmerding—well, she might be a disappointment personally to people who expect to find celebrities pretty and witty as well as wise, but she *was* a celebrity; the books she had illustrated and the hosts of people eager to meet her testified to that fact.

"My dear," Mrs. Arnold said to her as she joined the couple, "when Mr. Winton is through monopolizing you, may I present some people who are just dying to meet you? Mr. Winton, don't you consider the illustrations in 'Andrew Latimer' the best things Miss Wilmerding has done?"

Hugh turned to his companion with a smile that was more a matter of eyes than of lips.

"So you are the woman who drew those stunning pictures in 'Andrew Latimer?'" he said. "And all this time I never suspected you of being famous."

Miss Wilmerding's eyes gazed back at him with a quiet smile in their depths. "Few people do, until they're told," she replied. "I've considered the advisability of wearing a label."

Hugh laughed. "Don't!" he said. "You'd find it an awful bore having people run after you all the time."

Miss Wilmerding's face wore an odd expression and she seemed on the point of replying but did not.

"I've always admired your work," Hugh went on, apparently bent on making up for lost time. "By Jove, you *must* be clever."

His listener laughed aloud. "It seems hard to believe, though, doesn't it?" she returned good-naturedly. "Mr. Winton, pardon the seeming impertinence, but are you rich or poor?"

Hugh looked astonished as indeed he could hardly fail to do. He prided himself on being able to discern the motive that prompted a woman's question in nine times out of every ten but he was obliged to admit that this was one of the tenth times.

"I believe I am considered rather well off," he said in answer.

Miss Wilmerding leaned back against a cushion, looking disappointed. "I'm sorry for that," she told him.

"Well, it's certainly not my fault since the money was willed to me," Hugh jocosely observed, "and I'm doing my best to remedy the evil by spending it as fast as I can. You see," he added plaintively, "I'm an orphan with no one to care what becomes of me. But why are you sorry?" he added and, settling himself comfortably, waited to hear what she should have to say. Most men have a hobby of one sort or another and Hugh's was to study women, or rather, his effect upon women. He was used to having

them warn him of the temptations which beset the path of a rich young man, and in spite of their likeness to one another, he never failed to find these lectures interesting.

"Because you would just do for the model for one of the characters in a book I'm illustrating, and if you were poor I could ask you to pose for me."

Hugh smiled. He was also accustomed to having the way to further acquaintance made easy for him by women. He admired Miss Wilmerding's adroit way of doing this but he was not sure that he wished to take advantage of it. She was cleverer than he had at first thought but she seemed wholly without charm.

Before Hugh could frame his reply a very pretty girl came up and laid her hand on Miss Wilmerding's shoulder as she said smilingly: "Don't you think we ought to go?"

Miss Wilmerding rose. "Yes, it must be late. Celia, may I present Mr. Winton. My sister, Mr. Winton."

Hugh made the usual polite acknowledgements and he and Miss Celia Wilmerding launched into the spirited conversation of two people who find themselves pleased with each other.

Before the departure of the sisters Hugh found opportunity to whisper to the elder: "I'll pose for you with pleasure if you'll let me."

"No," she said, "you wouldn't let me pay you, and I couldn't consent otherwise."

Hugh considered. "Suppose we compromise on your paying me and my giving the money to some free school for artists," he suggested.

"That will do nicely," Miss Wilmerding replied, and she looked pleased.

"May I ask what sort of character I am to impersonate?" was Hugh's next question. "Am I to be a cowboy or a butler?"

Miss Wilmerding smiled. "I'm afraid, in spite of your size, you'd hardly do for a cowboy," she said.

"Oh, the costume would roughen me up a bit," Hugh replied carelessly, "but what am I to be?"

"You are to pose for the hero, or perhaps I ought to say the principal character of the story, which is somewhat in the nature of a society novel."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hugh, "then I'm to be just myself."

"Exactly," returned she, speaking as if she were pleased at his quickness to grasp what was required of him. "Could you come to-morrow? At three? The first scene I shall sketch requires you to be in afternoon dress, and I wouldn't think of imposing on your kindness so far as to ask you to wear a frock coat in the morning."

Hugh laughed. "You're very considerate," he said. "I'll be there. At three, you say? Good-night."

"Good-night," she returned, and "Good-night," echoed Miss Celia Wilmerding.

As he expected, when Hugh entered Miss Wilmerding's studio on the following afternoon he found that young woman alone. He often told himself that women never gave each other a fair chance where a man was concerned.

"You pose easily, as though you were accustomed to it," she said as, after indicating the position she wished him to take, she sat down at her easel.

"No, I've never been a model before," he answered, adding: "May I talk, or is it better not?"

"Yes, talk," she said; "you will get tired sooner if you try to keep still."

"Tell me about the man in the book—the chap who's to look like me. What sort of fellow is he?"

Miss Wilmerding bent over her work until the model could not see her face.

"Well, he's very good-looking," she replied, "the sort of man women lose their hearts to at once; indeed, all the women in the book are in love with him except one, and she's eighty years old and blind."

Hugh resisted an inclination to smile. Really, this girl's unconscious frankness was—"quaint" was the word he finally used to describe it.

For a time there was silence, while Miss Wilmerding worked steadily.

"Oughn't I to read the book?" Hugh suddenly inquired. "It might give me a better idea of how I'm to look in the different pictures."

The artist bit her lip. "You may read it sometime, if you like," she said, "but there's really no need. You fit the part exactly as it is."

After this Hugh adroitly led the talk away from himself.

As has been said before, Hugh was not surprised on his first visit to find Miss Wilmerding's younger sister absent from the studio, but when the same thing was repeated half a dozen times he set about righting matters. He had met Miss Celia more than once at evening parties and he had no reason to suppose her averse to his society.

"Is your sister away?" he finally asked one day.

"No, she's in the next room," replied the artist shortly. "She never comes in here when I have a model."

"I can well understand your course since your models must be 'all sorts and conditions of men and women,' but in exceptional cases—. Mayn't I come to see her, and you, some other time?"

"I don't want her to fall in love with you."

"I'm afraid not," Miss Wilmerding replied slowly without looking up from her work. "You see, I have to take the place of a mother to Celia and—I don't want her to fall in love with you."

"I understand," said Hugh thoughtfully. "Of course you are wise in guarding her. But what makes you so sure that I shall not lose my heart to her?"

Miss Wilmerding looked up with an ominous gleam in her eyes that faded, however, as his frank, unsuspecting gaze met hers.

"I do not think she is the sort of wife you need," was all she said.

Hugh relapsed into a reverie. Really, considering her quiet manner and seemingly unobservant way, Miss Wilmerding possessed an incredible amount of discernment. Celia was charming, of course, but when he married he would not think of choosing a butterfly kind of woman, but one who was his equal in every way.

So he dismissed the subject from his mind and began to talk to Miss Wilmerding of the invitations that had come in his morning's mail and to ask her advice as to which ones he had better accept.

Also, he told the artist, without mentioning names of course, of his worriment about an exceedingly nice girl who was mistaking his friendship for something deeper. How could he, he inquired earnestly, make her understand without seeming either conceited or unkind? Miss Wilmerding seemed unable to suggest any way out of the difficulty.

After her model had gone she remained before her easel thoughtfully regarding the sketch she had been making.

"I could name at least ten women who are in love with you," she said to it. "So much for charm of manner and a brave exterior. It's odd—whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth; whom a woman loves she straightway proceeds to make a fool of."

At this point Miss Wilmerding's reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door, which she opened to admit

a man, young and fairly good-looking, who entered and dropped into a chair as if glad to be there.

"By Jove, this is good, after Park Row," he exclaimed, looking round him with appreciation. "By the way, I passed Hugh Winton in the hall. Nearly all the women run—seem to like him, but he's not the sort of man I should have thought you would fancy."

Before replying Miss Wilmerding moved in front of her easel and unostentatiously placed her sketch out of the way of observation. "It's evident enough that you don't like him," was what she said.

"No, I can't quite say that," her visitor replied. "I always thought his abominable, monstrous conceit sufficient to constitute him an insufferable cad, but the other day I came into possession of a few facts concerning him that amazed me. Perhaps you know that he has a good deal of money. Well, it seems he spends very little on himself but uses the larger part of his income in doing good. I happened to meet a man he has helped and he told me of a score of others. I don't believe a single one of the people Winton calls his friends knows of this. The way the man boasts of his social successes is sickening sometimes, yet he does innumerable acts of kindness with the utmost secrecy, as if he were ashamed of them. Truly, human nature is queer."

When she was once more alone Miss Wilmerding sat for some time quite still in the gathering dusk.

"I wonder if it would do any good." She spoke aloud to the empty room. "Anyway, I'll do it; I owe it to him."

Two days later when Hugh went again to the studio he did not find Miss Wilmerding prepared to work.

"Will you listen to me a little while?" was her answer to his greeting. "I have something to say to you, a confession to make."

Hugh took the chair she indicated, looking thoughtful.

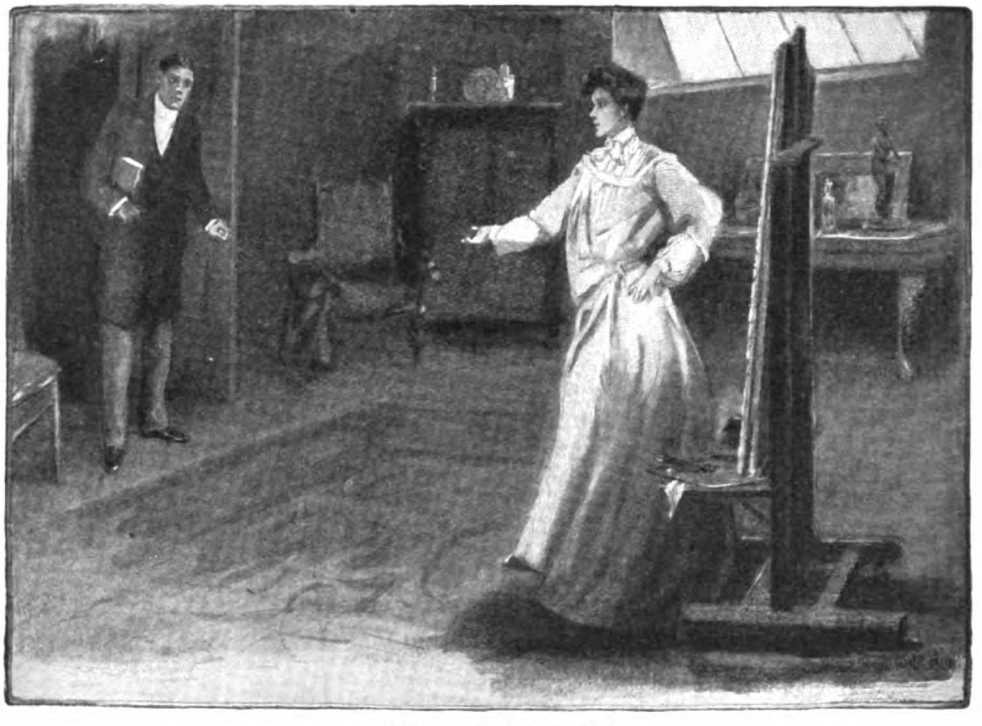
"When I first met you," she began,

"Of course you are wise in guarding her."

her eyes fixed on a corner of the easel on the other side of the room, "I saw you were good looking and I recognized your charm of manner, but how people could like you, how they could make those things balance the scale against your monstrous conceit I could not understand.

"I listened while you talked that night at Mrs. Arnold's, my contempt for you growing with every word you spoke. Then, like an inspiration, came the thought of the book I had to illustrate. The principal character, I can't call him a hero, is a man who might have amounted to something but for just such egotism as I saw you possessed. I hardly think you can realize the diplomacy I have used while you have been posing for me, to encourage your willingness to think and talk of yourself. I did my best to bring the meanest side of your character to the surface that I might use it in my pictures.

"To-day I learned something of the other side of that character and it made



"Cannot we be friends?"

me see what I had been doing. If you wish revenge you may find it in the thought that I despise myself now far more than I ever despised you. I don't ask you to forgive me, but I am going to make you the only reparation in my power."

The speaker moved to a table and took from it a pile of manuscript. "Here is the story," she said; "read it, and 'see yourself as others see you.'"

Mechanically Hugh stretched out his hand and took the story. He was very pale and his face wore a pained and puzzled look.

"The pictures I shall, of course, not use," Miss Wilmerding continued. "They belong to you. I will give them to you and you can destroy them."

Hugh made a restraining gesture as she started to get the drawings.

"I shall regard it as a favor if you will keep and use them," he said, speaking slowly as if he found framing his sentences a difficult matter. "You have more than atoned for any wrong you may have done. Besides, your using or not using the sketches won't make any difference—can't make things any easier, or harder, for me."

So saying, and without giving his companion any chance to reply, Hugh turned and went out of the studio.

A few days later the manuscript copy came back to Miss Wilmerding by messenger, but a month went by before she saw Hugh again.

Finally, one rainy day, on opening the studio door in response to a knock, Miss Wilmerding found him standing on the threshold. He was thinner than formerly and his eyes had the tired look of one whose nights are sleepless.

"Come in," was all Miss Wilmerding could think of to say.

Hugh obeyed.

"I came to thank you," he began in a strained and formal tone, "for telling me—what you did. It must have been hard for you, very hard."

His listener felt that she ought to say something in reply, but no words would come.

"I've had a hard time," Hugh went on in the same unemotional way; "during the past month it has been as if what is good in me stood looking into

a mirror that reflected all that is base and unworthy. But it's going to be all right. I believe I'm going to be able to make a man of myself. You don't think it's impossible, do you?" he ended with a faint smile.

"No," cried the girl quickly. "If I did, would I have told you—." She stopped.

"That thought is what gives me hope. But not one woman in a thousand would have done it, and I thank you. That is all, I believe." Hugh turned towards the door.

Miss Wilmerding took a step forward. "Cannot we be friends?" she said in a low tone. "If you can forgive me—"

"Forgive you!" cried the man passionately. "*Forgive* you for the greatest kindness I ever received?"

"Then we can be friends." She spoke quietly.

Hugh shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm afraid not. You don't know how I need your friendship, but it's impossible. You see, I love you, I wouldn't distress you by telling you, only I don't want you to misunderstand and think me ungrateful."

Once more Hugh moved towards the door, but this time it was of his own accord that he turned back.

"I suppose you know the book is out," he said. "I bought a copy this morning and was disappointed. The pictures show that they were done in a hurry; they are far from being your best work. Why, oh, why didn't you use the others?"

Miss Wilmerding straightened up and her closely locked hands unclasped themselves and fell slowly to her sides.

"Because—I loved you," she said.

BOSTONIANS BY ADOPTION

By GENEVA FOREST

With Drawings by MAY WILSON-PRESTON

Mrs. Lloyd Thayer, "née Chicago," and just married in Boston to a professor of sociology, writes to her elder sister who lives in fashionable style abroad.

10 Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain,
May Tenth.

MY DEAREST KATHERINE—

Our two weeks of honeymoon are over, and here we are, settled in Jamaica Plain, in the cunningest little house you ever beheld. I suppose your luxurious Jim would turn up his nose at it, for honesty compels me to confess that it is a bit shabby on the outside, but once beyond the front door I am sure even he would be charmed. It is very simple—all in pale colonial colors that make the rooms look twice their size, and it is furnished entirely with wedding presents. The little that we need I expect to pick up hereabouts, for I know the country is full of the most lovely old things to be had for a song—only, unfortunately, I never did have an ear for music. You have no idea how imposing your silver service is, in the most prominent spot in the dining-room. "It gives the place a tone," and our Irish handmaiden, of the genius known as "General," is lost in admiration of it.

The people here have been very charming to me, so that I refuse to believe any tales of Boston's coldness to strangers. Almost every afternoon I put on my best bib and tucker and go in town to return calls. Being a bride is strenuous, is it not? But I like it all, with the exception of the attentions of Lloyd's fellow professors. They and their wives are most cordial and insist on asking us to take dinner with them,

It was rather appalling.

which is exceedingly trying, as I always feel that I know nothing erudite enough to say to them, and I don't dare plunge in and try because I know Lloyd would think it such a good joke. It is an appalling thing to have one's husband a professor—and of sociology, too! I tell Lloyd that if he really loved me he would change over to something simple, like the English department. I suppose there have been frivolous wives in sociology before—everything seems to be included under that head—but I never was fortunate enough to know one.

I make spasmodic efforts to be housewifely and dignified.

Your devoted sister,

BARBARA.

10 Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain,
June the Third.

MY DEAR KATE—

Who are you to tell me not to cut off my wedding gown? Indeed I shan't touch it this spring, but only because I intend it to be my *piéce de résistance* for the winter. I am now blossoming forth in a simple white muslin, but there is one delightful point about Boston, it really isn't quite the thing to dress well. As one of the bluest blooded representatives said to me not long ago—"When everyone in Boston knows who and what you are, what is the use of spending time and money on clothes? And if they don't know you, of course *dressing* can make no difference." All the old families are above it, and show their depth of mind by being a bit dowdy, so don't imagine that I envy you. If you were in my place I haven't a doubt that you would be called "showy."

As for your garden parties, balls, and the like, I went to a dance myself, only last week. When the invitation came, of course I, being a newcomer, wanted to go, and as Lloyd was willing, but not enthuiastic, we accepted. When the night came it poured rain, which necessitated a cab from Jamaica Plain into town—a bit of extravagance as dampening to the spirits as the weather to muslin skirts. When we were once in the house, however, and caught the music from the ballroom, I began to revive. On the stairs I held Lloyd back in a sudden panic to ask him if there were anything special for me to do. "You know I never have been to a Boston dance," I told him.

"Dances are all the same everywhere," he said. "You have such odd ideas about Boston. You seem to think it is different from every other place."

I told him not to mind, for in time I should no doubt acquire the true Boston idea that every other place was different from it, and then—we entered the ballroom, I trying hard not to look apologetic because I had not been born in the Back Bay. It was rather appal-

Suddenly she sank down before me.

ling, but I was just on the point of greeting my hostess when suddenly she sank down before me, leaving me with my hand half out. My first thought was that she had fainted, and then late, but all too quickly, came the realization that it was a courtesy, and that —as we used to say when we were children—I musn't be stumped. How I did it I don't know. I blush to think of it, and never have I seen so large a receiving party. Down the line I bobbed, my face redder and redder, my knees more and more trembly. I assure you that royalty would be a mere nothing after it. If you see His Imperial Highness Edward the Seventh, tell him I could meet him without turning a hair. After it was over, and Lloyd had received me from the hands of a gentlemanly youth in the rôle of usher —another primeval Boston custom—I loosed the vials of my wrath on my poor husband, who would do nothing but laugh at me.

Well, after such a beginning, I don't know why I expected much from the evening, but the exhilaration of danger safely passed possessed me, and I felt that I deserved a good time. Every one presented people to me, I will say that, but the men were so funny, all either little college boys, or middle-aged marrieds—you know the kind, who monopolize a glorious two-step and then ask you if you would just as soon polka. The boys each danced with me once, and then fled to débutantes with a promptness that made me appreciate their manners, but not myself. Some of Lloyd's students were there, and one or two long-haired grinds insisted on talking shop to me until I very nearly had to call for help. Imagine, my dear, the impossibility of model tenements in a ballroom! There was only one who seemed to take to me at all, and he was really quite devoted, so that I felt almost popular with him, and tried hard to be extremely flirtatious.

As the night wore on, and I gradually exhausted the supply of newly-introduced, this lad and Lloyd alternated in keeping me going, and I felt that there was nothing I would not do for him. I longed to go home, but there was the awful ordeal of parting. Furtive glances had shown me that courtseys were again in order, and I haven't a doubt that we would still be glued to the wall of Mrs. Bunker-Hill's ballroom, had it not been for the fact that a cab was waiting outside.

When we were once safely inside it, with the rain beating a mournful tatoo on the roof, the last blow fell. Who do you suppose my nice boy was? The scapegoat of Lloyd's class, who had been requested to come in the next morning to be expelled. The politic creature had been simply pulling a last wire in devoting himself to "teacher's" wife! And it worked, for such was my

gratitude that I persuaded Lloyd to give him another chance.

Of course, I wouldn't confess that my evening had been—well, I'll be polite, and say somewhat melancholy, but I have a most uncomfortable suspicion that Lloyd saw through my ghastly hilarity, for every time we passed a lamp-post on that six-mile drive home I could see his eyes twinkling as he looked at me.

Be gay, Katherine! Oh, be madly gay!—if you want to; but as for me, let me become middle-aged as soon as I possibly can, for nothing else is really above reproach—in Boston.

Your sadder and wiser,

BARBARA.

10 Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain,
July 11th.

MY DEAR KATE—

Just as your season is getting well under way ours has closed. All the houses in town are boarded up in the most ridiculous fashion, as though a branch of the U. S. Mint were behind each barricade, but they do look eminently respectable—suggestive of furniture done up in brown Holland, and other things that are above reproach. One is perfectly sure that each family has gone to its summer home. If any unfortunates haven't one, I am sure that they never confess it, but spend their summer behind the boards, rather than be so shockingly unconventional as to keep their house open. Lloyd's wisdom in settling in the suburbs is now apparent, for we have green all about us, and a glimpse of the Pond from our front windows.

Lloyd's lectures are over now, but he works all day long on his book, and that leaves me as much alone as ever. I have been seeing a great deal of a Mrs. Brookes—a most superior woman, the wife of the head of Lloyd's department, and she tells me that it is impossible for a man to accomplish anything without perfect sympathy and intelligent coöperation from his wife. Now, of

"I intended to take her home with me."

course, when it comes to Sociology, I am a mere idiot, and Mrs. Brooke knows all about it—but I must say that she does not seem to pay much attention to anything else. Her house is the most helter-skelter place I ever saw; they move once a year, as the easiest method of cleaning house, and the littlest Brooke boy said one day, when we were walking: "Mamma, is that one of the houses I was born in?" It amused me, and I couldn't resist telling you; but really, I am too light-minded.

Mrs Brooke has taken me to Sound End House, a settlement she is interested in, and when I can fit them in I go to the Reform Schools and Houses. To me they are too depressing for words. I came home from one night before last and cried for two hours. Of course I wouldn't for worlds complain of Lloyd, but considering that that was the first time he ever saw me cry, I do think he might have been more sympathetic. He wouldn't agree with me at all, but just kept on giving me stupid advice about getting tired out. He doesn't know that I am doing all this for him, and I won't tell him because some day I expect to surprise him by my wisdom. He thinks I go to those places because I like them, but privately, Kit, I hate it,

With much love,
BARBARA.

10 Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain.
July 11th.

MY DEAREST "BIG SISTER"—

I am in such a dreadful pickle that I don't want to write to you at all, but I feel that I must confess, although I know what you will say;—and whatever you say, I agree with you. I have done the most foolish thing that any woman ever did, and yet I know very well that, after your first amazement is over, you will laugh at me. I may as well out with it at once, for you would never guess it. I have *adopted* a child! Not a baby even, but a little girl nine years old, almost half my own age. It really was all Lloyd's fault, for after three weeks of settlement work he awoke to what I was doing, and begged me to give it up. He said it was all nonsense, my trying to work up his profession, that it wasn't worth my getting tired out over, and that Mr. Brooke would be a happier man if his wife were less highly educated and more domestic. I must say that I was relieved, and backed out of the whole thing, much to Mrs. Brooke's disgust, but only to concentrate on one part of my original program. I still went to the Blank Street Children's Home. That is in Jamaica Plain, and Lloyd wanted me to go as he thought I might do some good there. I hated the woman in charge, but I was so sorry for the poor little things that there were being brought up under her iron rule that I used to go quite often and try to amuse them. On my last visit, as I passed the office on my way to the youngest children's department, I heard such tears, sobs and entreaties coming from that sanctum that I boldly rapped on the door and marched in. The matron, shears in hand, was standing over a very forlorn, newly arrived small girl, while the mite was vigorously objecting to being shorn. I didn't blame her at all; the whole proceeding seemed so needlessly cruel that I flamed up—you know the silly way I do—and told Mrs. Weld a lot of things that I imagine were not pleasant to hear. The child came and clung to me, and cried more pitifully than before, so that I have no doubt that the pair of us resembled the crisis in the fourth act of a cheap melodrama. When I had quite finished Mrs. Weld said, in the same cold, crisp way that she always speaks:—

"Well, Mrs. Thayer, what do you propose to do about this case?"

I had to say something. Anything less than what I did say would have been absurd, so, quick as a flash, I cried:—

"I intend to take her home with me."

Mrs. Weld smiled in the most unconcerned way in the world, and ended our interview by saying:—

"You are at liberty to take her if you wish. Your husband's position of course guarantees her a careful bringing up. We will see that the proper papers are prepared. Good morning."

She then went away and left me alone with the youngster, so that for the first time I had a good look at her. She was little, and thin, and her face was all woe begone and tear stained, and there wasn't a thing, not one single thing, attractive about her.

I asked her, in as resolutely motherly a fashion as I could manage, what her name was.

"Nora," said she, with what I hoped was a final sob.

That was too much. I murmured that we could call her Eleanor, and unfortunately she heard me. A fresh and loud burst of grief followed so soon after Mrs. Weld's departure that I was uncomfortably conscious that she might have excellent grounds for belief that I in my turn was brutalizing that unfortunate child. I urged her from the house as quickly as I could, and on the front doorstep dried her tears, promised to call her anything she liked, and then led her towards home. Twice on the way she paused to weep. Once because of a stone in her shoe, which, after a prolonged examination and a toilet made by the wayside, proved to be purely imaginary, and again because, in my agitation, I had walked too fast for her. Lloyd was providentially out when I arrived, so I hurried her upstairs, gave her a bath, which must have been quite salt before she left it, so many were her grievances and consequent tears, and then, after smuggling a light supper up to her, I put her to bed in the guest room and hurried down to give Lloyd his dinner.

Of course, by this time I realized what a tragedy had overtaken us, and somehow I could not bear to tell Lloyd. After the first moment of seeing him—the natural time to confess in—had passed nothing seemed to lead up to it, and in the meantime the poor man sat down to his dinner and complimented me on my red cheeks. He said that I had not looked so blooming for a long time; that it was evident that it had been a good thing to give up the days at South End House.

I murmured that there were worse things than settlement work, took a long breath in order to burst out with my news, and lost my chance in pausing to listen for sounds from above.

Lloyd went on to say that he had been going over our accounts, and felt that it would be possible for us to go up into the mountains for two weeks of country and coolness before the fall term began, and my heart sank still lower as I realized what a frightful drag I had fastened on his small salary. This kind of thing kept on until dessert, and I was just feeling that something would explode presently if the nightmare didn't end, when all at once something did. A small voice, in the already familiar, injured, rising cadence, spoke up from behind Lloyd's chair:—

"*I* didn't have any fluffy cream for *my* supper," it said.

Lloyd wheeled abruptly around, and as for me, I gave her my portion quickly, for, although I had not known Nora long, I was intimately enough acquainted with her to know what to expect. There she stood, a horribly real vision. I had almost begun to feel that she couldn't be true.

"Why—who is this?" Lloyd said turning to me.

"That? Why that is Nora," I answered airily.

"But who does she belong to?"

"She—she is ours, dear," I confessed, and felt that the worst was over; but Lloyd got up very quickly and came and smoothed my hair back from my forehead, and said:—

"Sweetheart, your head is hot, and you are tired out. Never mind the little girl. I'll look her up and return her, but you go up to bed."

Of course, I quickly persuaded him that, whatever my mental state had been earlier in the day, I was then hopelessly sane. I would willingly have chosen madness as the lesser evil. We urged upon Nora to go to bed again, and sat down to talk things over, Lloyd being so beautifully gentle all the time, both to that unfortunate child and to me, that it wrung my heart, and frightened me, too, for it made the affair seem unalterable.

My first suggestion was that we send her back, but Lloyd said that I had promised her a home, and that if people

in our position did not keep faith with the poor, what could we expect of them? I can see his point, although his ethics are more strict than mine. It almost breaks his heart, I know, but he feels that we must both be responsible for my rash pledges, as unfortunately I am old enough to be taken seriously. I know he is horribly worried as to our finances, and as unwilling to have Nora with us as I could possibly be. She has been here three days now, and hasn't cheered up the least bit. I never knew a child before that seemed absolutely unlovable. Lloyd looks tired out and very sad, but he has not said one reproachful word, while I am all the time railing at myself. Of course, our little trip is given up. The money went into respectable clothes for Nora.

I think a letter from you must be on the way, as I have not heard from you since you left London. Write us soon, and try to find something to say to take our minds off this incubus of a child.

Your heartbroken,
BARBARA.

P. S.—Lloyd asked me just why I had taken her, and I couldn't find any better reason than that Mrs. Weld was about to cut her hair. He said he thought it would be more becoming short, and I had to agree with him, although I don't dare touch it for fear the next door neighbors will hear the outcry and report us to the S. P. C. C.

10 Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain, August 10th.

DEAREST KATHERINE—

Nora was here when we came back yesterday from a little trip to New York to greet us when we came home, and very melancholy because our train was late. She was much injured to find that the doll I brought her had light hair; it seems she has always pined for brunette beauty. She has not caught diphtheria, or any other providential thing, while we were away, but on the contrary looks a bit plumper. I think she is developing Irish traits, but she must be American born, for it is certain that she has never been on the same island with the blessed Blarney stone. I can only guess at it, as she is extremely uncommunicative about her antecedents, and matters are too strained between Mrs. Weld and me to seek information there. I am not sure that it matters anyway. As she is here to stay, it may be just as well not to know. Think of it, Katherine, our constant companion forever. She is too hopelessly unattractive to marry, and that would be our last hope. We can't even look forward to being free from her in our old age. She says her mother went away and left her; I can understand her feelings, and know that she will never come back.

Affectionately,
BARBARA.

10 Eliot St., December 18th.

MY DEAREST KATHERINE—

I am so happy that I can scarcely write. I want to dance, and sing, and clap my hands. What do you think

"There was not one single thing attractive about her."

has happened? You never could guess, for it is too good to be true, so I will tell you at once, and let you rejoice with me.

This morning I sat down with Nora to instruct her in the first rules of spelling, for Lloyd and I decided that she must go to school, and her ignorance was too appalling to send her forth without instruction on some fundamental points. She didn't take to it kindly, and, as she has lately developed alarming argumentative ability, and as it was quite impossible for me to explain *why* c-a-t spelled cat,—she was rapidly reducing me to a state of hopeless exasperation, when suddenly a thunderous step on our little front walk attracted our attention. I looked out and saw a perfectly enormous, and evidently very irate, Irish woman pausing to regain breath before attacking our door bell.

Nora crept up behind me, and peeped out too. Then she sat down again, very quickly, and folded her hands with such unusual meekness that I looked at her in amazement.

"What is it Nora?" I asked.

"*It's Ma.*"

"It's Ma," she replied, with all the calmness of one announcing a most commonplace event.

My knees began to tremble, and the blood rushed giddily to my head. I think I kissed her as I said:—

"Oh, Nora! Not *your* Mother? Tell me, Nora, *is* it?"

Her under lip went out and her customary injured tone returned as she said:—

"I guess I know my own Ma!"

I begged her not to cry; not to let her delivering angel of a mother find her in tears, for a frightful fear laid hold of me that Nora at her gloomy worst would frighten away anyone. I longed to call to Maggie to lock the door after letting her in, in order to prevent escape.

The first thing she did was to lay violent hands on the squirming Nora, and embrace her with an amazing warmth, at the same time transfixing her on the point of a large cairngoram brooch which she wore. The natural result followed. Nora's voice arose in agony, and the Amazon turned to me. I can't remember all she said, but I will try to give the sense of it, for Katie dear, it ought to cheer you up.

"Ye've broken her spiurrit, I see," she began, and I know she might have been heard a square away. "Sure, things have come to a pretty pass if a woman can't go off on a pleasure thrip of a few months, widout having her only child adopted behind her back! What's the use of politics if a dacent woman can't lave her own cousin, the policeman, work his pull wid the alderman, and have her child took care of by the city she lives in while she is gone? Me cousin he says to me, says he, 'What is homes for?' says he. Do I have to take Nora wid me every time I go to visit me sister in Seracuse, to kape her from being adopted by the idle rich? I am surprised wid ye, Nora, that ye should hev come? Ye should hev been above it! Look at ye crying again! What manners they hev taught ye! And ill-threated ye, too, like as not!" And so on.

At last she ran down, jerkily like an eight-day clock, and I managed to con-

vey the fact that deeply as we should regret Nora, of course we understood that her mother had the first claim on her. That calmed her somewhat, and she majestically tendered forgiveness, said she, "Could drink a dhrop of tae" after her excitement, and hinted that Nora's wardrobe might be acceptable, although she was far from wishing to be "beholden to anyone."

Of course I packed up everything I could lay hands on for her, while Maggie regaled her in the kitchen, and Nora, in a most damp and emotional state, wavered between us. The child really seemed rather fond of me when the moment of parting came, but it may have been only her natural perversity, as it evidently piqued her mother. In my gratitude I promised Mrs. O'Mally—O'Mally being the natural sequence to Nora—our weekly washing for all time to come.

Is all this absolutely incoherent? I don't know, or care, only you must appreciate, sister mine, that I am free! free!! free!!! Lloyd does not know yet. I can hardly wait for him to come home. When he does I shall not tell him, but shall let the glorious truth dawn on him gradually, so that I can see his dear face brighten. I long to hang out the flag, or indulge in some other jubilation, but I must keep calm and contained until he finds it out.

Your devoted

BARBARA.

P.S.—I have held this letter to tell you of Lloyd's happiness in our relief. When he came in I found I couldn't possibly wait for him to find out for himself that Nora was gone, so I told him as quickly as I could. He didn't dance, or sing. He just sat down in his big leather chair, and put his arms around me, and his head on my shoulder, and I think we neither of us ever knew just what perfect happiness was before.

PILLI-PANG-WANG

By FREDERICK WALWORTH

With Drawings by W. J. ENRIGHT

THIS is a tale without a hero, because he who should be hero, was not cast in the heroic mold.

In the cool of the tropical evening, riot and anarchy broke forth in the camp of D Company. At least it sounded that way. They had marched far over heart-breaking country and should have dropped in their tracks and slept. Instead they were raising the countryside with blood curdling yells.

Chislett issued from his tent desiring to know why. He was met by Sergeant Hook, who led by the arm as diminutive a specimen of the genus homo as perhaps the archipelago of little men could produce. Beside the giant sergeant he bulked as a child of ten.

"What's this, Hook?" demanded the officer.

"This little rip, sir, got into camp somehow with a skin o' liquor, an' the men are all full," answered the sergeant.

The yellow mite wriggled to the front, and with perfect composure and an inviting smile announced:—

"Aguardiente, velly good."

"Dry up, you heathen," growled the sergeant, and shook him like a rat.

"H'm," said Chislett. "Have you destroyed the liquor?"

"No chance, sir. The men did that."

"H'm," sniffed the captain, and stalked over to the yelling, howling

mob, which grew a bit subdued as the less intoxicated observed him. But the refreshment had been of a fiery sudden variety and some of the men were no less than delirous.

These the non-coms presently tied hand and foot with their belts, and deposited uncermoniously under the dog tents where stupor in time overcame them. The less affected slunk away before the captain's cold eye and icily cold voice, and directly peace reigned. Chislett turned toward his tent. Sergeant Hook advanced and saluted.

"What'll I do with him, sir?" he asked, and would have dragged the diminutive captive to the front, except that the little man came without dragging.

"Aguardiente," he said insinuatingly. "Velly good," and pointed away into the darkness as to an inexhaustible supply.

"H'm," said the Captain. "You're a nervy little dog. Tie him up till morning, sergeant, I'll see to him then."

Jarvey led the midget away and having strapped him securely to a tree sought his much-needed rest. When morning came the pygmy was gone. The Captain listened to Jarvey's story and said it was all right, anyway.

The company was more or less a wreck, some of the men absolutely incapacitated by the vile decoction they had drunk, and the command remained in camp that day instead of continuing the march.

Most of the men were doing double sentry duty and punishment drill, and one would have thought the camp sufficiently well guarded and policed. Yet here to them in broad daylight appeared suddenly the cause of all their woes. How he passed the lines none knew. The only tenable hypothesis seemed to be that he had floated by in a gaseous state, and solidified after his arrival. He carried a cheerful grin on his yellow countenance, and a skin of the awful liquor swung over his shoulder. His nerve was indeed good.

Sergeant Hook got to him first and once more led him to the Captain. Chislett was displeased and his stern scowl was not lost upon the little man.

"Aguardiente?" he remarked tentatively, an anxious eye on the officer, and proceeded to open the skin. Chislett laughed despite himself. The midget was encouraged and presently got the bag open, and invitingly presented the mouth to the Captain.

"Turn it out, sergeant," said Chislett, and Jarvey inverted the skin and the liquor ran away upon the ground, sending up a vile, sour odor.

"Who are you?" asked the Captain.

"Me Pilli-Pang-Wang," replied the midget, mournfully watching his stock in trade soak into the dry earth.

"Well, Billy," said the officer. "You can't sell liquor to my men. Do you understand that? If you bring any more of that stuff in here I—well, I don't know what I won't do to you." The Captain didn't know at all what he could or would do, but Pilli-Pang-Wang seemed impressed.

Directly his yellow face lightened.

"Me stlay with you," he observed. "Me blody sehvant," and as it turned out, that remark was in the nature of an ultimatum.

"I don't need any body-servant," answered the captain, wondering where in these ends of the earth the little man had picked up the term. "Take him out in the brush, sergeant, and turn him loose."

Jarvey led the pygmy away. Beyond the sentry lines he turned Pilli loose, as per order, and added an inducement to departure by a mild application of his toe to a rearward portion of the little man.

"Hike, you heathen Chink," he remarked.

Ten minutes later the captain entered his tent to find Pilli laboriously polishing a pair of boots with a bit of rag torn from his shirt. The captain sent for Jarvey.

"Well, I be —," gasped the sergeant as his eye fell upon the imp. "I took him outside the lines, sir, and give him a kick and told him to hike. It beats me," and the big sergeant gazed at the yellow mite as though he expected him to vanish under his eye and turn up somewhere else.

Once more was Pilli driven ingloriously forth, and once more did he mysteriously develop in the captain's tent. When the command moved on next day he went with them, riding upon the company cart. It proved quite impossible to lose him, and ultimately they abandoned the attempt and the captain accepted him under protest as a self-appointed valet, and the men as the company mascot.

He was half Chinese and half Filipino, and he combined the characteristics of both. His trading instinct and his dog-like devotion to Chislett were doubtless Chinese, while his trickery and petty thieving bespoke his Malay blood. He displayed a curious mixture of brass-bound, triple-riveted assurance and the most abject timidity, and proved a liar of colossal proportions. The men called him Pills, possibly with remembrance of the dose he administered on first acquaintance; the captain called him Billy, and he answered smiling to either name.

Chislett took him more or less as a joke till he noticed a surprising diminution in his stock of Manila cigars, and discovered that his men were smoking them. From the sergeant he learned that Pilli was selling the cheroots, claiming he obtained them from the natives.

Pilli, called to account, lied nobly, lied right and left, up and down, side ways and diagonally, lied with the finish and technique of an artist, lied till the captain laughed and forgave him because of his wonderful showing. The cigars went under lock and the men returned to their pipes.

When the company reached cantonments Pilli became known to the captain's brother officers as "Chislett's Minion." Pilli was all of that. He hung on the captain's words, interpreted his merest glance, jumped sideways to fulfil his most casual wish, and almost invariably succeeded in doing the wrong thing in the wrong way at the wrong time. By way of compensation for this abject though inefficient service he stole anything portable and convertible, and with the evidence of guilt thrust beneath his nose lied like a millionaire swearing off his taxes. Never in his career was he known to admit guilt.

It was a month after Pilli's advent that the regiment was ordered away to the island of Negros to assist in the chastisement of certain obstreperous rebels. The captain took Sergeant Hook one side on the day of embarkation.

"Sergeant," he said, "I want you to watch Billy and see to it that he's left behind. That'll be your sole duty till we're actually under way. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jarvey, and went upon his commission.

Now Jarvey knew by experience that Pilli was a slippery proposition.

"Eleazar," he said to Corporal Top-

"Aguardiente, Velly good."

"Hike, you heathen Chink."

latch at one time, "that little cross-breed is a human flea. You jab your thumb on him an' he ain't there."

"Sure," said Eleazar. "I agree with you, Jarvey, only I doubt if he's human."

So the sergeant sought out Pilli, took him unceremoniously by the slack of his shirt, led him to a secure place, locked him in and stood guard to the last possible minute. Pilli's muffled howls sounded from within as Jarvey hastened down and joined the last boat load. The transport got under way and the captain solicited the congratulations of his brother officers, for Pilli had not put in an appearance.

"Eleazar," said Jarvey proudly, "when you want to circumvent the aspirations of these little niggers call on your uncle."

"Yes," said Eleazar, "only I wouldn't wonder if little old Pilli was a-waitin' for us when we land."

But this prediction proved erroneous, and Pilli was not in evidence when they disembarked.

Into the hills went the regiment, and directly was split up in detachments vainly chasing the elusive insurrectos, who, as Sergeant Hook put it, "couldn't never be come up with, an' when they was come up with, turned out to be farmers a-tillin' the soil."

At the end of a hard day D Company camped. They were keen on the track of a choice little band of cut-throats, and indications pointed to its immediate proximity. Chislett, desiring further and more trustworthy information than could be obtained from native sources, turned the command over to his lieutenant, and with Jarvey and a native guide set out on a little reconnoisance. Half a mile from camp the valued native guide casually side-stepped into the undergrowth and vanished into a silence that was ominous.

The two white men at once turned back and Chislett, in advance, had gone perhaps ten yards when he stumbled on a cord, stretched taut across the path, and pitched headlong. Jarvey was seized from both sides at the same instant by as many sinewy, brown hands as could find hold upon his person, and troubles broke loose as from Pandora's box.

It was a battle royal. Sergeant Hook was the fistic champion of the regiment, barring possibly Corporal Toplatch, and he was not to be captured without a struggle. One unfortunate little rebel laid hold upon his right arm. Next instant he was swung clear of the ground, his body described a sweeping half-circle and brought up with a nauseating "bunk" against a tree. He dropped with a broken back, and Jarvey's arm was cleared.

The sergeant laughed and swung heavily upon a jaw that showed with too great prominence. The jaw went off sideways into the jungle, its owner following it through the air.

"Give it to 'em, sir," called Jarvey cheerfully to the captain, who was struggling on the ground with half a dozen little beggars astride him.

"You would, would you, you bobtail," cried the sergeant, and drove a long, straight punch from the shoulder into the face of a Malay with an upraised club. The face flattened out like dough under a roller and the dusky gentleman went over backward with his club for a pillow. Then Jarvey cheerfully turned his attention to two little heathen who were hanging desperately to his left arm. One he took by the windpipe with a grip which threatened to sever the neck. He flung him into the grass and gave his companion a short arm jab on the chin which sent him hurriedly off to dreamland. Then the sergeant sprang with a yell to aid his captain, taken at a disadvantage and outnumbered six to one. He laid ungentle hands upon a wriggling brown body and was about to drag it forth from the melee when something descended violently upon the back of his head and the dusk of evening suddenly deepened into utter dark.

Meanwhile Pilli had been up and doing. Jarvey's prison house proved strong, but ultimately he managed an escape, and an hour after the wallowing transport cleared the bay Pilli was off on the trail of his idol.

Now the strait of Tanon which lies between Cebu and Negros is not wide. The insurrection was in Negros Occidentales, and the transport had gone slam banging round south of the islands to land the troops on the western shore. These things ran in Pilli's favor.

Cebu he crossed from east to west in one night, and late the next day landed from a Chinese junk at San Jose on the eastern shore of Negros, and struck off into the interior. He moved westward then at a dog-trot for some days like one whose destination was fixed and his way clear. So in time he crossed the backbone of the island and came rapidly down the western slope.

When Jarvey awoke it was to find himself trussed up most abominably, his feet having been drawn back and his ankles made fast to his wrists. At a little distance he heard the soft chattering of natives. He took up his thought where it had been incontinently broken off and that thought was of his captain. Immediately he was aware of a body lying close to his own and in a similar posture. It was too dark to be certain, but Jarvey judged it to be Chislett.

"That you, captain?" he whispered.

"Yes," came the instant answer. "Thought they'd done for you, sergeant. How are you?"

"All right, sir," said Jarvey. "Got a half-ripe boil on the back o' my head, that is all. How are you?"

"All right," replied Chislett nervily. "Left arm broken I think."

"Hell, that's bad, sir," said Jarvey. "Are you tied up by the wrist?"

"Yes," replied Chislett coolly.

Jarvey suddenly threw every ounce of his mighty strength against the ropes that bound him, straining till his muscles knotted in cramps, and his broken head threatened to burst with the pressure of blood. But the hemp was new and the cords held. He rested a moment and tried again with the same result. Again and again he strained at his bonds till the skin was torn from his wrists and his great arms trembled with muscular hysteria. But the ropes gave not the fraction of an inch and in the end he surrendered.

A moment later Chislett started up in the certainty that some one had been above him in the darkness and peered into his face for an instant.

"Did you see that, sergeant?" he asked in a whisper, but Jarvey had seen nothing. Evidently the guards had noticed nothing either, for they had not moved from where they sat, and Chislett himself was not sure. For an instant he had felt rather than seen a body above him, and now he persuaded himself he was giving way to his nerves.

Yet at that moment a diminutive yellow streak was tearing through the jungle toward camp. Pilli by sheer luck or in some occult way past finding out, had come straight to the captain across two islands and the interly-

ing water. One instant he bent above the captive, making certain of his identity and of his bondage; then he made for camp at so reckless a gait that large portions of his scanty attire were left to decorate the vegetation by the way. How he knew the location of the camp is merely another of the Pilli-Pang-Wang mysteries.

Practically naked and wholly frantic he burst upon the horizon of the lieutenant and sputtered out his story in curiously mixed English and Spanish, to say nothing of side remarks in Tagalog and Cantonese. Unfortunately Pilli's most notorious accomplishments hitherto had been his magnificent prevarications, and it was some little time before the officer became convinced that now his frightened tongue spoke truth. Indeed his very presence at all was a lie of impossible proportions.

Once convinced, however, the lieutenant acted quickly, and leaving a guard with the baggage, set out immediately with the rest of the company. Pilli, clad mainly in the surrounding darkness, led the way at a swift trot, following the blind trail as though blessed with the eye of a leopard and the nose of a hound.

"What do you reckon they'll do with us?" asked Sergeant Hook after a time.

The captain was silent for some minutes.

"I suppose you might as well know and be prepared, sergeant," he said finally. "I can't understand all they say, but they're discussing different modes of torture at present."

Jarvey drew a quick breath and cold sweat broke out on him. Then his jaws shut firmly and he pulled himself together. Ten minutes later a crowd of chattering little brown men surrounded them, and they were gathered up roughly and lugged a short distance to a point where preparations were in making for a fire.

Jarvey, to ease his over-burdened mind, began a slow and uncomplimentary analysis of his captors' ancestry to the third and fourth generations. Chislett shut his teeth to keep from crying out as the splintered ends of the broken bone ground together with the rough handling.

"Give it to 'em, sir," called Jarvey.

But worse was to follow. Over the little fire a bamboo pole rested upon two forked sticks driven in the ground. This was now taken down and thrust under the bent knees of the captives. As Jarvey grasped the meaning of this operation his curses died in his throat, and he locked his teeth in bitter determination.

By main strength the little brown devils now lifted the pole, bending with its double burden, and dropped it into place between the forks, and over the kindling fire, head downward, swung the two white men, while about them capered the yelling, laughing crew of little fiends. There was a moment of sharp agony while the rising flames crisped off their hair and seared the scalps, and the pungent smoke filled the

nostrils and choked their lungs, but not a sound came from either of the victims. Fortunately then their position brought unconsciousness, and Jarvey's last remembrance was of a scream of rage that shrilled above the crackling of the fire and the yells of the dancing natives.

Suddenly through the circle shot a swift, yellow body. Pilli in his haste had outstripped the company in the last hundred yards. Frantically he kicked the burning brands in all directions with his bare toes. Like a crazy thing he tore at the cords of the unconscious captives, shrieking incoherent curses the while.

For an instant there fell a startled silence among the clustering natives while Pilli struggled at Chislett's bonds and screamed to heaven for the better guidance of the lieutenant. Then, with a growl, the mob closed savagely in upon him, and Pilli went down in the remnants of the fire like a fox beneath a pack of furious hounds.

But his work was done, and nobly. For as he collapsed before the frenzied mob the lieutenant shot into the circle, followed by the company rampant. They took in the whole horrible business at a glance and needed no urging to the work before them.

Some of them cut down Chislett and Jarvey and laid them tenderly on the grass, while the rest surrounded and laid hands upon the insurrectos in a way which makes it certain that that little band of devils will not figure in the next census reports.

Corporal Toplatch knelt beside Sergeant Hook, and the singed and blistered Jarvey presently opened his eyes. He looked his comrade steadily in the face for some seconds considering matters carefully before he spoke.

"Eleazar," he said finally, "I've been cooked and mebbe et, though I don't remember that part. I ain't just comfortable at present, but what I want to know is, how you got here?"

"I'll tell you later on, Jarvey," said the corporal anxiously. "You've been skatin' on thin ice, an' the less talkin' you do for a while the better."

"You may be right, Eleazar," answered Jarvey, still dazed, "but I'm an Eyetalian anarchist if I remember any ice."

A diminutive yellow streak.

Later two improvised litters went down to camp under escort of the company. Chislett, still unconscious and his left arm badly twisted, occupied the first, while Jarvey, with two mangled wrists and a broken head, more than filled the second.

The embers of the dying fire threw a red glare upon a pile of brown bodies heaped up in strange and contorted positions as the columns filed away into the night. Later this pile was shaken and its constituent parts rudely tumbled about by a movement at its very base, but there was none to see, and later the mass grew quiet once more and slowly stiffened into a huge and grewsome knot.

Next morning Chislett, his arm in splints and his blistered head wrapped in bandages, disregarded the surgeon's orders and resumed command. He would *not* go down to hospital and he *would* continue the campaign. He had the story of the rescue in detail from Norton the lieutenant, and listened with astonishment which gave way to remorse.

"Where is Billy now?" he demanded.

"I'm glad that little cross-breed pulled out of it all right."

Norton thought a minute.

"Why, blessed if I know," he answered. "I don't believe I've seen him since we came in."

Search of the camp failed to reveal him, and the sergeant in command of the burial party reported him not found in the distorted pile upon the hill.

"You're sure it was Billy?" asked Chislett. "I can't understand how he followed us."

"Oh, it was Billy right enough," answerd Norton. "Some of them must have got away and taken him with them, though I'd have sworn we cleaned the beggars out to a man."

Chislett blew his breath audibly through his nostrils and spoke slowly.

"We'll rake this country with a fine comb till we find him. It all makes me feel mighty low down. I never could understand the little chap—his attachment, and all that. And I treated him worse than a dog. Now, if he's alive, *I want him.*"

A sound at the back of the tent caused the two to turn quickly, and before them stood Pilli-Pang-Wang gingerly eyeing his lord. He was suffering from a black eye, a patch of yellow skin was missing from a cheek-bone, and his manner was shrinking and timid. Otherwise he seemed not much the worse for wear.

"Well, speak of the devil—" gasped Norton with a little startled laugh, but Chislett cut him off.

"It looks more like a case of guardian angel to me," he said solemnly.

Pilli misunderstood the measured tone. By some blind reasoning he seemed to hold himself accountable for Chislett's present condition. Perhaps he felt that he should have arrived earlier, should have hastened his trip across the islands. However that may be, his conscience plainly troubled him, for he burst into a torrent of vindicating and conflicting lies. He had never been outside the camp. He had been asleep all night. He didn't know how the captain had been hurt. He had but just arrived.

"Pilli never done it," he urged again and again, anxiously and eagerly. "Pilli in camp alle time."

Chislett listened in a sort of despair and finally laughed.

"All right, Billy," he said, "I'll forgive you this time. And from now on you're my officially appointed minion. Do you understand? Call in Wickers, Norton, and let him look him over and see if there's anything the matter with him."

"Eleazar," said Sergeant Hook, "I tell you I'm glad that little cross-breed pulled out of it all right. It's bad enough to owe him your life, while you can still boss him around, but think o' havin' to be grateful to the memory of him! Not for me!"

"Jarvey," said the corporal, "I'd 'a' been glad an' happy to 'a' took what little old Pills got, if I could just 'a' seen you hanging bottom up over a slow fire with them little devils doin' the hoochi-coochi round you. Yes, sir, glad an' happy."

THE WORLD'S ROUGHEST RIDING

The Great Cowboy Carnival at Cheyenne

By M. E. STICKNEY

WITH places as with people age commonly develops a love of reminiscence; and so it is that Wyoming's capital city, which has now acquired a calm that might vie with any New England village, finds delight in celebrating once a year that time of virile youth when it was accounted one of the liveliest cowboy towns on all the frontier.

It is an occasion when Cheyenne is in a position to answer Owen Wister's question, "What has become of the cow puncher?" for now is this "knight of the plain" here in full force, come from the furthermost ranges of the West. From Colorado, from Nebraska, from Idaho with their outfits, mess wagons and all, they flock to the tournament at Cheyenne, forming an exhibit of nomadic life that seems hardly to belong to this conventionalized age.

When night comes on you will find the puncher in his glory. He is everywhere in full regalia, "night herding" under the arc lights with an enthusiasm that calls upon all men to "whoop 'er up" with him. But there is plenty to drive the drowsy god from his company, with a "*Grand Bal Masqué*," the Elk's ball, an open air ball, shows galore, and the whole town running "wide open."

If you look for him in the morning hours you will probably find him in the gay, horn-blowing, confetti-throwing street crowd, his "best girl" hanging to his arm. You can tell him by the awkward, stiff-legged gait that seems forever hampered by imaginary spurs and shaps, as by his small, high-heeled boots and the carefully dented Stetson. For months he has been saving up for this event, and now, with "money to burn," the way it goes from his pockets is the next thing to spontaneous combustion.

But more often will you see him dashing along in company with his fellows, each mounted on his "top horse," and ever ready to give free exhibition of his skill in the saddle or at "throwing the twine" for the benefit of the sidewalk audience. There is Elton Perry, a Colorado boy, the champion rider of 1902, dazzling beholders in a shirt of blazing red silk, the sleeves held up by yellow bands bearing rosettes like to double sunflowers, a yellow sash encircling his waist, the black handkerchief around his neck matching in tint the glossy shaps. And yonder goes Guy Holt, of Hecla, one of Wyoming's best riders, in his shirt of dainty robin's egg blue, and his long-haired, snow-white shaps, his display of the festival colors matched by the bright hued Navajo saddle blanket, of which his horse seems proudly conscious. And there is one shirt of delicate heliotrope; another of lettuce green; indeed, hardly a tint may one look for in vain, while sweaters appear in such gorgeousness of stripe as must move the red man to envy. It is a rainbow of color, brilliant, bizarre, almost barbaric in effect.

But all this is preliminary to the great show itself. On the eventful afternoon, the park is a kaleidoscope of flashing color. White men and red, cowboys and cowgirls, bronco busters and cattlemen make up a crowd unlike any other gathering under heaven.

It seems fitting that the lady of this modern tournament should not be called upon merely to bestow prizes upon the

victors, but rather that, New Woman as she is, she should enter the lists herself. No event on the program excites more interest than the cowgirls' race, and there is a great craning of necks when down before the judges' stand the contestants trip, each in a trim shirtwaist and divided skirt, each matter-of-factly holding out her small feet for the spurs which a committeeman is gallantly fitting, each in businesslike fashion taking a look herself at the fastenings of her heavy cowboy saddle. A moment more and each has vaulted to her seat and they are jockeying for place like veterans. The crowd is all upon its feet now, yelling like mad when the real start is made. Then they are away like the wind. They ride to the manner born, fearlessly, splendidly, each bending low over her horse's neck and fiercely applying whip and spur. It is a close half mile, and the multitude holds its breath for a second or two when, on the home stretch, they are seen coming almost neck and neck. Then one forges ahead a little—another gains—and cheer after cheer rends the air when under the wire flies a little girl—she does not look to be more than fourteen years old—with short hair flying, eyes dancing and cheeks like roses, as she looks up at the judges' stand with a laugh of triumph, the "Champion Lady Rider of the World," according to the terms of the contest. The great gathering shouts itself hoarse, but still finds breath to cheer again when through the megaphone is presently bawled: "Miss Esther Pawson wins the Ladies' Cow Pony Race. Time, fifty-six seconds."

The Indian races are a delight to such laymen of the turf as have groaned in spirit under the trying false starts and unconscionable delays of the jockeying pale-face. They stoop to no manœvering for place. When the signal is given they line up before the wire, each entirely unconcerned as to any advantage pertaining to the inside track. And with the word "Go!" they are off as though shot from a catapult, each for himself and devil take the hindmost. Refreshingly brief and to the point their method, even when it comes to collecting their due; for, taught in the dear school of experience, as it would seem, these up-to-date children of nature take no chances in business dealings with the white brother. The race run, the winners—first, second and third—ride straight to the judges' stand, each holding up a peremptory hand, nor do they budge from the spot until they have their money in safe hold.

The squaw races are much the same, although they win more applause from grand stand and bleachers, partly, perhaps, in gallant tribute to their sex, but possibly more for the figures they present, each sitting her pony stride and without a saddle, skirts and blankets bundled about the legs in whatever way may serve to keep them down and afford freedom of action, the whole effect wildly spectacular. But they can ride, these nut-brown maidens. Not one of their braves can show more reckless daring, nor, it must be added, more relentless determination in applying the lash, which not infrequently takes form as a club, one lusty lady even encouraging her steed with a length of log-chain. From the Indian point of view, indeed, to spare the rod is to spoil the race, a principle hardly confined to the red man's creed.

The cowboy's stake race is but a hundred yards dash, to round a stake planted in the track, the contest designed to show in what small radius the trained cow pony may turn without unseating the rider. A trick exhibition of another sort is the hat race, where five hats are placed on the ground, the contestants called upon to pick up each one and throw it to the other side of his horse while riding at full speed. This demands training for horse as well as rider, the animal not educated to the manœuver having always a tendency to stop when the rider drops from the saddle, thereby generally accomplishing his undoing through force of inertia.

More exciting, because more spiced with danger, is the man-roping contest, in which each cowboy, mounted on his fleetest horse, who has consented to take chances with the noose is given a hundred feet the start of the roper whom it is his pleasure to defy. It is but a cow-

Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

Just striking town.

When the cowpunchers reach Cheyenne an impromptu celebration follows and pedestrians keep to the sidewalk.

Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

Miss Esther Pawson

Winner of the lady's cow pony race, time 56 seconds.

boy development of the old game of tag, and the audience enters into the play with all the spirit of youth left in them, yelling to wake the echoes when one swirling lariat succeeds in fastening upon its victim within a few hundred feet of the grand stand. The three others pursued, however, each lying low over his horse's neck and so offering almost no points for seizure, succeed in escaping, thereby winning the prizes which otherwise would have gone to the ropers. And for each the crowd cheers, the band plays and everybody is happy, save perhaps the three crestfallen lariat throwers, who ought to be thanking their stars for what they may have escaped, since everybody knows that it would need but the misstep of a horse, or that the right hand should forget its cunning for the fraction of a second when that rope might tighten about its victim to make the game a menace to life or limb.

But this rude sport is tame compared with the steer roping contest which comes later. So many are entered for this contest that they must be divided, twenty-one to show their skill on each of the two first days, while from this number the judges choose the ten best to compete in the finals of the third day, on which last occasion the ten steers are turned loose in the field at once, although in the previous contests each boy draws his steer by number and it is let out of the corral singly.

It is a sight to thrill the most phlegmatic when the sturdy two-year-old, given a hundred yards the start, goes flying across the field as fast as frightened legs may carry him, while after him dashes the cowboy, his pony seeming to enter into the sport no less intelligently than the rider, the long noose swirling round and round in the practiced hand until it flies forth to seize upon its victim like a thing alive. In-

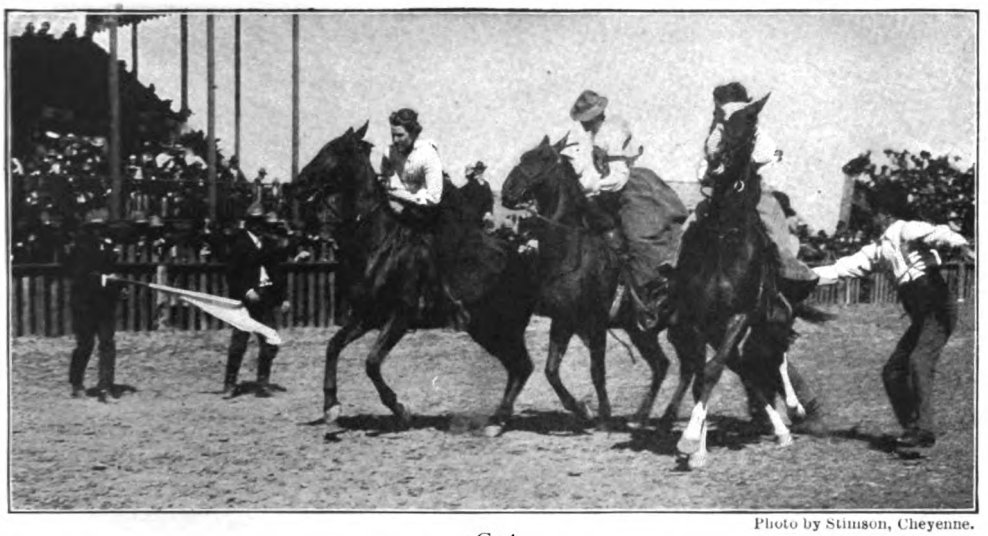


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

Go!

The cowgirls jockey for their places like veterans and are off on the second.

stantly the pony's feet are braced to withstand the strain as the animal goes down, while the rider springs to the ground, pulling the "leg-rope" from his waist as he runs to throw himself upon the struggling creature, which an instant later is "hog-tied" beyond the possibility of rising. And when it is explained that all this may be done in fifty-eight and one-half seconds, as by William Wilde, foreman of the "Two Bar" round up outfit; or in fifty-nine and one-half seconds by Hugh McPhee, and by many others in but a fraction over a minute from the time of starting, it will be seen that the kinetoscopic rapidity of the event may well stir the multitude to mad enthusiasm, while at the same time driving the amateur photographer to despair.

But the race is not always to the swift, and even the roper of proudest record may sometimes find his nerve shaken by twenty thousand pairs of staring eyes, among them perhaps the particular pair of eyes whose glances mean more to him than all the rest. Now and then one is thrown by the impact of the tightening rope, "pulled right out from under his hat," as the cowman beside us expressively puts it. There are bad throws which catch the animal by only one leg, or in such a way that he cannot be brought to earth, or may not be held down when he is thrown, or a rope may break, developing a wild race across the field,

Photo by Walker, Cheyenne.

Guy Holt, of Hecla, in his robin's egg-blue shirt and white shaps, the champion rough rider of the world.

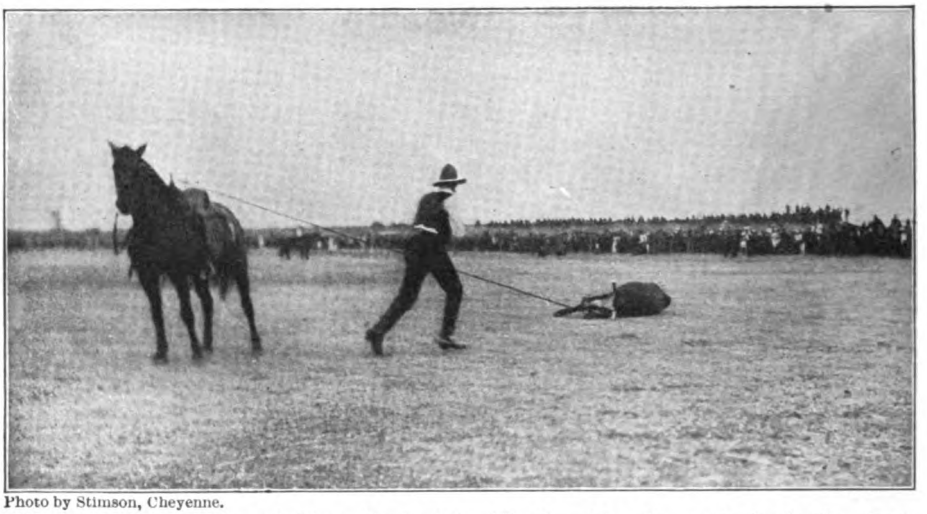


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

The horse throws his weight on the lariat while the rider dismounts to tie the steer.

the crazed animal going as blind impulse may impel, crashing through fences as though they were but made of paper, to cause mad scattering among spectators who find themselves in danger of being trampled into the dust.

Not infrequently these failures afford more spectacular performance than the events of record time, as on the occasion when the tightening rope not only throws the rider but wrenches the saddle from his horse, the steer madly dashing off with his terrifying trophy at the end of the rope, until the nervy owner is up and after him, throwing himself upon the saddle in such wise as to drive the horn hard into the earth, thereby safely holding the runaway until helpers come to the rescue. In another case the trained cow pony, his rider upon the ground, not only holds the steer, but cleverly makes the turn that "busts" the victim, all of his own volition. And again a mishap develops thunderous applause.

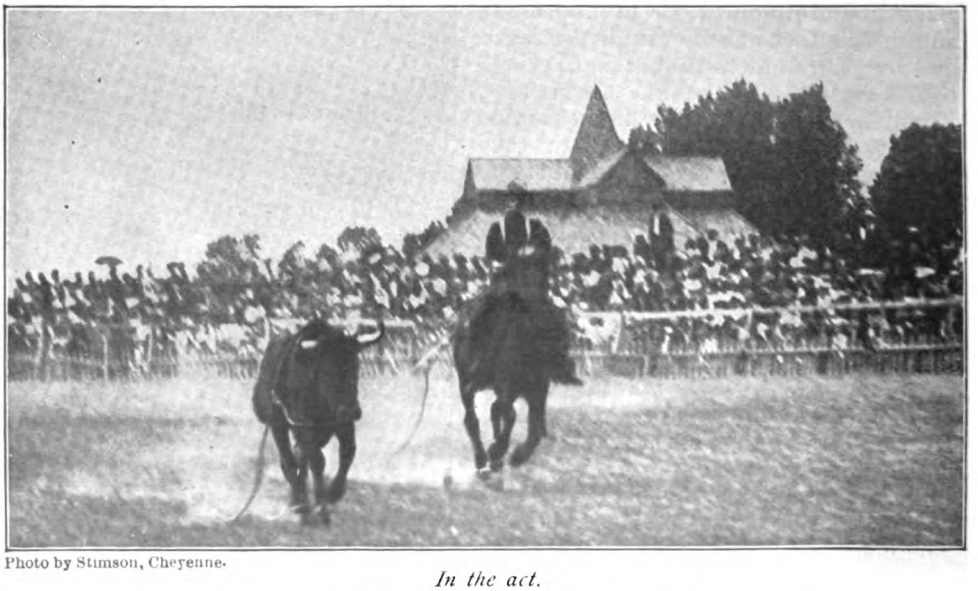


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

In the act.

The rope has just circled over the steer's head.

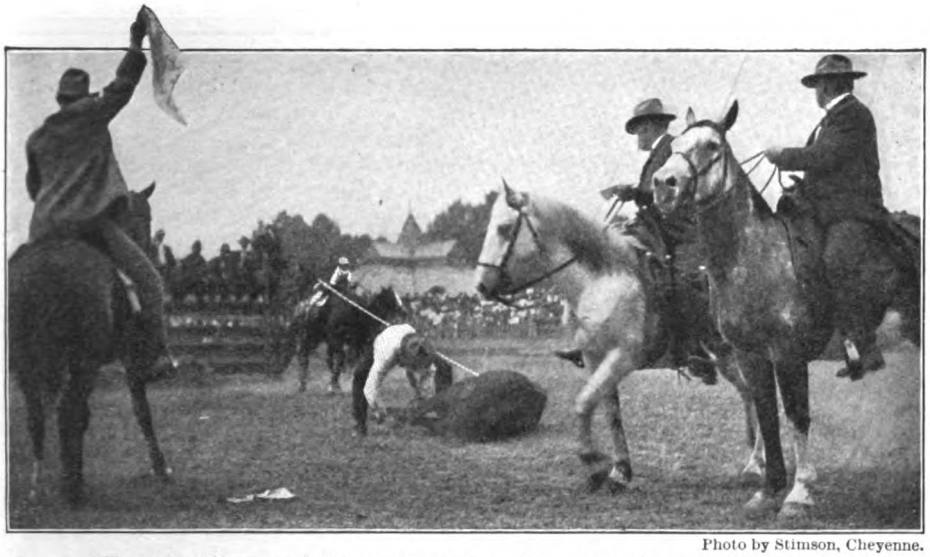


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

To rope, throw and "hog-tie" a steer in 55 seconds is a feat indeed.

Fitch it is, who in 1902 won the first prize in this contest, roping and tying in fifty-five seconds, and who might have done as well to-day but that the rope breaks as the steer strikes the ground. Not an instant does Fitch waste, however, in bewailing his hard luck. Before the animal can struggle to its feet he is off his horse and, rushing upon his quarry, wrestles with it until by main strength he has it safely "hog-tied." And what if it does take one minute and five and three-fifths seconds?

"You will never see a prettier showing of jerked beef than that," the cowman declares; and the multitude seems all of his mind, cheering and cheering again.

The wild horse race is hardly to be called a race in the ordinary understanding of the term, the prize going to the one who first saddles and rounds the track upon the back of the unbroken

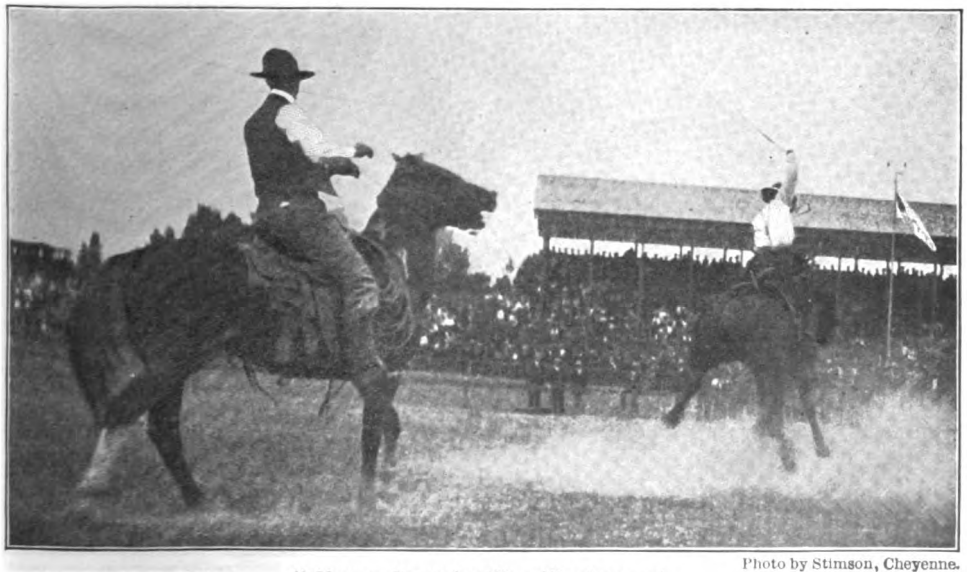


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

"Young Steamboat" with steam up.

One of the famous bad horses of the west living up to his reputation.

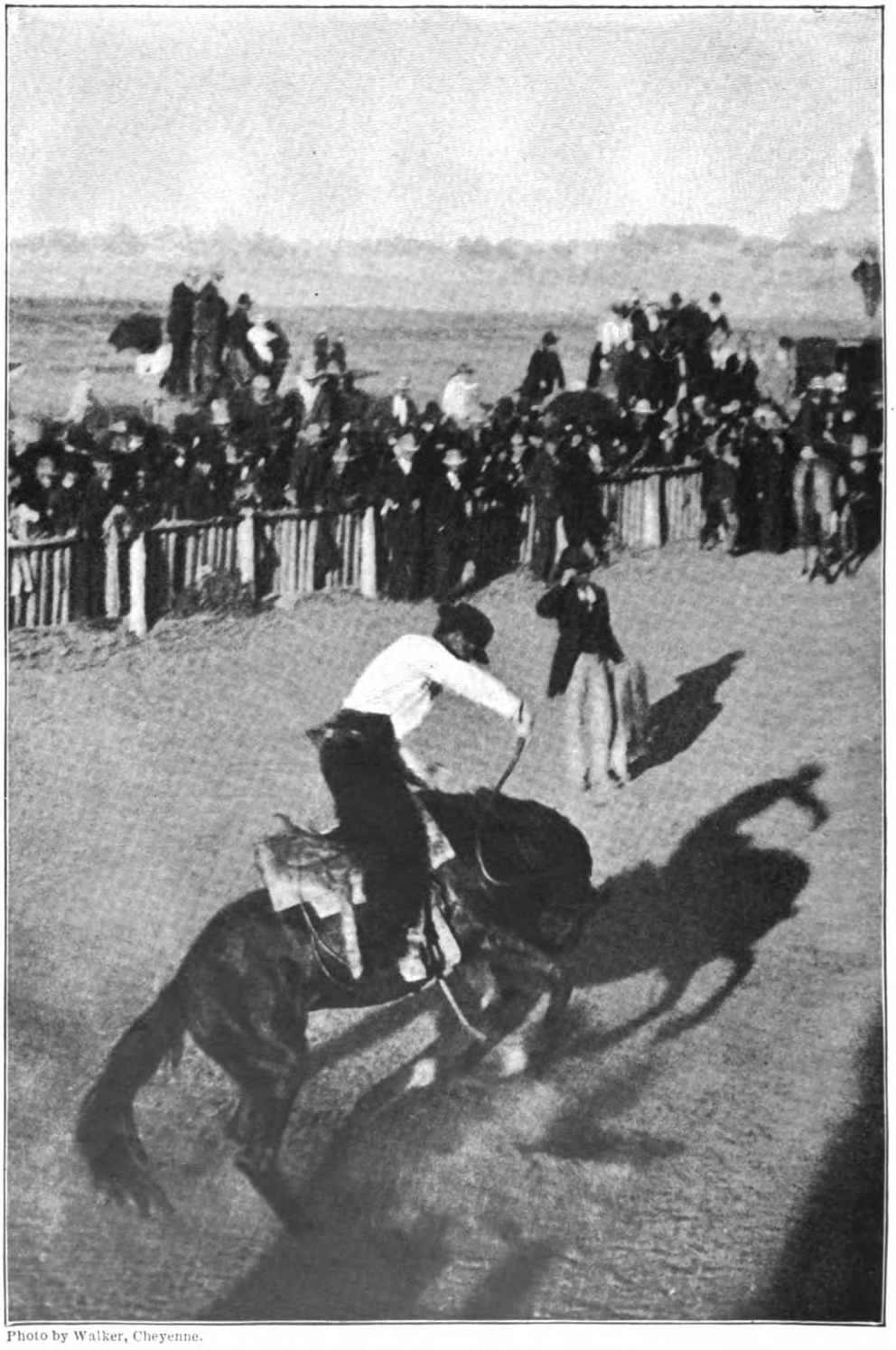


Photo by Walker, Cheyenne.

An incident in the wild horse race.

Just before the finish the leader began to buck persistently in the wrong direction.

broncho he has drawn by number, any winner barred out upon evidence that his horse has ever been ridden before.

In the track before the grand stand, the ten riders, each with his saddle upon the ground and hackamore in hand, and each accompanied by the one helper allowed him, wait in picturesque groups for the horses which are presently being dragged across the field through a haze of dust, each animal holding back on the rope, kicking, striking, fighting for freedom every inch of the way. Not until he is blinded by a handkerchief or bit of gunny sacking can he be held still at all, and then only in a tremulous uncertainty that turns to a frenzy of bucking the instant the saddle touches his back. In the mad mix-up of men and horses, ropes and saddles, presently developed, the wonder is that anything can be accomplished, a greater wonder that anybody can escape from the fracas alive. But sooner than would have seemed possible to one not wonted to range ways, one is in the saddle,—or, to speak with accuracy, more or less in the air above it; another follows and then another, the horses all bucking, rearing and pitching more wildly than ever. Then one has somehow worked his way through the "milling" mass; others are fast after him, the riders, permitted only hackamore bridles, that scarce may guide the crazed animals at all, triumphantly waving hats and quirts as they make off by such eccentric sequence of bone racking jumps, pitches and "crow-hopping," that no wonder some have to "pull leather" while others come to grief upon the ground. Certainly he who finds his way around the track by such cyclonic method is entitled to his prize and all the plaudits of the crowd.

But the real interest of these occasions always centers in the bucking and pitching contests, and especially so in 1903, for now Thad Sowder, who has twice won the championship belt in the great bouts at Denver, is called upon for the third time to contend for the trophy, which won but this once more, will, with all accruing honors, be his for life.

So great is the interest that forty-two will enter the lists, all riders with records, men, who, as the friends of each enthusiastically declare "can ride anything that wears hair." And for many a day bets have been flying thick and fast both that Sowder will, and that he will not, bear away the belt.

True, everybody admits that luck largely figures in the event. The boys, half of whom ride the first day, the others the second, while from them are chosen the best to appear in the finals, may each have the horse of his choosing for the first exhibition, showing what he can do with the worst outlaw obtainable. But for the third day each gets his mount by number and if Sowder should happen to draw Steamboat, one of the most vicious outlaws in the country, or Young Steamboat, equally the embodiment of evil, or Teddy Roosevelt, invincible as the hero for whom he was named—well, it is clearly a lottery. To get the worst is to get the best in this contest. But at least no man may draw them all. And Sowder must look to his spurs.

The gay company of riders in the central field race away once more for the safety line beyond the corrals, and

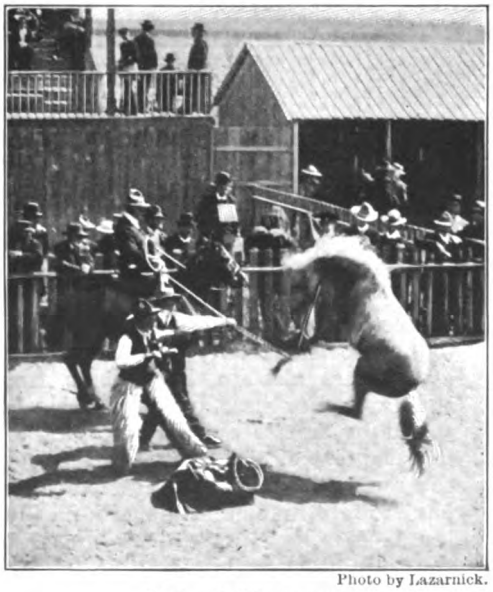


Photo by Lazarnick.

Not a lady's mount.

It takes four men and a lariat to get the saddle on.

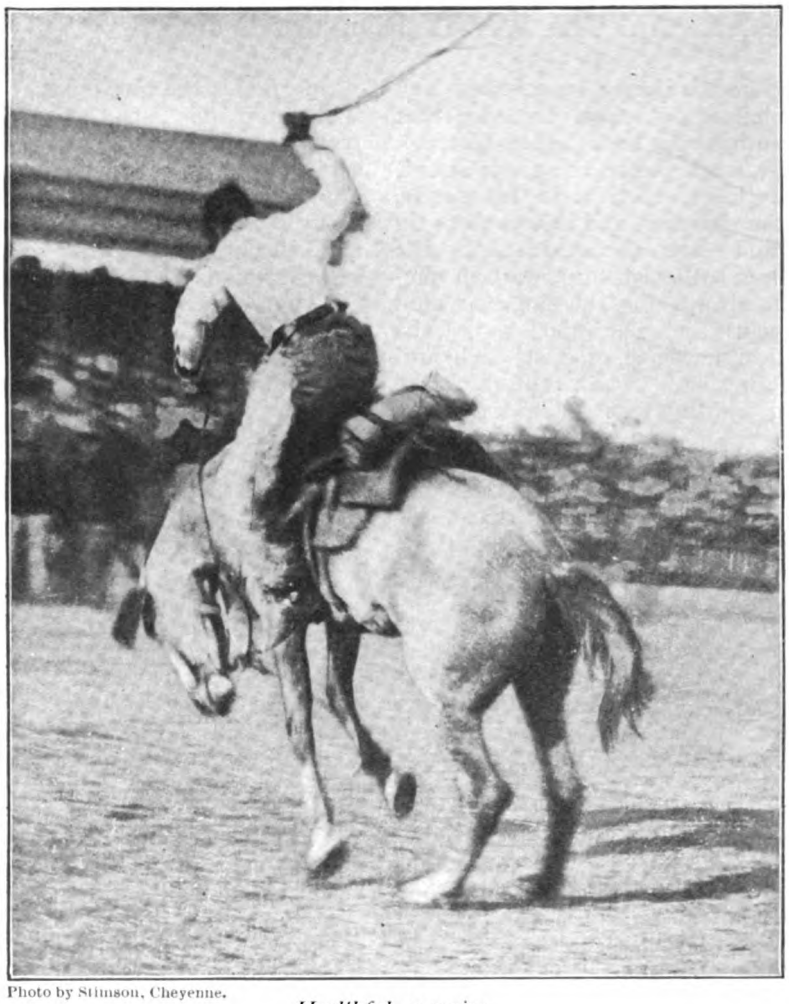


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

Healthful exercise.

Nothing is so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse—so the doctors say.

once more lariats are swinging through a fog of yellow dust. The first rider, cheered by friends in grand stand and bleachers, waits beside his saddle in the field until his horse is brought to him. There is the same struggle to get the saddle in place as in the wild horse contest, but many of these animals have to be roped not only by the neck but by forefeet also to keep them from striking. For these are born rebels, inspired by innate evil rather than the frenzied fear of the animals fresh from the range. Many a time and oft they have fought for independence, and they laugh—surely a horse does laugh—at the vain-glorious broncho buster, bidding him defiance with method born of experience and keen intelligence.

It is like riding a cyclone, in most cases. Several of the riders have to "pull leather" (reach for the saddle horn, which immediately disqualifies them for the prize). Not infrequently it happens that an animal appears to be paralyzed by the strange sights and sounds into disappointing docility. And then from many a friendly throat goes up the stentorian advice: "Thumb him!—thumb him!" referring to the well-known cowboy trick of running the thumbs along a certain place in the shoulder, which always incites a bucker to do his worst. As the cowman explains it, a horse's "crazy-bone" seems to be there.

But the majority have no need for thumbing. And they ride as only cow-

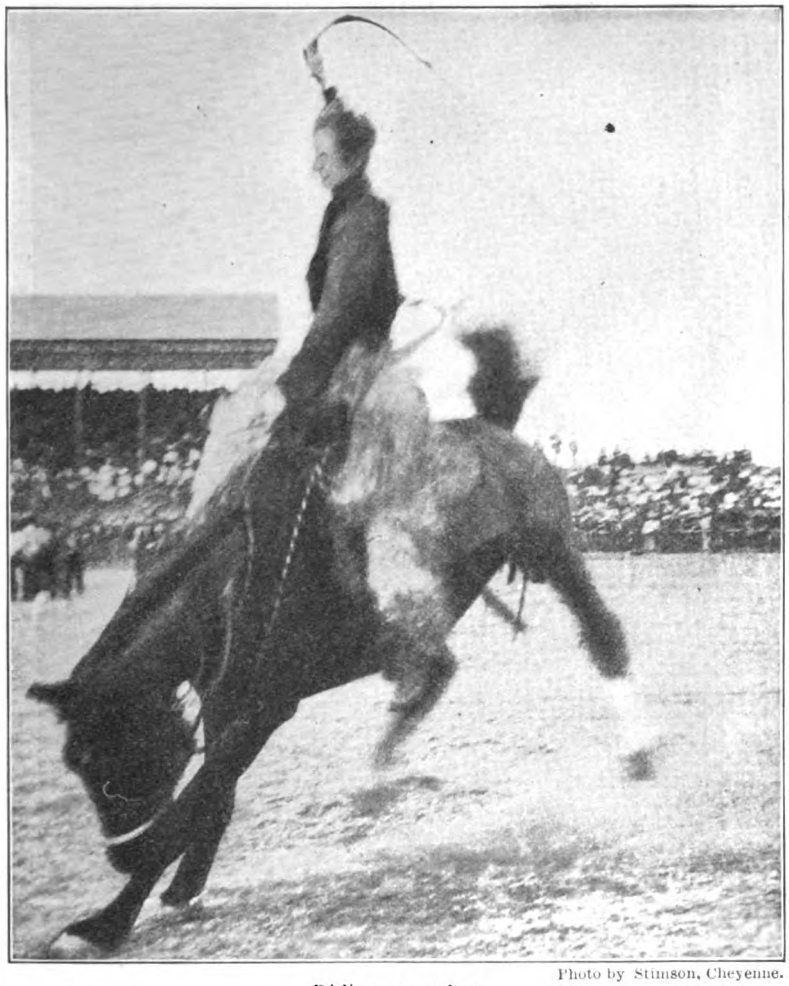


Photo by Stimson, Cheyenne.

Riding a cyclone.

If either hand touches the saddle or "pulls leather," as the saying is, the rider is disqualified. No "thumbing" seems needed.

boys can, waving their quirts in triumph over even the dizzying whirlers, which "swap ends" with a rapidity that makes them hardest of all to hold to.

Sowder may well look to his spurs!

And when with the third day it develops that the erstwhile champion has never appeared at all to contest his honors, the great gathering only laughs while cheering for the new winner. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* Guy Holt, of Hecla, the picturesque figure in the robin's egg blue shirt and white shaps, is now the holder of the proud title of Champion Rough Rider of the World.

Such is the Frontier Day celebration at Cheyenne.

Some there may be to frown upon the sports in sympathy for the animals; others, perhaps, in the spirit of those righteous folk who, as Macaulay tells us, condemned bear baiting, not so much because of the discomfort involved for the bear as because of the pleasure it afforded the spectators; but for the majority, with warm, red blood in their veins, there must always be joy in any exhibition of manly strength and skill and daring, while for the cowboy it is only the day's work. Stock must be roped and wild horses ridden, and he is but called to do his part, humanely if he may, roughly if he must, only thinking to earn his honest wage, and for all the virile manhood that is in him, glorying in the work for the work's own sake.

Photo by Notman & Son.

Sir William C. Van Horne, K.C.M.G.

Once a telegraph boy on the Illinois Central, now President of the Board of Directors of the C. P. R.

AMERICANS AS QUITTERS

By CY WARMAN

A PROMINENT paper of London has a great light at this moment in America. He is shining and seeing things—nights. He got ashore in New Brunswick and by the time he reached Montreal he had sent this over or under the sea:—

"The Canadians look down upon the Americans (Yankees) as being inferior in staying qualities."

I fancy I can see a faint smile flitting over the faces of the Inferiors, and so hasten to assure the men of America who have come to consider themselves some pumpkins that this is true—sadly, seriously, indisputably true.

The wonder is that the Canadians had not marked and mentioned the matter, or that the Yankees themselves, slow though they be, had failed to see how utterly hopeless it would be for them to try to compete with the superior elements of the Anglo-Saxon race.

One can point to scarcely a single "Invader" who has been content to stay where he started. It seems to be in the blood. Take the case of W. C. Van Horne—one of the very earliest of the Yankee invaders. He quit a good job below the line, came up into Canada and took up the hopeless and oft abandoned work of completing a trans-con-

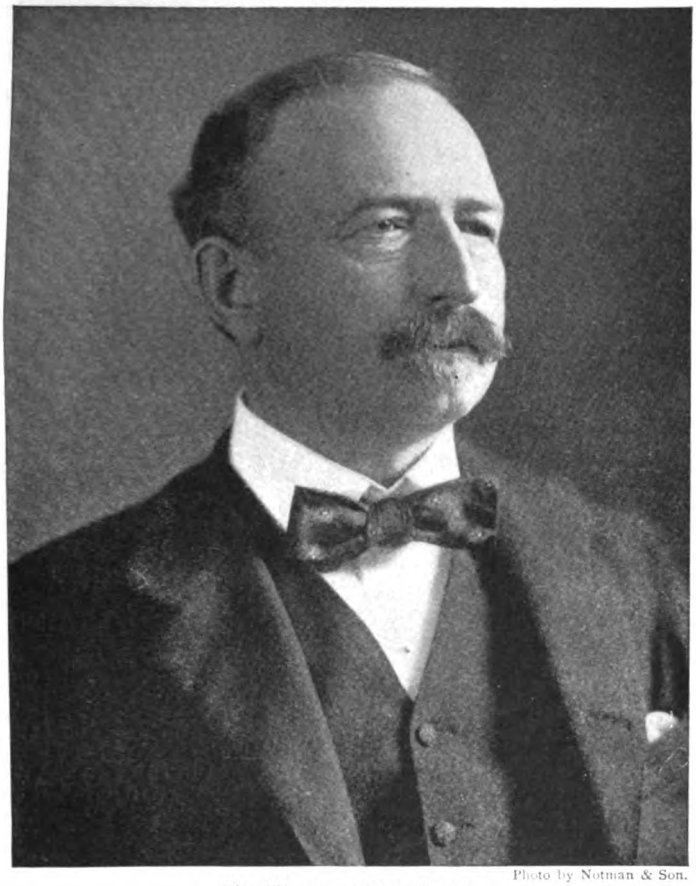


Photo by Notman & Son.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy,

A St. Paul boy, who has worked up on the C. P. R. from general storekeeper to president of the road.

tinental railway. He did it and it turned out well. The common stock got to be worth forty cents, but the Yankee grew restless. They made him president, for he was a handy man. In a few years he began to think of resigning.

They knighted him, but even that long pole seemed to knock no persimmons against his desire to quit, and one day, half in earnest, he declared his intention to drop out when the stock reached the dollar mark.

In less than two years time that thing happened and Sir William quit and went off building roads in Cuba, digging coal in Nova Scotia, making steel and paper in other places and farming in the Northwest.

"What are you figuring on now?" I asked, entering his office in Montreal the other day.

"I figure," said he, putting down his pencil and taking up his cigar, "that it costs five dollars a head to pasture mosquitoes on cows."

"Per mosquito?" I asked, surprised.

"No," said Sir William. "Five dollars per head per cow—per annum. The cows are worth just that much less. I shall farm my Selkirk place for a few years, which will drive the mosquitoes away, then go in for cows."

Think of a man quitting the presidency of a railroad that earns forty million a year to fool around a ranch!

The people who owned the Canadian Pacific were by no means pleased to have Sir William resign. But they had prospered while the road was being run by a Yankee, which, with their ideas of eternal fitness, prompted them to try another. Accordingly they took Mr. Shaughnessy, the general manager, and

Photo by Notman & Son.

Charles M. Hays.

A product of the Wabash. Trained under Jay Gould in St. Louis, now general manager of the Grand Trunk.

elevated him to the presidency. He did so well that they asked King Edward to knight him right away, and now you inquire for Sir Thomas instead of asking for Mr. Shaughnessy at the president's office. But with all this encouragement, to say nothing of a salary equal to that of the Governor General or the President of the United States, I should not be surprised to hear some day that he, too, had "quit," like Sir William, to become chairman of the board.

The history of Hays supports the assertion made by the brilliant correspondent who writes theories to the London papers.

Charles M. Hays quit the Gould system—one of the best in America for a man who is awake—and came to Canada some seven years ago to quicken a dead line—the Grand Trunk. He was under contract for five years, but the moment his time was out he quit. The road was prosperous and the owners offered to raise his pay, but he quit and went out to the coast for no apparent reason save that in the new place—with the Southern Pacific Railway—his title would be president, and his salary nearly double what it had been. I believe there was a bonus of an hundred thousand, too, but that's part of another story. Anyway it ought not to tempt a good stayer, and, I presume, would not, for a good "stayer" would not be tempted.

And the first big, important thing the new president did with his new job was to "quit."

The road had changed hands.

"I am going," said the president.

"No!" said the new boss.

"Yep."

"Sit down—let's talk it over."

"Oh, I'll sit down and I'll talk it over, only let's be frank."

"But there's no reason for your resigning."

"Two."

"Search yourself."

"First, I don't want to stay. Second, you don't want me. You have your interests, your new connections under the new arrangement—your men and your own way of doing things. Your ways are not my ways." And so, with the very best of feelings the two railroaders parted, for they were both men, and big men, too.

The moment that the Grand Trunk learned that the little Giant had joined the army of the unemployed they offered him the management of the northern line again, enlarging his title and pay, and giving him a free hand in the management of the property.

At the end of two years the road was in fine shape again, business was booming and the line was being double-tracked all the way from Chicago to Montreal. But Hays has "quit" again. That is, he has ceased to be satisfied with the line as it is, and is at this moment in England gathering gold to build another line from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

It seems the Yankee, unlike the flag, won't stay "put."

Take Clergue—Francis H. Clergue, of Sault Ste. Marie.

To be sure all of his dreams have not come true, many have and more will, but he has succeeded in literally sowing the shores of the Big Sea water with American money and in building up colossal industries at the Sault. But he has quit and gone building a railway in a wilderness.

Verily, we be a nation of Quitters.

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAN

By WILLIAM PAGE CARTER

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat,
As it hangs on the rack in the hall.
There's mud from home on two little shoes
Where he played on the hills last fall;
There's dust on the kite and the little stick horse
Stands still as ever he can,
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a song of bird, nor bloom
Of rose that blows in the spring,
Nor shout of boy, nor gleam of sun
But where some tears will cling.
There's never a flash of the evening star
On the hearthstone's fireside
Of winter night but will bring some tears
For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were; we kiss them for him,
And lay them out of sight,—
The two little shoes, the torn old hat,
The little stick horse and kite;
And down in his pocket a rusty nail,
A bit of chalk and string,
A broken knife, an alley or two,
Oh! the birds, the bloom, and the spring!
And star of God at morning's song,
Noon time and twilight tide,
One sweet little face, some tears will come
For the brave little man that died.

THE RACE OF THE SWIFT

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Photo by W. T. Hornaday.

A HALVED moon was shedding a faint glow over the rugged knob country. The twisted, broken, distorted ground, with its spasmodic growth of blackberry, sarsarparilla and juniper bushes, seemed the center of desolation. But something was living, moving, in the midst of this loneliness. Creeping along a ragged fence line at the base of a knob went a stealthy figure. Sharp-muzzled, keen-eyed, lean of body and wiry of limb, the object moved forward at a swift trot. A blundering rabbit butted blindly through the weeds on the creek bank. A whip-poor-will's heart-broken tones came from a point further down the hollow.

The she-fox trotting by the worm-eaten fence stopped abruptly. The fence was curving around the knob, and this did not coincide with her purpose. She stopped with one fore-leg upheld, and ears pricked attentively.

The sounds she heard were familiar, legitimate; a part of her nightly life. The she-fox was painfully attenuated. Her tawny body was barred with bulging ribs; there was a gaunt, starved look upon her bony face. The two rows of teats along her belly were clean and bare—even moist, for ten minutes ago four tiny tongues had striven vainly to draw nourishment from them. But she had none to give. For two days and nights she had tasted food but once, and during that time her hungry brood had insistently drawn her very life from her hour after hour. She had given it freely and without grudge, licking caressingly first one baby form, then another; had even born unflinchingly the sharp nips from little teeth when the milk would not flow.

The night before she had ranged for miles, though so weak that only the deathless strength of her mother love sustained her in her quest. Not far from her home was a place where human people lived. But they were wary, and placed their hens and chickens under lock and key at the going down of every sun. Thither she had gone first, because it was the closest, but not a feather could she find. At the corner of the hen-house she stopped, and sniffed eagerly. Beyond the white-washed planks were scores of fat fowls, and the she-fox knew it, but they were safe from her long, white teeth. She listened. The sound of rustling feathers and drowsy clucks smote her ears, and the saliva of famine dripped from the loose skin of her lower jaw. Emboldened by desperation, she walked around the building. At the bottom of the door a hole had been cut, so that the fowls could enter when the door was closed. But this was secured by a

plank, which in turn was held in place by a heavy stone. She could not move it, because she was weak from fasting. Thrusting her sharp, black nose into a crack about an inch wide between the planks, she drank in the ravishing odor of many a choice pullet. Suddenly realizing that this course was worse than futile, she turned, vaulted the fence enclosing the cow lot, swerved around a prostrate, ponderous figure sleepily chewing its cud, and vanished in the direction of the stable. Here, likewise, her investigation was fruitless, so she gave up, and turned her head towards another farmhouse, five miles away.

The journey, which ordinarily would not have caused the least fatigue, came near to overcoming the dauntless forager. Near her destination she tottered to a brook and sank in the cool water, lapping it at intervals. This brought back some of her strength, and she essayed to complete her task. Through the orchard she trailed—then suddenly her delicate nostrils conveyed to her subtle brain some welcome intelligence. Stopping about twenty feet from the yard fence, she reconnoitered. A big walnut tree grew close to the fence, and upon the limbs of this tree were some huge, shapeless knots; knots with convex backs and drooping tails; turkeys. The eyes of the starved raider glowed green and blue. Here was a feast. Strength for her; life for her little ones back in their rocky den, crawling blindly about and wailing piteously for food. With a keen sense of distances she measured with her eye the height of the lowest limb from the ground. It was not far, she had made greater leaps time and again. But now her leaden, paralyzed limbs could scarcely carry her pinched body over the ground. To make the effort would be suicide. The dog-pack were sleeping somewhere near by, and their sleep was light. One of the knots on the limb moved cautiously, then toppled. The watcher sprang forward eagerly, to again meet with disappointment. The sleepy wings flapped once or twice, a new footing was secured, and the head of the restless turkey receded into the neck feathers as the fowl relapsed into slumber.

After a few moments the dull, red shadow on the ground moved on again, hunger-mad yet crafty. Into the confines of the yard crept the fox—up to a long, tall bench standing by the kitchen door. The scent of something strangely like fresh meat had reached her. There was a vessel of some sort, covered with a piece of wood, on the bench. To leap up and muzzle off the cover was the task of a second. And there was the dressed carcase of a chicken, soaking overnight to serve as breakfast for the human-people in the morning. Quickly as a star twinkles she of the forest-folk had the spoil in her strong jaws. Softly as a shadow falling she dropped to earth; swiftly as the wind she glided through the long corn rows growing in the garden back of the house, and was soon a mile away, safe, because unpursued. Then she sank upon her belly and ate and ate. She crunched the tender bones and the juicy flesh, impregnated as they were with salt, and gradually she felt the glad elation of returning vigor. Through her worn, famished body renewed life was running, although the

Photos by E. H. Baynes.

Photos by E. H. Baynes.

edge of her hunger had barely been removed. She lay quiet for a while, gathering together the taxed forces of her being and thinking of the miles stretching between her and the little ones. But before the shadows upon the hilltops turned into the misty halos of morning, four tiny forms lay at their mother's breasts, well-fed and asleep.

Now another day had come and gone and she was as badly off as before. Her mate, who had bided with her until the babies came, had tired of her and gone to seek another, leaving her unaided to provide for the offspring of their wild love. She had planned and worked, plotted and slain. The floor of the den was covered with feathers and sprinkled with dry bones which she had cracked in desperation while searching for sustenance. It was a fight all the time. Fight for food, fight to live. So when the night had barely come, and the salmon tints in the West were yet a shadow, the she-fox nosed her importunate progeny into a whining heap at one side of the den, slipped softly without and moved down the hillside, her waving tail like a smouldering torch in the gloom of the woods.

Keeping in the shadow of the rickety rail fence till it could no longer serve her, she halted a moment for deliberation, then twisted her supple body and half leaped, half crawled through a crack at the bottom. As she had stood with ears alert before veering her course, the faintest kind of tone had come to her. It was different from the hill-voices. The forest-kind know all the dozens of low noises which float along the knob-side at night. The voices and sounds are all soft—peculiarly soft. Only when a wildcat is at bay, or the pack swings mouthing over the lowlands and the hills, is the wonderful silence of that region disturbed after the sun has gone. If her ear was not at fault—and privation had sharpened all of her faculties—the she-fox knew that a rich reward would soon be hers. Skirting the creek till she came to a place where it narrowed, she leaped across and moved on at the same steady trot through the blackberry and sarsaparilla bushes. Behind a low tangle of weeds and vines she crept at last, and crouched not three feet from the narrow hog-path winding on toward the farmhouse half a mile away. From the pond at the base of the slight elevation over which the path led, some belated geese were ambling homeward. A half dozen or more, awkward, matronly, placid, moving in Indian file, with never a thought beyond dipping in the hog trough in the barnyard, or gobbling up the food thrown to the chickens. The webbed feet plodded on—straight to death. One, two, three, four—six plump bodies marched sedately by the low clump of matted weeds. Destruction swift and sure seized the last. Out of the shadow sprang a shape ; two sinewy forelegs glided around the long, white neck, and skilful fangs tore open the portals of death. It was done almost without a sound. A feather or two and a few crimson splashes upon the leaves by the path were the only traces of the deed. Taking the blood as it gushed from the wounds, the fox seized the neck firmly at a point near the base, slung the heavy body across her back with a dexterous jerk of her head, and headed for her den at a swift lope. That night she feasted to repletion, and the next day she gorged herself on her kill.

Made indolent by gluttony, she did not leave her lair for two whole days. Then her old enemy, hunger, returned again and drove her to action.

During the days she had been lying inert in her rocky chamber some things had happened that disturbed her not a little. The morning following the night she had brought in her prize she heard the dread voices of the hounds on some far-off range. All day, at intervals, the unwelcome chant had come to her ears, and so she knew that the human-people had missed their goose and were abroad with the pack in quest of its destroyer. The second day a more alarming thing had happened. It was when the shadows of the taller trees began to lengthen towards the East and twilight reigned in her cave home, that she was roused once more by the determined notes of the pursuing pack. Creeping to the entrance, presently she saw the chase passing along the knob-side. A great, gray fox, nearly spent, was gliding, falling down the incline, his red mouth stretched for breath and his bushy tail drooping. After him raced the hated friends of the human-people, loud-tongued and tireless. The gray fox was leading bravely, and hunters and hunted passed from view to the accompaniment of rustling leaves and snapping twigs and triumphant bays.

The next afternoon, shortly after midday, her merciless offspring teased and worried her so that the she-fox crept forth, in spite of the warning of the day before, and set her sharp muzzle towards the crest of the range with the intention of invading territory which her feet hitherto had never pressed. But scarcely had her noiseless feet gone over the top of the knob when a sharp yelp immediately behind her caused her to jump and turn quickly. They were there—her enemies—and their noses were smelling out her trail, for as yet they had not seen her. Even as she leaped for the nearest cover, like a yellow flash, her first thought was of the little ones biding at home. She must lead her foes away from that cleft in the rocks where her love-children lay awaiting her return. It was a hard and stubborn race which she ran for the next six hours. At times fleet feet were pattering almost at her heels, and pitiless jaws were held wide to grasp her; then again only the echo of the persistent cry of her pursuers reached her. She had doubled time and again. Once a brief respite was granted her when she dashed up a slanting tree trunk which, in falling, had lodged in the branches of another tree. Eight tawny forms dashed hotly, furiously by, then she descended and took the back track. Only for a moment, however, were the cunning dogs deceived. They discovered the artifice almost as soon as it was perpetrated and came harking back themselves with redoubled zeal. So the long hours of the afternoon wore away. Not a moment that was free from effort, not an instant that Death did not hover over the mother-fox, awaiting the least misstep to descend. The sun went down; tremulous shadows, like curtains, were draped among the trees. The timid stars came out again, and the halved moon arose. And still, with inveterate hate on the one side and the undying strength of despair on the other, the grim chase swept through the night. At last the blood-rimmed eyes of the reeling quarry saw familiar landmarks. Unconsciously, in her blind efforts, she had come to the neighborhood of her den. She found her legs growing fearfully weak, and with a realization of this her brain awoke as from a trance and drove her to guile. Two rods away was the creek. To it she staggered, splashed through the low water for a dozen yards and hid herself beneath the gnarled roots of a tree, from the base of which the stream had eaten away the soil. She listened intensely. She heard the pack lose the scent, search half-heartedly for a few minutes, for they, too, were weary to drooping, then withdraw, one at a time, beaten.

But for half an hour the brave animal lay against the tree roots, waiting and resting. Then she came out cautiously, looked around her, and with difficulty gained the mouth of her den. Casting one keen glance over her shoulder through the checkered spaces of the forest, she glided softly within and, lying down, curled her tired body protectingly around her sleeping little ones.

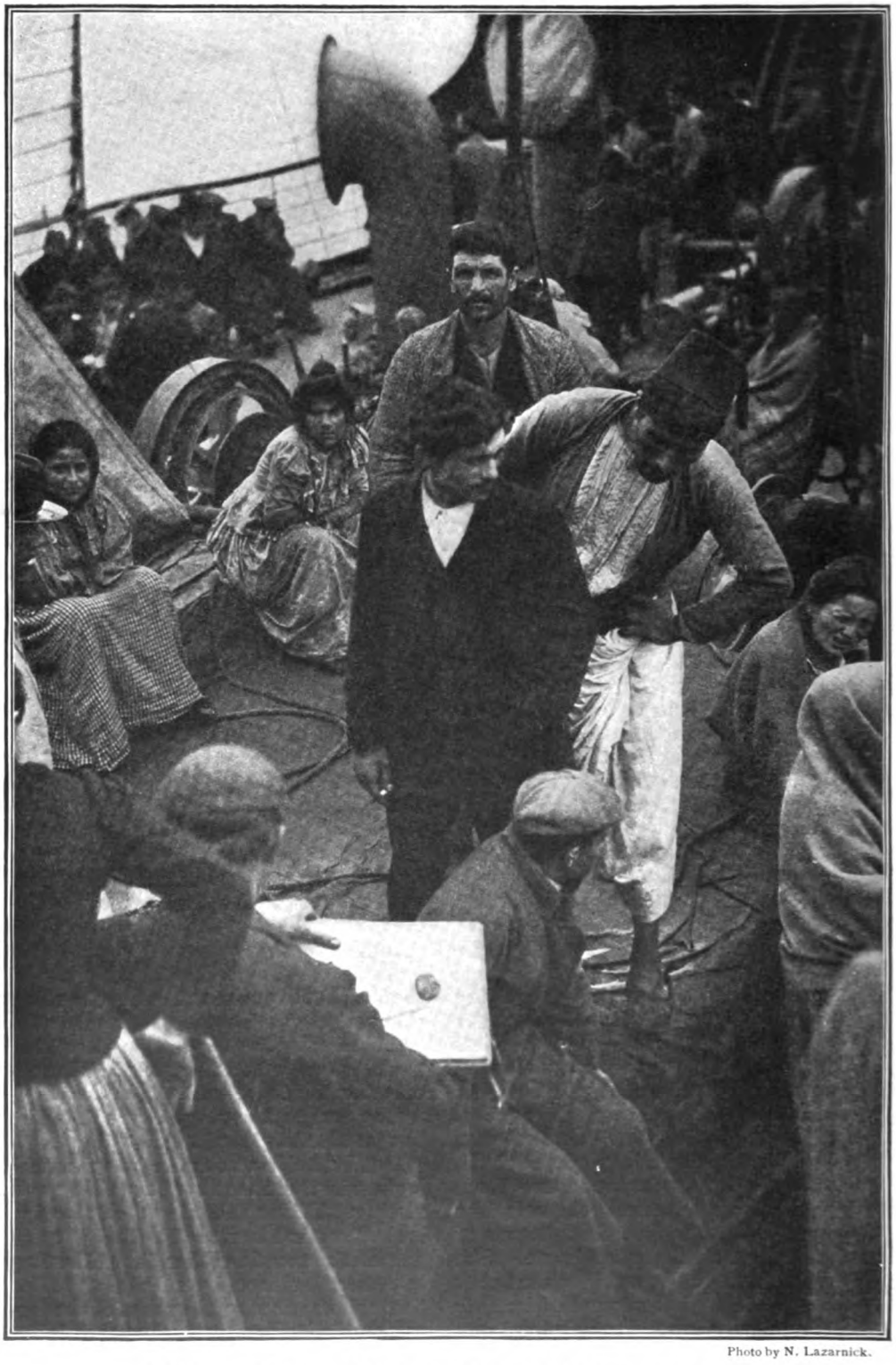


Photo by N. Lazarnick.

Greeks and Syrians, Croatians, Spaniards, Italians and Jews.

Antonio Squadrito.
Giovanni Pulejo.
Gaetano Mullura. *Antonio Gennoni.*

Nicola Curro. *Antonio Nostaria.* *Mrs. Brandenburg.* *Nunzio Giunta.*
Concetta Fomica. *Camela Squadrito.* *Felicia Pulejo.*
"Ina."

IMPORTED AMERICANS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

IV. THE VOYAGE

THERE were people of all the bloods of southern Europe on board the *Princess Irene*, though the Southern Italian predominated in the ship load just as they predominate in every ship load from Mediterranean ports, and even from French ports at times.

The most notable fact was, the ease with which one could pick out every seventh or eighth person who had been to America before and had gathered around him a group of from two to thirty friends, relatives and neighbors, who were going over in his care, just as our party was going in the care of Antonio Squadrito and myself. When the steerage passengers had all been herded on board, the late coming first cabiners arrived and the crowd of friends outside the iron fence was admitted to the quay.

As soon as ever I could be perfectly sure that all of our party were aboard and that none of the baggage had been left behind, I went to the forward deck where a terrific hubbub was in progress. The thousand and more persons there, with their baggage heaped about the deck, were all talking and all endeavoring to do what ever any mad, wild impulse bade them attempt.

Our party was scattered about. Little Anastasia I found perched in a perilous nook in the shrouds eating a musk melon down to the hard skin, as happy as he could be. My wife, knowing that the first thing to look out for was the best sleeping location had, so Giovanni Pulejo informed me, taken Camela Squadrito and her little daughter Ina, and Concetta Fomica below into the women's compartment. I left Antonio Squadrito to round up the men and get them and their baggage into the second men's compartment, which was the best ventilated one, and plunged below to take advantage of the confusion and se-

cure for the women and children a section of beds amidships, the steadiest part of the ship in rough weather.

I could barely get down the big, double companionway so choked was it with women, children and baggage, and when I did succeed I found my wife and her charges huddled on top of Camela's bundles waiting in despair for order to come out of chaos. On every hand were screaming babies and shouting women with a few men going about as if mad. At the approaches to the beds were dirty, heavy-handed steerage stewards who refused to allow the women to take beds until they were sorted out according to their numbers on the ship's manifest and the numbers on each bed. That would be a work of half the night, and I asked a steward why they were so particular. He answered that "a company inspector was aboard this trip."

However, in a few minutes a Genovese approached him, and after a moment's parley gave him a five lire note and was allowed with all his people to take the choice of the locations. Despite his dread of the inspector he could not resist my money also, and in five minutes the women of our party were also where they could get both light and air, in the most secluded corner that was to be found in the place.

In a compartment from nine to ten feet high, and having a space no larger than six ordinary sized rooms, were beds for one hundred and ninety-five persons, and two hundred and fourteen women and children occupied them. The ventilation was merely what was to be had from the companionway that opened into the alleyway and not on the deck, the few ports in the ship's sides and the tube ventilators.

The beds were double tier and arranged in blocks of from ten to twenty, with iron framework and iron slats set in checker fashion to support the burlap covered bag of straw, grass or waste which served as a mattress. Pillows,

Photos by courtesy of the International Mercantile Marine.

Five hundred to starboard, five hundred to port make an ordinary steerage

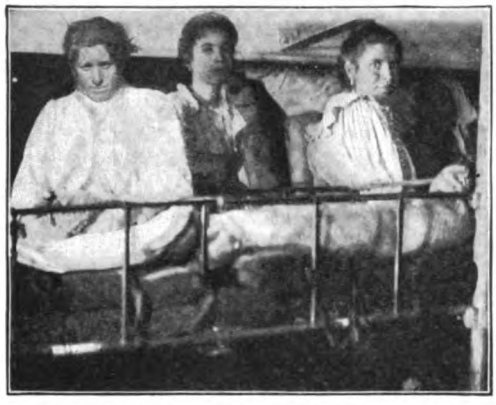
there were none, only cork-jacket life-preservers stuck under one end of the pseudo-mattress to give the elevation of the pillow. As each emigrant passed through the alleyway to come forward when boarding the ship he or she had been given a blanket at the storeroom door. This blanket served the purpose of all bed clothing and any other use to which the emigrant might be forced to put it. In material it was a mixture of wool, cotton and jute, with the latter predominant. In extent it was the length of a man's body and a little over a yard and a half wide. For such quarters and accommodations as I have described the emigrant pays half the sum that would buy first-class passage. There was no second-class on the *Princess Irene*.

At last the whistle blew. Then the screw began its slow threshing, and soon we slid out by the light on the end of the breakwater.

From the steerage galley, which was on the level of the main deck forward under the foc'sle head, the cooks and stewards began to lug great tanks of food and baskets of bread. These they lined up in a narrow passageway detween the hatch and the bulkhead of the galley. The tanks were huge tinned things holding about twenty-five gallons each and from the first there was ladled out *macaroni Neapolitan*, from the next chunks of boiled beef the size of one's fist, from the next red wine, and then came the bread baskets and the boiled potato tank.

As we had come aboard and got the blankets, as I have told, we were handed a red card which read that it was "Good for One Ration," and advised that the passengers form themselves into groups of six and elect a *capo di rancio*, who should manage the mess and, who, on the six ration cards of his group would receive a two gallon pan

complement. First cabin passengers find amusement in watching the crush below.



Upper bunks in the women's compartment showing the life-preserver pillows.

and a gallon flask bucket for coffee or wine. When the blanket was unrolled each person found inside a fork, spoon, tin pint cup and a flaring six-inch-wide, two-inch-deep pan out of which to eat.

The plan or rather the ship's company's ideal of a plan is that the *capo di rancio* shall take the big pan and the bucket, get the dinner and the drinkables and distribute the portions to his group. But as it works out one or two assistants are needed to carry the bread if it is not desired to soak it by dropping it into the mess in the pan. When the meal is over some one of the group is supposed to collect the tin utensils from whatever part of the steerage quarters the group has chosen to eat its meal in, take them to a wash room under the foc'sle where there are several tanks with running water and wash them. But the crowd in the wash room after meals was so great that about one third of the people chose instead to rinse off the things with a dash of drinking water, others never washed their cups and pans, and still others waited till the next meal and then washed their kit just before they ate. When I say that the water supplied for washing kits was raw sea water and cold at that, any housewife will understand instantly why none of the cups, pans, spoons or forks were clean and fit for use after the first meal, if they were even then. Yet the emigrant pays half of first cabin rate for fighting for his food, serving it himself, and washing his own dishes.

Just before the bell was rung there came down from the boat deck a trim young man in the uniform of an Italian naval officer, and as he passed me I saw that he was of surgeon's rank and therefore knew he was Dr. Piazza, the surgeon detailed by the government to the *Princess Irene* to look after the welfare of the emigrants, for an Italian naval doctor travels on every emigrant ship that leaves an Italian port. The Italian government does about twenty times as much for the emigrants as the United States, yet the condition of health and finance in which they arrive in America is of concern *here* and not in Italy, for they become a part of us. It is to *our* interests that they should not be oppressed, under-fed, robbed or given unsanitary treatment.

The young officer went to the door of the galley. The chief steerage cook threw a clean towel over the serving board that barred it and set on it clean china dishes into which the doctor put portions of each sort of food, of which he ate enough to test the quality. Then he drank a little of the wine. Every meal thereafter he did the same thing. I had had the opportunity of watching the Italian doctor on the *Lahn* on the voyage to Italy and I must say that both men did their work in a most commendable manner. As to the food itself, it was in its quality as good as the average Italian gets at home, but the manner in which it was messed into one heap in the big pan was nothing short of nauseating. Every pound of food and ounce of drink is regulated by Italian law, both as to amount per day and proportion of kind and variety. If there was a failure to live up to the law on the *Lahn* and *Princess Irene* it was in the wine and fish. The party heartily enjoyed most of the meals.

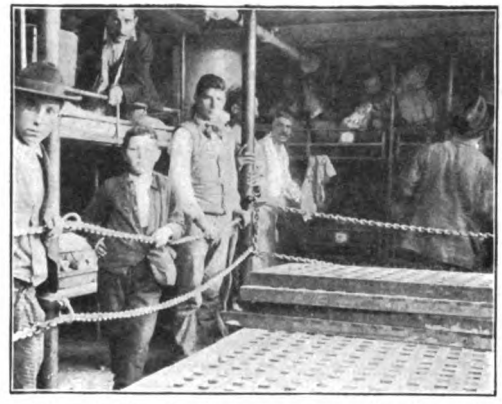
On the occasion of this first meal, the emigrants began doing what is the bane of life in the steerage; throwing the refuse from their meal on the deck instead of over the side or into the scuppers. It being the first night out of port the deck watch was too busy to scrub the deck with the big hose and soogey-mougie brushes when supper was over, so that we traversed the main deck on

that night much as we would cross a slippery glacier, for it was covered with a layer of unctuous filth that made footing very uncertain.

It was an extremely hot night, and though we were weary almost to exhaustion, the air in the crowded compartment was so foul that we could not sleep. The men and boys lay for the most part like logs, taking off only hats, coats and shoes and sleeping the sleep of the ineffably worn. I rolled and tossed on the hard pallet till at last I went on deck and, seeing a deeply shaded corner on a hatch, I sat watching the sea and the night. Possibly twenty minutes had passed when from the mouth of the alley way that led to the companionway of the woman's compartment a figure emerged and made its way forward cautiously, for after certain hours all steerage passengers are supposed to be below decks. As the figure came near me, I saw that it was my wife. She said the babies in her compartment were crying in relays of six and that she and Camela had had a grand row with the women of the group who occupied the section of bunks next to the women of our party.

The trouble arose over the filthy habits of the other women. They were Neapolitans of the lowest class, and when they were eating their supper had chosen to portion it out while they sat in their bunks, and the result was that bits of maccaroni, meat and potatoes were scattered all over their beds, the beds of their neighbors and the floor.

The climax came when the Neapolitans, too lazy to take their dishes up on deck to wash them, washed them with a cupful of drinking water in bed and then endeavored to pour the water and pertaining refuse out of the port hole. A little girl of eleven was engineering the job and, regardless of the fact that her shoes were filthy with deck slime, used my wife's bed as a step on which to climb up to the port hole where, failing to get all the water and waste outside she allowed the remainder to spill inside, down the wall and on the edges of the nearest two beds. I do not know just what happened, but I have an adequate idea, and at least there was no more dish washing or filth spilling in *that corner* of the compartment.



The men's sleeping quarters, showing arrangement of bunks and baggage in bed with occupants.

Just as we had observed on the *Lahn*, the men of the emigrants were reasonably cleanly as were also about two thirds of the women, but the other third was so grossly dirty that they littered every place they passed in a way that the sailors and stewards would not have been able to keep pace with even had they put forth their best efforts, which they certainly did not. All of the other steerage passengers, far and away the majority, had to submit to the reign of uncleanliness. Yet, strange to say, these people were not unusually dirty in their homes.

I have not told the worst by any means. It could not be put in print. The remedy for the whole matter is: less crowding of third class passengers and the regular service of food at tables.

It was a gray, threatening morning when I came on deck next day. The boys of our party came up one by one and were a very ill-pleased lot indeed when they found that if they wished to wash even their faces and hands they must use the salt water in the scullery-rooms forward or else be content with a half tin-cup full of drinking water, for at the drinking water taps a sailor was constantly stationed to prevent any one from taking more than was enough for drinking. In a short while they learned though, to go often for a drink during the day and save what they did not want in empty wine bottles.

About 8 o'clock the steerage cooks and stewards served "Biscuits" and coffee. The coffee was what might have been expected. The biscuit was a disc of dough, three-quarters of an inch thick and a hand's length broad. It was as hard as a landlord's heart and as tasteless as a bit of rag carpet. The worst of the matter was that about half the biscuits were mouldy.

After breakfast the crowds on deck took to mirth and song. When the dinner bell rang and the crowd, since it was happy, very, very hungry and not at all sea-wise, ate to repletion of the fare, which was about the same as that of supper the night before, only being ladled out with more care.

In an hour the sea increased from a small jobble to a short swell, and the crowds on deck began to grow silent. Those who have known the first throes of sea-sickness will understand why these poor people grew sorely afraid. If it had not been for the jesting of those who had crossed before or who were inured to a reeling deck they would have been almost panic stricken. Our party, all except Nunzio Giunta, my wife and myself, wilted before the wave.

The big ship's purser, charging into a crowd of men, women and children, knocking them right and left. The day was bright, and the shutter set at one-fifteenth of a second, when Mr. Brandenburg took this picture as the ship lay motionless at Gibraltar. The blurred places and the bare outline of the officer's figure shows his speed and force. This photograph was used in evidence before the Presidential Immigrant Inquiry Commission and also before the North German Lloyd management in New York, previous to wholesale reforms made in the handling of third-class passengers.

In fifteen minutes two-thirds of the crowd had hurried below and the other third was a sight to behold. I made Camela and Concetta, who were much frightened and deathly sick as a result of their over-indulgence at dinner, stay up in the rushing air of the foc'sle head until both were unable to sit up.

For the emigrants it was a frightful afternoon, and the compartments below and the deck above were in a condition that is beyond the bourne of any tale.

The worst feature of this stormy afternoon was that the ship's officers chose it as the time to deliver to the emigrants the passports which had been taken from them for inspection by the police in the Capitaneria at Naples. It was also made the occasion of the "counting of noses," when it was made sure that Caterina Fancetti, No. 214, and Giovanni Masuolo, No. 468, etc., etc., were duly aboard. Since the United States authorities exact a fine of two hundred dollars from any ship which delivers less emigrants to the Ellis Island or other port authorities than the ship's manifest shows to have been aboard, the ship's people take great care that for every number and name they have on the manifest there is an emigrant to deliver.

The third day of the voyage was Sunday and the weather was improving. The sea-sick people began to think life worth clinging to.

Knowing full well that there are always secret channels on board a ship for the getting of superior food, if one has money, I had been trying every steward, cook, etc., I could corner, and offering ridiculous prices for something to eat. Not that the food for the steerage was so bad we could not eat it. We had been eating it and we expected to continue to eat it, but we wanted an extra supply to fill in with. At last, however, I found a petty officer who had a cabin down the alleyway, and I "persuaded" him. The result was a sudden and gracious increase in our

All eyes turned eagerly to the Statue of Liberty.

comforts in all that one could expect in the steerage. The only drawback was the necessity for extreme care in coming and going.

In the Sunday afternoon chatting around the deck, where the people sat on the hatches, the deck, the winches, in fact anywhere they could get, there being no place in the entire steerage section that was distinctly intended for sitting down, I found numbers of people who had squeezed through the examination at Naples by little hooks and crooks, and related their triumphs with cautious glee.

Monday morning we were nearing Gibraltar. The peaked rock rose up out of the clouds in the West nearly an hour before we slid around Europa Point and came to anchor with the fortress frowning upon us and British warships lying all about. The tender of the company steamed out at once, bringing passengers and mail, and into the steerage there came quite a number of Spaniards, Portuguese, a Moor or two, etc. The bumboat men were everywhere about the ship, and came up over the ship's sides like monkeys, hauling up stuff from their boats in baskets.

While we lay there taking in the last lighter loads of freight, the hatches were open and the crew at work on deck so that, with all the emigrants up from the compartments to see the sights, the space forward of the hurricane deck was one seething, jostling mass of people. I improved the opportunity to get my kodak out while the sun was bright and the ship still, and Nunzio and I had climbed up on a refrigerator by the forward rail of the hurricane deck, and with my camera hidden, was waiting a chance to get a group without having them all looking at the lens. I had given out my occupation as a photographer to explain to the ship's people and my fellow passengers my possession and use of a camera. They are not often seen in the steerage. As we stood there, two men and two women from among the first-class passengers came by and paused at the rail to look down on the steerage crowd. The one man, a well-fed, elderly person, I have since ascertained, is an influential Western banker and politician. One woman is his wife, the other woman is a friend of the first, while the second man is an architect of some repute.

Said Mrs. Banker: "Dear me, just see all those children. What dirty little imps they are."

A tin cup full of drinking water to cleanse a family of faces!

Answered Mrs. Banker's friend: "Oh, it is terrible to think of admitting such people wholesale to the United States. Just look at the slovenly dresses of those women, wrinkled and dirty—ugh!"

Sleeping in one s skirts does not improve their freshness.

"Yes, yes," observed the architect. "There ought to be a stop put to it, they are a menace to our civilization."

His grandfather came over to Montreal in the coop of a French sailing ship about 1840.

"These Italians are the worst of the lot. They are a dangerous element. Stick a knife in you in a minute. Look at that villainous-looking fellow standing right here on this box smoking a cigar."

The Wise and Superior Four turned their eyes on me for it was I the Banker meant. He went on:—

"There is a fair sample of your Mafia member. Criminal? Why, criminal instinct is written in every line of his head and face. That bravado in the way he holds his shoulders and the nasty look in his uneasy eyes. I'll bet he has a bad record a yard long behind him in Italy and he will double the length of it over here. By George, I should hate to meet that man at night in a lonesome spot."

I could not resist the temptation. I stepped over to the other end of the box, within a few feet of him, looked up and said:—

"Pardon me, but *you* are one of the fools who are not safe from their *own* errors, even in a *daylight* throng."

As we sailed away from Gibraltar on a smooth sea, the steerage, well-fed on bumboat delicacies, gathered on the main deck and foc'sle head and games of *lotto*, cards and *mora*, the guessing game, were soon in progress on every hand. Here and there groups were singing, plotting how to evade questions at Ellis Island or struggling with a few simple sentences in English.

There were scores of musical instruments among the steerage people, and an impromptu band was got up. It might have been worse.

The next morning all the steerage people were sent below after breakfast and allowed to stay for two hours in the reeking crowded compartments while the health inspection was made by the German ship's doctor as prescribed by law. The doctor and an officer stood by each companionway in turn, and as men and boys, then women and children poured up, a steward punched their health tickets, the same which bore the name, ship's manifest number, vaccination stamp and sheet of manifest letter. It was the second time this was done and we had been four days at sea.

The next day was very rough, but the one after that was beautiful, and we spent the greater portion of the time watching the picturesque Azores as we glided along so close to the shores that the people at their work in the vineyards and gardens were very plainly seen. All about were little fishing boats with half-naked boatmen who stood up and shouted to us. There was another medical inspection that day.

The next day, the ninth of October, marked a heavy gale and despite the size of the ship quite a bit of water came aboard. The decks were almost deserted and wherever the sea sick women and children were gathered they were for the most part prostrated on the planks. Below decks there was music and song close by where fellow passengers were in terrible suffering from vaccination and sea sickness. Fortunately the high wind ventilated the compartments sufficiently to make them bearable. I found my left arm beginning to swell and throb and by midnight it was in very bad condition. The little trick of rubbing off the virus in Naples had failed to work because I was so anxious to take a photograph of the doctors that I had done it carelessly.

I found that day a man who lives in Pittsburg who had been home to Messina to get a wife. His family sent

him one from home, but when he went down to Ellis Island to meet her he was informed that he must marry her then and there before she could be admitted. Since the photograph of her that had been sent him for approval was taken when she was fourteen, and she had changed very much at twenty, he fled the place and allowed the Ellis Island authorities to deport her. Now he had gone home and married her younger sister. He is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad on a section job at forty-five dollars a month and perquisites, and had arranged while in Messina for ten men to leave on the *Liguria*, the next ship sailing. They were "recommended" to friends in Pittsburg, but he had paid their fare and had promised them work. He had been twelve years in the country. Thus is the contract labor law evaded.

In the morning I was myself in such a state that I made my way down at ten o'clock to the hospital, the companionway of which lay just abaft the companionway to the women's compartment. There the Italian *commissario* had over fifty sick men, women and children awaiting his care. I waited for attention to my arm till the last, in order to observe his manner of handling the patients. It was expeditious, thorough and gentle, and all of the patients whom I questioned later said that the German doctor was not to be compared with Dr. Piazza.

An incident of exceptional brutality and one which showed very conclusively the meekness with which the emigrant submits to such treatment, fearing it will affect his chances for being landed, occurred after dinner this day.

A group from Potenza, in which we had some friends, had all been very sea sick, but were recovering and just beginning to eat and regain their strength. Their dinner was fresh and hot in their pan, they having been among the last to be given their portion, and they hastened into the lee of the last hatch aft on the forward deck, and sat down to enjoy it. On the hatch was a young sailor, who had a besom, and was sweeping the refuse and filth off the hatch cover. Already a pile of repulsive dinner leavings was gathered on the hatch not three feet from the heads of the Potenza group. He paused in his work and noticed that they were just beginning their dinner, and in brutal sport gave a grand sweep with his broom to the heaped-up refuse, which landed it all over the unwarned circle, half filled their dinner pans and completely ruined their meal. The sailor stood leaning on his besom laughing at his clever trick. Not one word did the poor devils say, but quietly rose, poured their spoiled dinner over the rail, cleaned off their clothes as well as they could, and waited till supper to appease their hunger.

It was only the next day that a Greek, who had been long enough in the States to become a citizen and to know his individual rights, gave a sailor a severe beating for jostling the Greek's wife. He disabled the German in just three blows.

On this day occurred another medical inspection and to make all of the health tickets appear to have been properly punched, as each passenger was inspected day by day, a steward went about and carefully punched any vacant spaces.

In the morning the warmth of the gulf stream began to stir the chilled blood of all hands, and the first sail sighted since the Azores caused the poor emigrants to rejoice as it was a token that they were nearing America. In a slow way the Italian provincial songs which had prevailed changed to American airs attempted by those who had been in the States.

That night we saw Nantucket light and from that on we counted the hours. We arrived too late the night of the thirteenth to go up the harbor and so proceeded slowly so as to reach Quarantine by 8 o'clock next morning.

There was little sleeping all night. About 12 o'clock the women woke up the sleeping children, opened the packs, took out finery and began to array the little ones to meet their fathers.

By six o'clock all the baggage in the compartments had been hauled out and up on deck and the hundreds of emigrants were gathered there, many try-

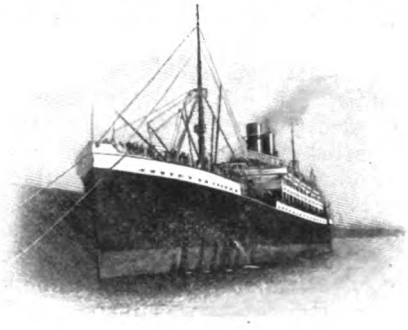
ing to shave, others struggling for water in which to wash.

Past Sandy Hook, up to Quarantine. The boarding officers come aboard and the port doctor. The company's tender appears. Tugs bear up with friends aboard to welcome first cabiners. On up between South Brooklyn and the green shores of Staten Island and then those who had been in the States before told those who were coming for the first time, that by looking on the port side they should see the Statue of Liberty. Everyone knew of it. All had talked of it. Not a heart in that throng but had longed for it and massed there on the deck they turned their eyes on the banks of morning mist rolling away.

A silence fell over the crowd. They were looking for the symbol of their new, broad and free life. It marked the end of the voyage too, though the ordeal of Ellis Island was still before them.

"There it is! There it is!

The cry ran through the crowd and the babel broke forth but subsided to a murmur, and in silence more than one thousand souls gazed long on the heroic figure aloft, the Goddess of Liberty at the doorway to the land of all things to be desired.

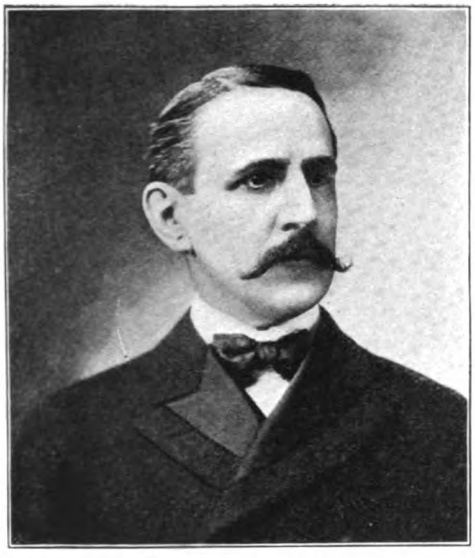


SILENT FORCES OF CONGRESS

The Statesmen Who Talk Little and Do Much

By W. H. HUNTER

THE most prevalent error in the public mind concerning Congress is that we have an oratorical form of government, and that federal legislation is achieved largely through the efforts of the statesmen who are almost constantly in the focus of publicity. The speeches of these men are featured in the newspapers and magazines, and their opinions are eagerly sought by interviewers and by men of affairs whose interests require them to keep in touch with Congressional legislation. Those who have direct and personal interest in watching the process of legislation in Congress, however, know that quiet, unremitting, hard work is more serviceable than oratory in the accomplishment of results. If cabinet officers were to talk for publication, as they do to their confidants, they would furnish, if asked for the names of men whose influence has been most effective, a list of names entirely different from that which greets you on the pages of every newspaper every day in the year. Ask the Washington correspondents, whose business it is to scrutinize the developments of legislative achievement, who are the men who do things, and the list



James A. Tawney,

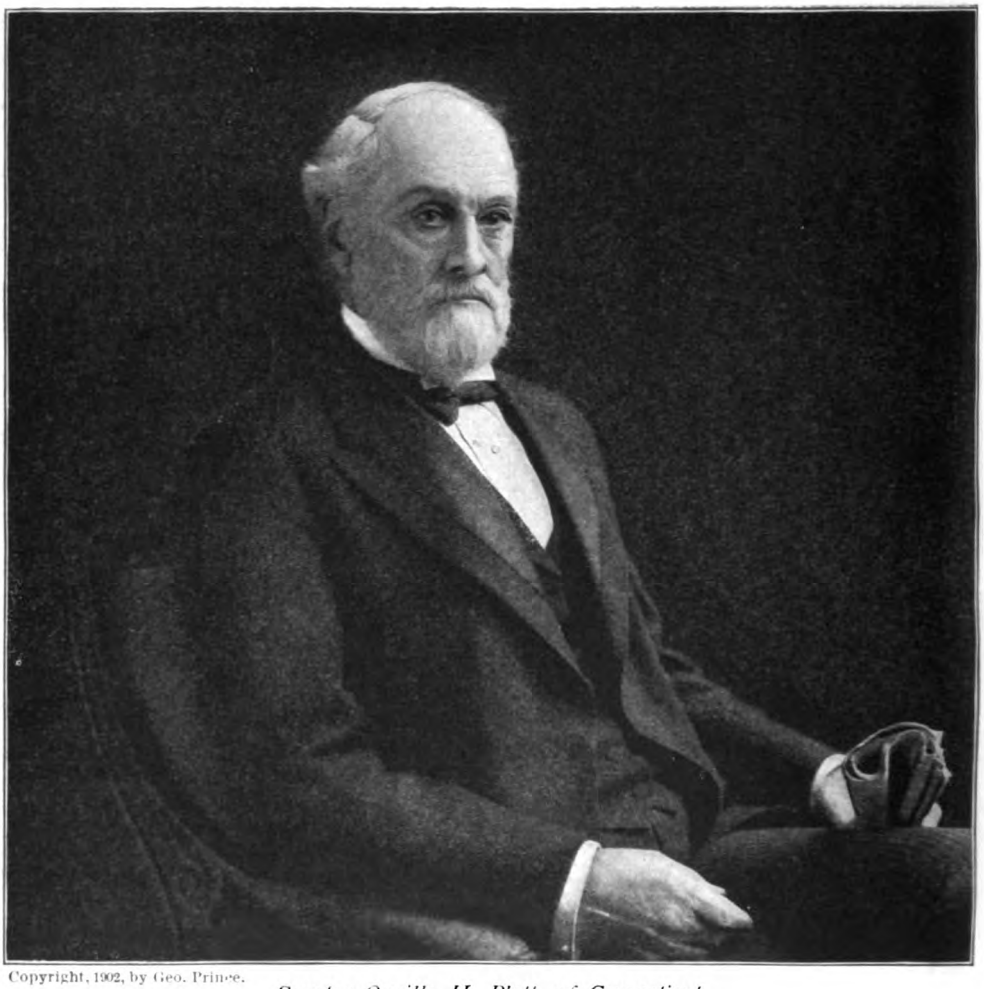
Republican representative from Minnesota. Apprenticed as a blacksmith in his father's shop, he became a machinist, then studied law, and has been six times elected to Congress.

Theodore E. Burton,

Republican representative from Ohio. Born in 1851, he received a college education. Now serving his sixth term in Congress he is Chairman of Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

furnished will not include more than two or three of the score or more of members who figure most prominently in the public prints as "in the public eye." If the inquiry is carried farther, to the third house, to the men who come to Washington representing the manifold interests of the nation, it will be found that while they give their share of adoration, tribute and admiring acknowledgment to the men in the limelight, their arguments are presented to keen, calculating, quiet members whose names are unknown or meaningless to the general public, but whose counsel avails in the committee rooms and in the conferences in which the merits of the proposed measure are finally submitted for approval or rejection.

The average citizen, interested in the history of his country and rather proud of his knowledge of men and events, if asked to name the leaders in legislative statesmanship, would glibly refer to Senators Spooner, Lodge, Depew, Allison, Bailey, Hoar, Teller and Representatives Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Grosvenor, Hepburn and the men who share with them the glory of star rôles and speaking parts in the presentation of the Congressional drama. These are the men who receive the applause of the audience while the actual work, the drudgery, even of the artistic kind, is performed by minor persons in the play, although everything is apparently planned to prepare proper stage settings and scenic effects for the star performers. There is a reason for this, and it is becoming more apparent with each session of the Congress. Within the last twenty-five years it was possible for a member of Congress, particularly of the House, to make his influence felt by his oratory. During the term of Mr. Carlisle's speakership there was a growing disposition to limit debate, and this culminated in the suppression of extended discussion of any topic, unless favored by a few leaders, when Speaker Reed formulated and forced the adoption of his now famous rules. When the Democrats later secured control of the House the very liberty, amounting almost to license, which marked the reaction against the Reed rules was so gross that it caused their adoption by the Democrats. These rules are still in force, and under them, by the power invested in a few important committees, much oratory is impossible. As a result the "gum-shoe" brand of statesmanship has been developed. Important problems, the solution of which are demanded by national necessity, are no longer settled



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Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut.

Born in 1827, he has been in politics since 1855 and in the Senate since 1879. One of the strong republicans in the Senate.

on the floor of the House. They come to that body from committees, and the rank and file of the membership of the House has little to do but to register, more or less faithfully, the mandates that come from the committee rooms.

Results count and, measured by that test, the student of legislation will find but little in the record of legislation in the last few years to be placed to the credit of the men who are most prominent in reports of Congressional activity. Since the enactment of the Dingley tariff and the gold standard currency act there has not been much legislation of nation-wide import, yet that which has been passed, when reduced to the analysis of investigation, bears the indelible imprint of members of the Congress who are practically unknown to the general public, honest, careful, hard-working men who are content to solve problems by industry, leaving spread eagle efforts on the floor and the publication, for home consumption, of speeches in the *Congressional Record* to members who like that sort of thing. As an illustration, if interviews were wired from Washington with Senator Platt, of New York, and Senator Platt, of Connecticut, on matters of national interest, or predicting results in legislative or political contests, the average newspaper, West of the Ohio River at least, would display the interview with the New York Senator and its editor would probably wonder who this man Platt, of Connecticut, was. Sen-

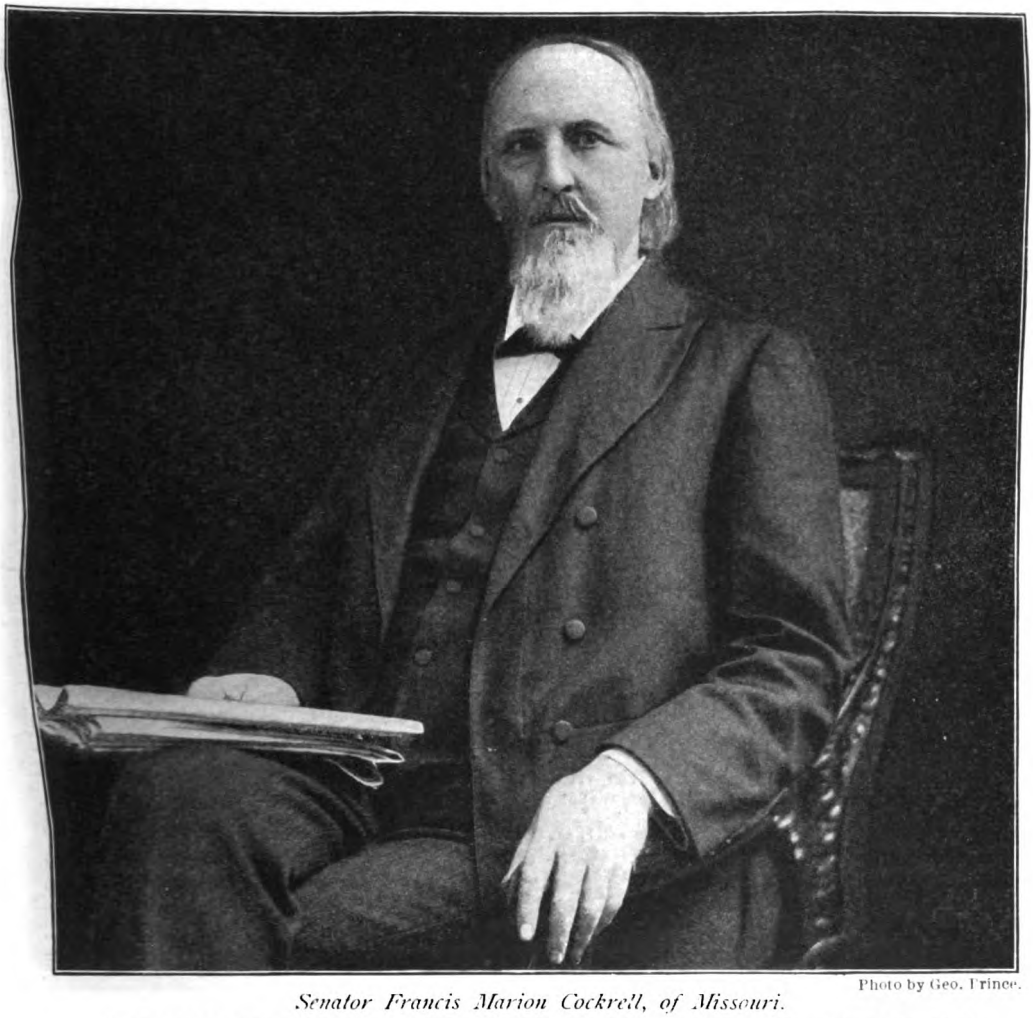


Photo by Geo. Prince.

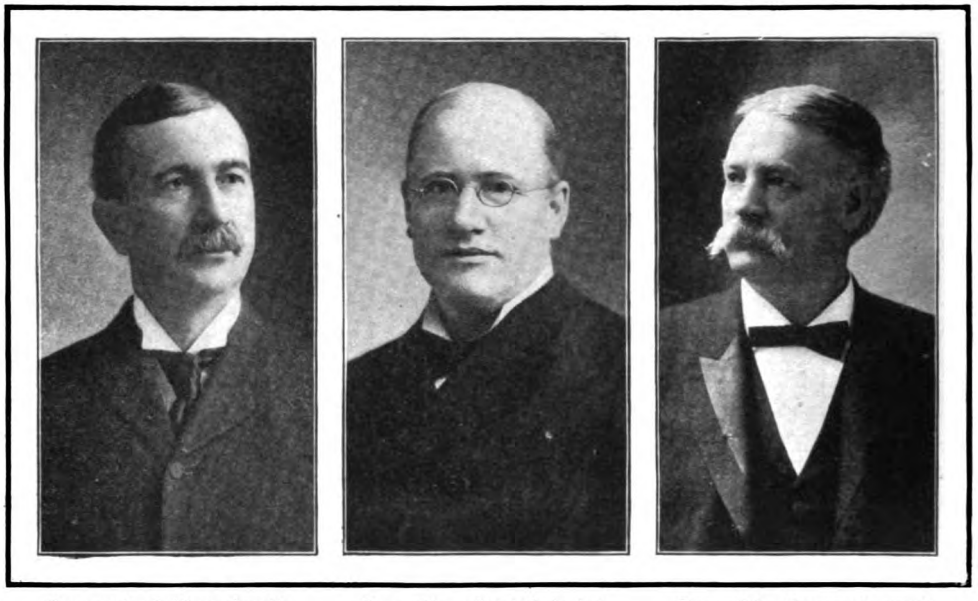
Senator Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri.

Born in 1834, received college education, succeeded Carl Schurz in the Senate in 1875 and has since been four times re-elected.

ator Platt, of New York, is in the limelight, yet there are pages in the Senate better informed than he on matters of national legislative importance, while the Senate does not contain the superior, if it does the peer, in understanding, appreciation and keen knowledge of national affairs of Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut. The Cuban government owes its stability and its promising guarantee of future success to the measure framed by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, and passed largely through his efforts when the way was paved for the establishment of the Cuban Republic. Platt, of New York, is consulted on matters of cold party politics and nothing else. Platt, of Connecticut, is an influence felt in all legislation relating to finance, judiciary, Indian affairs and all big questions demanding wisdom and hard work in their solution.

Perhaps the most important, certainly the most prominent legislation under President Roosevelt's administration has been directed to the regulation and control of the so-called trusts. The question was an issue in the Fifty-seventh Congress and every member of that body, almost without exception, advanced either measures or opinions and theories concerning legislation needed to carry out the recommendations of the President. Policies were outlined by wholesale, but the record shows that the legislation enacted must go to the credit of two compara-

John R. Thayer. *Walter I. Smith.* *Robert A. Miers.*



Democrat of Massachusetts, graduate of Yale and a lawyer, now serving second term.

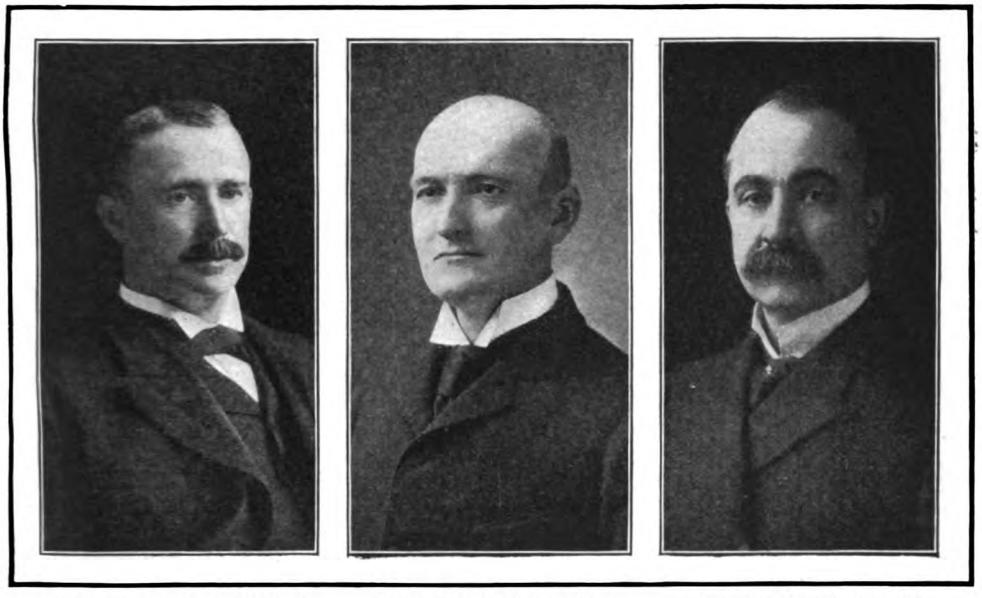
Born 1862, educated in public schools, lawyer by profession, now serving second term as Republican representative from Iowa.

Born 1848, Democrat, graduate of Illinois University, lawyer, judge, now serving his fourth term.

tionably name a group of hard working specialists whose names do not figure much in the public prints. His list would include Senator Cockrell, of Missouri; Senator Warren, of Wyoming; Representatives Dick, of Ohio; Esch, of Wisconsin; Hay, of Virgina, and Slayden, of Texas, who have all become experts in their knowledge of military affairs. Bills before the military affairs committee of the Congress annually involve the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, affect the personnel of the army and involve the entire question of national defense. To their consideration must be brought hard common sense, cool judgment and a large fairmindedness. The men mentioned are entitled to a big share of the credit, which will, however, naturally go to Mr. Root, for the legislation which has been accomplished effecting a most radical change in the army system of the nation. Mr. Root pledged himself to this work and would have resigned at the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress if the measure he had proposed had been adopted. The Congress was hostile and was won over largely by the persistent, hard work of the members of the military committees, although most of the oratorical pyrotechnics discharged in the cause were furnished by Senators and Representatives whose names are more familiar to newspaper readers. There is not so general a division of labor in affairs connected with the management of the navy measures. The Senate is remarkably united in support of a general and liberal endorsement of executive recommendations for the support and enlargement of the navy and there is little opposition in that body to any programme outlined by Senator Hale, chairman of the committee on naval affairs. In the House this burden is borne very largely by Representative Dayton, of West Virginia; Mr. W. W. Kitchen, of North Carolina, and Mr. Hay, of Virginia, with Chairman Foss in charge of the dress parade when the naval measures are up for consideration.

A careful reading of legislation enacted by Congress on the subject in the last half-century forces the conviction that the immigration question is by almost common consent reserved for the political spell-binders during campaigns and forgotten, or dodged, as soon as Congress meets. Admittedly one of

William S. Cowherd. *Samuel W. McCall.* *Chester J. Long.*



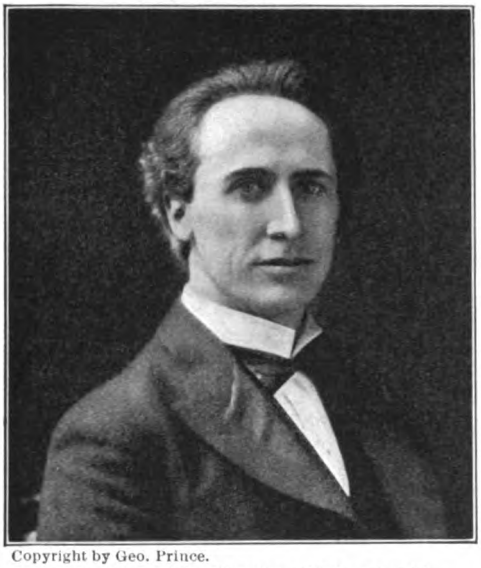
Born 1840, he is a Missouri lawyer and one of the ablest Democrats in Congress.

Born 1857, educated at Dartmouth. Prominent among Republicans for sturdy independence.

Born 1860, first lawyer, then judge, now Senator from Kansas.

tively inconspicuous Senators. Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, himself a multi-millionaire, an owner of railroads, and from a business standpoint naturally in sympathy with corporations, framed and secured the passage of a bill preventing rebates by railroads and very materially strengthening the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is to-day the most active and potent agency in the regulation of the trusts. The other feature of effective anti-trust legislation was the provision establishing the Bureau of Corporations in the bill creating the Department of Commerce and Labor. This was framed by Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota and finally met the approval of friends of such legislation after scores of other measures had been fully discussed and discarded. Senator Nelson is one of the hardest working members of the Congress, a very genius in shaping measures to stand the test of common sense.

Every member of the Congress, when first elected, is faced with the necessity of outlining his programme for a public career and must stand or fall upon the wisdom of his decision and his success in realizing his ambitions. He must decide whether he shall enter into competition with the men with records of long and honorable service behind them in seeking his share of the credit and plaudits for honors in the forum of debate and the contest for general legislation, or whether he shall devote his time to the interests of the particular constituency he may represent. If he represents a district in the House or a State in the Senate in which the party majorities are strong and fixed and his tenure of office assuredly long, he may with safety elect to devote his efforts to a specialty, to stamping his impress upon legislation on subjects to which he has devoted much thought and attention. In that event his first influence must be exerted to secure assignment to the committees that furnish the field for the exercise of his efforts and after that everything depends upon the man and his willingness to work. Most of the legislation of the Congress, in fact, is the work of specialists. If Mr. Root, the late Secretary of war, were asked to name the Congressmen entitled to credit for the enactment of the general staff bill, the military bill, and legislation affecting the army in the insular possessions, measures to which he bent every energy during two sessions of Congress, he would unques-



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Representative Charles Dick, of Ohio.

Born 1858. For years Hanna's first lieutenant and now filling his seat in the Senate.

the most serious questions facing the American people to-day there has been no legislation of importance affecting it in years, with the sole exception of the Chinese exclusion act. Yet there are some specialists in the Congress who have made a study of the question and who have succeeded in preventing what they deemed undesirable legislation, if they have been unable to accomplish positive reforms. Senator Fairbanks, chairman of the Senate committee, and Mr. Gardner and Mr. Bartholdt, of the House committee, have borne the brunt of the battles that have been waged over this problem, securing compromises between the labor organizations on the one hand and the large corporations that seek to remove all restrictions against the tide of cheap labor from Europe that is needed in the factories, mines and on the railroads. There is a most promising field in the Congressional life to-day for some man to achieve fame and do his country a glorious service by devoting his time and persistent effort to a legislative solution of this problem.

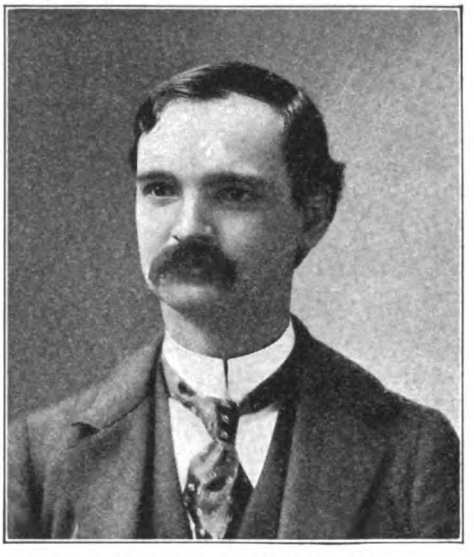
There is always room for promotion in Congress for the member from the West who brings intelligence to the solution of the problems that grow out of the public land question. The most important act in the matter of land legislation which has been passed since the homestead law was the irrigation measure adopted by the last Congress. It spells thousands of new homes, millions added to the country's production of grain and fruits and the reclamation of desert areas larger than some Eastern States. It was framed, promoted and passed by Senators Hansbrough, of North Dakota; Nelson, of Minnesota; DuBois, of Idaho, and Representatives Mondell, of Wyoming; Shafroth, of Colorado, and Newlands, of Nevada (now a Senator); men who play but minor parts in Congress from the public viewpoint. There are many millions of acres of public lands, much of it rich in minerals, oil and timber, still to be disposed of under regulations and legislation to be adopted by the Congress. Scandals of the current years, showing wholesale robberies by land grabbers in the West, show the need of additional legislation for the protection of the people's heritage. We have a law protecting the song birds, passed through the efforts of Mr. Lacey, chairman of the House committee on public lands, but there is urgent need of a law which will make it possible for the homesteaders, instead of the land grabbers and syndicates, to enjoy the warblings of the song birds.

Closely allied to the land question is the Indian problem and it is noteworthy that Mr. Curtis, of Kansas, himself a quarter-blood Kaw Indian, is responsible for the enactment of what is known as the Curtis act, the first intelligent, honest step taken by the government in looking to the protection of the landed interest of the Indians, a property that is worth more than the par value of all the steel trust's stocks and bonds. Senator Platt, of Connecticut; Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, and Representatives Sherman, of New York; Burke, of South Dakota, and Stephens, of Texas, have been most active in legislative effort to conserve the interests of this great property.

Every new member of the House is naturally anxious to secure assignment to one of the committees charged with

the duty of framing the great appropriation bills that carry money for the maintenance and operation of all departments of the government. There is some excuse for this, for the almost endless detail in connection with the preparation of these measures calls for much work by sub-committees, the members of which are usually assigned the duty of managing the progress of the measures through the House. Positions on these committees bring the members into direct and close personal touch with the cabinet members at the heads of the different departments of the government, and the spokesmen of the appropriation bills are tacitly recognized as appearing in the championship of the policies and plans of the administration. When Chairman Hemenway, of the Appropriations committee, for instance, issues a clarion call for retrenchment it comes with the effect of a direct notice from the Chief Executive. The reflected glory of a connection of this kind is sufficiently attractive to make positions of these committees highly desirable and much sought. No one questions Mr. Hitt's representation of the wishes of the State Department when he presses the diplomatic and consular bill, nor Mr. Wadsworth's enjoyment of the confidence of the Secretary of Agriculture when the agricultural appropriation bill is urged for favorable consideration by the House. The men on these committees undertake an almost endless amount of hard work, most be equipped with expert knowledge of governmental needs and must possess courage that amounts to genius to keep appropriations within reasonable bounds. It is a "billion dollar" government and the men who prepare its expense bills and provide for the disbursement of its funds display ability that would command almost fabulous salaries in the conduct of private enterprises, yet their share of the public credit is remarkably small.

One of the most troublesome duties of Congress is the government of the District of Columbia, and Mr. Babcock, of Wisconsin; Mr. Powers, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Cowherd, of Missouri, the more active members of the committee, who have the work in charge, meet and solve annually problems of the greatest delicacy and difficulty.



Representative Charles Curtis, of Kansas.

A quarter-blood Kaw Indian. He is now serving his sixth term in Congress and has secured an important act for preservation of lands for Indians.

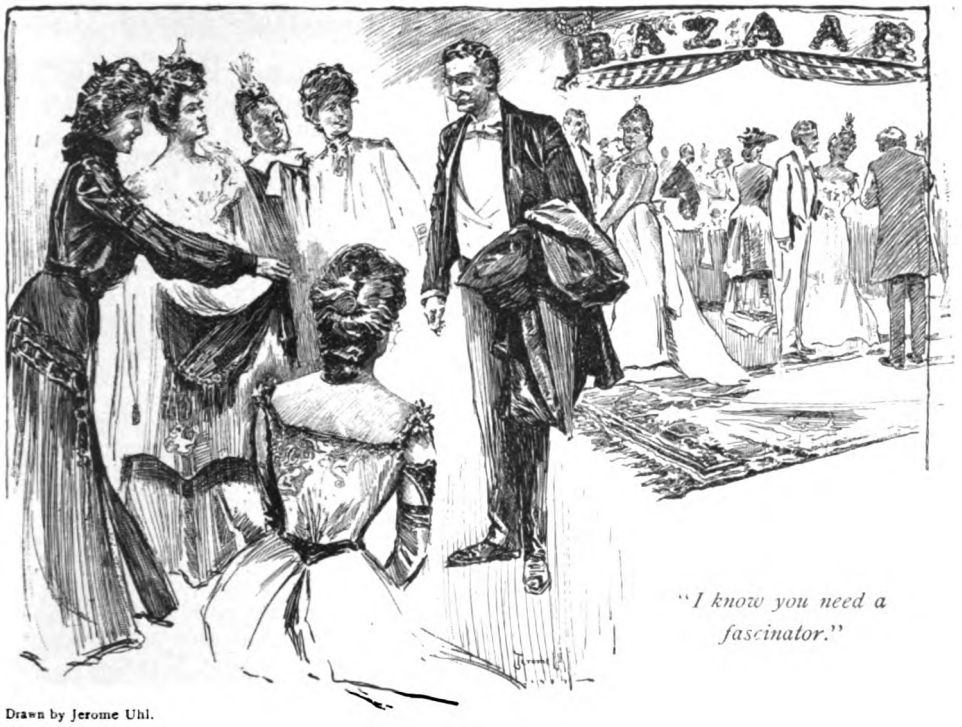
The number of members of the Congress, particularly of the House, who have sought no particular line of work, but have gone on from year to year, working for general legislation, is remarkably small. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, has pushed his pure food bill to enactment, after years of tireless plugging, and Mr. Grosvenor has made some progress with his anti-shoddy law, which he brought with him to Congress years ago. Some of the old champions of tariff and finance legislation have been practically without opportunity for special work since the adoption of the Dingley tariff law and the gold standard currency bill. There is a constant and increasing agitation for further legislation on both these topics, and men like Overstreet, of Indiana; Burton, of Ohio; Crumpacker, of Indiana; McCall, of Massachusetts; Littlefield, of Maine; Calderhead, of Kansas; Smith, of Iowa, and others have made a special study of these subjects and rendered yeoman's service in the consideration of them by

former Congresses. This year they are all more or less patiently adhering to the policy, decided upon in administrative councils, of "doing nothing," a course that is always considered safe on the eve of a Presidential election.

In discussing accomplishments by men who have devoted their efforts to general legislation, one or two instances stand out prominently. The grandson of a blacksmith, the son of a blacksmith and a blacksmith in his own right, James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, has hammered his way into a lieutenancy in the House, with leadership honors promisingly prospective. He occasionally uses the full bellows movement and does it with telling effect, but most of his work is with nursed fires, live, potent and ready for scorching effect when the iron is hot. He has to-day to his credit perhaps more accomplished legislation of a general nature than any member of the body. He forced, against a hostile Ways and Means Committee, the enactment of a pure flour law that opened the markets of the world to our wheat products, now second in volume only to steel. He secured the passage of a law that taxed filled cheese out of existence. He led the anti-oleomargarine fight to a successful conclusion. He secured the appropriation for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition with a committee framed for its defeat and a House membership rabidly antagonistic. He led the "Insurgents" against the Cuban reciprocity treaty, and made its ratification impossible in the form first presented. He works, stopping to talk only when talk is imperative in the prosecution of his plans.

In the line of new legislation, growing out of the troublesome problems of dealing with our insular possessions, credit for achievement must go freely to Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin, lawyer, musician, poet and, as styled by some, a "dreamer." When Philippine legislation was demanded, Senator Lodge took charge of the question in the Senate and Mr. Cooper's committee took it up in the House. The Senate measure was heralded as the "administration" measure, but when the final test came the Cooper bill, prepared by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Tawney and Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana, was found to meet the requirements, and the very satisfactory laws under which the Philippine government is being administered is the result.

These instances are sufficient to illustrate and support the contention that the actual legislation, the effective hard work of Congress, is accomplished very largely by men who keep out of the publicity focus. There are some exceptions, of course, like Senator Quay and Senator "Gum Shoe" Stone, of Missouri who, when occasion demands, can take their part in the forum of debate and challenge all comers, but whose most effective work is done on the quiet, in the committee rooms, in conferences and personal work among their colleagues. There are also men like Mr. Minor, of Wisconsin, whose work is of the negative kind, preventing legislation if not accomplishing any. Mr. Minor alone prevented a favorable report in the House on the ship subsidy bill, the pet measure of Senator Hanna. There are also men like Mr. Sperry, of Connecticut, who accomplish wonders for their immediate constituents, distributing Congressional favors and making their district fences well nigh impregnable. There are also those who draw their salaries, mileage and allowances and vote as the leaders dictate. Such is the membership, and these are the methods employed in Congressional legislation. The leaders, so called, secure the credit with the public for general legislation, while the plain members, who frame the bills, wrestle with them in committees, shape them in conferences and secure the votes for their passage, are very apt to find themselves in the anonymous class with the general public. There may be a change some day. There may be a revolt by members of the Congress and the party whip will crack in vain and the representatives of the people will insist upon being heard. Then the hard working Congressmen will wonder why they acted like frightened sheep so long, bearing the burdens and allowing the dress parade members to monopolize the credit for the results.



"I know you need a fascinator."

Drawn by Jerome Uhl.

HEARTS AND CLUBS

By MARIA LINDSEY

SCOTT is my name—Tom Scott. I am an unassuming, diffident, American man. In the country where woman rules rampant and man acquiesces couchant, so to speak, I know my place and I keep it.

Because of the mingled joy and terror that the fair sex arouses in me, woman has become my constant study. In Pleasureville she reaches the zenith of her glory at church festivals.

Shall I ever forget the Bazaar of last December? It was pleasant to go from a bachelor's cheerless room over a drug-store to a gaily garlanded hall, bright with shifting colors and buzzing with chatter. And the reception committee —Mrs. Brown, large, aristocratic and imposing, at their head—how they bore down upon me and enveloped me. My old heart warmed and expanded. That wicked Myra Galt! What was it she whispered about Miss Virginia and fascinators and fancy tables? As if every fiber of my being was not then concentrated upon a dear, gentle face across the room, just visible above a pile of fluffy, fuzzy, pink and white and blue things piled up on a counter. How very careful I was to visit every other port before seeking the haven where I would be, and how disconcerting it was on arriving to find myself face to face with the irresistible, ubiquitous Myra.

"I am assistant saleslady here," she announced briskly. "Now then, Colonel, I know you need a fascinator. Miss Virginia made this blue one."

"Myra!" from Miss Virginia, protestingly.

"Well, he might buy one for his future wife," drawled Myra. "Let me show him the effect by trying it on you, Miss Virginia."

"Myra!" in horror-stricken accents.

"In case of an emergency," I broke

in, "it is well to be provided with a fascinator. I think—yes, I will take the blue one."

Miss Virginia was under the counter looking for something she could not find, and I had to give my money to Myra.

It was Marcia Belknap who bore me off to the supper table and talked to me while I consumed edibles that meant present joy and future destruction. Marcia is Miss Virginia Talbot's niece. She invaded Pleasureville last autumn with advanced ideas. She is young, athletic and artistic, is Miss Marcia, and—may Heaven forgive the blasphemous utterance—*she has the manner of one who wears pants*. It has been my earnest endeavor to avoid thinking of pants when I see her, and I remind myself that my great-aunt Priscilla taught me that ladies' feet are pinned to the edge of their dresses, but it is all in vain. I see Marcia and I think pants.

On the night of the festival her handsome, boyish face wore a look of boredom and she asked wearily :—

"Does nothing ever happen in Pleasureville but festivals and fires?"

"Nothing," I answered promptly. "That is why I live here; I enjoy both festivals and fires."

"Well," said Marcia, "I hate the festivals, but I admit that I do enjoy the fires."

"Shall I turn incendiary?" said I gallantly, "and put the torch to a stable, or, better still, to a distillery?"

"Now you are laughing at me, Colonel," said Marcia earnestly. "I mean to say that the effect of a fire in Pleasureville is far more dramatic than it is in New York; the rapid clanging of the court-house bell, the wild shouts of that feeble-minded darkey—"

"Old Billy?" I interjected.

"Yes, and the sudden change from quiet to clamor, the exciting way you men pull ropes, climb ladders, and do valorous deeds—I long to be one of you!"

"My dear young lady," I said, "I see you are full of surplus energy. How will you expend it in Pleasureville?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Marcia. "This place is asleep, sound asleep."

"It is beautifully situated," I ventured.

"It is," admitted Marcia, "and yet these people, surrounded by all this natural beauty, are dead to Art."

"Remember," I said gently, "they lack what you had both by inheritance and environment. Your father's famous casts of the antique sculptures—"

"Ah, you have seen some of them!" broke in Marcia, her face alight with enthusiasm. "Poor, dear papa! He lived and died in the service of Art."

"Have you any of his works?" I asked.

"Only one piece, the 'Marble Faun.' He loved it so much that he never could make up his mind to sell it, and, of course, I shall never part with it."

"And you have it with you here in Pleasureville?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, and would you believe it, Aunt Virginia has modestly placed it behind portieres in an alcove in the drawing-room. Poor Aunt Virginia! She is hopelessly old-fashioned. But I am going to exhibit it at the Club meeting when our subject is Greek Art."

For Marcia had recently expended some of her surplus energy in the organization of a Woman's Club.

It occurred to me that Miss Virginia's view of club life might be of interest, and so while I escorted her home from the festival (Marcia and young Tom Escott being far ahead of us) I learned that Mrs. Brown was president, because Marcia said she had "executive ability and presence," that Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the Methodist preacher, was treasurer, because she was so "conscientious," that Miss Flint was secretary, because she wrote poetry, and that Miss White settled parliamentary disputes, because she had studied law.

"And what does Marcia do?" I asked.

"She makes all the motions," was the naïve reply.

"Do you—er—filibuster?"

"Yes," doubtfully, "I think we do. We get all tangled up in motions and amendments and points of order."

"And how does Miss White untangle you?"

"She advises us to *put things on the*

table or let them *go by default* or remain *in statu quo*."

I wish that I could put in words Miss Virginia's pride in these intricate proceedings.

"I don't understand exactly what we are doing," she added honestly, "but," lowering her voice as we approached Marcia and Tom standing in the Colonial doorway—"I don't let Marcia know it. I wonder," she went on softly and irrelevantly, "I wonder if Tom Escott is an estimable young man. He clerks at the drug-store, doesn't he?"

"He is a good boy," I said cordially, "but he's young. Tom is very young."

"So is Marcia," sighed Miss Virginia.

Pleasureville was not natural that winter. A feverish spirit of unrest possessed the feminine portion of the town. They, the ladies, flocked to themselves and assumed distant and superior manners. In time little gold and white club books appeared, "year books" they were called. We were permitted to read the plan of a year's work. We read and we marveled. One item arrested my attention: Paper on the Ancient Greeks, Miss Virginia Talbot, April 7th.

In the early part of March Miss Virginia looked at me wistfully but said nothing. In the latter part of March young Tom Escott surprised me with an afternoon call.

After a few desultory remarks, he said awkwardly: "Wonderful people, the ancient Greeks, Colonel!"

"Wonderful," I agreed.

"Athletic, warlike, and all that."

"Yes," I allowed.

"Great in sculpture and Elgin Marbles and Parthenons and such things!"

"So I've heard," said I.

"Hang it, Colonel!" burst forth Tom finally. "I'm no good at sidling up to things. Have you got any books on Ancient Greece?"

"Any number of them," I said.

Tom cheered visibly. "Thank heaven!" he ejaculated, "Miss Virginia's got a paper to write about the Ancient Greeks, and she won't ask Marcia to help her, and she keeps popping questions at me until I feel perforated. I want to stand in with her—well—you see she is Marcia's aunt, Colonel, and—"

"Not another word, my boy, the books are yours."

April the seventh was a beautiful day, too beautiful to spend in the drug-store, yet there I was that memorable afternoon idly watching while old Barton filled a prescription. Tom Escott was out in front of the store talking to Marcia and finding imaginary punctures in the tire of her wheel. The telephone bell rang.

"Escott seems to have gone deaf out there," growled old Barton. "Colonel, will you answer the telephone?"

I took the innocent receiver in my hand, but the next instant almost dropped it, for Miss Virginia's voice was breathing in my ear, "Tom, is that you?"

"Yes," I answered truthfully.

"How do you pronounce A-m-p-h-i-c-t-y-o-n-i-c?"

I told her.

"And, Tom, wait a minute; how do you pronounce A-l-c-m-a-e-o-n-i-d-a-e?"

I mumbled something.

"I can't hear you. Speak louder, and, Tom, are you there?"

"Yes."

"I'm getting very nervous, Tom. Do you think you could run around here for just five minutes and go over these names with me again?"

"To be sure I could," said I.

"You are a dear boy!" gently.

"Thank you," warmly.

"And hurry, Tom; the club and Marcia will be here in a quarter of an hour!"

Aunt Priscilla (rest her soul in peace) once said to me, "Thomas, your easy-going, accommodating disposition some day will get you into trouble."

Little did I dream that this early prediction was about to fructify when I entered the Talbot garden. A mingled fragrance of hyacinths and tulips filled the air and I felt young, very young when I was ushered into the long old-fashioned drawing-room.

She was dressed in gray, was dear Miss Virginia, and she was standing by a table on which were bowls of purple and white lilacs. The room was filled with chairs placed as if for a private funeral. From Miss Virginia's face, she might have been judged to be chief mourner.

"It was I at the telephone," I announced boldly, "so I came around."

"You!" gasped Miss Virginia, "Oh, Colonel Scott!"

"Why not?" I demanded. Miss Virginia was almost weeping.

"Why,—*why* did I let Marcia persuade me to join this club and get into all this trouble?"

"You might resign," I suggested. Miss Virginia shook her head dejectedly.

"I oughtn't to be a coward, and I ought to keep myself in the line of progress, Marcia says—"

"Line of fiddle-sticks!" said I.

Miss Virgina's voice dropped. "I'm —I'm afraid I do let Marcia manage me, but she is so up to date and I am so hopelessly old-fashioned."

"There are no fashions so sweet and so true as the old fashions," said I stoutly.

"Do you think so, Colonel?" Miss Virginia brightened visibly.

"And no ladies so perfect as the old-fashioned ladies, and remember," I continued gallantly—for I felt very young, "old-fashioned roses are the sweetest, Miss Virginia."

The conversation had reached this thrilling climax when there came upon the spring air a sound as of flying, chattering blackbirds.

"The club?" exclaimed Miss Virginia

"Where," I asked apprehensively.

"At the front door," whispered Miss Virginia. "If you don't wish to run the gauntlet, Colonel, you might go out the side door," and she pointed hastily to the left, then turned to the hallway to meet her guests.

I saw two pairs of portieres. *Which covered the door?* There was no time to ask, for the enemy was upon me. A phalanx of chairs separated me from one pair of portieres. I darted between the other pair to come into violent collision with something cold, hard, tall—yes, it was the Marble Faun. There was room for both of us but none to spare. I put the statue against the wall, sat upon its pedestal and mopped my clammy brow.

Chatter, chatter, chatter. Rustle, rustle, rustle. Like the waves of a restless sea, the petticoats flowed into the room. Myra Galt with her roving, wicked eyes led and Marcia, handsome, literal Marcia brought up the rear.

I realized that I was a prisoner, a defenseless prisoner in the hands of fifty club women. That they were ignorant of their prey but gave new pangs to my terror lest a sneeze or cough on my part should betray me.

Through the large meshes of the portieres I could command an extensive view of the room. Miss Virginia evidently thought that I had escaped, for she looked quiet and composed. Myra's eyes were wandering to my set of portieres and a wicked glee played on her features. Was she thinking of the Marble Faun, or had she seen me?

I was glad when a sharp rap of the gavel brought silence. Miss Flint took advantage of it and called the roll. There was Mrs. Brown, the president. Yes she had presence. There was no doubt of it.

After the reading of the minutes, Marcia arose and addressed the chair.

"Madam President," she said and paused.

Silence. Mrs. Brown fanned unconcernedly. Miss White leaned toward Mrs. Brown and whispered nervously, "Recognize her."

"I recognize Marcia," calmly retorted the hitherto undisputed leader of Pleasureville society.

Miss White coughed apologetically.

"Call her Miss Belknap," she prompted.

The president reddened. Mingled protest and indignation were depicted on her aristocratic features; but she remembered her office, assumed more presence and yielded.

Being formally recognized, Marcia proceeded, "I move that we devote fifteen minutes to a parliamentary drill."

"I second the motion," said Miss White, then hastily mumbled something in the ear of Mrs. Brown. Thereupon that harassed lady obediently chanted :—

"All of you who are in favor of this motion say, aye."

The ayes had it.

At this juncture Miss White whispered to Mrs. Brown again, and Mrs. Brown somewhat automatically suggested that Marcia should take the chair, which she did with suspicious alacrity.

"I move that the word 'unmarried' be inserted before the word 'man,' and the word 'matrimony' be substituted for 'death.'"

Miss White arose to take the floor but Myra Galt already had it. The club looked excited and apprehensive.

"Madam Chairman!" said Myra briskly, "I move that the following by-law be passed,—No man on pain of death shall be present at the meetings of the Woman's Club of Pleasureville." (Did her eyes turn to my portieres?) "In support of this by-law," she continued, "I call your attention to the facetious pleasantries at our expense current among certain of our male acquaintances."

"What pleasantries?" eagerly enquired our town-gossip, Miss Smith.

"Members will please arise and address the chair," said Marcia haughtily.

Miss Smith subsided and confided to a neighbor that she never could talk standing.

Silence. More silence.

"Has any one anything to say against the motion?" asked Marcia encouragingly.

"The men that I know," said Miss White laughingly, "would be more apt to run away from the club than—"

"Not at all," interrupted Myra. "You don't know anything about men. Some of the men of this town would go so far as to stoop to surreptitious means to attend one of our meetings."

Did she touch an electric button that controlled the machinery of conversa-

tion? Everybody began to talk violently. Babel, Bedlam. No word can describe it. I learned afterwards that these tempestuous occasions were technically known as "informal discussions." Volcanic emotions were engendered. The Methodist preacher's wife arose and in an agitated voice called out, "Madam Chairman."

"Mrs. Taylor has the floor," said Marcia.

"I can't and won't belong to any club that my Joe can't come to. It sounds as if our meetings weren't respectable. I never made a motion in my life, but I now *motion* that men *can* be admitted to the meetings of this club."

The air was thick with "ayes" and "noes," and Marcia pounded vigorously before getting a quiet moment in which to explain that the drill was all in fun, and that Mrs. Taylor could not make a motion, because another motion was before the house.

"Whose motion? What motion?" cried several members.

"Miss Galt's motion. Will Miss Galt give her motion again?"

Miss Galt made her motion again. "No man on pain of death may be present at the meetings of the Woman's Club of Pleasureville."

Mrs. Taylor (still trembling), "But I insist that preachers ought to be expected to come to everything."

Mrs. Brown, "And surely our husbands."

Mrs. Gray, "And our sons."

Miss Barton, "Make them honorary members."

Miss Green, "Associate members."

Miss Smith, "Don't let them in at all."

Miss Flint (flushing and smiling), "I move an amendment, that the word 'unmarried' may be inserted before the word, man, and the word 'matrimony' be substituted for 'death.'"

"Better and better," cried Myra in unholy glee. "I accept the amendment."

The motion as amended was uproariously carried.

By this time the warm spring weather and the informal discussion had so heated the room that Miss Virginia, pink and breathless, requested Marcia to open the side door.

"But it is locked, Aunt Virginia," said Marcia. "I knew the chairs would have to be placed against it, so I locked it this morning."

"Locked!" exclaimed Miss Virginia. She looked from one pair of portieres to the other, then to the high old-fashioned windows. Finally her gaze came back to the curtains that screened my palpitating self. "Locked!" said Miss Virginia again mechanically.

Meanwhile Marcia had moved about opening windows, and the club now settled down to regular business.

"Miss White will now read a paper on the Grecian Art of the Third Period," said the president, "and at the conclusion of her reading, Miss Belknap will draw aside the portieres before the alcove and show to us a cast of that masterpiece of Praxiteles, the Marble Faun."

I knew then how a criminal feels before execution, and my last hope deserted me when Miss Virginia got up hurriedly and left the room.

Miss White read on and on and I hoped she would go on forever. I thought of earthquakes and I yearned for cyclones, but we were singularly exempt from these casualties in Pleasureville. But at length Miss White concluded her paper in a burst of feminine eloquence.

Marcia approached the alcove; her hand was on the curtain. She turned and paused. "I will ask you first," she said, "to put yourself in harmony with the Grecian appreciation of physical perfection. This curtain conceals their ideal of manly beauty, grace and mirth. Note the easy posture of the figure and the playful expression of the features."

I closed my eyes and was hoping to swoon when a wild shout of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" smote the air. It was poor feeble-minded Billy's inspiring shout.

"Fire! Fire!" responded the shrill treble voices of the club.

Presto! Change! The ladies arising as one, sped through the door, out of

the garden and up the street in Billy's wake. Many voices took up the cry, the bell clanged wildly, and even my own legs twitched to be out and running. Not a petticoat was in sight. I sprang out of the alcove and nearly upset Miss Virginia entering.

"Where is it?" I yelled.

"What?"

"The fire."

"Nowhere," she said faintly as she sank feebly into the nearest chair.

"Nowhere, my dear lady; what do you mean?"

She laughed hysterically. "Oh, don't you understand, Colonel? I *told* Billy to cry 'Fire!' and I pointed to the distillery smoke a mile away."

"You did this for me?" I cried.

"For us," she said. "You know I had a paper to read, Colonel."

"But you thought of me?" said I. I took her hand.

"There was a by-law passed this afternoon," I said earnestly.

"But in jest," said Miss Virginia hastily.

"Never mind that," said I. "Let us carry it into effect."

"But you don't approve of clubs," said Miss Virginia.

"I would never allow my wife to belong to one," said I firmly.

"Oh!" began Miss Virginia. There was a cautious footfall in the hall. We looked up. Myra was standing in the doorway, softly clapping her hands.

SAN DOMINGO: ISLAND OF CHAOS

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

IT is a singular irony that the most beautiful land on the globe should to-day be inhabited by the most degenerate population on earth; that the earliest seat of civilization in the Western Hemisphere should have become its most barbarous area; that an island from which the European exterminated the native American should have fallen to the African, its soil soaked with the blood of three races and lying waste in the possession of the most ignoble of them all.

No other countries supply the newspaper with more frequent stories than do San Domingo and Hayti, and no other countries are so unfamiliar, except as suspected abodes of savage and grotesque horror. At this moment the disorders in San Domingo, having occasioned attacks upon American ships and the shedding of American blood, are receiving a large measure of public attention, but the intimation that the annexation, or at least the military occupation, of the country may become an early necessity finds most people altogether at sea as to what sort of a place and a people they are over which the Government at Washington has become concerned.

The physical facts are these: The island which properly is called Hispaniola is three times the size of Massachusetts, with Connecticut thrown in. Two nations divide its territory: San Domingo occupies the eastern and far larger part; Hayti lies along the western coast. Haytians are full-blooded negroes; there are more than a million of them; they speak French—of a certain sort. Dominicans are "colored," as they say in the West Indies; they speak Spanish, number a quarter of a million and call the Haytians "niggers."

Hayti is celebrating this year the centennial of its independence and of the overthrow of white dominion over the island. San Domingo has been in-

dependent of Hayti since 1844; between 1861 and 1865 it submitted itself again to Spain. In 1871, a Commission appointed by President Grant found the Dominican people anxious for annexation to the United States, and the actual annexation was prevented only by the vote and influence of Senator Charles Sumner. Since the establishment of its government, San Domingo has been ruled by a series of dictators under the style of Presidents; the ablest of them was Ulises Heureaux. A state of war is the normal condition of the island. Revolution has become a fixed habit in the people. They rise at the nod of successive chiefs as regularly as they obey the breezy call of morn. The early and the latter rain may fail, but not the annual revolution.

To understand the possibility of such a situation as exists to-day in this unhappy land, it is necessary only to remember that a tropical climate does not dispose to labor; that a land of such unparalleled fertility makes labor unnecessary—nature provides ready to the hand the necessities of existence—and that the blood of San Domingo is a blend of that of negroes, Indians and Spaniards. It is, however, a contributing circumstance that the country is divided by indentations of the sea, by high mountain ranges and a variety of levels into a number of provinces, each with its own individuality of climate and population. Each valley has its favorite or its despot, who lives surrounded with his band of predatory retainers, eager to foment quarrels and gain a chance to see the world and maybe march to the capital. The ports are widely separated and easily yield to attack made by sudden descenders from the hills. The natural products of the country, growing wild, sustain an army at any season, without thought of commissariat, while mountain and jungle afford ideal conditions for persistent guerilla warfare.

Juan Isidro Jimenes.
A revolutionist for revenue only, and at present one of the Presidents of San Domingo.

Hundreds of revolts are never heard of outside the island; frequently four or five petty revolutions are going on at once. In the usual course of events, if one revolutionary leader, through superior ferocity, cunning or good fortune, gains several victories, the other movements tend to consolidate with his, and he becomes a political figure.

The present generation knows four such leading chiefs: Jimenez, Vasquez, Morales and Woss-y-Gil. None of them—unless Morales, the youngest in the field, develop unsuspected abilities—is a quite worthy successor of Heureaux. He was a hero after the Haytian heart, a black brute who slew his enemies for hatred's sake and blood-lust's satisfaction, not out of the mere policy of safe-guarding himself in office. A veritable account of this man and his deeds would be too gruesome for these pages. And yet Heureaux was in some respects really a great man. He spoke three languages and could lie in them all with perfect readiness; in them all also he was an orator of that singular power which the black man and the negro sometimes exhibit in fervid

Carlos Francisco Morales.

Originally a priest, he became a successful revolutionary leader under Jimenes, and then established himself as President. He now holds three ports besides the capital.

speech. He was a strategist in battle and in politics, and withal something of a statesman. Towards the last his bloodthirstiness became so great that it was recognized even in Dominica as a disease. His assassination was the lifting of a frightful burden of dread from the people, who nevertheless now speak of Heureaux with the greatest respect, and will in the next generation erect him into a legendary hero.

Señor Juan Isidro Jimenes, perhaps the lightest colored and most politely cultured "patriot" in the island, is its chief plague. It was he who organized the revolt against Heureaux, which became successful through the tyrant's assassination. Jimenes is a Dominican only by birth and profession; though a favored concessionaire, he has lived little in the island. Jimenes accumulated money, established branches of a general trading business at Port-au-Prince, New York and Hamburg. Then he met with disaster, losing everything except the reputation of being still a millionaire. In this situation, understanding the profitable character of enlightened patriotism, he conceived the idea of putting his country's oppressor out of the way and recouping his own fortunes in the presidency.

He accordingly expended what capital he could still command in encouraging insurrection in the North of the island, and in the summer of 1898 went himself with a filibustering expedition, landing at Monte Christe, expecting to find there awaiting him the nucleus of an army. Instead his party was wiped out by government troops, he alone escaping with his life.

What rebellion failed to do an assassin's bullet accomplished. Jimenes was in Cuba when Heureaux was shot in Mocho in July, 1899, and two other patriots, Figuereo and Vasquez, eager to be the saviours of their country, for a time disputed the presidency. But the universal belief that Jimenes was returning

Ramon Caceras.
At one time Minister of War under Vasquez, he is at present rather an unknown quantity politically.

with plenty of money made opposition to him hopeless. He was accordingly acclaimed President in November, 1899.

It was immediately discovered that the new President had no money and that his sole ambition was to make money out of his job. Señor Jimenes is a very cold-blooded business proposition. He is not actuated in the slightest degree by the patriotism which he on occasion professes, nor even by the ambition for glory and power which is the ordinary and intelligible dynamics of the Dominican revolutionist. Jimenes is purely a professional revolutionist.

Jimenes is not a general; he trusts the leadership of his army to others. Vasquez was his first commander and was true to him—for awhile; Morales was his second, and betrayed him. He trusts now—with what wisdom, who shall say?—Generals Rodriguez, Deschamps and Picardo.

General Carlos Francisco Morales is a new figure in Dominican national affairs. He was originally a priest, and served as such in his native town until he abandoned the altar and was deposed. Somewhat of a favorite locally, he became the trusted friend of Jimenes, and was made collector of Puerta Plata and then Provincial Governor or "Delegate." Morales' sacerdotal training did not interfere with his prowess as a fighting chief, and, when he took the field for Jimenes against Woss-y-Gil he was recognized as commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces. Morales, fighting under Jimenes, wrested the country and the capital from the hero of the hyphenated name, and then—seized the presidency himself.

Morales may have been in turn deposed before this article is off the press; he holds now only three ports besides the capital, but in office or out, if he escapes the vengeance of Jimenes, he may be a permanent figure in the island's affairs. Morales has always been well regarded by the better class in the island, having behaved himself honestly in office at Puerta Plata. He has no great popularity, though he is undoubtedly a dashing and fearless military captain.

General Horacio Vasquez is a man of perhaps less mentality than either Jimenes or Morales. In looks he approaches the Caucasian. His reputation is that of an honest man of somewhat timid nature; although fearless in the field, his exploits have been those of courage rather than of daring, while in politics he lacks imagination and initiative ability. It was Vasquez who directed the military movements against Heureaux in 1899, and after the tyrant's death, he was, as Dictator, in possession of Santo Domingo city, whose gates he opened to admit Jimenes. He had initiated the revolution in the name of Jimenes, but the fine sense of honor is a handicap in Dominican politics, and loyalty is at a discount as a personal quality. It is true that Vasquez was made Vice-president, and that, while holding office as such, he organized a rebellion against his superior. This rebellion Vasquez directed and led in person, bombarding and taking Santo Domingo, expelling Jimenes and maintaining himself in power for a year. He contended valiantly against his own successor, Woss-y-Gil, persisting in fighting long after he had been driven out of the capital, and again last autumn undertaking a campaign to regain the office from which he had been deposed. The cause of

Jimenes, under the captaincy of Morales proved, however, more popular, and the armies of Vasquez melted away.

General Vasquez is supposed now to be content with private life. No one who knows his ambitious spirit believes he will be long inactive. There is a young man in the Laveoa Real, that garden of this garden of Eden, who, though now professing adherence to Jimenes, is prepared to appear at the earliest opportune moment at the head of a movement well supplied with arms and ammunition, pledged to reinstate Vasquez in the President's chair.

Get these three chief rivals well in mind: Jimenes, the trader, and revolutionist for revenue only; Morales, the ex-priest whom ambition has made Dictator; Vasquez, the honest and patriotic soldier (for purposes of identification; the terms are to be taken in an accommodated sense)—one against all, and all against one.

General Alejandro Woss-y-Gil was an episode. He is in San Juan, P. R. now, with an idea of being ready for his country's call, while a few faithful followers in Puerta Plata still hope, by favoring Jimenes for the present, to be in a position to aid their favorite eventually. Gil is a negro of no particular force of character, special personal magnetism or popularity.

The young man in the Laveoa Real is Ramon Caceras. It was the hand of Ramon Caceras that fired the shot that slew Heureaux in the streets of Mocho. Drenched with the blood of his victim, the murderer was hailed by the populace, and flowers and confetti were showered upon him. When Vasquez became Dictator, he made Caceras his Minister of War. The man is now thirty-five years old. He comes of good stock and is counted white. He is fairly educated. His chief characteristic is determination; his sagacity is rather less than his energy. Now Delegate of Morales in the interior, his real allegiance is given to Vasquez—or to Ramon Caceras.

Under the rule of none of these leaders can San Domingo hope for tranquility. None of them is strong enough long to maintain himself against the others. To the knowledge of the present writer, outside influences interested in the establishment of order in the island have considered their cases; they have canvassed also the characters of other possible leaders, with a view to the advisability of supporting one of them in power, and they have been forced to the conclusion that no figure in the island is fitted for or equal to the task of co-operating with civilizing forces from the outside in the salvation of San Domingo from the anarchy in which it lies.

It is the custom to refer to Dominican revolutions as opera bouffe affairs. In point of fact they are often very desperate and very fatal affairs. The Dominicans are not good marksmen, and the ammunition that goes down on the little steamers *Cherokee* and *New York* is poor stuff. But these fellows, nevertheless, are terrible fighters, easily roused to savage fury, and, oblivious in the heat of a battle, to danger, as they are insensible to pain. Maximo Gomez, famous as a revolutionist in Cuba, was a Dominican; his comrade in arms, Maceo, is claimed as a native of Hayti. The Dominican generals possess a high degree of cunning, and the practice of deceiving tactics, not to say, treachery, leads frequently to wholesale slaughters of the enemy. The prisons are loathsome and a few months' confinement in them fatal. But many prisoners do not await the end of the process of disease. Summary executions thin out their ranks; in the case of an important personage, the victim is shot,

A detachment of the regular army.

by mistake of identity, under form of a warrant issued in another name. Heureaux thus executed more than two thousand persons.

A revolution in San Domingo normally begins somewhere in the provinces. As in Hayti, popular sentiment inclines to favor one originating in the North; its chance of success is believed greater. This notion is not superstitious, the fact being that the North shore, cooled by the trade-winds, is the home of a more energetic population. Ordinarily a "delegate" raises a standard and seizes a custom-house and establishes a "provisional government." The possibility of success and the certainty of a delightful and irresponsible vagabondage brings hundreds of sans-coulottes volunteers trooping to the stronghold. They are armed with machetes, cocoamacaques and rifles—usually the loud-speaking Remingtons.

With the custom-house tolls the leader buys one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition sent him from New York, and then he starts out for another town and another custom-house. It is not very difficult to take Monte Christe, San Pedro or San Francisco de Macoris, Samana or Azua—nor is it difficult for the government to retake them, if it can spare one of its two gunboats, and has any powder.

Santo Domingo city is a different matter. The government has a number of rapid fire guns here, and the place is capable, under the command of a determined general, of withstanding siege a long time. Ordinarily the capital is bombarded from a wood-grown hill across the Ozama River—the locality is called Pajarito.

There is no pretense of parties in San Domingo. Revolutions are not merely actually, they are, confessedly, unprincipled personal affairs. Neither the Dominican people, as a whole, nor any leader now active among them has conceived any national idea, or champions any national policy, or has at heart or even on the lips any sentiment pretended to minister to better national life.

It is misleading to speak of the inhabitants of San Domingo as constituting a people. Negro blood prevails in the mongrel population, but it shades from characteristic African color to the hue of South Europe. All are alike, lazy, shiftless, boastful, ignorant and good-hearted; amiable, treacherous, passionate. Morality is a name. In person they are cleanly, in domicile and habits not so. Belonging to no race, unified by no national idea, inspired by no common ambition, cherishing no principles, without a past and careless for a future, the Dominicans are merely dwellers on the soil and its encumbrance.

In the hands of such a people, overrun continually by hordes of revolutionists, its cities continually bombarded and the torch flaming among its villages, it may be understood that the physical evidences of civilization in San Domingo lie in utter wreck. In the whole island there are only one hundred and twenty miles of railway. No wheeled vehicle ventures outside the cities. The highways from city to city are the merest trails, passable only by donkeys and unshod mountain horses. The interior fastnesses are the scenes of inhuman orgies. Vaudouism has its clutch upon a population prone to darkest superstition; the abominable rites of serpent worship are widely observed; neither the immolation of human victims before serpent altars nor the hideous madness of cannibalism is unknown.

The present author believes that the common estimates of San Domingo's population are exaggerated. The blacks swarm in Hayti like monkeys in the forests; in San Domingo wide areas appear to be uninhabited. It is doubtful if there are two hundred and fifty thousand people in San Domingo.

The island which Columbus chose for his home and his last resting place; which he named for his own beloved Spain; whose capital he called after his father; whose landscapes he affirmed were the most splendid on earth, that island is as marvelous now in its native and inextinguishable beauty as it was when Columbus founded its capital. Under an orderly government, its waste estates would be rapidly reclaimed, its exhaustless riches again made available, its loveliness again made a delight to civilized appreciation.

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

By JOHN F. BROWNELL

With a Portrait of Cardinal Gibbons Drawn from Life by SCOTSON-CLARK as Frontispiece to this Magazine

WHEN the conclave met in Rome to choose a successor to the white hat and imperial estate of the dead Pope Leo, and the imaginative correspondents of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, the Paris *Figaro* and other journalistic Munchausens began sending forth dark hints that James Gibbons, of Baltimore, in Maryland, was being quietly put forward by the trans-Alpine cardinals, and that he might become the conclave's choice; when this mixture of news and flattering fiction crossed the Atlantic, Cardinal Gibbons' friends and fellow-citizens in Baltimore merely smiled. A few weeks before they had met him walking down Charles Street, in frock coat and silk hat, and with a bow for Mr. Jones, the shopkeeper, and for Mrs. Smith, of the sodality, and a smile for Dugan, the policeman on the beat. They knew him as a simple, democratic, kindly old gentleman, and they had heard of the Pope as a helpless slave of pomp and ceremony and a prisoner in the Vatican. Somehow the two pictures seemed to be irreconcilable, and so they doubted.

Therefore, when the news came that the last ballot had been burned and that His Eminence of Venice was sovereign pontiff, the people on the Yankee Tiber prepared to welcome their old friend home right royally and gladly. And when he returned the streets were black with thousands and the bands played and the members of the city council wore their Sunday clothes, there was a thanksgiving in the cathedral and Baltimore took a holiday.

Cardinal Gibbons was an American before he became a priest, and his rise to princely heights in the church has modified his inborn hatred of restricted speech and action but little. His patriotism is of the strongest and his independence is aggressive. but he knows that it is sometimes better to accept compromise than to invite defeat. To all the world he has shown that it is possible to be a good American and a good Catholic without lessening one's faith in either Church or State. Before he laid it down in Rome this doctrine was scarcely accepted. Now it is axiomatic.

Separated from the basilica of St. Peter by three thousand miles of sea and land, Cardinal Gibbons is not one of the men that have a direct vote in the lawmaking of the church and the administration of her government. But even the most casual glance shows that his influence, in the last generation, has been equal to that of any other man of his rank. It was he that first raised a voice against the absolutism and mediæval respect for established authority that, until the other day, hampered Rome's dealings with the New World. The timorous bishops of Quebec—types of the old-fashioned churchman—had condemned the rising tide of trades-unionism as an attack upon public order. Cardinal Gibbons saw in it—poorly expressed, perhaps, but still there—a demand for that personal liberty and right to self-government which he believes belongs to all men. So he braved tradition and custom and made a plea to the Pope for the Knights of Labor, and Leo XIII., having an abiding faith in the American's judgment and foresight, listened to him. As a result the church avoided a fatal blunder and established a new policy—that of permitting its children, in secular affairs, to think for themselves and work out their own salvation.

Again it was Cardinal Gibbons who first spoke a word in Rome for republicanism and freedom of religious thought —as an American understands these things. It was in the first days of his archepiscopate, when he took possession of his titular church of Santa Maria

in Trastevere. The purpose of the church, he said in effect, was to spread the word of Christ and not to meddle in wars and king-making. Catholicism, like every other creed, flourished best where there was most liberty. In the United States the stream of freedom flowed least polluted. Therefore it would profit the church to give heed to the United States and to recognize the republic for what it was—the greatest democracy of all time. And then, to make clear as crystal his idea of freedom, the Cardinal boldly brought forward for the Pope's consideration the millions of Americans not in the faith. "Our separated brethren in America," he called them, and in the spirit, more than in the letter of his address, he showed that that first principle of Americanism—religious liberty—had in him a friend staunch and mighty. No man has done more to extend the power of the Catholic Church in the United States, and no man has done more to rid it of the ancient doctrine that the dissenter is necessarily evil. The other day a rich Jew brought home from Europe a handsome present for the Cardinal. In religion they are as widely separated as men may be, but they are friends, nevertheless. There can be no high wall about a church that Cardinal Gibbons heads.

This Americanism has been evident in all of his official acts and unofficial utterances since the day he was a young priest in Baltimore and his audience was restricted to his parishoners. Several months ago there came news from the West that he had attacked the American public school system—and his friends wondered. As a matter of fact, this report was a good example of the mingling of truth and romance which the cardinal, like other public men, must suffer to injure him in silence. It is not unnatural among churchmen, Catholic and Protestant, to believe that children should be given religious, as well as purely secular instruction. This doctrine is held by bishops of many churches and none have fought for it more valiantly than certain eminent Protestants. That the cardinal holds to it is certain. But that he favors an abandonment of the present public school system is altogether improbable. He has proclaimed in Rome the advantages of having the church and state separate, and time has not changed his views. "Every departure," he once said, "from those Christian principles upon which our social fabric rests, tends to loosen the foundation stones of the republic." Note that he spoke of the ethics and not of the theology of Christianity, and that in the same breath he said: "Our laws, which are only expressions of eternal law, should command our respect and loyal obedience." Surely it is one thing to speak for the Golden Rule and the Decalogue and quite another thing to attack one of the elementary principles of the republic that is based upon them.

That the vast influence Cardinal Gibbons now wields is the outgrowth of the remarkable personality of the man, and not of his position alone, will be understood when the exact nature of this position is called to mind. As Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, the first American See, he ranks above all other prelates in the United States, but in the scheme of church government, he is not their direct superior. The authority of the church is represented in the republic by the apostolic legation at Washington. Thus, when the Cardinal leads, it is largely as a personal force, and his position to-day is due no less to his wonderful influence over men—priest and layman, Catholic and Protestant—than to his membership in the sacred college. He presided over the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1884, and he has been the accepted exponent of American Catholicism ever since that time.

Cardinal Gibbons' rise in the church has been typical, in many respects, of the successful American's career. Were his field commerce or the arts he would be called a self-made man. The elder Gibbonses were Irish and came to Baltimore early in the century. In 1844 they returned to Ireland for a stay of several years and there the boy who was to enter the church received his primary education. In 1853 he entered

St. Charles College, at Ellicott City, Md., and later he studied theology at what is now St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore. June 30, 1861, he was ordained to the priesthood and for several years he lived the life of the average young priest, adjusting the difficulties and administering to the wants of the people in several of the poorer parishes of Baltimore and vicinity. Archbishop Spaulding, whose place he was later to fill, soon recognized his ability, and before long he was private secretary to the archbishop and chancellor of the archdiocese of Baltimore. In 1866 he was assistant chancellor of the Second Plenary Council of the American Church. Two years later he was consecrated bishop of Adramyttium *in partibus infidelium* and vicar apostolic of North Carolina. He was then thirty-four years old.

"I have educated you," said the blunt old archbishop, when he bade farewell to him, "and I have raised you to the age of manhood and given you a ring. Now go root for yourself or die."

The young bishop journeyed to his new field with a light heart. It was unpromising, to be sure, but it was his own, and there he might show what he could do and what he could sacrifice for the church that he served. A wilderness was his diocese and the rude people of the pine woods were his charges. He got close to the heart of the common people in those days and the knowledge thus gained has served him in good stead ever since. He saw Americans conquering the forest and the waste places and it made him believe in them and sympathize with them. There lay the soul of the republic unmasked and he read it and knew. He became a better American for this wandering from hamlet to hamlet; this preaching in church, school house, chapel and home; this going forth into the wilderness to talk to the woodman at his task as man to man. Half a dozen years before, when a priest in a country parish, he had shown his disregard for hardship and danger by nursing back to health an old negro who had fallen a victim to smallpox and had been deserted by his children and left without medicine or food. Now there was even wider opportunity for self-sacrifice, and when, in 1872, Bishop McGill died and the young prelate was translated to the See of Richmond, it was a man who had studied mankind not in vain that came out of the North Carolina woods.

In five years Bishop Gibbons reorganized the diocese of Richmond. When he went there it had seventeen churches. When he left there were twenty-four. Sixteen schools had increased to twenty-six. A vast debt had disappeared and the church was on a firm foundation.

The year 1877 found Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore an invalid, too ill to discharge the duties of his See. Bishop Gibbons was appointed coadjutor to him and soon after, when the venerable archbishop died, he succeeded him as the head of the oldest archdiocese in the United States. Then came the time for the man to stand forth. In 1883 he went to Rome and all Rome began to understand that there was a new force born across the seas and that its influence was mighty. The trade-unionism struggle followed and other new and strange ideas that may have grated a bit at first, began to come from Baltimore. In 1884 the Third Plenary Council met and after that the right of the archbishop to lead was unquestioned. Cardinal McCloskey had died and there was no American cardinal. The red hat fluttered about for a while, amid doubt and speculation. But early in 1886 word came from Rome that it was to be conferred upon Archbishop Gibbons, and on June 30, 1886, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, it was placed upon his head in the Baltimore cathedral.

Cardinal Gibbons is a busy man, but he does not permit work to make a slave of him. He has a big archdiocese to govern, he must receive visitors, great and not so great; he must confirm classes of converts and children—thousands in the course of a year—he must travel up and down the land, he must prepare sermons and preach them, and he must keep abreast of modern thought in the church and out of it—but despite

all this, he seldom misses his daily work, and his routine, when he is at home, is as regular as clock-work.

The Cardinal preaches at the cathedral once a month, and at the big church festivals he usually says the mass. His sermons, of late years, have been short and in the main, doctrinal, but sometimes he startles his hearers with a discourse that is telegraphed all over the country. Once, for instance, he preached a sermon upon the divorce evil, which laid down the law of the church in terms, that to say the least, were unmistakable. Another time he launched forth into an attack upon clubwomen that aroused a controversy still in full blast. Not long ago he preached a sermon flaying sweat-shop owners and endorsing the work of the Consumers' League—an organization that has in its membership more Jews and Protestants than Catholics. But as a rule the Cardinal "sticks to the book." The sermon that followed his denunciation of sweat-shops was a purely academic discourse upon the comforts of faith. He is not a controversialist and there is no hint of the strenuous in him. When he advances a doctrine or a principle, that doctrine or principle, so far as the American church is concerned, is final. But he dislikes disputes with authorities outside the pale.

The Cardinal, very wisely, steers clear of politics, both secular and churchly. His fellow Baltimoreans believe that he is a Democrat, as most of his race and creed are in the South, but though he usually votes on election day, he has never made a public reference to a political question.

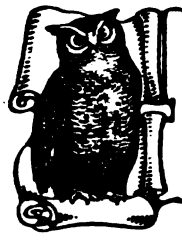
The late President McKinley was a warm friend and admirer of the Cardinal's and President Roosevelt, too, has sought his co-operation and advice, particularly in the matter of the Philippine friars lands. But his eminence has never attempted to use his vast influence for political purposes. He is a churchman, pure and simple, and not a statesman. Recently when he appealed to the primate of Columbia on behalf of the Americans in that country, he gave absolutely no indication of his opinion in the Panama imbroglio. It was as an American priest that he went to the aid of his countrymen—as a priest appealing, not to a government, but to a fellow priest.

Life at the archepiscopal residence is idyllically quiet and peaceful. Once a year there is a great New Year's reception, and the Cardinal receives his friends and fellow-townsmen in his south parlor. At other times, except when his eminence goes upon journeys, the routine is not often broken. It is seldom that other than ecclesiastical visitors are entertained and seldom that the Cardinal goes out to dinner. But as a rule the dark hallways of the old house are as still as a church. In the reception room and upstairs, in the Cardinal's study, there is cheerfulness enough. Books dominate the last named room, for his eminence is an indefatigable student of all things that interest men. And he writes books as well. "The Faith of Our Fathers," the fruit of his missionary work in North Carolina, has passed through nearly seventy-five editions and fully three hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold. It is the best exposition of Catholic doctrine, perhaps, in the language. Another book, "Our Christian Heritage," is less popular. It shows care and thought, but it lacks the spontaneity of the other book.

The Cardinal sees the reporters almost daily and is invariably courteous and patient. Once a cub reporter boldly "faked" one of his sermons, with no other material as a foundation than the text—supplied by a bass fiddle player in the cathedral orchestra—and a few random sentences obtained from an usher who scarcely understood them. Next day, when he made his regular call at the archepiscopal mansion, it was in fear and trembling. But Alonzo, the butler, came downstairs with no summons to the presence above.

"His eminence sez," said Alonzo, "dat he congratulates Mr. —" (the coldly perspiring journalist) "on his good report of the sermon. En he sez dar ain't no news."

The prince of the church was pleased to pardon the sin with sarcasm.



BY WAY OF COMMENT

OUR friends and readers often do this magazine the honor of writing to the Editor. There is nothing that we appreciate more, for letters help us to understand that most baffling of human personalities, The Average Reader. Nobody exists whom the editor knows less about, nor whom he would like to know more intimately, than the Average Reader, which is neither man nor woman, boy nor girl, but apparently a sort of family hodge-podge which nobody ever saw and everybody is thinking about. The Circulation Manager writes persuasive letters to "it." The Advertising Manager talks eloquently about "it." When "it" is pleased the circulation increases, advertisers are satisfied and everybody rejoices. In fact it is the supreme power in every office, and from it the Editor, like every one else, takes his orders. Yet all that we really know about it comes from letters to the Editor.

It is good to know that in some small measure the Editor's regard for the wisdom of the Average Reader is reciprocated. Often he receives letters like this: "I am a subscriber. Please tell me by return mail the relative strength of the Russian and Japanese navies," or again, "I read a copy of your Magazine once. Kindly give me a list of the ten best books for a growing girl," or, "How wet ought you to keep the roots of a geranium?" or again, "What do you think of cold baths in the morning?" or yet again, "About how wide should I open my window at night?" And the Editor answers them all with a comfortable sense of omniscience, hoping for the best.

But the readers who do a magazine real service are those who give information instead of asking it. They express their views frankly. Such and such an article stimulated me. Or, another such story as that you printed last month will positively prevent my buying the magazine again. This is the kind of letter which helps. The only difficulty comes when criticism conflicts. Two people write about the same story, one in eulogy and the other in deprecation. "I know you did not read that story yourself (we quote freely), for you could not have been such a goose as to put it in." Then for a few minutes the Editor is lost in thought, and he remembers how the Scotch mother prayed that the East wind blow steadily to bring her boy home safe from America and how the American mother prayed just as hard for a West wind to bring her son home from Scotland. If you can please a few of the readers a little of the time and get the others to excuse you until their turn comes around, that is about the most an Editor can do.

Letters do help. Write often and write just what you think.

Few attractions can draw such crowds as college athletic contests. The spirit of old Rome is with us yet. At Yale University last year the total receipts of the various athletic teams aggregated one hundred thousand dollars. No wonder that the professors shake their heads. That same one hundred thousand would pay the salaries of half a hundred of them. And why not? Surely if the annual surplus of athletic receipts over expenditures were used to fatten professorial salaries, it would do much to relieve the traditional tension between the professor and the athlete. Possibly it might mitigate the rigor of examinations. Besides there's money in it. We recommend the idea to President Harper, of Chicago University.

A publishing house of reputation has recently advertised a novel as written by "An American woman of exquisite refinement and highest social rank." There seemed no need of adding anything about the novel. Leaving unanswered the interesting question of just what constitutes the "highest social rank" in America, we wonder what the exquisitely refined lady in question thinks of the snobbery of such an advertisement. We hoped that this sort of thing was limited to the society columns, where it belongs. For Heaven's sake keep it away from books.

We are apt to forget, as we sit peacefully at home reading of foreign wars and unpronounceable heroes, that our own soldiers have any other use than occasionally to wear clothes of a gaiety unjustified by any other profession, and to turn out on holidays in processions outdone only by the circus parades. We forget that the Indian frontier posts of twenty years ago, with the skirmishes and deeds that kept them in the public mind, have merely, by the progress of events, been moved some three thousand miles further to the West, and that our army in the Philippines is doing to-day, under more difficult conditions, much the same work that it did among the Indians. It is worth while now and then to think about our men out there, and when, as our way is, we tell stories about them that bring a laugh, to honor them too in earnest, to be not unmindful of their virtues and to think kindly of their faults.

In these days when we hear so much of "graft" and the dishonesty of officials, it is refreshing to find from first hand testimony that one of the great surprises of the immigrant who lands at this port is that, in order to enter the country, he is not obliged to "give up" to all the officials he meets. The honesty and decency in the handling of the immigrants at Ellis Island is a pleasant contrast to the picture Mr. Brandenburg has given in this magazine of their treatment on the other side of the water.

It is often said that we Americans are too hurried to pay any attention to the Fine Arts. A man cannot cut his lunch hour to look at pictures, nor can he give up many evenings to concerts, and as for architecture, he is too much occupied with what goes on inside of his office to give any thought to what the outside looks like. Still there is one art a business man need not interrupt his work to enjoy, that gives as much pleasure in the day time as at night, and the educational effect of which is unconscious and cumulative. That art is sculpture. If statues and sculptural ornaments, beautiful in themselves and making beautiful the squares and streets in which they were placed, were spread about our cities, they would not only be a pleasure and an inspiration in themselves, but they would help enormously the growth of the American public toward a more enlightened cultivation and a truer sense of the worth of that side of life which is not valued in money.

The sight and the knowledge of the sculpture at the St. Louis Fair cannot fail to have an effect on our cities and on our citizens.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By ANNIE PAYSON CALL
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

IV. RESISTANCE

A MAN once grasped a very hot poker with his hand, and although he cried out with pain, held on to the poker. His friend called out to him to drop it, whereupon the man indignantly cried out the more.

"Drop it? How can you expect me to think of dropping it with pain like this? I tell you when a man is suffering, as I am, he can think of nothing but the pain."

And the more indignant he was, the tighter he held on to the poker, and the more he cried out with pain.

This story in itself is ridiculous, but it is startlingly true as an illustration of what people are doing every day.

There is an instinct in us to drop every hot poker at once; and probably we should be able to drop any other form of unnecessary disagreeable sensation as soon as possible, if we had not lost that wholesome instinct through want of use. As it is, we must learn to reacquire the lost faculty by the deliberate use of our intelligence and will.

It is as if we had lost our freedom and needed to be shown the way back to it, step by step. The process is slow but very interesting, if we are in earnest; and when, after wandering in the bypaths, we finally strike the true road, we find our lost faculty waiting for us, and all that we have learned in reaching it is so much added power.

But at present we are dealing in the main with a world which has no suspicion of such instincts or faculties as these, and is suffering along in blind helplessness. A man will drop a hot poker as soon as he feels it burn, but he will tighten his muscles and hold on to a cold in his head so persistently, that he only gets rid of it at all because nature is stronger than he is, and carries it off in spite of him.

How common it is to see a woman entirely wrapped up, with a handkerchief held to her nose—the whole body as tense as it can be—wondering "Why does it take so long to get rid of this cold?" To get free from a severe cold there should be open and clear circulation throughout the whole body. The more the circulation is impeded, the longer the cold will last. To begin with, the cold itself impedes the circulation; and if, in addition, we offer resistance to the very idea of having a cold, we tighten our nerves and our bodies and thereby impede our circulation still further. It is curious that the more we resist a cold the more we hold on to it, but it is a very evident fact; and so is its logical corollary, that the less we resist it the sooner it leaves us.

It would seem absurd to people who do not understand, to say:—

"I have caught cold, I must relax and let it go through me."

But the literal truth is that, when we relax, we open the channels of circulation in our bodies, and so allow the cold to be carried off. In addition to the relaxing, long, quiet breaths help the circulation still more, and so help the cold to go off sooner.

In the same way people resist pain and hold on to it; when they are attacked with severe pain, they at once devote their entire attention to the sensation of pain, instead of devoting it to the best means of getting relief. They double themselves up tight, and hold on to the place that hurts. Then all the nervous force tends toward the sore place and the tension retards the circulation and makes it difficult for nature to cure the pain, as she would spontaneously if she were only allowed to have her own way.

I once knew a little girl who, whenever she hit one elbow, would at once deliberately rub the other. She said that she had discovered that it took her mind away from the elbow that hurt, and so stopped its hurting sooner. The use of a counter irritant is not uncommon with good physicians, but the counter irritant only does what is much more effectually accomplished when the patient uses his will and intelligence to remove the original irritant by ceasing to resist it.

A man who was troubled with spasmodic contraction of the throat once went to a doctor in alarm and distress. The doctor told him that, in any case, nothing worse than fainting could happen to him, and that, if he fainted away, his throat would be relieved, because the fainting would relax the muscles of the throat, and the only trouble with it was contraction. Singularly, it did not seem to occur to the doctor that the man might be taught to relax his throat by the use of his own will, instead of having to faint away in order that nature might do it for him. Nature would be just as ready to help us if we were intelligent, as when she has to knock us down, in order that she may do for us what we do not know enough to do for ourselves.

There is no illness that could not be much helped by quiet relaxing on the part of the patient, so as to allow nature and remedial agencies do their work more easily.

That which keeps relief away in the case of the cold, of pain, and of many illnesses, is the contraction of the nerves and muscles of the body, which impedes the curative power of its healing forces. The contraction of the nerves and muscles of the body is caused by resistance in the mind, and resistance in the mind is unwillingness: unwillingness to endure the distress of the cold, the pain, or the illness, whatever it may be; and the more unwilling we are to suffer from illness, the more we are hindering nature from bringing about a cure.

One of the greatest difficulties in life is illness when the hands are full of work, and of business requiring attention. In many cases the strain and anxiety, which causes resistance to the illness, is even more severe, and makes more trouble than the illness itself.

Suppose, for instance, that a man is taken down with the measles, when he feels that he ought to be at his office, and that his absence may result in serious loss to himself and others. If he begins by letting go, in his body and in his mind, and realizing that the illness is beyond his own power, it will soon occur to him that he might as well turn his illness to account by getting a good rest out of it. In this frame of mind his chances of early recovery will be increased, and he may even get

up from his illness with so much new life and with his mind so much refreshed as to make up, in part, for his temporary absence from business. But, on the other hand, if he resists, worries, complains and gets irritable, he irritates his nervous system and, by so doing is likely to bring on any one of the disagreeable troubles that are known to follow measles; and thus he may keep himself housed for weeks, perhaps months, instead of days.

Another advantage in dropping all resistance to illness, is that the relaxation encourages a restful attitude of mind, which enables us to take the right amount of time for recovery, and so prevents either a possible relapse, or our feeling only half well for a long time, when we might have felt wholly well, from the time we first began to take up our life again. Indeed the advantages of non-resistance in such cases are innumerable, and there are no advantages whatever in resistance and unwillingness.

Clear as these things must be to any intelligent person whose attention is turned in the right direction, it seems most singular that not in one case in a thousand are they deliberately practiced. People seem to have lost their common sense with regard to them, because for generations the desire for having our own way has held us in bondage, and confused our standard of freedom; more than that, it has befogged our sense of natural law, and the result is that we painfully fight to make water run up hill when, if we were to give one quiet look, we should see that better things could be accomplished, and our own sense of freedom become keener, by being content to let the water quietly run down and find its own level.

It is not normal to be ill and to be kept from our everyday use, but it is still less normal for a healthy, intelligent mind to keep its body ill longer than is necessary by resisting the fact of illness. Every disease, though it is abnormal in itself, may frequently be kept within bounds by a certain normal course of conduct, and, if our suffering from the disease itself is unavoidable, by far our wisest course is to stand aside, so to speak, and let it take its own course, using all necessary remedies and precautions in order that the attack may be as mild as possible.

Many readers, although they see the common sense of such non-resistance, will find it difficult to practice it, because of their inheritances and personal habits.

The man who held the hot poker only needed to drop it with his fingers; the man who is taken ill only needs to be willing with his mind and to relax with his nerves in order to hasten his recovery.

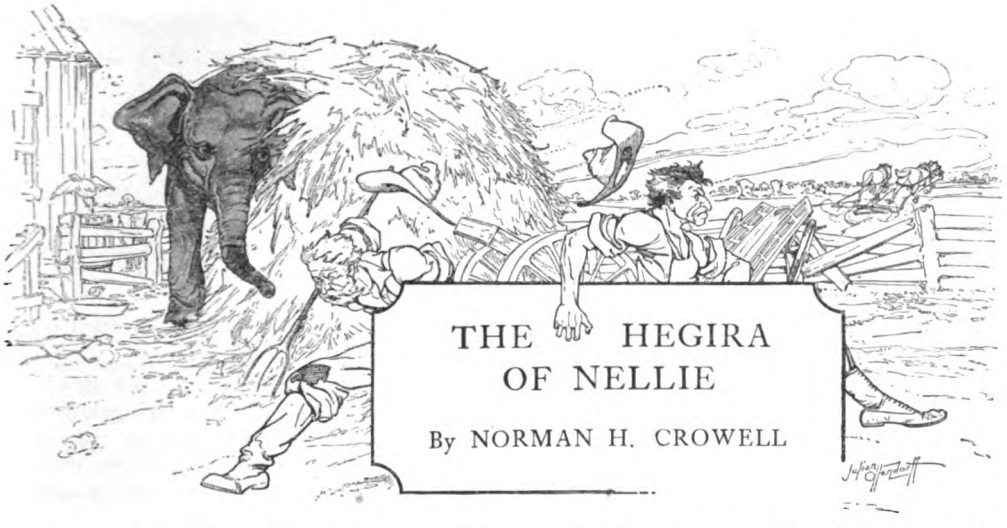
A very useful practice is to talk to ourselves so quietly and earnestly as to convince our brains of the true helpfulness of being willing, and of the impediment of our unwillingness. Tell the truth to yourself over and over, quietly and without emotion, and steadily and firmly contradict every temptation to think that it is impossible not to resist. If men could once be convinced of the very real and wonderful power they have of teaching their own brains, and exacting obedience from them, the resulting new life and ability for use would make the world much happier and stronger.

This power of separating the clear, quiet common sense in ourselves from the turbulent, willful rebellion and resistance, and so quieting our selfish natures and compelling them to normal behavior, is truly latent in us all. It may be difficult at first to use it, especially in cases of strong, perverted natures and fixed habits, because in such cases our resistances are harder and more interior, but if we keep steadily on, aiming in the right direction,—if we persist in the practice of keeping ourselves separate from our unproductive turbulences, and of teaching our brains what we *know* to be the truth, we shall finally find ourselves walking on level ground, instead of climbing painfully up hill. Then we shall be only grateful for all the hard work which was the means of bringing us into the clear air of freedom.

There could not be a better opportunity to begin our training in non-resistance than that which illness affords.

The next article will be on hurry, worry, and irritability.

MARGINALIA



THE HEGIRA OF NELLIE

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

THROUGH the midnight shadows of a narrow street moved a lumbering mass —huge, slow and noiseless. Beside it, the dim figure of a man staggered along with uncertain steps, mumbling occasional low words to his towering companion to which she answered by gentle puffings indicative of her absolute trust in him.

Jenkins was on his way to the loading switch but, unconsciously, had been bearing away strongly to the left for upwards of a half hour. Several blocks behind his charge had hesitated in her gait upon hearing the deep bass voice of old Nero, the lion, far to her right, but Jenkins had urged her on. Young and innocent, she had rolled her nine thousand odd pounds of bulk along uncomplainingly, happy so long as Jenkins was at hand to protect her.

The street grew darker, and Nellie, in consequence, kept her eye the closer upon the laboring form beside her. When Jenkins lagged, she lagged; when he made speed, she quickened her pace. Presently Jenkins stumbled at a crossing and fell heavily. Nellie stopped and waited for him to rise. After a reasonable time, she reversed herself and extended an inquiring proboscis toward her prostrate keeper.

In a pocket of his coat she located a strange glass affair with a cork in it. She tossed it into a vacant lot near by. She next inserted the tip of her trunk beneath Jenkins' collar and blew down his spine—a favorite performance with her. This time, however, he did not respond with the accustomed caress.

Coiling her trunk into the slack at Jenkins' waist line, she gently shook the man. He swore with a heavy lisp and struck out with his clenched hand. Nellie stood flapping her ears thoughtfully, a feeling of loneliness stealing over her. She glanced up at the dark houses that loomed sepulchrally on either hand and again tried to rouse her lord. He was, however, blissfully at sea and her efforts went unrewarded.

Nellie crooked her right hind knee in a studious attitude and pondered. She felt deserted and blinked bravely to keep back the tears as she thought of her comfortable car and the society of little Pete, her chum.

As she was turning the matter over in her mind an intruder came upon the scene. A small whiskered muzzle appeared at a crack in the rough boards, followed immediately by two beady black eyes. A tiny scratching and the animal came out to view, its twitching nostrils focussed intently upon the giant bulk before it. Nellie was so absorbed in her thoughts that the newcomer was not observed for some seconds. Then suddenly, her cheek blanched and her knees smote together in a frenzy of horror.

A mouse! Alone at midnight with a mouse!

The roof nestled cosily about Nellie's broad back.

Nellie's heart beat furiously and she lifted her trunk in a panic of fear. The mouse advanced two inches—it was too much for mortal elephant, and with a shriek of fright Nellie wheeled and sped from the scene. Hysterical and ready to drop from exhaustion, she at length relaxed her pace. The tall buildings had given place to broad fields and she felt easier in consequence. The narrow street was now a wide, comfortable highway, bordered by trees and hedges.

Nellie drew a shivering breath and glanced backward to make sure she was not being pursued by the enemy. Hearing nothing, she began plodding on, talking to herself in a strange African tongue and longing for Jenkins.

Presently her quick ear caught the sound of voices—someone was approaching. The rattling of loose spokes told her that some sort of a vehicle was abroad and she hoped it would be one of the bright yellow Roman chariots that she had often admired. As the cart came nearer she edged up to the hedge on her right and paused, thinking to pass unobserved. She beheld two men behind lighted cigars, punctuating a rather verbose conversation by strenuous whacks across the ribs of a decrepit white horse.

"Git up there, Bill! Be you dead?" Evidently this was to the horse, thought Nellie. Another voice laughed hoarsely.

"Too old, Sol! Can't 'spect that an'mal to be no racehoss at his aige!" said the laugher.

"No-o, of course! But he orter—say whoa! what's th'—whoa there! Bill, whoa-oa-oa!"

But Bill had regained his youth like the eagle and was annihilating distance like a conflagration. Nellie turned her head and listened. From the rattling distance a dull crash, with yells, came dimly back—Bill had been obstructed in his flight.

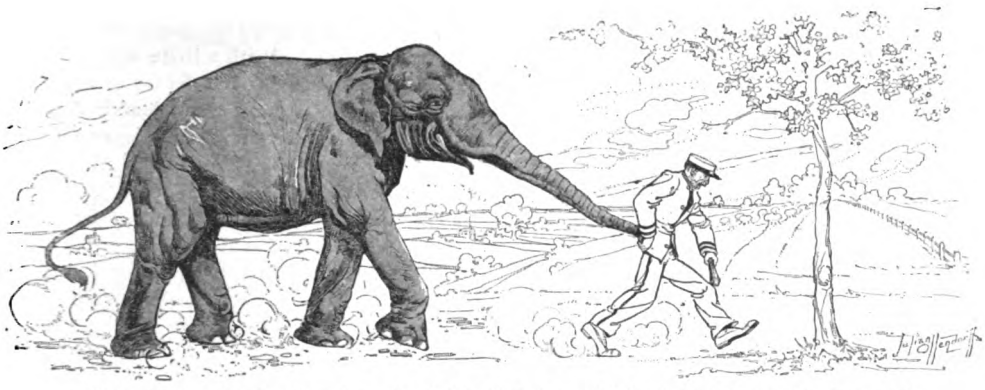
Nellie rubbed gently at a ticklish spot on her shoulder before stepping gingerly out into the thoroughfare to resume her way. An hour went by and the pangs of hunger manifested themselves. She stopped and studied. Hunger suggested hay—hay suggested Jenkins—should she return and try to find her master? She pondered the question a moment before she remembered the danger, then, with a quick toss of her head she told herself that not for gold would she face the hideous monster that lurked near her fallen keeper.

Five minutes steady plodding and her eye lit on a barn close by the road. Rich, succulent hay protruded from a lower window and Nellie's attention was arrested instantly. She spent some time analyzing the gate, then, giving it up, stepped on it and passed through. Sidling up to the barn she began stowing the juicy edible down her pink mouth in supreme content.

Inside the barn arose strange sounds—snortings, pawings, stampings—Nellie wondered why horses behaved so badly at night when they ought to be soundly sleeping.

She reached in through the window, gathered a wisp and started to bring it back. It resisted—she pulled harder and a wild panic ensued within, mingled with piercing squeals. Suddenly realizing that she had grasped a whisp of a horse's mane, Nellie relaxed her grip in extreme mortification. The pandemonium inside increased—Nellie felt dubious and crowded up to the barn timidly.

A door slammed viciously and excited voices became audible. Nellie thought of Jenkins, far, far away, and little shivers of fear shook her frame. She wondered if she was doing wrong.



The steady, lumbering parade stride that brought back happiness to her soul.

Two forms appeared around the corner, one swinging a lantern.

"See anything, Bud?" remarked the taller.

"Nope, not a darn—Great Scott! Yow-oo!"

The forms vanished, leaving the lantern, which Nellie at once picked up. She had often carried a lantern for Jenkins and was femininely proud of the accomplishment. She sought the gate and wended her way off up the inky lane, swinging the lantern in broad waves before her.

A mile brought her in range of a seductive smoke house and she paused to inspect it. A broad door permitted her entrance, and, aided by the lantern, she was industriously creating havoc among rows of cured ham, when she distinguished rapidly approaching footsteps.

"Up with your hands, Jim Higgins!" called a rude voice close by.

Nellie wheeled about quickly. The result was disastrous—the walls burst to right and left, leaving the roof nestling cozily about Nellie's broad back. Picking up the lantern she raced madly many rods ere she could shake the roof off. How her pulse throbbed as she waved the crushed lantern, wondering why it gave no light.

The air grew chilly and Nellie thought wistfully of her warm berth in her private car. Her eyelids grew heavy and, after heroic efforts, she decided to seek out a place and sleep. A narrow lane presented itself and Nellie entered it. A low-roofed house close at hand attracted her and she approached. Suddenly she stopped—her heart beating hopefully. There was a window in the house exactly like the one in her car—perhaps Jenkins was inside!

She drew nearer and examined the window—it was open just as the one in the car always was. Then she pushed her trunk within and felt deftly about. Ah—a bed—and a man in it! Yes—whiskers like Jenkins'—and a big Adam's apple! He was snoring, too—just as Jenkins did. She inserted the tip of her trunk under the sleeper's collar and blew—gently at first—then forcibly. A movement—then a blood-curdling yell went up.

"Oo-o-oo! Murther! Bridgit! Oo-oo!"

Surely that was not Jenkins' voice and Nellie hastily withdrew, feeling abashed. The yells continued till she was far up the road.

A cozy-looking straw-pile next drew her and she made for it, stampeding a herd of fat, black animals, who darted off with peculiar "woof-woof-woofs" that caused her heart to leap into her throat. She ensconced herself, and, fatigued from her night's experience, soon slept soundly.

She was awakened by hearing something moving about on the opposite side of the stack. Slowly arising, Nellie stretched herself and listened.

"Funny what ails them horses," said a voice. "Whoa, Jim! Never knew 'em to act so."

"Act like they was scairt," replied another. "Back, Bess—whoa, now!"

Nellie proceeded around the stack to investigate the mystery. Suddenly she met the protruding eyeballs and distended nostrils of a pair of very frightened horses. To express her friendliness, Nellie lifted her trunk, when—

Snort, snort, rattle, crash! The horses took the six-board fence at a bound, leaving the rack on a post. Nellie watched the flight in amazement—then went on around the

stack. Two men, leaning on pitchforks, were gazing off across the fields in the direction of the disappearing team.

"Well, wouldn't that—Cæsar's ghost! What's that! Leg it, Hen!"

The men faded like morning mist.

Tired, hungry, sleepy and melancholy, Nellie went back and burrowed into the warm straw. Voices again interfered with her dreams and she lifted one ear interestedly.

"She's on this side, feller!" said some one, a long way off.

"All right!" This was much closer and sounded familiar. Nellie raised the ear higher.

A rustling of straw and an unshaved, red-eyed man came into view. Joy—'twas Jenkins—her Jenkins! With a little squeal of delight, Nellie rocked to her feet and wrapped her trunk affectionately about Jenkins' waist while he clubbed her shoulders vigorously to show his pleasure. Then she instituted a thorough search of his pockets, blew down his neck and flapped her ears in ecstacy.

"Come on, Nell!" said Jenkins. She blew the chaff from her broad back and fell into the steady, lumbering, parade stride that brought back happiness to her soul. Jenkins carried the tip of her trunk in his hand for nearly a mile—Nellie made him do it.

THE CRUISE OF THE "SARY ANN"

By WALTER A. DYER

I READ a book the other day,
A clever piece of writin';
'Twas all about a shipwrecked crew,
An', say! it was excitin'.

The *Sary Ann* was the schooner's name,
An' she was a tight tarpaulin,
An' the crew they sang this merry tune
While the capstan they was hawlin':

"Heave, ho! my lads, the wind's Nor' Nor',
An' it's jolly sailors' weather,
So we'll heave the log on the hurricane deck,
And hiver our timbers together."

The cap'n's name was Mr. Hobbs,
An' he was a jolly skipper,
An' the bo's'n by the mizzen-mast
Bailed out the jib with a dipper.

At about eight bells the ship ran afoul,
An' the cap'n yells like thunder,
"Abaft the beam, my gallant lads,
An' run the galley under!"

An' Jones, the mate, cried, "Hoist the helm,
An' reef your bloomin' jaw, sir!"
Bill Blinks, he clumb a marlin spike,
An' furled the forrard hawser.

An' then they made the yard-arm fast,
An' shipped the jury spanker,
Belayed the hatch with steerin' gear,
An' then run up the anchor.

But the ship went down with all on board,
While nine bells was a-ringin',
An' the cap'n swore an awful oath,
But the sailors still was singin':

"Heave, ho! my lads, avast! ay, ay!
'Tis jolly sailors' weather;
Scuttle the fore to'gallant truck,
An' all bend sail together."

ABSENT TREATMENT

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

A YOUNG mother left her baby with her obliging mother-in-law, one night, in order to attend the wedding of a relative who lived in a town about a hundred miles distant. The young woman, apparently free from all family cares, spent an enjoyable evening; but just as the newly-wedded couple were preparing to depart on the midnight train, an expression of acute anxiety flashed across the young mother's countenance.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, clutching her husband's arm. "There was *one* thing that I forgot to tell your mother to do for the baby, and he'll never go to sleep without it. You *must* go right out and send her a telegram."

"Nonsense," said George, "this isn't the first baby she's taken care of."

"But George, she'll never think of doing just the right thing, and the baby is so perfectly trained that he won't accept any substitute. I *know* he's crying hard at this very minute."

She was right. A hundred miles away a weary grandmother was at her wit's end because she could think of nothing that would pacify a wailing infant who was most wretchedly sleepy yet utterly unable to go to sleep. She was pacing wearily back and forth in the nursery to the accompaniment of her grandson's howls when the door bell rang and her daughter-in-law's telegram arrived. Tearing it open the tired, perplexed grandmother read:—

"Lay baby on his stomach in the crib."

Two minutes later, the baby, adjusted to his liking, was sound asleep.

SPRING AND OTHER THINGS

By KENNETT HARRIS

I KNOW that this may cause you pain,
But it's the proper thing.
You can't expect me to refrain
From chanting Gentle Spring.

And yet I've always thought that I must strive
To make my rhyme go hand in hand with reason,
And even poets must be quite alive
To all the little drawbacks of the season.
I love Fair Spring, and yet I have to own
She's—well, to put it mildly, she's capricious;
At times I may say she has really shown
A tendency to be plain, downright vicious.

Gentle Spring, my tuneful lyre
I, perforce, am strumming
Undismayed by tokens dire
That attend thy coming—

Hail to thee! But softly, dear!
That's one little failing
I regret; thou art, I fear,
Too blamed fond of hailing.

Crowned with flowers sweet to smell,
Sceptered with a lily,
Why so tearful, pri'thee tell?
Why so bleak and chilly?
All the glories of thy reign
Shortly will be waning
If we've reason to complain
Much more of thy raining.

How can lambkins on the grass
Do their stunt of sporting?
How can loving lad and lass
Do their springtide courting?
For thy sake I have to blush
When my Chloe sloshes
Through thy coverlet of slush,
Wearing her galoshes.

Another thing, she's young. Well, I suppose
When Chloe's old she'll find the satisfaction,
As in the Circle with the rest she sews,
Of adverse criticism and detraction.
That's not a foible wholly feminine:
Some men I've heard brag of their virtues youthful
And hit us young ones hard; but I incline
To think that they are—not exactly truthful.

A cunning little trilobite
Lived in the old Silurian time—
A hardy protozoic mite,
Conceived of argillaceous slime.
His was the privilege to view
The ramphorhynchus in its flight;
The dinosaur, likewise, he knew,
This cunning little trilobite.

Before earth's crust was fairly cool
From igneous fluidity
He swam the paleozoic pool
And on old Potsdam sported free.
He watched the rhynchosaurus feed
And took great pleasure in the sight.
He'd opportunities indeed,
This cunning little trilobite.

He scuttled from the pterichthys;
The bathygnathus looked upon.
He heard the pterodactyl hiss
The bounding labyrinthodon.
The durydorus serridens
When fairly spoiling for a fight
Would chase him to his native fens,
This cunning little trilobite.

He's barely with the present linked—
A crusted petrifaction now.
He long ago became extinct—
A good thing too, as you'll allow.

He cannot prose at length to show
  This present age has nothing right,
Like other fossils that we know,
  This cunning little trilobite.

A perfect state of things would bore
  Me like the very deuce.
A model world I'd much deplore.
  I would have no excuse
(A thing I knowx would grieve me sore)
  For half of my abuse.
And oh, how deadly dull and flat
  This pleasant life would be!
I'd pine for a refreshing spat
  If we should all agree,
And long for so much badness that
  Is good enough for me.

I knew a man, a hearty simple soul
  I loved,—though he was much my way of thinking—
With no desire to exercise control,
  Who had acquired a kindly way of winking
At little virtues. He possessed a child—
  A very imp. I could have done without him.
Ten minutes of that infant drove me wild,
  But this is how his father talked about him:

I tell you what you'll seldom find a kid
  Much smarter than the one 'at calls me "Paw."
If I begun to tell you what he did,
  The trouble 'at he gives me an' his Maw,
'Twould take a month o' Sundays, I sh'd say.
  He's allus cuttin' up some sort o' shine,
An' then, by Jucks! he's got the slickest way
  O' workin' me, that little kid o' mine.

The racket 'at he makes around the place
  Beats all git out, for one as small as him
The heap o' dirt he gits upon his face
  An' han's is suthin won'erful. The limb
Keeps both of us a hustlin' 'round, an' then
  We never sorter make him toe a line.
But I can't keep a mad up at him when
  I think, it's jest that little kid o' mine.

It's kinder lonesome when them noises cease
  At night an' he is tucked up in his bed.
We reerlize 'at quiet isn't peace
  An' ruther have him 'round a raisin' Ned.
I tiptoe up to where he lays asleep,
  All rosy—an' I ask the Pow'r Divine
'At, if it's all the same to Him, to keep
  The Devil in that little Kid o' mine.

I an sure I don't know how I rambled off so,
  But I seem to be prone to digressing,
And I frequently find that condition of mind
  Many people consider distressing.
But you'll pardon, I trust—yes, you certainly must—
  The bad way that my fancy takes wing.
Any flight you'll endure with content, I am sure,
  For I started to write about Spring.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"The People of the Abyss," by Jack London.

This volume is the personal account of a descent into the Hell of the slums of London. In the "Capital of the World," one adult in every four dies on public charity. There, almost two million people live in families which have a total weekly income under five dollars, and in many of the lodging houses beds are let on the three relay system, eight hours to a tenant. The book gives a very terrible account of one of the most awful human problems. (Macmillan.)

"My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland.

"My Friend Prospero," is an Englishman of gentle lineage, poor as poverty and correspondingly proud, living for six francs a day in Italy, which Mr. Harland loves to describe. "Sun flecked and shadow dappled," it is a garden of rhododendron, ilex and cypress. A lovely heiress enters the paradise but Prospero is too proud to declare his love, until under the tuition of an excellent aunt the lady speaks her own mind.

The story is a pretty idyll, iridescent with color and perfumed like a milliner. (McClure, Philips & Co.)

"Mrs. M'Lerie," by J. J. Bell.

Our readers are familiar with the best of these stories published in LESLIE'S MAGAZINE under the title of "Domesticities." The broad Gaelic in which they are told veils but cannot hide the author's whimsical appreciation of the two old gossips of a Scotch village.

It is a book of genuine humor, delightful to those for whom dialect has no terrors. (The Century Co.)

"The Holladay Case," by Burton E. Stevenson.

A mystery that is a remarkably original and entertaining one for the first hundred pages, and even after that a book that no one will put down until they have satisfied themselves of the rather lame explanation of the murder. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"All's Fair in Love," by Josephine Caroline Sawyer.

Another historical novel with too much history to be a good novel, and too much novel to be good history. The Douglasses, Percys, Henry V. and other authenticated celebrities of the period lend a certain glamor of fact to a moderately interesting love story. The illustrations in color are a distinct addition to the book. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"The Little Chevalier," by M. E. M. Davis.

A timely Louisiana story of the early French days of the colony; the dashing period when duels, lettres de cachét and girls masquerading as men made up the daily routine of a young man's life. As light as whipped cream, as harmless and as unsustaining. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"The Adventurer in Spain," by S. R. Crockett.

Although his book is ostensibly the record of a ramble in Spain, the author evidently borrows of his invention to enhance the adventures of his journey. And happily so, for years of practice have made Mr. Crockett far more at home in romance than in the world most of us are obliged to live in.

The book has color and vivacity, a pleasant interplay of humor and sentiment and a sincere appreciation of a country second to none other in the world for romantic interest. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

"Denis Dent," by E. W. Hornung.

To those of our readers who did not follow the serial progress of this novel in LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, we recommend it as a book of healthy adventure on sea and land, as a love story neither unconventional nor passionate, but not without attraction, and finally as a good example of Mr. Hornung's recognized skill in describing a rapid series of perilous adventures. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

"Her Infinite Variety," by Brand Whitlock.

An amusing little satire wherein the hero, an athletic and susceptible young statesman, discovers how thorny is the path of the advocate of woman's political rights. Mr. Christy's illustrations show more consideration for the two heroines than for the hero. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company).

"The Ultimate Moment," by W. R. Lighton.

A well written and forcible study of Western life and politics. There is a good deal of fun in the story in spite of the tendency of all the characters to take themselves too seriously. (Harper & Brothers.)

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AND HOW THEY JUGGLE CONVENTIONS

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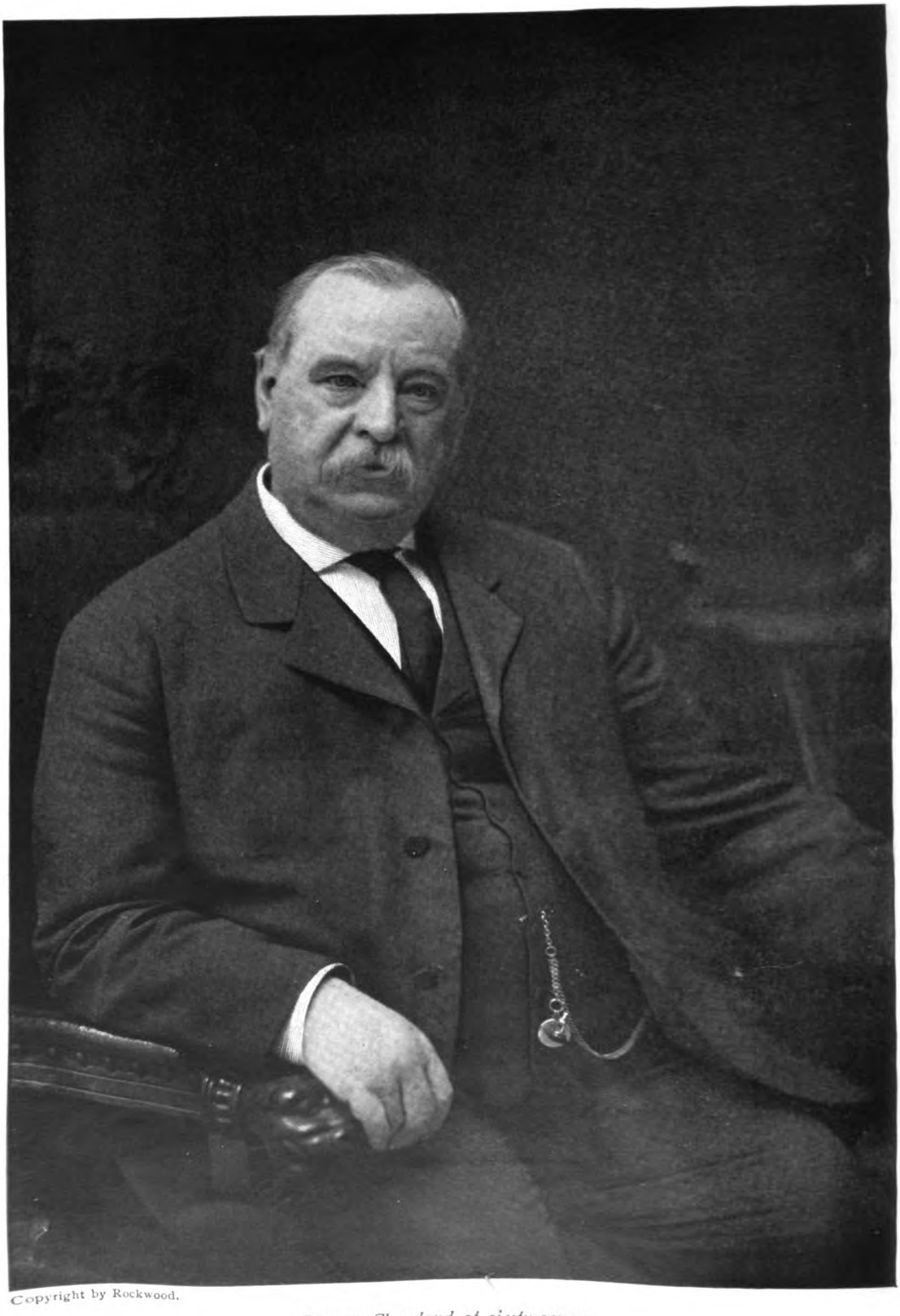
THE MOCKING-BIRD

By HENRY VAN DYKE

IN mirth he mocks the other birds at noon,
Catching the lilt of every easy tune;
But in the night he sings his own wild song,—
Love,—only love! beneath the listening moon.



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Grover Cleveland at sixty-seven.

This is Mr. Cleveland's latest portrait and he regards it as his best.

LESLIE'S
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VOLUME LVIII. JUNE, 1904 No 2.

THE MEN WHO MAKE PRESIDENTS

An Intimate Account of the National Conventions. Here Politicians are in Control; the People do not Have to be Reckoned With Till Later

By JAMES MURRAY ALLISON

THE history of our national politics has been the story of constant increase in the cumbrous machinery of party methods and, whether it is in factories or politics, machinery is not built to be operated by green hands. Every added belt and cog and wheel makes it just so much harder for the layman to understand, and each year of our history has made the political experts who stand between us and the men we elect to high office just so much the more necessary to us. From an art politics has become a science, and its mastery demands a complete and technical skill undreamed of in earlier and simpler days.

WOODEN MEN AS DELEGATES

The men who really "run things" at national conventions grow constantly fewer in numbers. The average delegate, nominally the direct representative of the voters of his party, is nowadays scarcely more of a factor in the choice of candidates than the slowest-witted voter in his home ward. When John Jones in his law office or treading the broad acres of his farm, conceives of the idea of becoming one of his party's representatives in the important business of selecting the candidates on the national ticket, he is usually helped to the conception by the suggestion of some practical politician of his district who is then occupying or expecting to occupy some office of trust and remuneration. Mr. Jones has been sounded and found to be a man who can be depended upon in all contingencies. He is a man who has been recognized as a staunch party man who "doesn't want anything." The honor of going as a national delegate is enough for him. But for each dozen Joneses in every national convention there is one practical politician—generally an officeholder if he is a Republican, or an ex-officeholder if he is a Democrat—who wants a little something more than the honor. It is this one man in twelve, or thereabouts, who does the nominating. The others might better be at home trying law cases, selling goods or raising dollar wheat. Party discipline among Republicans prevents the individual from obtruding; among Democrats the unit rule does the trick. There is, of course, and not infrequently, a spirited contest in the county or district convention which elects delegates to the national conven-

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tion, but the men who are candidates for election as delegates have very little to do with that unless they happen to belong to the class which constitutes about one in twelve of the whole. The ordinary delegate has said to the diplomatic friend who approached him that he favors the candidacy of some one, and the politicians do the rest. He is merely a red or black pawn in the game. After the local convention he is carted to the national convention and voted as he has been tagged.

tion ; everything will be attended to. They needn't even be present in their seats to vote. The chairman of the State delegation knows how they are going to vote. National conventions, under the apportionments of late years, have had a nominal voting strength, in round numbers, of from twelve hundred to two thousand delegates. These figures are entirely deceptive. There is never a time in the proceedings of any convention when a vote cannot be had either way on any

The Republican Convention in 1900 at Philadelphia.
Chairman M. C. Hanna is seated at a table just above the first steps.

When the delegate reaches the convention city he is called to a meeting of the delegates from his State. A chairman of the delegation and members of the convention committees are elected. Here is where the one-in-twelve element comes out strong. The ordinary dummy delegates get tickets and badges and, perhaps, ornamental canes bearing lead images of a favorite candidate which rub off black on your hands. That's all. For the rest of it, Jones, Smith and Brown can go out and see the city. They needn't worry about the convenproposition by the one hundred and fifty or two hundred men who are running things. These are the leaders, who go as delegates at large, the practical politicians—the one-in-twelve file closers in the ranks. And the delegates whom they herd like sheep are the representatives of the voting millions.

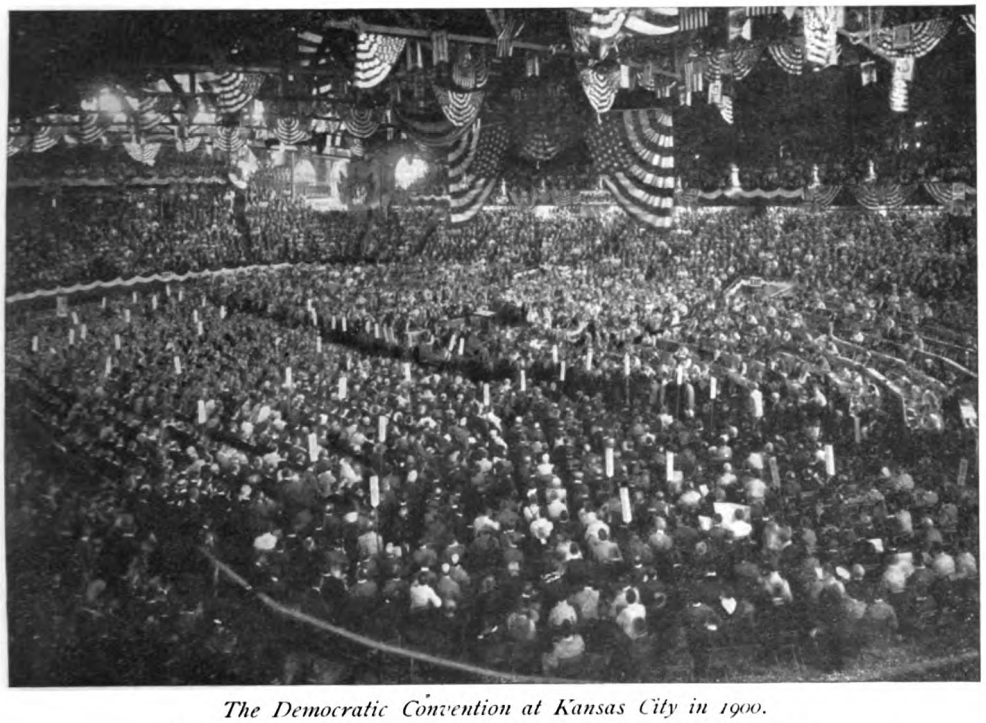
PROFESSIONAL METHODS

With the professional politician in control we may well expect to have things run in a strictly professional manner, and every convention of recent

years has been rife with incidents which give one a very clear idea of the figure a green delegate must cut should he try to "buck the game."

When President Harrison was a candidate for renomination, in 1892, the situation was not dissimilar to that which obtains at present. The Federal machine was for him. The leaders of his party, without daring to make open declaration, were largely against him. The developments in Minneapolis embittered Harrison for life against several men whom he had hitherto counted his friends. I have heard from his own lips the story of the last conversation between him and McKinley, when the latter, then an Ohio Congressman, was leaving Washington to go to Minneapolis. "He said to me," said Harrison, "'Mr. President, I am now going to Minneapolis, and I have come to receive my last instructions from you. I beg of you to count upon my friendship and to command me in anything in which I can serve you.' Then he shook hands with me—not with one hand, but with both of them. And you know what happened after he got there."

It was after the election of McKinley as permanent chairman had been assured, and when Harrison's position seemed undermined, that Estes G. Rathbone,* directed, probably, by a message over the private wire from the White House, put into operation a plan which saved the day. Shrewd manipulation and a combination of opposing forces had defeated the administration managers in the preliminaries of the convention. They knew that they had enough pledged votes in the delegations to nominate Harrison, if none were "stolen" from them. To stem the adverse tide and get an immediate and definite showing of the Harrison strength was imperatively necessary. Therefore, Major Rathbone called his famous "market-house meeting." Every Harrison delegate was summoned and given to understand that he must be present, without regard to any other arrangements he might have made. As



The Democratic Convention at Kansas City in 1900.

This Convention was as turbulent as the Republican one was harmonious.

* This is the same Rathbone who later acquired so much notoriety in Cuba.—THE EDITORS.

most of the Harrison delegates were postmasters or beneficiaries in some other way of the Federal pay-rolls, they came. A roll of the meeting was called and each man, by name, signified his intention to vote for Harrison. The whole matter was given to the press and that ended the fight. Harrison was nominated before the convention was organized. The Blaine people were disarmed and McKinley, as permanent chairman, found that his hands were tied. Then Foraker, chairman of the Ohio delegation, characteristically seized the opportunity to humiliate McKinley, casting the vote of Ohio for him for the Presidential nomination. McKinley, then presiding over the convention, protested in vain. The inference was left that it was his own candidacy and neither that of Blaine nor of Harrison that he had been attempting to assist.

WALL STREET LOSES CONTROL

The year 1896 marked a great change in the practical political conditions of this nation. Up to the time of the Democratic National Convention of that year the process of President-making had been in some degree an exact science. That is, certain conditions, definitely controlled by certain influences, operated with uniform effect in the affairs of both the great parties and regulated, wholly outside of professional politics, the nominations of candidates for the presidency.

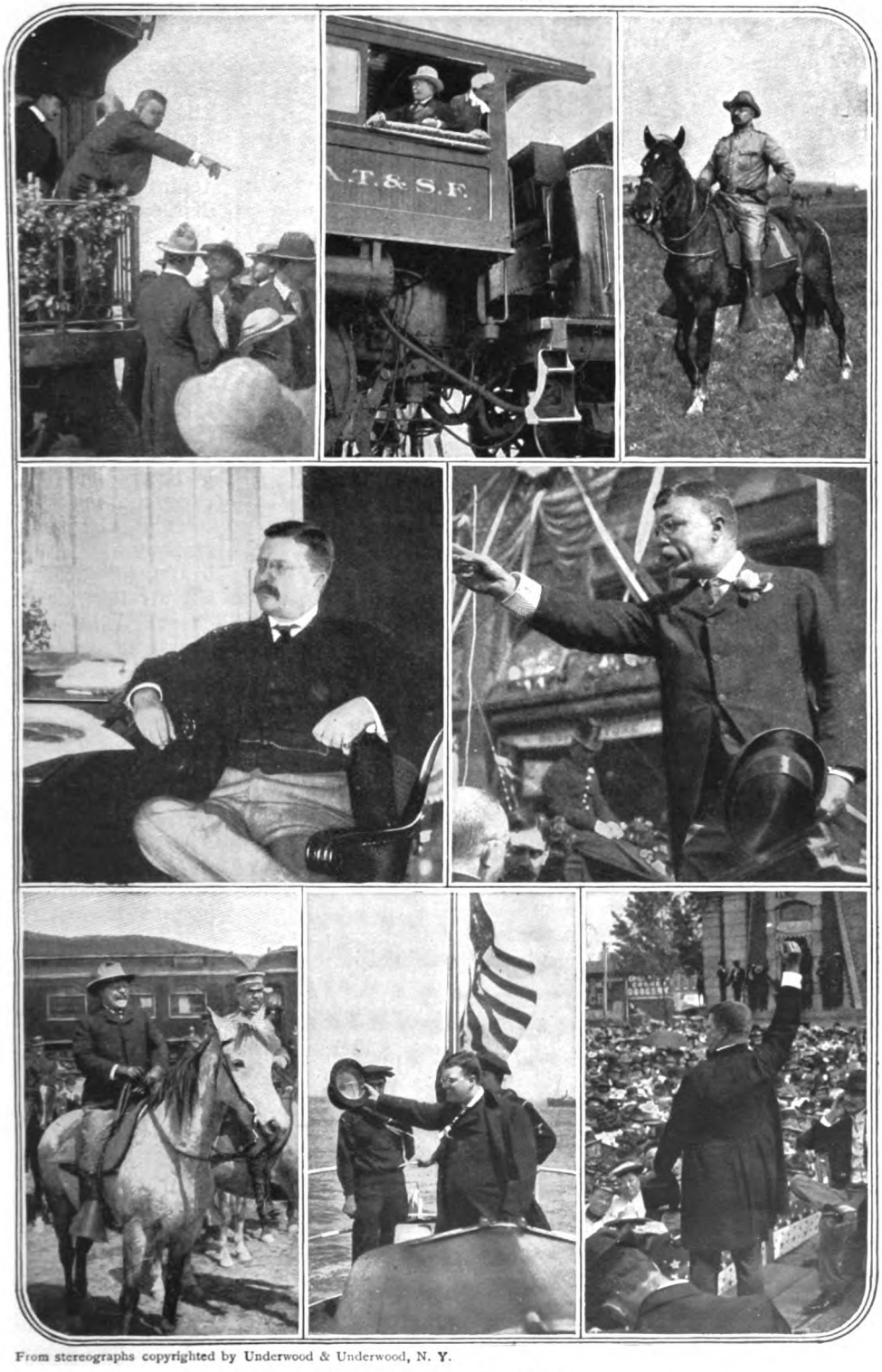
The national gatherings of the elected representatives of the voters of America operated by set rule. It took a certain kind of a man to be a presidential nominee, either of the Republican or Democratic party. Any other kind of a man couldn't get a nomination in either party. He couldn't be even a prominent aspirant for one in any convention. The system of fairly equal party division was not contemplated in the constitutional establishment of the plan of national elections. The national convention is an artificial and intrinsically unnecessary feature of American elections. It grew of itself, after our election system had been made, and it lent itself, up to 1896, to the invisible but unvarying control of commercialism.

Up to 1896, the nominee of either party has simply had to be acceptable to the great financial interests of the nation. Until William Jennings Bryan captured the Chicago convention no occasion had arisen for the unseen but paramount power to exercise its influence in the actual election of a candidate. In that year the occasion was presented and the result was apparent. George Washington couldn't have beaten McKinley, running on Bryan's platform.

Neither of the great parties had, in a decade up to '96, nominated a man who could not in a pinch be depended upon by Wall Street as "safe." Wall Street assured itself of this, while nominees were being selected. When a man was nominated he was nominated by the grace of Wall Street because Wall Street, up to 1896, could beat any man in any convention. The late President McKinley awoke to an appreciation of this fact at about the time when his intimacy with the late Senator Hanna began. It made McKinley the soundest kind of a sound money man, though in the Ohio state convention closely preceding his declaration on the money issue, Mr. McKinley, if he hadn't actually talked free silver had made no declaration against it. It was great good fortune for McKinley that the Democratic convention of '96 got away from Wall Street. Had an acceptable man been nominated in the place of Bryan, Wall Street would have washed its hands of politics and gone from the nominating conventions back to its counting houses, but his nomination threw the weight of Eastern finance into the campaign as an active and influential influence behind McKinley.

BRYAN'S HISTORIC SPEECH

Bryan's speech, the one speech in the history of national conventions which has been remembered from one day to the next, was hailed as the inspired utterance of a new Democratic Daniel come to judgment. Yet it was worth more to McKinley than any deliverance of any of the various orators



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Our many-sided President.

In his party "The Rough Rider is in front of the dust and galloping."

for whom the late "Urbana Joe" Smith used to write McKinley speeches. It nominated Bryan and it made McKinley's election a certainty. Robert G. Ingersoll came closest of all other convention orators to making a speech like it. That was his famous "Plumed Knight" speech, in the Republican convention in Cincinnati, when James G. Blaine was beaten for the nomination by Rutherford B. Hayes. After Ingersoll's speech nothing could have prevented the nomination of Blaine by acclamation but an adjournment, and the convention refused to adjourn. It was at this critical period that Col. L. C. Weir, then of Cincinnati, and now of New York, joined with some other gentlemen of more or less prominence in an undertaking which eventually made Hayes president. They turned off the gas in Music Hall and the convention had to adjourn. On the next day Blaine's hold upon the delegates had wholly disappeared. A faint cheer at the appearance of Ingersoll was the only trace that remained of the tumultuous enthusiasm which would have nominated Blaine on the preceding night.

Photo by Marceau.

William Randolph Hearst.

The man who is to-day giving the Democratic party most concern.

HOW HAWAII CAST THE DECIDING VOTE FOR SILVER

In the year 1900 a new set of conditions was presented. From the very outset the business men of the nation saw that it was the election and not the convention which concerned them. They did not seek to wrest control of the Democratic convention from the Bryanites, but confined their efforts to the attempt to give McKinley's nomination the appearance of spontaneity and enthusiasm, and to entrench the Republicans behind an insurmountable bulwark of money.

Without an organization worth the name opposed to him, Bryan really was all but beaten at Kansas City. His ideas prevailed in the committee on resolutions only by a majority of one vote—and that the accidentally favorable vote of Prince David of Hawaii who did not really know how he was voting. The gentleman from Hawaii didn't care much what he did so long as he was not ignored. He was in a glorious and unaccustomed whirl of excitement which reached its climax when a delegation of the anti-Bryan forces came at midnight to learn his attitude toward the most important planks proposed for the platform. Prince David ran his fingers through his raven locks and listened with deep concern. Finally he spoke—words deliberate and well chosen and highly dignified. The visiting anti-Bryan committee left with the impression that he was one of them.

I have had the honor to hear from the lips of Joseph Blackburn, the senior Senator from Kentucky, an account of the notable speech of Prince David, solving the crisis in the meeting of the committee on credentials. It was after Blackburn, as the spokesman for Bryan, had served notice on the committee that

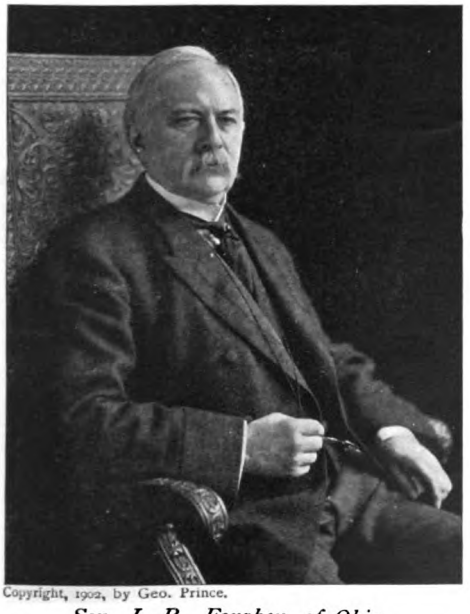
Bryan would not accept a nomination on any but a straight-out free silver platform. When his turn came to vote, Senator Blackburn saw that the day was to be won or lost by a most narrow margin and "explained his vote" in what was really a strong final appeal for support for his side of the question. Soon came Prince David's turn to vote. Inspired by the eloquence he had heard, the Prince said: "Gentlemen, I do not know much about American politics, but I am sure I have a safe guide in this matter. I know that I can make no mistake in following the lead of the distinguished gentleman from Kentucky." If Prince David had found that he could vote the other way and say something more graceful, he would undoubtedly have done it. Yet it was his vote that decided the issue and put free silver in the platform, which five millions and more American citizens voted for the next November.

After the meeting of the committee on resolutions Bryan was in the saddle. There was the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform and the adoption of the "paramount" issue of imperialism, which never grew big enough to hide a ten-dollar stack of free-silver dollars.

ENTHUSIASM TO ORDER

A sense of calm security was felt in the financial world when the Republican delegates gathered in Philadelphia to nominate McKinley. From one point of view it was a model convention. There wasn't a chance on earth for it to do anything surprising or mischievous, and its foreordained nominee was sure of election. It was necessary, of course, that the thing should be done in proper style, that the delegates should get a chance to cheer and imagine they had done something, and that a wave of enthusiasm should be started for the benefit of the great common people.

Everything was most scientifically arranged. On the bright sunlit afternoon of the second day of the convention the whispered word was passed that the time for McKinley's nomination by acclamation was at hand. Immediately there was hustling and bustling in the ante-rooms and beneath the stage. A box, which had been carefully guarded in a small room, was



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Sen. J. B. Foraker, of Ohio.

Foraker has linked his name industriously with the President's personal interests.

Photo by Geo. Prince.

Sen. Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina.

Tillman is a notable figure in Democratic Conventions. He is racy of speech, often violent, always effective.

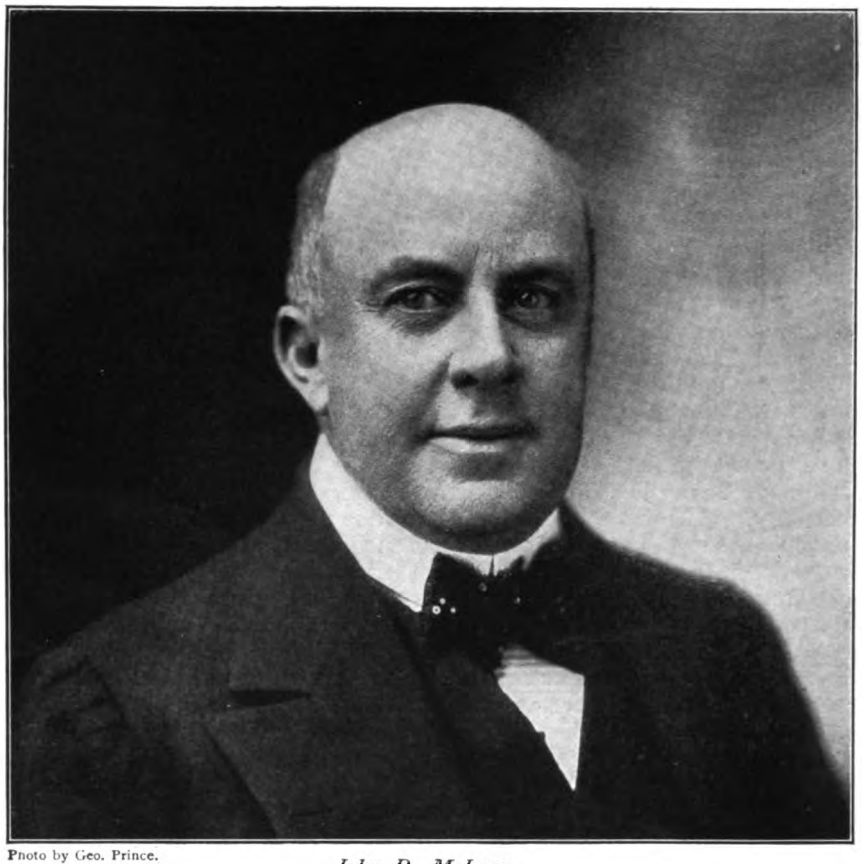


Photo by Geo. Prince.

John R. McLean,

Proprietor of the "Cincinnati Inquirer," a politician of recognized sagacity, in sympathy with conservative democracy.

opened and hundreds of little American flags, provided by the Republican national committee, were unpacked and taken up in armfuls by a force of assistant sergeants-at-arms. These men were standing in line at the door opening upon the convention floor, when a breathless messenger approached the leader and told him that Senator Hanna said to "wait a while." It developed that the committee on resolutions had got its wires twisted on a question of the ship subsidy plank—and would not be ready to report until the next day. The man in charge of the flag demonstration repacked his materials and dismissed his assistants. The grand outburst of enthusiasm had been postponed. On the next day, exactly according to the programme, the box was reopened and, a few minutes before the nomination of McKinley, the flags were distributed among the delegates. Hence a hundred paragraphs in special dispatches similar to this sample, which is quoted literally: "So tremendous was the enthusiasm that many of the delegates stood for five minutes upon their chairs, waving small American flags which they had carried with them into the hall."

THE QUANDARY OF MONEY

The incident of Roosevelt's nomination to the vice-presidency, in spite of his earnest protest, and the accident of McKinley's death leave an unexampled condition of affairs now, at the eve of the national nominating conventions. Hanna's death ensured the ultimate development of the situation. It left the financial interests of the nation without a candidate, without a leader, and practically without influence in either of the principal parties. Their sole hope is in the nomination of Cleveland or some other conservative

by the Democrats, in which case the same tremendous influences which favored McKinley in two elections would be exerted in favor of the Democratic ticket. Parker or McLean or Gorman would suit them. They would unhesitatingly support any one of them against Roosevelt. However reluctantly any Democrat may admit it to be true, all the present circumstances argue that Bryan, Hearst, their sympathizers and their beneficiaries will see to it that the next national convention of the Democrats is tied up.

THE POLITICIANS VS. ROOSEVELT

There will, of course, in the next Republican convention, be an effort to unhorse Roosevelt. With Hanna alive, and his remarkable abilities as an organizer actively employed, this might have a good chance of success, but half-hearted and scattering efforts will not accomplish it. Roosevelt has most audaciously and effectively used the powers of his office in constructing a machine of his own. He has shattered a powerful clique with the postal investigation ; he has knocked out the Republican machine in Utah with the inquiry into Mormonism; he has won the old soldier vote with his service pension executive order ; he has played the bull in the china shop wherever it would benefit him in his fight for renomination, and he has remained in a position which is practically unassailable through all of it, for he has been, in the main, unquestionably right. He has been an opportunist, but of a type to be respected. Since Mr. Hanna's death there is nothing within the range of reasonable politics to prevent Mr. Roosevelt's nomination by acclamation. To borrow from the parlance of the race track, the rough-rider is in front of the dust and galloping.

HEARST'S ENERGY AND MILLIONS

Position, personal popularity and fitness in the higher qualifications are accepted to be the elements of availability of a candidate for a presidential nomination. The people love to believe it, but the people are not in politics. But in fact the presidential candidate is made by an entirely different set of qualities. Money, push, opportunity and organization are what put men to the front. The case of William Randolph Hearst is an admirable example. That earnest, ambitious young man has, upon credible information, been expending about twenty-five thousand dollars per week for a third of a year, in forwarding the development of his presidential boom. How has the money been spent? It would take a hundred different headings to sum up the answer to that question, but principally and most effectively it has been used in advertising—just as a business house would advertise—and in building up an organization by providing each local ramification of it with the sinews of war; with money to hire halls, to pay speaker's expenses, to keep agitators moving and to do the hundred other things which create "a sentiment."

So much for the first qualification —a command of money. The second I need not dwell on. In the light of this and other of his undertakings no one will be disposed to question Mr. Hearst's push. As to opportunity: Whatever may be the result of Mr. Hearst's efforts, this, unquestionably, is the year of all years for him to run for president. Mr. Bryan, who obviously cannot be a candidate, has returned from a tour of visits to the crowned heads of Europe and given countenance to the candidacy of Mr. Hearst. Naturally he had to do that, for Mr. Hearst represents whatever remains of Bryan sentiment in the Democratic party. And even Mr. Bryan's European tour was but a part of the clever advertising of the Hearst boom. Personally conducted over Europe by the London correspondent of Mr. Hearst's newspapers, the Nebraskan returned to America in the full glare of the "spotlight" of publicity, to declare in favor of the candidacy of the one surviving, moneyed disciple of Bryanism.

NEW METHODS IN POLITICS

In his unique campaign, Mr. Hearst has certainly set a few marks in politics. None of his chief managers, if you ex-

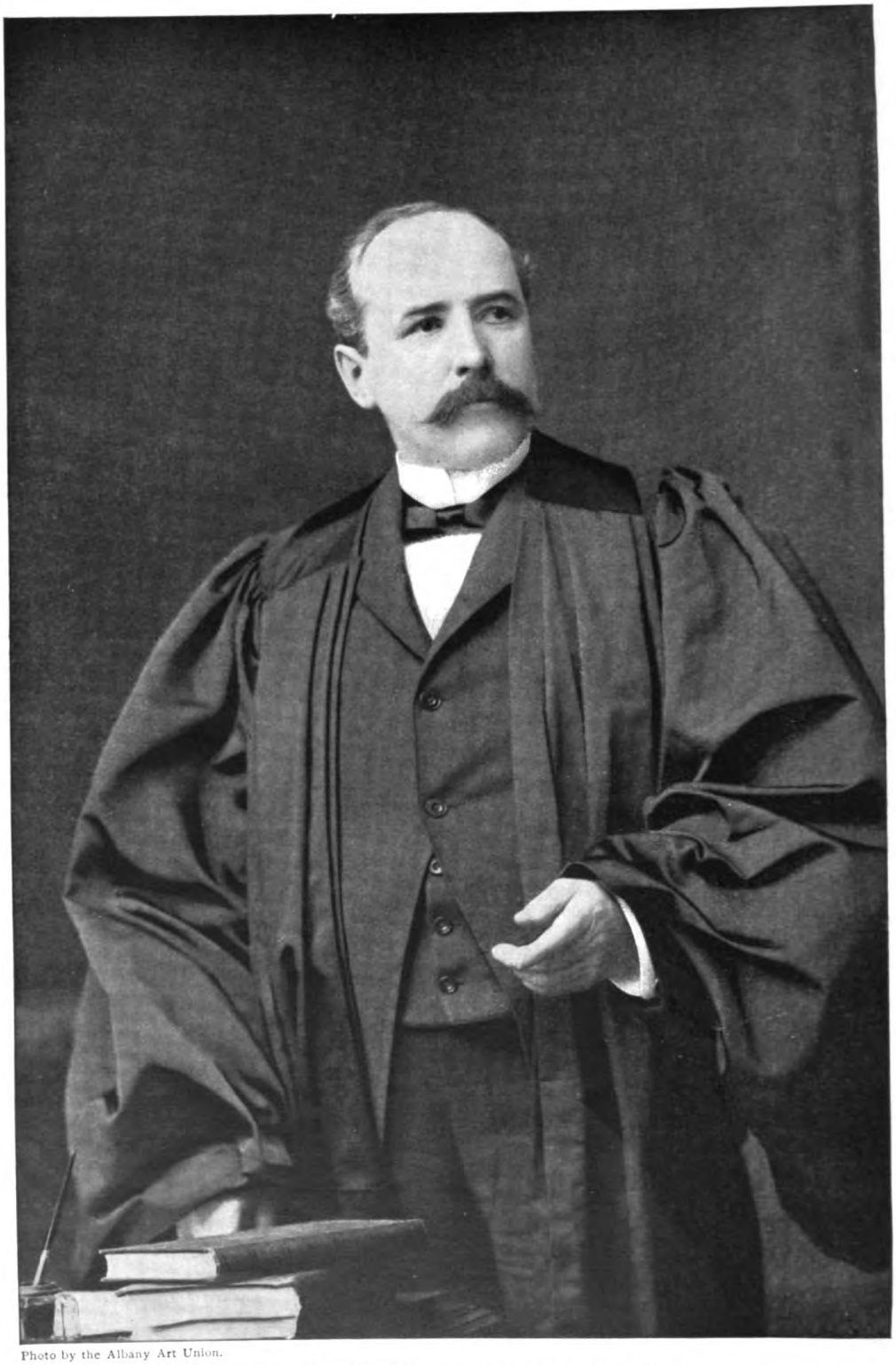


Photo by the Albany Art Union.

Chief Justice Alton Brooks Parker, of New York.

A candidate without a record but with an excellent judicial reputation. David B. Hill, the Democratic Boss of New York, has given his candidacy vigorous support.

cept Bryan, are politicians of note. Most of them are newspaper men connected with his various publications. His press bureau is run by John W. Keller, once a newspaper man and recently charity commissioner of New York. Mr. Keller is said to receive a salary of ten thousand dollars a year for nursing the Hearst boom. Max Ihmsen and Solomon S. Carvalho, both newspaper men, are Mr. Keller's chief assistants. Expensive headquarters for the Hearst boom are maintained in the Hoffman House in New York, where visitors may look out of the windows at nightfall and see the long line of Hearst voters waiting for free sandwiches and coffee from the Hearst lunch wagon. But what is likely to become the most famous feature of Mr. Hearst's campaign is the headquarters which he maintains in the old Conklin residence for the entertainment of rural visitors to Washington. Backwoods statesmen and country editors and their wives, first provided with free transportation to the capital, sit at Congressman Hearst's family board and enjoy hospitality of a lavishness beyond their maddest dreams. Politics *a la Hearst* are dished up between courses, and gifts of value—such, for instance, as solid gold pins bearing Mr. Hearst's portrait—are forced upon departing guests.

Considering everything, Mr. Hearst has accomplished a great deal. He is the only man who ever ran for president with nothing to start on but his own right of suffrage at the polls.

JUDGE PARKER'S CHANCES

There will be two great factions in the Democratic gathering at St. Louis. Hearst and Bryan, with their followers—Tillman, of South Carolina, among them—will strive to obtain action so radical that their bid to save the nation will be a promise to do the things that Roosevelt has not done. The conservatives will fight for a platform and a ticket with which they may guarantee that a stop will be put to the things that Roosevelt has been doing. Hearst and Bryan will be in the minority, but further than that one can say little. It seems reasonable to assume that Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, will be the candidate behind whom the conservative strength will center, but his candidacy will be endangered—even with its prospects excellent in other quarters—by the dissensions among the Democratic leaders of his State. It is a very unfortunate thing for Judge Parker—leaving out of consideration the main division of opinion among the Democratic conservatives and regulars—that he is recognized as the candidate originally preferred by David B. Hill. There is much to recommend Judge Parker as a candidate. As a jurist he has few equals in America and his whole record goes to prove him a man of strength and sterling ability. He ought to be an excellent candidate—if he lived in another State, and if the next Democratic convention were likely to be a normal affair, with the chief purpose of naming a candidate for President who could be elected.

It is not easy, at this time at least, to pick out other Democratic possibilities. Mr. Cleveland is declared by his friends and intimates to speak in absolute good faith when he says that he is not and will not be a candidate. There has been some little agitation in the interests of Mr. Richard Olney, in New England, but that has been more anti-Hearst than pro-Olney, and it has been too local to be significant. Mr. John R. McLean, of Ohio, with a clean record for party regularity, and yet no entangling alliances with the radicals, is in the first rank of the eligibles, but Mr. McLean is keeping so quiet that you can almost hear him at it.

But whoever the candidates are, however much we may admire them and work for them and shout for them, out of the turmoil sticks this significant fact: They are not candidates of our choosing. We learn to know their faces from the banners, and the orators refer to them as the "People's Choice," but in selecting them we have about as much influence as a Tartar does in selecting his khan. Our business is to ratify, and we must attend to our business.

For this is a democratic country and we are the people.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

By EUNICE LINCOLN

With photographs taken for this story by F. C. CLARKE

THE professor sat in his study, with wrinkled brows and rumpled hair, elbow-deep in papers fresh from the political economy examinations. On his right were piled in confusion those he had corrected. In his hand he held a sheet upon which he frowned sternly.

"That boy Cummings is capable of better work than this," he muttered as he read. "Extraordinary! Absurd!! Preposterous!!! A bright fellow like him to make such statements! I shall have to be severe, even—"

The professor was interrupted. On the door there sounded a smart rap, dealt by a forceful fist.

"Who is it?" he asked sharply.

For a minute there was no answer. Then a voice that was manful in intention, if not in effect, replied: "Thith ith Mr. Willith Parthons, your profethor in thienth."

The professor turned in his chair.

"I am very sorry Mr. Parsons," he answered gravely, "but I am extremely busy just now. If you call later—"

"Very well, I will come again, thir," said the caller with dignity. And there was the sound of ponderous steps retreating down the hall.

The professor turned again to his paper and the frown had disappeared from his brow. The clock ticked rapidly on the mantel opposite, but no other sound broke the silence till he turned over a sheet with a short rustle. And then a paragraph met his eye, spectacular in its want of sense.

"Dear me," sighed the professor, "I

shall have to be severe with Cummings, and he will not pass. There is no other way, though. I can't let such ridiculous sentences go as—"

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Well, what's wanted?" asked the professor shortly.

There was a brief pause, then a loud and brave voice announced: "Thith is Mr. Jameth Barneth, your pathtor, who would like to thee you, if you pleathe."

A smile slowly widened on the professor's face.

"Mr. Barnes, I regret very much that I am unable to see you just at this time, but if you would come again I should be most happy to see you, most happy, I am sure."

"All wite, profethor," was the reply, in a voice tinged slightly with regret. "I will come again." And the steps that receded down the hall were slow and thoughtful.

The professor passed his hand through his hair and chuckled to himself as he turned to Cummings again, and there was a smile on his face. He sat thinking deeply for several minutes.

"I don't like to be severe with Cummings," he said at last, revolving slowly about in his chair. "Cummings is as bright a boy as I ever had to teach, a very bright boy. It is more lack of applicability than anything else. When he chooses he makes a brilliant record in class, but he too rarely chooses. If Cummings doesn't pass in political economy it is a very serious matter, I realize that. It means—"

A timid knock sounded on the door, a very light and timid knock.

The professor sat upright in his chair and grasped the arms firmly.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

There was a long pause. It seemed that the visitor was taking time to think. A long, deep sigh was plainly heard. Then a small, appealing voice answered: "Thith is jutht your little girl, papa."

"Come in!" cried the professor. "Come right in, little girl—"

There was the flash of a white gown and a head of light hair, and then—the caller became tangled up close in the professor's arms and the contents of the professor's chair became a big blur of black and white.

And Cummings passed.

And Cummings passed.

Hauling things out of a box labelled **Paris.**

THE MAN WHO ANSWERED

By ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

With drawings by the Author

GERALDINE was certainly not in the best of humors. She sat on the edge of the couch, her hands buried in her big ermine muff, clicking her patent leather toes together viciously.

"You're not listening to a thing I say, Evelyn! You're an unfeeling monster," she said indignantly. "If I were such a pig as you I'd try a rest cure!"

Evelyn, very much *en deshabille*, was on the floor hauling things out of a box labeled "Paris" with little squeals of delight.

"Oh—o—o—" she gurgled, "did you ever see such a love of a matinée?" pulling out a *mélange* of white silk and creamy lace, slipping into it and prancing over to the wardrobe mirror.

"Yes, I am, too!" irrelevantly. "I heard every word you said. You want to go to the Carlton's house-party and you daren't accept the invitation because you can't skate—so there! Do look at this peachy thing. Isn't the color perfect for a redhead like me?" twisting herself to get a rear view.

"Too full in the back, makes you hump shouldered," said Gerry critically, biffing a feather that drooped fashionably over one eye.

"Oh, Gerry!" deprecatingly, then more cheerfully, "well, I can take it in a little. It's a lovely cut, anyway."

She threw it on the bed and dived anew into the tissue paper wrappings, emerging speechless with a rose silk petticoat be-frilled and be-appliquéd out of all right to the name.

Gerry, interested in spite of herself, emerged from her shell and deigned to inspect it.

"That *is* a dear," she approved. "I hope I can have a Paris trousseau when my time comes! Mary certainly is a sister worth having!"

"You bet!" emphatically, "and Gerry, she didn't pay a cent of duty! She just smiled and talked so fast to the customs officer he didn't have time to put a word in edgewise."

Gerry giggled sympathetically, then the corners of her mouth resumed their downward droop.

"I'm really in an awful hole, Evelyn. I'm crazy to go to that New Year's party but Grace will never forgive me when she finds out I can't skate—yes, that opera clock *is* ravishing—and just imagine cooking your heels by the library fire while all the crowd and Billy Davis — especially Billy — is wildly careering around on skates having a glorious time!"

"Well," said Evelyn coolly, examening the label of the opera wrap, "why don't you learn? Seems to me that's the simplest way out of the trouble."

"Learn!" gasped Gerry, "in two weeks? Evelyn, you're insane! Besides the ice palace is closed!"

"Oh, Gerry, have you seen my Virot hats?" interrupted Evelyn. "Just wait a minute!" She disappeared into a closet and Gerry sank disgustedly on the bed in the midst of heaps of "lingerie."

"There isn't a bit of use talking to you. You haven't a particle of human intelligence, Evelyn. You haven't had since you were engaged and you get worse every day!"

Evelyn reappeared at that instant, only the top of her fuzzy yellow head visible over the stack of hat boxes she held with both arms.

"Now, Gerry," she began propitiatingly, "I'm going to be really helpful in just a minute. You wait till you see these hats and you'll have a much more respectable reason for bad humor. They'll make you positively green with envy."

Depositing the boxes on the floor she tumbled the cover off the top one and stuck a hat jauntily on one side of her

head, jamming it flat to the knot behind with one hand.

"There! Isn't that ripping! Goes with the embroidered mull." She turned slowly to give a good view to her chum who stared at it gloomily.

Then, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, she tossed the hat into its box, pushing aside a pile of clothes, and plumped herself on the bed beside the disconsolate Geraldine.

"There's Bob," she suggested cheerily, "get him to teach you. Every one imposes on Bob—he's such a brick!"

"I'm certainly not going to bore any man I know—not even Bob—by asking him to teach me to skate. I've seen too much of that sort of thing. You look like a fool, your feet sprawling all sorts of ways and wind up hating each other! No, I won't do that!"

Gerry flopped a determined negative with the drooping feather.

"Well, then," declared Evelyn shrugging her shoulders, "I don't see what's to be done. You go round in a circle! Won't go if you can't skate—won't learn to skate for fear of boring some one!"

She drew up one knee and nursed it, thrusting out her red under lip.

Gerry regarded her hopelessly.

"That's it exactly," she agreed. "I suppose I'll have to 'regret'."

Evelyn sat up suddenly and gurgled delightedly:—

"I've got it! Advertise!"

"Advertise! For what?"

"Refined young gent to teach a lady to skate."

"Evelyn!" gasped Geraldine.

"Well, your mother and father are away, and we'll send Rachel out the morning we expect to receive the applicants. It's very simple."

"But I don't want to be seen with the kind of person who would answer a thing of that kind. What would people say?"

"Oh, bother, Gerry, if you want to go to that house-party you've got to use strenuous measures," said Emily importantly. "This is just the same as a dancing-master or fencing or anything. You needn't go to Haverford for your lessons. Just select a quiet spot up the Schuylkill or some pond or other and I'll chaperone you," she added graciously.

"Well, if you really think it will be all right," dubiously, "but I'm awfully scared for fear it will get out. I'd never hear the last of it!"

Evelyn was already rummaging in her desk and returned with a sheet of note paper and a pencil, which she proceeded to sharpen with her nail-file.

The fuzzy, yellow head and the big hat, with its lopsided feathers, were in close juxtaposition for the next fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the two girls fell into each others arms and embraced with hysterical giggles over this remarkable literary achievement:—

> WANTED.—A well-dressed, gentlemanly person who can guarantee to teach a young lady to skate in two weeks. Serious work. No triflers need apply. Address:—*Ledger* Office.

By ten o'clock on Monday morning Evelyn was walking briskly across Rittenhouse Square. The asphalt was covered with patches of ice and the raw December wind colored her cheeks and nose a brilliant pink.

She ran up the broad steps of a house on the West side of the Square and rang the bell.

"Miss Burt is not down yet, Miss. She left word you were to come right up," said the man who opened the door.

"Very well, Parker."

Evelyn ran up the stairs and along the hall to Gerry's room and tapped on the door.

"*Entrez*," called Gerry.

"Well, Lazy! Not up yet—this morning of all mornings!"

Gerry, in a pink silk dressing jacket with pillows stacked behind her, was luxuriously breakfasting in bed.

"Gracious! Evelyn, you look half frozen! It makes me cold to look at you! No, I'm not up. What's the use when you don't have to. Have a cup of chocolate?"

"Thanks, yes; it's colder than billy-blue-blazes!"

Evelyn crossed to the fire.

"Have you sent for the mail?"

Gerry, crunching toast, waved her hand toward the dressing-table.

"My goodness! My goodness!" cried Evelyn as she viewed the formidable pile, "and me with an engagement at the dressmaker's at eleven-thirty. Pour me my chocolate," she added, divesting herself of coat and hat, "and we'll get to work."

"I'm in no hurry," and Geraldine leisurely poured the chocolate, "it scares me to look at them."

"Must be plenty of refined young gentlemen out of a job!" remarked Evelyn as she gathered up the pile of letters and seated herself cross-legged on the foot of the bed.

She carefully picked up Algernon Trevelyon and his pink-scented note.

"Toss me a pillow, Gerry."

She stuffed it comfortably behind her and proceeded to sip the steaming chocolate, glancing at the same time over the addresses on the envelopes.

"Well, let's see what the gent with the fine Italian hand has to say for himself."

She tore open the top envelope which had a border of black and glanced hastily down the page, then waving the letter in the air, leaned back on her pillow and howled with joy.

"Well!" demanded Gerry, solemnly buttering another piece of toast, "what's the joke?"

"Listen!" and Evelyn read aloud:

Madam:—

I notice your ad. in this morning's *Press* and hasten to offer my services. I used to be considered the best skater in Perkinsville as a lad. I am sure it will prove a mutual pleasure to us both.

I am in the undertaking business so that will re-assure you as to my personal appearance, but business being a little slow at present, would be delighted to be of service to a young lady.

Yours most sincerely,
REGINALD OLIVER.

They shrieked in concert and Gerry, losing interest in breakfast, pushed the tray away and crawled to Evelyn's side, dragging a couple of pillows for comfort. There she installed herself, wrapped like a cocoon in her blankets, her tangled head of brown curls close to Evelyn's shiny yellow pompadour, her chin on her chum's shoulder.

Together they read the next:—

Dear Madam:—

Have seen your Ad. in the *Ledger*. Have had long experience in the business, and think I know just what you want—would ask an interview.

Hoping to be favored with an answer,
Yours truly,
JAMES NOLAN.

"Now that's more to the point," declared Evelyn, "we'll just put that one side. That's what I call business-like."

"Isn't that name pretty Irishy?" asked Gerry dubiously.

"Oh, nonsense! One can't be too critical about this sort of thing. One has to take what comes."

She tore open a pink-scented envelope with a grimace. A small photograph fell out. Gerry grabbed it with an excited giggle.

"Evelyn! For the love of goodness! What have we struck now!"

A young man of oily countenance smirked up at her from the card. A slippery black curl over one eye, a carefully waxed mustache, a large diamond pin in a polka-dotted cravat of huge proportions and a rose in his buttonhole.

"Ugh!" from Gerry.

"Horrors!" cried Evelyn. "Listen to this:—

Dear Miss,

Your's in this morning's paper attracted my attention. I am sure we would suit each other perfectly. I am twenty-six years old, dark complected with handsome dark eyes and mustache. Dress in the latest fashion and have good prospects. I enclose a photo.

A personal interview would be, it seems to me, advisable. If mutually agreeable perhaps these hours of gentle recreation may lead to tenderer relations.

Y'rs till we meet,
ALGERNON TREVELYON.

Gerry buried a hysterical sob in the pillows and Evelyn, climbing off the bed, returned with the tongs with which she carefully picked up Algernon Trevelyon and his pink-scented note and deposited him on the fire.

"Now, then, cheer up Gerry, this is no more than one ought to expect, and it is all your own fault for not learning to skate at a tender age like the rest of us. *Allons*," and she bravely seized upon the next in order.

"Hear this, she cried:—

Honered miss

your add red in Monings papper—i am the best dresedd Gent on the strete And i like to teche you to skate for Noting plesuzre to do It pay All dameges.

so Long
bertie walton

"Well, he's magnanimous although illiterate," commented Evelyn.

Suddenly she pounced on a square white envelope directed with a goodly stub pen.

"This looks promising!"

Madame:—

I have read your advertisement in this morning's *Ledger*.

I am quite sure I could teach you to skate in the given time and hope I shall prove satisfactory in the other requirements.

I will be glad to call upon you at any hour which is convenient to you.

Yours truly,
ROBERT CHELTENHAM.

"Well, what do you think of that, Gerry?"

"It seems to me a very nice letter. I should think he'd do."

"Oh, you can't always tell from a letter. He might have gotten some one to write it for him and he turn out to be an awful cad. No, we'd better send for two or three of the most promising persons and select when we see them."

Geraldine stretched lazily, "All right! Don't get excited, Evelyn. What shall I say?"

She swung herself out of bed and thrust her toes into a pair of little heeless slippers and yawned again.

"Why, to come to-morrow morning—you've no time to lose—and bring references and all that sort of thing. Yes, I'll come in. You can 'phone what time. I've forty-eleven engagements but I'll make it."

She pulled on her coat and jabbed pins recklessly into her hat.

"Now, don't go to sleep again. I'll send Sarah up at once," and with a flourish of silk petticoats and a final wave of ner muff she took her departure.

"Hello: Spruce 41—26—A, please! 41—26—A—Spruce. Yes. Hello, that you, Perkins? Yes—Miss Geraldine. Is Miss Evelyn in? Please ask her to come to the 'phone? Evelyn! Why don't you come over? I'm nearly driven crazy! Forgot! Well, you're a nice one! Yes—I've had an awful time—I *have*. I've interviewed two, and they were fierce! The last was an impossible person, with gaiters and a button-hole bouquet, who called me 'dearie' and winked! I won't see another one till you're here to back me up.—Yes—I've sent Rachel out on an errand and bribed both Parker and

Sarah to secrecy. Sarah is wildly excited. Parker is guarding two in the reception-room to see they don't walk off with the bric-a-brac. I've been receiving them in the library. Can't you come right over?—Dicky! Bother Dicky! Tell him to wait. Don't desert me after you've got me in this hole!—All right! Come at once! I'll wait for you in the library. You're a brick! Good-by!—Good-by! Now hurry! Good-by!"

Geraldine hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief and, going into her room, patted her hair in front of the mirror and added an unnecessary hairpin or two.

"I've forty-eleven engagements, but I'll make it."

Tr-r-r-ring! went the electric bell.

"Another, I suppose," she said to herself, crossing to the window. "No, thank goodness, only the letter-man! Ah, there's Evelyn!" and she tore down stairs and grabbed her friend by the arm, dragging her into the library.

"I'm so sorry," Evelyn gasped "Dicky came quite unexpectedly and knocked everything out of my head. You poor child! Never mind, I'll see to them now. Just wait a minute till I get my wind and pull myself together. Got the letters?"

Gerry handed her the bunch of notes, helped her out of her coat and hat, punched the cushions in the leather window-seat and they seated themselves side by side.

"There," Gerry explained over the letters, "I've seen these two. Here are the cards of those now in the reception-room."

"James Nolan," read Evelyn. "All right, let's have in Nolan."

Gerry crossed to the door.

"Sarah," she said to the maid who was hovering near the door, her face wreathed in ecstatic grins, "tell Parker to send in Mr. Nolan."

"Mr. Nolan, Miss," and the estimable Parker, with imperturbable dignity, ushered in a large man with check suit and red necktie, who held his derby with both hands. An English bull-pup and two fox terriers fo'lowed him.

"Morning, Miss," he began before the girls had a chance to speak.

The dogs by this time were climbing all over them, and it was as much as they could do to hear the man's voice above the babel.

"You didn't say what kind you wanted, so I just brung along these three on the chance. Now this here bull-terrier is pure breed—father is champion. You've heard of him, and them foxes can't be beat. Don't want them? Well, now I've got collies, hairless Mexicans en a fine Prince Charles down to the Kennels. Mebby you'd like to see a black-and-tan toy? No?"

"We did not advertise for a dog," explained Evelyn when she could get in a word.

"No," said Gerry, "we didn't advertise for one, but this is certainly a darling!" hugging a struggling pup which was making wild dashes for her face with a pink tongue. "How much do you ask for them?"

Mr. Nolan brightened, seeing a prospective sale, and dilated on the merits of fox terriers in general and this one in particular, and was finally induced to take his departure with a crisp ten dollar bill in his pocket, leaving the delighted terrier investigating his new surroundings.

When the door closed on Mr. Nolan the girls drew a long breath and looked at each other.

"That's three of our possibilities gone," said Gerry at last. "What if we fail after all our trouble. I see the house-party fading in the distance. I met Grace on the street yesterday. She asked if I were coming, and I said I'd have to wait till mother gets home before I could promise. I can't accept, you see, unless the skating looks promising. Oh, dear!"

"Never say die! We'll have in number three. Let's see!"

"Mr. Cheltenham, Miss," said Parker, throwing open the door.

"Another!" groaned Gerry under her breath—then they both stared with unfeigned surprise at the vision before them of an entirely correct young man, clean shaven, and dressed in rough gray tweeds.

"I beg your pardon," he smiled slightly. "I'm afraid I'm a little late. I was detained."

Evelyn squeezed Gerry's hand behind the shelter of the fox terrier who was struggling to get down and investigate the new arrival.

"Please come in," she said, "and sit here. We've had an awful time. I didn't know there were so many freaks in the world. There's nothing like an advertisement to teach you a lesson!"

"I hope I'm not included in that category," laughed Adonis, cheerfully. "This is a great fox terrier you have here," and he rubbed the dog's head as it climbed upon his knee.

"He's the only good thing that's come out of this awful morning," confided Gerry. "We bought him of a man who got our advertisement mixed up with another person's who wanted a dog. So we bought him," she added naïvely.

Cheltenham laughed again and the girls with him and after that everything was easy. They told him the whole history and he listened gravely and never smiled at Gerry's predicament, for which she was intensely grateful.

He was sure he could teach her and they arranged to take the first lesson that afternoon. He was very much embarrassed at the matter of the price and fixed it at last at fifty cents, much to their surprise, as he had explained that he was trying to work his way through college—which fact hardly seemed to tally with the cut of his clothes.

He was to meet the girls at the Reading station at 2.30, they being "less likely to meet people they knew that way," he explained a little to the girls' embarrassment, and he was to select skates for Gerry and bring them with him.

When the door closed on him the girls, from behind the blinds of the front window, watched him swing across the square and hugged each other enthusiastically.

"He's a dear!" cried Gerry.

"He'll do!" approved Evelyn discreetly.

"Well done, my lady! Capital!" Robert Cheltenham clapped his hands together approvingly. "You do your teacher credit."

Gerry, finishing a very successful circle, skated easily up to him. With a quick little turn she came to a standstill.

"Think I'm improving, Professor?" she inquired saucily.

"I think your education is finished, Mademoiselle," he said regretfully.

"That's so! This is my last lesson, isn't it? Shall we take one more turn before we leave?"

They crossed hands and swung off down the pond with long, easy strides.

Silently they swung along, the sharp 'ting of their skates on the ice and the distant laughter of some departing skaters the only sounds. Cheltenham's hand grasped Gerry's a little tighter in the warm muff and she leaned a bit closer to him in the pleasant rhythm in which two skate as one.

They had become great chums in the two weeks of daily companionship, and Evelyn, after she had learned that Dicky knew Cheltenham, and could

An entirely correct young man.

vouch for his character, had become very lax in her duties as chaperone.

Mrs. Burt had returned and Cheltenham had been presented as a friend of Dicky's, and after a private conversation with Dicky and Evelyn she had graciously consented to Gerry's lessons. Needless to say she had not been enlightened as to their method of obtaining an instructor!

This was the last lesson. Gerry was not in a very happy frame of mind, and she did not care to analyze her feelings too closely. This good-looking, correct, young giant, whom she had engaged to devote himself to her for the afternoons of the past two weeks, had become a large factor in her life and she found herself looking forward to the lessons as the best half of her day.

"I think we'd best turn," said Gerry, "it's getting late and we'll miss our train."

"You're right. I had forgotten."

They made a wide circle and flew silently back. They slid gently to the big rock where every day for two weeks Cheltenham had put on and taken off Gerry's skates, and Gerry seated herself and held out a foot from force of habit.

Cheltenham knelt and went to work. It took a very long time to-night, somehow, to turn the lever and loosen the clamps on Gerry's stout little boots. She watched him curiously, and wondered if he were as sorry as she that this was the end of their comradeship.

He looked up and met her eyes. Gerry flushed, but he said nothing, stood up and kicked off his own skates, then slinging the two pairs over his shoulder:—

"Ready?" he smiled, and held out his hand.

Gerry took it and stood up. She stamped her feet to get rid of the curious sensation of standing on solid ground again.

Cheltenham drew her hand through his arm and still kept it clasped gently. Gerry didn't quite know why, but she let it stay.

They had reached the edge of the woods and were turning into the road before Cheltenham broke the silence.

"Little girl," he said softly, "do you like me a little?"

Gerry's breath came in a gasp and a wave of understanding passed over her. Without a thought, almost involuntarily, she pressed her face tight to his coat sleeve with an inarticulate cry.

Cheltenham threw his arm around her and drew her close.

"Bless your dear heart," he said softly and kissed her upturned face.

They walked on again as before, Gerry's hand clasped close in his, but Gerry's heart was beating wildly and her mind was in a whirl.

The station loomed dark before them with its solitary sputtering electric light —the train thundered in, hissed, stopped and they entered the warmth and light of the car—a burst of laughter and chatter from a gay party in evening dress at the other end—Gerry stopped confused, but too late.

"Why, Geraldine, my dear!" cried Grace Carlton.

"By all the gods, Cheltenham Payne," from Carlton. "Where the dickens did you drop from? Thought you were in London!"

Cheltenham chewed his lip uncomfortably and glanced at Gerry who was being enthusiastically kissed by Grace.

"Er—yes—I am—er—that is—I was —only got over a week or so ago— haven't had time to look you up, old man. Certainly I expect to be with you for New Year's—wouldn't miss it for worlds! Howdy, Dicky!"

Grace was shaking Gerry gently.

"You little hypocrite," she scolded, "why didn't you tell me you knew Cheltenham Payne, and here I've been promising myself the pleasure of introducing you two at the house party!" Then softly:—"Why child, how you're blushing! Gerry, this looks serious."

"Oh, no! no!" Gerry denied wildly, "Don't be absurd, Grace!" Then coolly, "How do you do, Evelyn, I haven't seen you for ages. I think you have met Mr. *Payne?* Ah, Dicky, good evening—theater?—how delightful!" then sweetly, "Evelyn, may I speak to you a minute! You will please to explain!" she said severely when they were seated. "Was it all a put-up job? If so, I think it was most unkind."

"Indeed, Gerry," protested Evelyn, "I didn't know a thing about it till after you had taken two lessons. I never met Cheltenham *Payne* till this evening!"

Gerry was still unconvinced.

"It was a very mean thing to do!" She choked back a sob with determination.

"Listen, Gerry! Gerry, dear," pleaded Evelyn, "it was all Dicky's fault. Of course," she confessed, "I had to tell Dicky about the advertisement, and Mr. Payne wanted to meet you and Dicky put him up to it. I told Dicky it was a mean trick to play on us."

The train pulled into the station and the party separated.

Cheltenham helped Gerry to descend.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "please forgive me—I didn't know I was going to love you. I'm awfully ashamed of myself."

"If—if only you hadn't let me give you those fifty cents pieces!"

"Look, Sweetheart," said Cheltenham, "here are some of them!"

He slipped on her wrist a tiny thread of gold from which dangled a five dollar gold piece. He lifted it and showed her on one side their initials and the date of the first and last skating lessons.

Gerry looked bewildered.

"You see, dear, we missed a lesson on account of the blizzard, and the last one you gave me I have kept for good-luck," and he fished out of his pocket a very fat, new half-dollar, at which Gerry blushed again.

"I think you will find my arithmetical conclusion correct," he finished.

Grand Duchess Olga. *The Czar.* *Grand Duke Alexis.*
General Kouropatkin. *Grand Duke Vladimir.*

THE MIGHTY MEN OF RUSSIA

By WOLF von SCHIERBRAND, Ph.D.
Author of "Germany: The Welding of a World Power"

TO understand another nation means to understand its leading and notable men. This aphorism is probably truer of Russia than of any other country. Of the United States, for instance, as well as of England, France or Germany, an intelligent stranger would be able to construct for himself an approximately correct conception of people and government by a careful course of reading in the newspapers, periodicals and general literature of these countries.

Not so with Russia. The press and the literature being both shackled, the free spoken word being under a ban, this means whereby in Western countries a tolerably accurate portrayal of a nation's life can be obtained are sadly curtailed in the case of Russia.

However, the one great road to an intimate knowledge of Russian conditions and life, is open. Whoever knows the living human forces of Russia knows her better than he could in any other way.

A clever Frenchman once characterized the Russian form of government by calling it "despotism mitigated by assassination." It is a shrewd remark, and even to-day there is, as we shall see, considerable truth to it. The case is not quite as simple as that. The life of a nation numbering one hundred and thirty millions and holding in its grasp one-sixth of the solid surface of the earth, cannot be described in a single phrase, no matter how pithy and ingenious.

Let us begin our summarizing survey with the head of the nation.

Czar Nicholas II. is now in the prime of manhood, being thirty-six. He was married, three weeks after his ascension to the throne, on November 26, 1894, to Princess Alix of Hesse, granddaughter to the late Queen Victoria. He has made a model husband, going even to the length of hiding his intense chagrin at his wife's failure to bear him a son under an amiable smile, surely a proof of his exceptionally sweet disposition. All the world knows of him testifies to his admirable qualities when viewed merely as a man, not as a ruler.

But here comes the rub. Russia needs the iron hand of a strong-willed, purposeful monarch, not the gloved hand of a soft-hearted and soft-spoken man—the control of a real ruler, born to command and to ride, if need be, roughshod over all influences opposed to a policy he has once recognized as true. And these qualities of mind and character Nicholas II. unfortunately does not possess.

Once in a while the Czar is permitted to have his own way. Such a case was that of the Hague International Peace Convention. While the unsuspecting

Grand Duke Vladimir.

Uncle of the Czar, and General in Chief of the Russian army.

Grand Duchess Marie.

Wife of Grand Duke Vladimir and one of the most powerful women of Russia.

world heralded that scheme as a harbinger of mutual good-will among the nations, as an abandonment of Russia's aggressive foreign policy, the various chancelleries of the leading nations received the accompanying manifesto with a dubious smile.

The thing is deeply pathetic. Here was Nicholas II., with a heart full of love for his people and the world, lying awake nights making plans for the good of mankind. His days he passed in hard toil with the same purpose in mind, conscientiously examining basketfuls of official documents, petitions, plaints, and all sorts of measures proposed for the apparent amelioration of the condition of the Russian masses.

Meanwhile the men in whom he trusted, the real heads of the government, kept him in total ignorance of the actual state of affairs. He was made to see everything through their spectacles. It is the irony of fate that the very vastness of his Empire makes it impossible for Nicholas II. to be anything but a figurehead. His trusting nature is his worst pitfall.

The Czar is very devout, a faithful son of the Orthodox Church, and this was the lever cleverly employed by the dreaded Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobyedonostseff, in bending his master to his nefarious plans. The Czar had solemnly sworn to support and maintain the Constitution of the Grand Duchy of Finland, one of the most important dependencies of his crown, both in population and resources. Pobyedonostseff overcame the scruples of the Czar's tender conscience and made him break his solemn oath. He did this by representing plausibly to the Czar that the safety of the Empire and the interests of the Orthodox Church demanded the complete Russification of Finland. All protests of Finland's loyal subjects proved in vain. General Bobrikoff was sent as Governor-General to Finland to suppress ruthlessly all opposition there to Russification. Finnish petitions were rejected by the Czar; Finnish delegations were not admitted to his presence; Finnish patriots were exiled or expelled and their property confiscated; the Finnish press was suppressed; the Finnish legislative body was rendered powerless and sub-

jected to indignities ; the whole former Grand Duchy, now a mere Russian province, was reduced to the quiet of a graveyard.

Nicholas II. was prevailed upon by Pobyedonostseff to look upon all this as the carrying out of the will of the Most High, as the fulfilment of the command of Heaven, undertaken for the welfare of the nation and for the good of the Orthodox Church. Even a solemn oath did not weigh in the scale against such high purposes.

Pobyedonostseff has been the chief evil genius of Nicholas II. Look at the man's picture* and you will see how that was possible. The features are those of a fanatic, of a narrow-minded zealot, endowed with just sufficient intellect to work untold mischief in an autocratically governed country like Russia. Of Pobyedonostseff's sincerity there is no question ; no more was there of Torquemada's when he burned at the stake thousands upon thousands of Spanish heretics. The same spirit is animating Pobyedonostseff, although his methods are not quite so drastic.

Under his complete sway over religious life in Russia all the non-Russian elements of the population (forty-four millions out of one hundred and thirty) have been exposed to intense pressure for the purpose of converting them to the Orthodox Church. Russian sectaries (forming, it is estimated, between twenty-five and thirty millions, belonging nominally to the Orthodox Church) have been persecuted by him in the most cruel fashion ; Count Leo Tolstoi has made the world acquainted with this phase of Pobyedonostseff's activity. His victims have been deported by the thousands to Siberia and Trans-caspia.

As the head of the Holy Synod, Pobyedonostseff, with the one aim of his life ever before his eyes, the aim of making Holy Russia entirely subject to the Orthodox Church, exerts one-man power over the spiritual forces of the huge Empire. He brooks no opposition, and is amenable to no restraining influences. The figure of this man in the Russia of 1904 is indeed a remarkable one. Imbued with the religious zeal of the Middle Ages, intolerant and a bitter enemy to the enlightenment of the masses, to self-government in every shape, and to material and intellectual reform, he has been all along the darkening power behind the throne. The son of a poor Russian priest, of plebeian family and antecedents, he rose to supreme power in his sphere by sheer strength of will and ambition, while the narrowness of his intellect made him scorn all other factors in life and rendered the concentration of his tremendous energy upon his single object all the more effective. No real reform is possible in Russia while Pobyedonostseff retains the reins over her spiritual and intellectual life. The so-called Minister of Public Enlightenment (meaning public education) is completely under his thumb and the public school system of Russia like-

The Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, Chief of the Red Cross Society in Russia, and her husband, the Prince of Oldenburg.

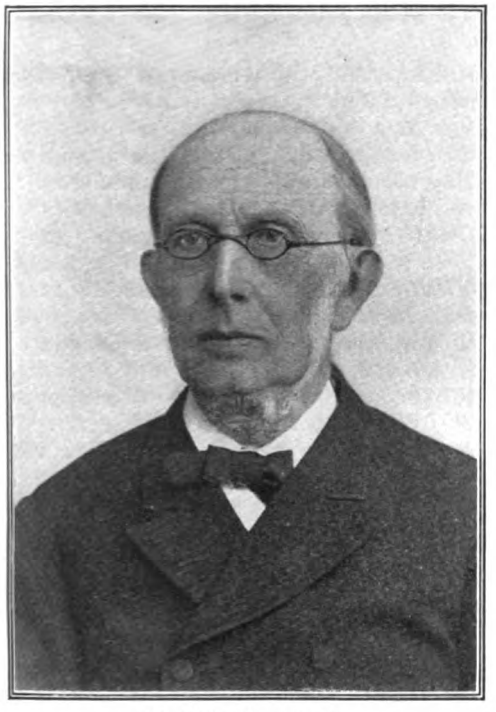
* See page 143.

wise, save the score or so of technical and commercial colleges under M. de Witte's guidance. All the priests' seminaries are under his command as well as the entire Church, with its disciplined and large army of priests, archimandrites and bishops. He wields a power absolute and without appeal over the souls and minds of the Russian masses compared with which the real power of the Czar (except it be a Czar of very different fiber from this present one) is small indeed. The very conception of such a power is almost impossible to men of Western races.

Then there has been M. de Plehve, the Minister of the Interior, working for the most part hand in hand with Pobyedonostseff. Whereas the latter is a Russian of the Russians, Plehve is of German blood. He hails from the Baltic German provinces, now practically Russianized, but which at his birth and during his youth still possessed autonomy, representative government, material prosperity and intellectual energy. Plehve rose rapidly up the ladder of Russian officialdom, and to attain to the chieftaincy of the Ministry of the Interior he out-Russianized the Russians. Thus he became the mouth-piece and one of the chief instruments of Russian jingoism and of an intensely reactionary spirit. In the national campaign for the purpose of rendering the forty-four millions of non-Russians good, orthodox and subservient subjects of his Imperial master, he has played all along a prominent rôle, and to him and his ally, Pobyedonostseff, is mainly due the complete alienation of Russia's formerly most progressive subjects in the Western border provinces, the Poles and Lithuanians, the Germans, Letts and Esthonians of the Baltic provinces, and the Finns. He has also been greatly instrumental in the systematic oppression of the Caucasus populations, and of the Armenians and Tartars. A very serious weakening of Russia's internal forces has been the result.

If you study attentively this portrait of the Czar of all the Russias, you will see in it the faithful reflection of the man's inner being—the affectionate soul and the deficient will power coupled with the inability to see acutely or to act promptly.

Meeting M. de Plehve personally, it would require a very keen observer indeed to gather what manner of man he is. For he is suave, pleasant-spoken and overflowing with apparent geniality and humor. He speaks more or less fluently a score of languages and idioms, an accomplishment acquired by his official residence, during his many years of holding subordinate positions in the government service, in various districts of the Empire. For we must remember that no less than one hundred and twenty different languages and idioms are spoken within the confines of European and Asiatic Russia, and that in the matter of creed there are not



M. Pobyedonostseff.

Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, he absolutely controls the policy of the Russian Church, and has been distinguished for his fierce fanaticism.

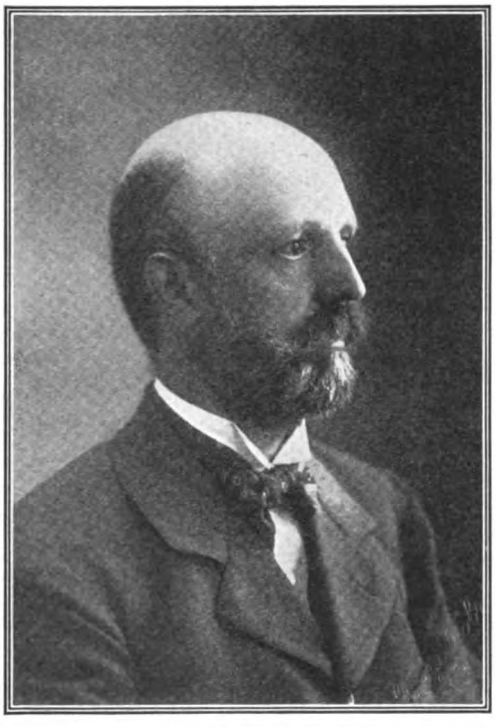
M. de Plehve.

Minister of the Interior, and the able and powerful chief of the party of reaction. The responsibility for the Kisheneff massacre was popularly brought home to him.

only many millions of Mohammedans and heathen tribes, but adherents of every conceivable shade of the Christian faith.

First, however, in power of the men around the Czar is Sergei de Witte, even to-day. Contemporary opinion about this extraordinary genius varies greatly. The facts about him, though, are plain and evident enough. Like his colleague, Plehve, he is of Baltic German origin, though from the maternal side Russian blood flows in his veins. In appearance he is thoroughly Russian. He has the Slavic forehead and the prominent Slavic cheek bones. But he is most un-Russian in his gifts of character and mind. Again like Plehve he has an enormous capacity for hard work, for concentration of thought and energy. Like a modern Atlas for a decade past he has been carrying the huge Empire on his shoulders, carrying it whither he pleased. His ascendancy over the mind of his Imperial master has been as complete as Pobyedonostseff's over the Czar's heart and conscience. And no wonder.

The imagination of even a dull man would needs be quickened by the program which at the outset of his phenomenal career Witte proclaimed. More than that, this program he has carried out even to the letter. He created Russian industry. He introduced and has since maintained the gold standard for Russia. He raised Russian export to gigantic figures, never before even approximately attained. By the constant excess of exports over imports he enabled Russia to pay foreign creditors the interest in gold on a foreign debt of three and one-half billions of roubles (about one billion, seven hundred and fifty million dollars). He raised abroad loan after loan to enable Russia to complete her interior network of railroads. With this foreign money he also built the Trans-Siberian Railroad and its branches into Manchuria, alone involving an outlay of seven hundred and fifty million dollars. He put Russian finances on an entirely new basis, on the surface apparently a healthy one. He founded institutions for higher techni-



M. Pleske.

The successor of M. de Witte as Minister of Finance.

cal and commercial education. Finally, it was due to his initiative that Russia of late has started out on the path of accomplishing at least one of her most urgent internal reforms, viz., the abolition of her suicidal village commune system, involving joint ownership in land and joint tax responsibility on the part of the impoverished and brutalized peasantry.

Truly, this has been the work of a giant, such a one as Russia never before counted among her statesmen.

Current and countercurrent. Witte alone for ten years withstood the combined arbitrary power of Pobyedonostseff and Plehve. True, his mind and tremendous concentration of effort overloomed so greatly those of the other members of the cabinet, and his achievements were so obvious, not only to them but to Czar and nation alike, that it was an easy task for him to hold to his side Count Lamsdorff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Prince Hilkoff, the Minister of Transportation; General Kouropatkin, the Minister of War; Admiral Alexieff, the potent Viceroy in Far Asia, and even Admiral Makaroff, the cherished hero of the Russian navy. Nay more than that. Even the brother and heir-apparent of the Czar, the Grand Duke Michael, and the Grand Dukes Alexis (Chief of the Admiralty) and Vladimir (who in the event of a failure of male issue from the present Czar and of the probable early death of the consumptive heir-apparent, would stand next to the succession) became strong adherents of Witte's policy. His influence is even to-day paramount in all things which touch the material interests of Russia. General Dragomiroff, the most dashing of Russian military leaders, and the ambitious brains of the Russian army, men like Major-General Pflug, Chief of the General Staff in Far Asia; General Stoessel, in command at Port Arthur, and others are likewise under his mental dominion.

In a sense the strife between Witte on the one side and Pobyedonostseff and Plehve on the other has been the never-ending one between backwardness and progress, between mind and matter, between the forces of the past and those of the present and future.

Witte, it is certainly true, has been trying hard and intelligently to lift Russia out of the mire in which he found her. It has been an eternal ascending or descending of the scales, now the one and again the other on top. Within his own sphere of activity Witte has performed miracles for Russia. And that she is to-day at all able to wage war at a point so distant from her base, at all able to do so without a financial crash overtaking her at the very start, is most surely due to the brilliant genius of Witte alone.

And yet the question confronts us: Has Witte with his policy of financially regenerating Russia served her real interests? To answer that question it will be necessary to glance at the actual economic conditions of Russia.

One of the most noted men of the day—and he a leading Slavophile—once said to the writer: "Russia is the most glaring instance in history of gigantic power misapplied." How true

this remark is can only be seen by him who knows the real conditions of the Empire.

Russia has always been and is now strong in her foreign aggressive policy, because one man and one governmental machine set in motion by the pressure of a button, directs her forces of offense. One immense mass obeys unquestioningly the word of command spoken. Correspondingly, though, she has been weak for internal reforms.

Nicholas II. for ten years has been placidly slumbering on the pillow of duty well done. Never for a moment has he suspected that he has been but a pawn on the chessboard, to be pushed whither the superior minds of his trusted advisers should choose. Thus it has come to pass that while the Autocrat of all the Russias has been led into the belief that Russian expansion in the Far East was proceeding resistlessly and that her "benign" sway was being accepted with enthusiasm by Mongolians, Chinese and even Japanese, the war cloud has burst upon him unawares. Similarly the forces at his disposal, on land and sea, their efficiency and availability, have been misrepresented to him. The blame for this deplorable condition of affairs, that is, from Russia's point of view, must rest not only with Pobyedonostseff and Plehve, but even in larger measure with the man who has overtopped them all in influence, Witte, and the men acting under his impetus.

This is the case so far as Russia's present condition abroad comes in question. It is far more the case as to her internal conditions. And these are simply frightful.

Witte's financial policy had as cornerstone the creation and maintenance of an enormous excess of exports over imports. Now the only commodities Russia has for export are agricultural products, wheat in the first place, rye, hemp, flax, hides, tallow, tar and live stock, horses and other things in the second place. To force on this gigantic export the tax collector was brought into play by Witte.

If Russian agriculture were in a healthy condition, the country might stand this annual strain without much discomfort. But this is not the case. The Russian peasantry has been on the down-grade for thirty years, a prey to steady pauperization. Famines in the most fertile parts of Russia have become a regularly recurring feature. They will remain so, for the simple reason that on the one hand (owing to the one-crop system) the "black-earth belt" of Russia, comprising fifty out of the seventy-one province and originally possessing the fattest soil, has become exhausted, and that on the other hand the peasant for many years has been living from hand to mouth, never accumulating a reserve in capital or products, and for many years behind with the taxes—in a number of provinces three and more years behind.

To create a Russian national industry, the agricultural interests of the country had to be sacrificed. If this industry were a healthy plant, there

Sergei de Witte.
President of the Imperial Council and the greatest power in Russia to-day.

would be compensating features for such losses. But that is not the case. Russian industry, a hothouse plant nourished with foreign capital on soil imported from abroad, was foredoomed to failure. The complete collapse since 1900 of this industry, involving a financial loss of over five hundred million dollars both to foreign and domestic investors, shows this clearly.

Witte's failure to establish permanently this important feature of his program, proves him to have been guilty of a very serious miscalculation. He overlooked the fact that Russia possesses no middle-class, at least none worthy of the name; the couple of millions all told that might be dignified by the name of middle-class, are almost wholly foreign, not Russian. It is the lack of such a middle-class, too, which will, so far as human foresight can tell, forever prevent Russia from rising to the level of a civilized country in the full and Western definition of that term.

Whichever way this present war will ultimately end, it will have two important consequences for Russia:—

It will weaken her foreign prestige; it is even now admitted by her friends that her fighting resources on land and water have been greatly overestimated. Second, the close of the war will bring urgent internal reforms, reforms that thinking Russians have been sighing for during forty years past. Above all, the way will be found to a new system of internal administration. The elected provincial chambers, representing the Liberal spirit of the Russian people, will obtain the much-coveted enlargement of their legislative and administrative functions, enabling them to attend adequately to the local wants and improvements of the provinces and their subdivided districts all over the

Bishop Jabolowsky.

Chief of the Russian military clergy, he has been decorated many times for his services.

Father John of Kronstadt.

Famous for his good deeds, he is believed by the peasants to be a worker of miracles.

Empire. The abolition of the present system of village communes, a movement now under way, will be the second reform. Others may follow. But those two must be the prerequisites to internal prosperity in Russia.

It is, and always has been, very difficult to obtain recent and reliable data of any importance in Russia. To make up for trustworthy news Russia is a paradise for exaggerated gossip and rumor. I will mention one typical instance in illustration.

The far-famed Father John of Kronstadt is no stranger to American readers. His fabled miracles have passed from lip to lip, until they found themselves embalmed in American type. During the writer's last stay in St. Petersburg he heard in sundry places of the alleged latest achievement of this priest, the sanctity of whose life and the far-reaching influence of whose religious ministrations are, however, beyond cavil.

Making a desperate attempt at pinning down the various informants as to the actual facts of this miracle and the authority on which these facts were based, the result was most curious. One authority after another crumbled to pieces on close investigation, until finally absolutely nothing, not even a shred, was left of the whole miracle. There had been none and "Father John" would have been the last man in the world to set such a story afloat.

Anybody at all acquainted with Russian life will, therefore, give this parting bit of advice to the non-Russian: Be slow in believing tales proceeding from purely Russian sources, the slower the more wonderful the tale is.

THE CONQUEST OF THE COCOANUT

By LEILA M. CHURCH

With Drawings by JEROME UHL

IF there is one thing on earth that makes me realize that life is strenuous it is doing my accounts. When I go shopping it seems as if I bought everything at seventeen cents or forty-nine cents or one dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents a yard, and I almost always get two yards and a quarter or three yards and five-eighths, and give a five dollar bill in payment from which I get back the most perplexing amount of change. Then I go home and try to reckon it up, and though I don't forge or embezzle, I always seem to spend more money than I take with me.

"What shall I do with the coky-net, mem?"

I was sitting at the dining-room table with paper and pencils and dry goods checks trying to add up a column fairly bristling with fractions, when Katie opened the door from the front hall.

"What shall I do with the coky-net, mem?" she asked in a cold, unimpassioned tone. On her head was a dusting cap of huge proportions and in her hand she held by one of its fibrous stems,—the cocoanut.

When Jim and I were married his Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy gave us a handsome check, a stuffed bird and a cocoanut in its shell which Uncle Henry had brought sometime from Florida. We used the check. The bird we put on the book-case. But the cocoanut failed to give any satisfaction. We put it in a dark corner, but it always

managed to roll out again, as if to say, "Oh, here I am." It stared us in the face at every turn. It refused to be snubbed. Jim stumbled over it dozens of times, and kicked it again and again, but it always remained the same. Uncle Henry fondly spoke of it as the curiosity, and whenever he and Aunt Lucy made us a visit the first inquiry was about the cocoanut, and they would sit and gaze at it with the most absorbing interest.

Katie was sweeping the library. She had placed all the other moveable articles in the hall and on the stairs. But always, whenever she swept, she confronted me with the same question about the cocoanut. So when she said "what shall I do with the coky-net, mem?" I relaxed my grip on the fractions with a sigh.

"Oh, anything. Throw it out of the window," I carelessly replied.

She fixed on me a long, unblinking, reproachful stare. Then she slowly withdrew, feeling, I know, that the good things of life were lost on me, while I turned again to my accounts. Later I saw the cocoanut in all its glory resting on the white satin and lace of the best sofa pillow in the house.

At dinner I said to Jim, dramatically, "Honey, something must be done right away."

"All right," he answered cheerfully, "we'll do it."

"It's the cocoanut," I cried.

"We'll hide it!"

"Where!" Jim jumped up and looked about with a great show of excitement. That is the way he does sometimes when he tries to be funny. It is very exasperating.

"It is in the library on the floor," I said, "do be serious, Jim dear, *please*."

"Oh," in a disappointed tone. "I thought you saw it. I didn't know but it had reached the point where it could walk out here. I notice that it progresses every day."

"I was doing my accounts this morning," I went on, "when Katie interrupted me, as she always does, to know what to do with the cocoanut, and I know I cheated myself out of a dollar. I never could make it add up the same again after she came. And it would be such a relief to me never to see that thing again."

"We'll throw it away," said Jim.

"Why, we can't," I told him. "What could we tell Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy?"

Jim having finished his dinner bit off the end of a cigar very thoughtfully. "That's so," he replied. "I'll tell you what," he went on after a minute's thought. "We'll hide it!" He said this so conclusively and settled himself with such a satisfied air that I knew he thought he had at last solved the problem.

He smiled at my dubious look. "I tell you what we'll do girl. We'll each have a try at hiding the thing, try to hide it in a place where we won't be liable to run across it. If you can hide it so I can't find it, all right. If you can't hide it perhaps I can. Now, I'll let you have first chance. I'll stay here while you hide it and count fifty slow, and when I call 'Time's up!' you must be all ready. See?"

The generosity of this offer almost took my breath away. I looked at him soberly for a while, then giggled.

"Very well," said Jim loftily. "If you don't want to try. It's your only chance to escape the clutches of an evil-spirited cocoanut, that enters the homes and hearts of innocent, happy people and robs them of all bliss and peace and enshrines itself—"

And Jim was counting all the time.

"Oh, I'll go," I cried, running toward the library. "Will you count very slow, dear?"

"I—er—shall count *fairly* slow," he condescendingly answered.

I drew the curtains together and stood in the middle of the room with the cocoanut. What should I do with it? I glanced wildly in every direction. Not a spot could I see, not one, and Jim was counting all the time. Fifty is such a small number. Behind pictures, in the book-case, up the chimney, back of the piano and every other place I thought of was not to be considered at all. I rushed here and there trying in vain to find a spot. "Oh, dear!" I cried, running up and down the room with the cocoanut in my hands, "Oh, dear!"

"Time's up!" called Jim. I heard him coming, and then I saw the couch and dropped on my knees and rolled the cocoanut under in a second. I was barely on my feet before Jim entered the room, ready for the search. I went out thinking that I might perhaps have disposed of the cocoanut to better advantage, but thankful that I had seen a spot at least out of sight.

I waited in the dining-room while Jim knocked around the library, making a good deal of unnecessary noise. I knew it was only a question of time before he found it. It was really about two minutes before he called me in, his face adorned with a facetious smile.

He seated himself at the table and took out a pack of cards.

"To show how easy it would be to find the cocoanut," he explained. "Now, I am playing a game of cards here with some people—"

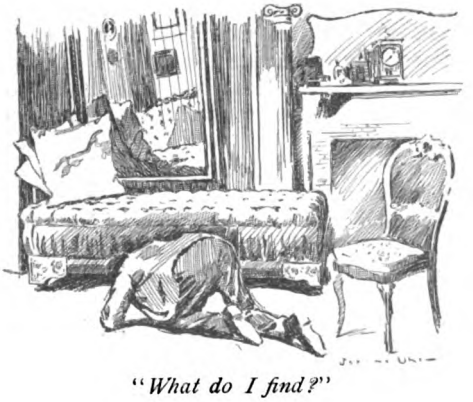
"Euchre," I interrupted. "Play euchre, honey."

"Very well, I am playing euchre with some people and in dealing out in some way a card flies onto the floor, like this—" and he slid one off the table very skilfully. "I get down on the floor, like this, to find it. Where is my card? I look all around and finally I put my head under the couch to see if it is there, like this. What do I find?" He spoke in a loud, declamatory voice just like a demonstrator before a large and rapidly gathering crowd. "Do I find my card? Yes, but what do I see? I see something. I pull it out and find I have discovered a large, fine cocoanut, picked green before it burst from its shell."

He rose and held it up before me. He had looked so absurd sprawled out on the floor in every direction, with his head under the couch, and it was done so soon, all over in a minute like loop-the-loop, that I was delighted. "Do it again!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"No, I won't do it again," he said, "but I shall hide this cocoanut so that neither you nor any one else can find it, not under any ordinary circumstances." And then he started for the hall.

I waited in the library and counted fifty, very slow. Jim seemed to be doing war dances up and down the hall



"What do I find?"

"Mutzima Elrana!"

and now and then I heard him mutter to himself in rapid, earnest tones. I counted fifty, and then I made it sixty for good measure.

"Time's up!" I called at last.

With a final smothered ejaculation Jim appeared, his face all flushed from exertion. His flamboyant air had somewhat disappeared.

I went into the hall and began the search. I expected it would be difficult to find anything that Jim hid, for he loses everything he owns, and things are always found in the most unexpected places. So I looked sharp and long at every object I saw, the stairs, the rugs, the settle, the table, the rack and the ceiling. I walked slowly about, investigating thoroughly. Twice I passed a big Indian jar on a small table in the corner, twice I thought it didn't look suspicious. The third time I saw something that made me start. It was the end of a yellowish, fibrous stem. I went up to the jar and there, with brazen impudence, reposed the cocoanut in the jar. I had not thought to look in such an exposed place, and no one in his right senses would have put it there. Jim must have been driven to desperation.

I called him in. He entered looking rather sheepish. I stood in the corner near the table, my hands clasped in front of me.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will now do a sleight-of-hand performance," I explained. "You see I have nothing in my hands, absolutely nothing. See? Then I wave my hands in the air three times over my head, like this, and pass them in back of me and say, 'Mutzima Elrana!' and then—see? I have a fine, large cocoanut. Ladies and gentlemen, here it is." I held it up and made a profound bow. Jim grinned and applauded.

"I don't see how I found it, really," I said. "You were so clever at hiding it, Jim."

"Hang it, fifty is too short. Count a hundred and then we'll hide it. It's your turn, girl. We'll hide that thing if there is a spot big enough in this house."

So we began all over again. We hid it upstairs and we hid it down, but always at the last minute we were obliged to part with it in a hurry and put it in some conspicuous place, for there was nowhere else to put it. Our house is so tiny and there are no little cupboards and nooks and corners to hide things in. Finally we were obliged to give it up, or at least I was. The strain on the imagination was too much, and I was tired. It wasn't a game of my proposing anyway. Jim was determined it should be safely hid, and he waxed so great with zeal and energy that he smashed a vase, tore the ruffle on a muslin curtain and overturned a flower pot, but still he wasn't satisfied.

"I'll have a hidden closet made in the wall, with a spring door, and keep the thing in that," he said in a tone full of promise. From his general appearance, heated and tousled, he might be ready to commit any rash or unwholesome act.

"If you had a hidden closet with a spring panel in the wall, I don't think you would be keeping any cocoanuts

Still he wasn't satisfied.

in it, dear," I replied judiciously.

This seemed to amuse Jim very much. A smile slowly extended across his face and he turned around to the mirror opposite and exchanged a very knowing look with himself.

"We'll have to submit and bravely sing 'Long live the Cocoanut,'" I continued, gazing at that ubiquitous object, as fresh as ever, in the middle of the room.

"No, we won't," said Jim decidedly. "No, we won't," he said again, after a pause, suddenly starting for the door. In a few minutes I heard him calling Katie everywhere. There was one thing about it, if Katie were in the house he would find her. No one with average intelligence could fail to be impressed with the fact that it was Katie he wanted. He yelled "Katie" as if he said "Ship ahoy," or whatever it is that they yell on ships. I listened, lost in admiration and wonder.

It was some time before she appeared. She had retired to her room and locked the door, and prepared to defend herself against any event that might occur, probably in view of the racing and running and roaring and banging and ominous silences and low mutterings and wild cries that had been going on for the last hour, not knowing just what to expect. She came into the room with reluctant steps and round, observant eyes. I think I might say her senses were keenly alert and she kept near the door. Jim smiled at her encouragingly.

"Do you see that cocoanut?" he asked.

"Yis, sor." She eyed it suspiciously.

"Well, it's a deluded object, entirely worthless, absolutely N. G."

"Yis, sor."

"It is assertively familiar, indiscriminately aggressive, constitutionally superfluous, supremely redundant."

"Yis, sor."

"In short, I will give you a dollar to hide that object so I won't be able to see it again till I call for it. Understand? Anywhere in the house, only be sure I don't find it. Here's the dollar." He dived his hand in his pocket and produced a dollar and gave it to her.

She took it mechanically. For some time she stood there staring impartially at him and the cocoanut. Then slowly she went to the thing, slowly, reverently picked it up by the stem and proceeded to the door, never for a moment

"How de do—everybody?"

unfastening her eyes from Jim's face. At the door she paused.

"Yis, sor," she said, and in her tone was awe, wonder, pity and scorn. Then she departed.

Jim gave one whoop of delight. And in an effulgence of bliss I gave another, while together we danced a wild dance of joy.

A week or so later, while we were at dinner, the door-bell rang. Katie had hardly opened the door before we heard in hearty, joyful tones, "How de do! How de do—everybody!" It was Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy. Before we could rise from our chairs they had reached the dining-room, and already Aunt Lucy was saying: "Your Uncle Henry had to come to the city on business so I came, too. We missed the first train and had to wait two hours. How are you, you dear children?" Then there was a great handshaking and kissing and everybody talked at once and Katie brought more plates and things, and we all grew so excited we could hardly eat, or at least I did.

I noticed it didn't affect Jim very much.

"You needn't put on extra plates for us, we had our dinner while we waited. We are not at all hungry, are we, Henry?" said Aunt Lucy.

Uncle is a tall, thin, mild-looking man, with very blue eyes and a very short nose. I always said if Uncle would only put a ruffle on the bottom of his trousers and on the end of his nose he would be quite good-looking.

"Certainly not, certainly not," he answered hastily.

So very soon we all went into the library. Jim fussed with the fire till

Sat on the edge of the tub to talk it over.

we had a glorious blaze, and then we all sat around it and talked. In about five minutes I saw Uncle twitch his trousers up a little at the knee, as he always does when he is about to say something.

"Oh, by the way, how is the curiosity?" he asked. I looked at Jim meaningly, while Uncle cast furtive glances around the room.

At last Jim spoke. "Oh, we have it," he said blandly. Then, catching a warning look from me, "In fact, er—a—we still have it," he finished unexpectedly.

Aunt Lucy looked at him in astonishment. She opened her mouth to speak, but I was ahead.

"Oh, Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy," I suddenly said, "you don't know how much we appreciate that card-table you sent us Christmas. It was just what we wanted, and such a beauty! We speak of it every time we play on it, don't we, Jim?"

"Your Uncle Henry picked that out," replied Aunt Lucy placidly.

Uncle bore his honors well. "Oh, fiddle-de-dee!" he modestly disclaimed.

"Why not have a game of whist or something now, to see how it works?" said Jim eagerly.

Now if there is one thing Uncle had rather do than eat it is to play cards. He fell in with the idea with alacrity, and Aunt Lucy seemed willing, so we brought out the table. We played several games before we retired—enough to prove that the table was all that it should be, and Jim kept up a run of conversation that was interesting if not brilliant. When at last Aunt Lucy gently led Uncle away the desire within him to remain was stronger than the inducements offered.

Jim says I "nig" when I play cards, and he always gets quite upset and loses his temper and threatens to leave me or do anything reckless, but I don't mean to cheat. It is an optical delusion, and I am always sorry. He was quite formal in his manner after Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy left us, so that it took me all the time he was locking the doors and things to soften his heart. I succeeded so well that by the time we went upstairs he was quite cheerfully friendly, even gay.

"Girl, you don't know what a fine husband you have—so sprightly, so kind," he said affectionately.

"Yes, you are sprightly, too sprightly. We will disturb Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy. We'll go in the bathroom and yell all we please."

The bathroom is at the far end of the corridor, a large pleasant room. We reached this secluded spot and sat on the edge of the tub to talk it over. Jim was in high spirits.

"Uncle Hen. is a fine old boy. What do you think girl?"

"I think," I said, trying to balance myself on the tub and nearly falling in and dragging Jim with me, "I think that I am hungry. Go down stairs and

bring up something, *please*, my dear sprightly, kind husband, will you?"

Jim started to his feet. It was a case of "heads, in the tub, feet on the floor," and he chose the floor.

He was off like a flash. He went the back way as it was shorter, and with a leap and a bound, a slam, a crash, a clatter, a tinkle, a bang and three steps, he was back, bearing in each hand a glass of milk crowned by a large piece of pie and two graham cookies, respectively. I confess I was disappointed in the cookies, and graham, too. They leave so much to the imagination.

A correct imitation of a man eating a piece of pie.

"I'll now give you a correct imitation of a man eating a piece of pie," said Jim. "I'll do more. I'll do something that you can't. I will now put this piece of pie in my mouth, all at once. Understand? All in at once. Can you do that?"

"I could if my mouth were as large as yours, dear. But I wouldn't want to. I wouldn't be so—vulgar."

He began slowly to bite off mouthfuls of pie and I sat and watched him in horrified interest till the last crumb disappeared and his face was bulged and distorted and his eyes stood out as if he saw evil spirits. And then, at the final, critical moment, a wild weird shriek rent the night air and echoed through the house, wild and awful. Then another terrible cry, and then the sound of a mighty, leaping bound.

Jim and I gazed at each other a moment in petrified silence, then we both rushed for the front guest chamber.

A pitiful sight confronted us. Uncle Henry, loosely and hastily wrapped in a bathrobe, sat moaning in pain as he rocked back and forth, nursing his foot. Aunt Lucy in a frenzied state of mind hovered near him crying, "Henry, do tell me what is the matter." She had only begun to prepare for the night, and one half her front hair was done up on a hairpin, while the other half waved back and forth in its primeval state.

"Is it a cramp?" she asked anxiously. But Uncle shook his head and continued to moan, in a pitiful way.

"It must be a cramp," said Aunt Lucy again, as we all gathered around the sufferer.

"It's a scorpion, I tell you," cried Uncle at last in agonized tones. "Or a centipede," he added with a groan.

"Where?" I asked. "Oh, Uncle, do tell me where it is."

He gasped twice, then in weak, wavering tones he said, "It's in that bed. When I jumped in something clawed my foot and gripped me hard. I shall be a dead man, I tell you, in two minutes."

Jim tore off the bed clothes. "I'll find him!" he cried bravely. "I'll find the bloodthirsty reptile!"

"Oh, be careful," said Aunt Lucy. "They are poisonous you know."

"Grab it by it's leg!" I cried excitedly. Uncle moaned, Aunt Lucy walked up and down crying "Dear me!" and Jim clutched madly at the foot of the bed.

"Ha! I have it, I have it!" he cried tragically. He snatched out something very quick and dropped it. It made a dull thud on the floor.

"What is it?" asked Uncle in his dying breath.

"Grab it by its leg."

"Oh! Henry, think of your immortal soul!"

Jim gave one look at the dragon he had routed from its den, then he went behind a screen so he was visible only to me and went through the most extraordinary motions for my benefit, as if he were committing suicide, shaving himself and having his hair cut all at once.

I gazed at him with admiration and delight. Then I remembered something. "Why, what became of the pie?" I asked him wonderingly.

Uncle had ceased to groan. "What is it, I say?" he demanded.

Aunt Lucy was looking at the scorpion in astonished silence, her relations with it becoming closer and more personal each second.

"Why-ee!" she said at last. "Why, Henry!"

Then, carefully, she lifted it up by the end.

"It's the cocoanut!" she whispered.

Uncle looked at her stupidly. "What cocoanut?" he asked.

"Why, the one you brought from Florida. Don't you know?"

Uncle rose to his feet, Jim came from behind the screen, and we all stood and looked at the cocoanut. Jim twice opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came.

Aunt Lucy looked at Uncle; in fact, we all looked at Uncle. He looked at the cocoanut, his breath coming fast, and his eyes winking very hard. Then he spoke.

The words burst forth like the giving away of a mighty dam of water, passionate, raging, whirling madly on, never stopping, forever changing, always threatening, angry, turbulent. Epithets, imprecations, rare titles of unusual destruction filled the night with tumult. All the words that Uncle would have liked to say for the past ten or fifteen years he reeled forth now. He asked no questions, he answered none. An explanation might be coming later, but for the present he had the floor. He kept straight on unburdening himself while Aunt Lucy wailed and wrung her hands.

"Oh, Henry, stop, I beg. My husband, think of your immortal soul. Oh, my dear child, come with me. You must not listen to such speech," and she started to lead me away by the arm. And just then, Jim, having been wrought up to the pitch where he could keep silence no longer, chimed in with Uncle, and together they discoursed on the cocoanut.

Aunt Lucy became firm. "Come," she said. "Leave the room with me." And she dragged my reluctant feet along.

"I want to listen," I said, casting a glance backward at the two men standing in the middle of the floor. I felt nearly ready to do a little discoursing myself, but I had to content myself with walking up and down the corridor and hearing Aunt Lucy mourn the degeneration of Uncle Henry.

The sounds had grown fainter from within the guest room. "I think I will go in now, Aunt Lucy," I said. I opened the door just as Jim finished with— "lantern-jawed, double-twisted, white-livered imitation of a Hubbard squash."

Uncle had just finished wiping his eyes and blowing his nose. Aunt Lucy eyed him sternly.

"Henry, aren't you a little ashamed of yourself?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," he answered, suddenly

seizing the offender by its stem and starting toward the door. "Yes, I am ashamed to think I was ever such a deluded crank as to think there was any satisfaction to be had out of a miserable piece of natural growth like this. Is there a fire in the house?"

"We'll have one in the library grate in about two minutes," said Jim joyfully, running after Uncle.

"Henry Allen, you are not going to burn that cocoanut!" asked Aunt Lucy in horror.

"That's just what I am going to do," came from half way down the stairs.

"Come on quick," I called, hurrying after Jim and Uncle. She stood there a while in hesitation, then bewildered she came.

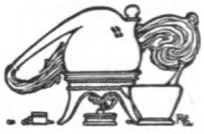
The procession filed straight to the fireplace where Jim soon made a blaze, and we all stood around in imposing silence, like Indians, especially Aunt Lucy, who was modestly secluded beneath the folds of a down quilt. Then, with dignity, his hair standing up straight, his bath robe floating out behind, Uncle laid the cocoanut carefully in the grate and the flames immediately rushed and roared way up the chimney.

We watched it burn, motionless, speechless. Aunt Lucy sighed as she saw it go. Jim stood with arms folded gazing at it like Brutus or Cassius looking at something, I forget what. Uncle regarded it with pleasant satisfaction. He was fast becoming himself again. He smiled as he caught my eye when he let his attention wander for a moment, and while the other two were lost in thoughtful contemplation, he turned to me.

"Did I hear you say pie?" he asked in a suggestive whisper.

We stood around in imposing silence.

AT THE TURNING



By E. F. STEARNS

HASLAM dropped the morning's *Chemical Gazette* rather suddenly, and glanced across the office toward Wilmerding, whose iron-gray head and sharp cut profile were bent over the document he had spread upon the desk. Then he shook his head wearily, walked to the window and stared gloomily out, over lower New York and the upper bay.

The vista from the seventeenth story was well attuned to Haslam's mood. The shifting pall of soft coal smoke, the dreary haze over the water, veiling the little ferryboats and the larger shipping to indistinct splotches, the shining, wet roofs below and the dark, thread-like streets—all the gray scheme harmonized with the bitter thing that coursed through Haslam's brain. He bit hard upon his cigar and a sharp sigh escaped him.

Wilmerding, his perusal of the paper arrested by the sound, looked quizzically toward the black silhouette by the window and asked —

"What's up, Dick?"

"The Amalgamated," said Haslam.

"At it again, eh?"

"At it again."

"Their latest performance being—?"

"According to the *Gazette*, they've chopped another ten cents from the price of Glauber's salt!"

"Ten cents!" Wilmerding turned altogether from the document and tilted back in his chair. "Ten cents at one clip! Jimminy!"

"We can't meet that."

"Possibly, as in some other instances, we shall be forced to meet it."

Haslam came to his side and leaned upon the long mahogany desk, and for a time the two men stared thoughtfully at one another.

"It would appear," said Wilmerding at last, "that this Amalgamated Manufacturing Company is bent on driving us out of business!"

Haslam grunted.

"They're in a fair way to do it."

"Superficially, they seem to be," admitted his partner, staring absently toward the window. "Hum. They're persistent devils, aren't they, Dick? They've fooled us, more or less, until lately. When they organized and Burton went with them, we laughed. When they absorbed Carstairs Brothers, we smiled and prophesied a fight and a smash. When Dixon & Dixon joined the combine, we ceased to smile. When the Harbury factories were gathered in, I think we may even have frowned. But now that they've quashed Carteret and Frederickson and the Jones people and Atkins and even poor old Bland—"

"And Blaisdell," said Mr. Haslam.

"True, Blaisdell, also. Now they're all gone—and we alone are left to tell the tale!"

"And there is not much more telling for us to do."

"Wilmerding & Haslam," the former murmured. "Wilmerding & Haslam—the last, absolutely the last firm outside the Trust making heavy chemicals!"

Haslam considered his cigar in silence.

"They're cutting prices on us everywhere," Wilmerding continued. "In a year, they haven't let up for one minute."

"How long can they stand it?"

A mirthless smile flickered across Wilmerding's lips.

"How long can we stand it, Dick, if we're to come out alive?"

"There's nothing very problematic about that, is there?" said Haslam despondently.

"I fear not," Wilmerding admitted.

"This last cut we certainly cannot meet. Perhaps it's the beginning of the end."

"It's the ending of the end!" said Haslam savagely. "We're pushed to the limit now. We can count the months between to-day and the time we drop out of business. Months? No, days!"

"I—don't know," said the senior partner meditatively.

"I do! We've hardly a leg left. It's dollars out instead of dollars in, every wretched week. The salesmen can't get orders—Amalgamated's cut us. They can't write contracts—Amalgamated's cut us and signed the papers! The first of the year isn't six week's off, and do you know how many of our old customers are going to stay with us after that?"

"Not more than half."

"Not thirty per cent. of them!" cried Haslam. "I figured it out with Jennings last night. He let two of our salesmen go last Saturday—had to. They simply can't sell our stuff. No matter where they go, the Amalgamated has forestalled them. We cannot give away goods—they can, for a time. And that time will last until competition, which resolves itself into—us, is dead!"

"Pessimism," observed Wilmerding, with his faint smile.

"Optimism's idiocy, in our case. To-day, to-morrow—next week, perhaps—the Amalgamated will have a man here to buy us out."

"Well?"

"We'll sell!" said Haslam, desperately.

"No, we won't—not by a long shot! not just yet, at any rate," replied Wilmerding. "We're not out of the fight yet! They've hacked us badly and we're bleeding—but we're still doing business, Dick."

"Ah, but it seems such a shame!" muttered Haslam. "Twenty-six years we've been building on this concern—twenty-six years in June. Started her in a rickety old shack in Greenpoint—do you remember the old place? Working and grinding and slaving and grubbing the pennies to put back in the business—wearing out ourselves and the best part of our lives—for twenty-six years! God! how we have kept at it—for this!"

"But—we're still doing business," Wilmerding repeated, turning slowly to the document.

Haslam lingered a moment by the desk, then shrugged his shoulders and crossed to the window once more.

His own view of the affair held far more reason, hopeless as it was, than that of the sanguine, quiet Wilmerding.

Nor did events warrant, even meagerly, another view. The week dragged to a close, and the cloud lowered. The month-end came and the balances told a sorrier tale than ever before. If the quality of mercy was possessed by the Amalgamated, they masked it with fine success.

Upon another rainy morning, shortly before noon, Wilmerding arrived at the establishment on the seventeenth floor and found Haslam at his desk, idle and gloomy.

"It has happened," said the latter.

"What?"

"The Amalgamated want our concern, root and branch. Their Mr. Somebody was here for an hour or more."

"What did they offer?" asked Wilmerding.

"He didn't give the figure—wished to submit their proposition to us jointly, I believe, and you weren't here. I've arranged an appointment—we're to meet a couple of the Amalgamated's big bugs at this office, one week from to-day, at three o'clock."

"Well—well!" The senior partner was thoughtful.

"We can toll the bell now," Haslam sighed.

"So it has come, after all!" Wilmerding said softly, leaning back and regarding Haslam with absent eyes. "It has come. Do you know, I hardly thought that, even as things—are—"

His voice trailed off into nothingness and there was silence in the inner office. Then Wilmerding broke the stillness suddenly and rather irrelevantly.

"What has become of all the old factories, Dick?"

"Eh?"

"Blaisdell's and Bland's and Carteret's and all the rest?"

"They're shut down, of course."

"I know that. I didn't mean the buildings themselves—I was referring to the stuff inside them—the machinery and apparatus and so on. Is it all lying idle?"

"Good Lord, no!" said Haslam. "I understand that all the working parts have been torn out and shipped on to Sandville."

"Then the Trust isn't operating any of the old works. I fancied not," said Wilmerding.

"No, all their manufacturing is done out at Sandville, I suppose. Why?"

"Sandville," murmured the senior partner, passing the interrogation. "Sandville, Pennsylvania. I know that part of the country—yes, I know all that unhallowed stretch, I think. They have a big place there, haven't they, Dick?"

"Big! The biggest chemical works in the country! One side of their main brick building is nine hundred feet long!"

"Pretty stiff, that! I presume that their acid and everything else is made there now. Yes, it must be. Shipping's cheap for them, and the location is central—and I can't recall one of the old places still in operation. How do they get their supplies—sulphur and soda ash and all that?"

"Over the Erie or the Pennsylvania."

"And their coal?"

"Direct from the mines, I believe. Why?"

"I was merely speculating," said Wilmerding.

Once more he fell into an irritating fit of abstraction, presently to branch even farther from the subject:—

"The old-fashioned fighting men—"

"Eh?" said Haslam abruptly.

"The ancient generals—away back in the time of Marathon—managed to consummate an error which cost thousands of estimable gentlemen their very existences. It was," said Wilmerding, "the fallacy of too great concentration of force. Nowadays a first-year West-Pointer could spout edifyingly to them upon the value of—extended order."

"Well?"

"There are times when I find occasion to wonder at the survival of that archaic error," said Wilmerding.

"Well—what is the connection with this Amalgamated business?"

"I don't know, as yet. Possibly none exists. A week from to-day they're coming, are they?"

"Yes. Shall I have a schedule prepared for them?"

"No, sir!" said the senior partner, suddenly energetic. "You'll do nothing of the sort. If we decide to be—er—absorbed, there will be ample time for that later on. Dick, will you call Miss Morton? There are a few letters I wish to give her. I'm going out of town for a day or two."

Wilmerding failed to return from lunch, nor did he put in an appearance upon the following day. But the morning after the senior partner arrived rather earlier than usual, tired and travel-stained, but animate in every fiber.

He came to his subject without preface.

"Dick, I want to spend some money."

"Well?"

"What sort of balance are we carrying at the bank?"

"Between eighty and ninety thousand, I suppose."

"How much can you raise personally—on mortgages, securities or what not—on short notice?"

"Why—possibly two hundred thousand," Haslam replied rather startled. "What's in the wind now?"

"I can duplicate that—fully," Wilmerding muttered under his breath. "On a pinch—a big pinch—could you borrow another fifty thousand on your own responsibility?"

"In all probability."

"Good! Get it to-day, Dick. I believe I can do better. Now, as to the plant. Thank God! that's free and clear. There'll be no trouble in getting another hundred and fifty thousand for that?"

"Lord, no!" said Haslam. "But,

my dear man, what under the sun has come over you? Do you realize that you're sitting there, talking money like a Wall Street maniac, when within five days we shall be obliged to sell out plant, business and everything else for about one-quarter of its value?"

"Haslam, come over here."

For a moment or two Wilmerding's voice descended to a low, rapid hum. Haslam shook his head.

"It's not feasible. A thing like that wouldn't be left lying around for you to pick up."

"Perhaps not. I am not certain of anything," said Wilmerding. "There are other details into which I can't go now. But you've known me for thirty years, Dick. I've piloted this old concern through some bad channels. You know that I'm not the man to spend money blindly or rush into a thing with closed eyes. I want every penny of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I want it in the bank before they close on Friday. If I don't use it —well and good. If I do, it will be to a purpose. I'll hustle around town this morning—and back there this afternoon. Drop in and tell my wife. I shan't have time. Good-by."

"But, Wilmerding!" cried Haslam starting from his chair as the senior partner seized his hat and turned to the door. "Where can I communicate with you? When will you be back?"

"Oh, I'll wire you if—anything turns up to make it necessary. I imagine that I shall return Sunday night—or possibly Monday morning."

"But on Monday—at three—the Amalgamated people—"

"I know," Wilmerding called back. "Good-by."

Haslam sat alone, haggard and dispirited. Three o'clock was very near. Another hour, and perhaps the old firm would have ceased to be—the twenty-six years gone for nothing, the plant and all the rest for next to nothing.

Hope from Wilmerding seemed to have evanesced. His project had not been fraught with success—not even a telegram had hinted at Wilmerding's existence since his departure. And yet, Wilmerding was queer and reticent and oddly self-contained at times. He might have found the way—Haslam turned from the thought with a hard laugh; and then sat more erect, as a hand rattled the knob.

"Mr. Gales—Mr Remsen," the boy announced.

Remsen was corpulent and hard and of not too fine a grain—wholly self-made and wholly self-satisfied. His companion, Gales, partook more of Wilmerding's type—slight of figure, intellectual of countenance and—as it occurred to Haslam—far more dangerous than Remsen. These two, then, constituted the mailed hand of the relentless, inflexible Amalgamated.

Haslam received them with poor dissembling of the emotions they aroused.

"Mr. Wilmerding," he began," is detained—"

As he spoke, the door swung open once more and Wilmerding, trim and imperturable, entered the office. Haslam searched his face for tidings, good or evil, and failed to read them.

Wilmerding opened his desk, nodded to the trio and took his seat with an easy:—

"Well, gentlemen?"

Gales cleared his throat.

"I presume," he said, "that we all understand the business in hand too thoroughly to make necessary anything in the shape of preliminary explanation?"

Wilmerding inclined his head.

"You are aware then that the Amalgamated Company wishes to submit a tentative offer for the purchase of your firm, entire?"

"Certainly."

"You are aware, also, that competition such as has been recently our mutual experience must inevitably cause—er—a certain depreciation in the value of the properties of the—pardon me—weaker firm?"

"Very well. Admitted," said Wilmerding drily.

"This, then, is the offer which we have been empowered to make." Gales consulted a slip. "For your plant, present stock of crude and finished products—well, in short, for everything,

with the possible exception of office fittings and so on, the Amalgamated Company will pay you one hundred thousand dollars in cash."

Haslam's hands clenched angrily and he half rose from his chair. One hundred thousand dollars! Once, weeks ago, in a low mood, he had fixed one hundred and fifty thousand as the positive minimum of that impending estimate. But—one hundred thousand!

"Which will include, if you so desire, openings for both you gentlemen upon our executive staff, at compensation amounting to between three and four thousand dollars—or as shall later be agreed," concluded Gales.

Wilmerding tilted his chair and studied the fresco upon the ceiling. Haslam stared rather stupidly at Wilmerding. They had been long together—he and the gray-haired man across the room. Side by side, they had put up a good fight and built a magnificent business—and come to a bad end.

"Your offer, gentlemen," Wilmerding paused and glanced swiftly over the trio, "your offer, we feel forced to—decline!"

"Indeed!" Gales' eyes contracted. "Possibly a higher figure would interest you?"

"Possibly."

"We will increase that to one hundred and twenty thousand."

"Which we—decline," Wilmerding smiled.

"Really!"

Gales and Remsen seemed to hold telepathic converse

"Give him another twenty—and stop," the latter said curtly.

"Very well. Will one hundred and forty thousand dollars prove an inducement to you, Mr. Wilmerding—subject of course, to the approval of our Board of Directors?"

"Not the slightest in the world!" said the senior partner of Wilmerding & Haslam.

Gales and Remsen regarded their victim curiously. Mr. Wilmerding's eye-lid—the one invisible to the Amalgamated's representatives—dropped suddenly and then opened again, as the eye fell upon Haslam.

"Well—I guess that settles it," Remsen observed. "Don't it, Gales?"

"It may be," suggested that gentleman, "that Mr. Wilmerding desires to submit a counter proposition to our own?"

"I—er—I did have something of the sort in mind," Wilmerding confessed, with a deprecating smile.

"We are here to consider anything within reason," said polite Mr. Gales.

"Well—let me see." Wilmerding's finger tips were lightly touching, and his thumbs twiddled in a fashion that annoyed Gales vastly. "In the first place, we would ask—it may seem unusual, but you are aware that we have suffered very much from your cutting of prices—we would ask as an indemnity for your recent operations, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars!"

"Huh!" snorted Remsen, doubtful of his own hearing.

"Further," pursued Wilmerding blandly, "we shall require the execution of a very explicit mutual agreement, tending to establish a reasonably fixed scale of prices, from which neither your firm nor ours may deviate, now or in the future."

"My dear Mr. Wilmerding!" Gales protested.

"And still further, we shall require that you purchase a bit of property which we hold at present, and valued conservatively at one million dollars! It's a bargain, I assure you!"

For an instant, a funereal hush fell over the four men—Wilmerding, placid and smiling, his partner breathless, Remsen angry and utterly confounded, Gales very frankly amazed.

"My dear sir," began the last named mildly, "surely you have some conception—"

"Oh, for God's sake! Cut it out!" cried Remsen. "We're not here to joke Wilmerding. Come down to business!"

Wilmerding's chair whirled about suddenly.

"All right," he said, so sharply that the others started. "I will come down to business—straight down! Listen! Out there in Sandville, you people built a monstrous factory, did you not? The

greatest place of it's kind—the huge central plant, from which you were going to supply the whole East with its chemicals, eh? You spent money and money and money—until your works had cost, all told, something like five millions, didn't you?"

"Approximately that, perhaps," said Gales.

"Good. You built a wall nine hundred feet long and put on a roof twice the size of a city block, didn't you? You bought your ground for next to nothing—you arranged everything beautifully with the railroad, didn't you? But there was one detail you overlooked. You knew that the water supply was splendid—that a reservoir outside of Sandville would supply you, and has been supplying you with millions of gallons for little or nothing. But you didn't quite grasp the fact, I fear, that that water supply was owned by an insignificant little private corporation called the Sandville Water Company. Remsen, Gales, open your ears," said Wilmerding. "Open 'em wide! Wilmerding & Haslam are the Sandville Water Company! I bought it out this morning!"

"Good—God!" gasped Remsen.

"You don't appreciate what that means!" Wilmerding cried, his voice trembling with exultation. "D—n it! You can't appreciate it—yet! There isn't a drop of available water within fifty miles of that wretched Sandville that we don't control! All the wells that you can drill won't amount to a row of pins for your purposes. No, they won't! I've spent nearly a week there with an engineer, and I *know!* Sandville seems to be sand clear through to China. The river's filthy from the pulp mills—you can't use that. And do you know what you'll have to do to obtain a water supply of the sort you must have? You'll build a conduit fifty-two miles long, at a cost of at least one million eight hundred thousand dollars! I've had it figured to the penny.

"And here is where we stand: I've submitted our terms. Take them—if you like. Turn them down—if you like. The Sandville Water Company is paying dividends without your bills—we can carry it. But I can tell you this: that if you reject the offer I've made I'll shut off your water for good! I'll shut down your big works! You use thousands of gallons every hour for your manufacturing—you won't have one pint! You've a dozen immense boilers—there won't be one drop for one of them—until you have built that conduit. And that operation, Mr. Remsen and Mr. Gales, I am very credibly informed, will consume at least ten months, during which time, for obvious reasons, the Amalgamated Company will practically suspend business. Well—how about it?"

Remsen's full-blooded visage was purple. Gales had already arisen.

"This is a matter for the directors," he said quietly. "If your statements can be substantiated—"

"Which it is my extreme felicity to assure you can be done by myself at any time," Wilmerding interrupted.

"— our course seems to lie in but one direction. You are clever, Mr. Wilmerding."

"Thank you."

"In a week, then—"

"By to-morrow noon," the senior partner corrected, "we shall hope to see you here with a definite answer. If not—"

"But in so short a time—"

"— your factory will cease to operate."

"Very well," said Gales. "Gentlemen, we bid you good afternoon."

The door swung after the Amalgamated's men.

Wilmerding, suddenly white to the lips, sank into his chair and laughed weakly.

"Is—is it straight?" Haslam asked hoarsely.

"Straight as a string, Dick" said the senior partner fumbling for a cigar. "And, Dick, tell Jennings to send for those two men and put them back to work. There'll be enough for them to do. Business," concluded Wilmerding running his fingers through the gray hair that covered an aching head—"business is going to brush up."

IMPORTED AMERICANS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

V. THROUGH ELLIS ISLAND

HAPPY, excited, enthusiastic as they were, there was still that dread among the people aboard the *Princess Irene* of the "Batteria"—the name used to sum up all that pertains to Ellis Island. I saw more than one man with a little slip of notes in his hand carefully rehearsing his group in all that they were to say when they came up for examination, and by listening here and there I found that hundreds of useless lies were in preparation. Many, many persons whose entry into this country would be in no way hindered by even the strictest enforcement of the letter of the emigration laws were trembling in their shoes and preparing to evade or defeat the purpose of questions which they had heard would be put to them.

Some of the people who had confided in me came around even two or three times to ask me whether I thought they looked at all "sick in the eyes." One woman who fancied that her baby had trachoma gorged the child that day in an effort to get it asleep and keep it asleep, so that the doctor should pass it without examining it, as she was prepared to protest against having it waked up.

More than once I heard leaders of groups telling men:—

"Remember, you have got no work, and you paid your own way."

One man, whom I knew to be of independent means and in no wise an unfit person under the law to be admitted, was going about in a very nervous state, his hand constantly on some papers in his breast pocket. I had talked with him before, and he had told me he had a store in Salerno. Now I approached him and drew him into conversation about the land already in sight, and before long he drew out the papers he had in his pocket. In addition to his passport and his regular ticket of health he had the naturalization papers of a full-fledged American citizen. The name on them was not the name on his ticket of health which would be the one on the ship's manifest, and I told him that if he endeavored to use the naturalization papers at the docks he would certainly get into trouble. He was greatly frightened and was very suspicious of me, so much so that I was unable to get any further information out of him. I found one of his friends aboard who was a man of more experience, and after telling him just what lay before the Salerno man if he attempted to use the naturalization papers, I persuaded him to find out where and how the Salerno man got them. In a half hour he came back and said the Salerno man was below, weeping and ready to commit suicide, but had told him that he had gone with three other men to a man in the first wine shop on the *Strada del Duomo*, off the *Strada Nuovo*, in Naples, and had paid fifty lire each for American citizen's papers brought home by returning emigrants, and they were to receive fifteen lire each if they returned them after use. The three other men had sailed on the *Citta di Napoli*.

Numbers of the people were privately taking out and setting aside varying sums from their slender stores of money with which to "pay something to the American inspector and the American doctor." So accustomed were they to extortion by officials that they refused to believe me when I told them that it would cease at Ellis Island. They were astounded and deeply puzzled when it did.

The steerage stewards and the interpreter, under the direction of a junior officer, appeared and ordered all the steerage passengers to pass up from the forward main deck to the hurricane

deck and aft, leaving their baggage just where it was. Wild commotion broke forth, for this was preparatory action at last. Slowly the chattering, excited hundreds were got aft and crowded into the space usually given to second cabin passengers, and after a long wait there, while we approached Quarantine, the port doctor's boat came out, and the *Chamberlain* carrying the Ellis Island boarding officers and a newspaper man or two.

I knew we were about to pass before the port doctor's deputy and the boarding officers, and got our party together and into the line passing forward along the promenade. As we approached the forward end we saw the dour German doctor standing with a gray-whiskered man in uniform, on whose cap front was the welcome gold-thread eagle design of the U. S. service. As we came nearly abreast of them I saw another official on the right hand side and turned my head slightly to see what was occurring on that side of the line. I caught a glimpse of steerage stewards beyond the officials hurrying the immigrants down the companionway, and the next instant received a heavy, raking blow on the bridge of my nose and up my forehead. It partly stunned and dazed me, and I was merely conscious of stumbling on and of having the spectacles, which I wore for reading or distance-viewing, hanging by the hook over one ear. Before I could even see I was at the head of the companionway and the stewards were hustling my wife down the steps. I gathered from what she was saying that the German doctor had struck me and, turning to look at him, saw he was looking after me with a sneer on his face. To go back would have been to spoil my investigations just at the last stage, and with a lamblike meekness I went below. My wife told me that having uncovered my head, as is the rule in passing the doctor, I had replaced my hat a second too soon, as I turned to look to the right, and the German doctor had reached over her head and struck me with the back of his wrist, inflicting a heavy blow under the pretense of brushing my hat from my head.

When the inspection was finished the great steamer got under way once more,

The immigrants were huddled together on the barge during the long, weary wait.

Mr. Brandenburg as an Italian immigrant.

and in the glorious sunlight of mid-forenoon we steamed up between South Brooklyn and Staten Island, with the shipping, the houses and the general contour of the harbor very plain to be seen.

On every hand were exclamations among the immigrants over the oddity of wooden-built houses, and the beauty of the Staten Island shore places, and when the gigantic skyscrapers of lower Manhattan came into view, a strange, serrated line against the sky, the people who had been to America before cried out in joyful tones and pointed. A low murmur of wonder was heard from the newcomers. Nunzio Giunta, at my elbow, said :—

"Antonio told the *truth*."

Another very odd thing was the great effect the sight of the magnificence of New York had on the people who were destined for Western and New England points. More than one expressed a desire to remain in New York. If it be considered that nine out of every ten immigrants are of rural birth and that the city is always most fascinating to country people it can be understood why immigrants are so prone to congregate in the cities aside from the considerations of convenience to labor and opportunities for small trading.

What seemed to the eager immigrants an unreasonably long time of waiting passed while the customs officers were looking after the first-class passengers as they were leaving the ship. When the way was clear word was passed forward to get the immigrants ready to debark. First, however, Special Inspector Vance held a little tribunal at the rail forward on the hurricane deck at which all persons who had citizen's papers were to present them. I watched him carefully as he proceeded with his task of picking out genuine citizens from the other sort, and in allowing them to leave the ship at the docks, and if all officials are as thorough and as careful as he, then is the law enforced to its limit and the many evasions of it which seem to exist are things no official, or set of officials, can prevent operating on this side of the water. Here again, I could not help seeing that deceit, evasion and trickery were possible, inasmuch as the inspector can only take the papers on the face of them, together with the immigrant's own statement and if the gangs who smuggle immigrants in on borrowed, transferred or forged citizens' papers have been careful enough in preparing and coaching the immigrants, there is no way of apprehending the fraud at the port of arrival, nor would there be at the port of embarkation, but there is no chance for any such practices if the examinations were made in the community of the immigrant's residence.

At last we were summoned to pass aft and ashore. One torrent of humanity poured up each companionway to the hurricane deck and aft, while a third stream went through the main deck

alleyway, all lugging the preposterous bundles. The children, seeing sufficient excitement on foot to incite them to cry and being by this time very hungry, began to yell with vigor. A frenzy seemed to possess some of the people as groups became separated.

The steerage stewards kept up their brutality to the last. One woman was trying to get up the companionway with a child in one arm, her deck chair brought from home hung on the other, which also supported a large bundle. She blocked the companionway for a moment. One of the stewards stationed by it, reached up, dragged her down, tore the chair off her arm, splitting her sleeve as he did so and scraping the skin off her wrist and in his rage he broke the chair into a dozen pieces. The woman passed on sobbing, but cowed and without a threat.

As we passed down the gangway an official stood there with a mechanical checker numbering the passengers and uniformed dock watchmen directed the flood of humanity pouring off the ship where to set down the baggage to await customs inspection.

The dock employees were all German, some of them speaking a very little English and none that I saw using Italian. While their plan of keeping the immigrants in line in order to facilitate the inspection of baggage was all very good and quite the proper thing, the brutal method in which they enforced it was nothing short of reprehensible. The natural family and neighborhood groups were separated, and a part of the baggage was dumped in one place and a part in another. When the dock men had herded the off-coming immigrants in a mass along the south side of the pier, with an overflow meeting forward of the gangway on the north, it was the natural thing for the parties to begin to hunt for each other and for leaders of groups to endeavor to assemble the baggage. Women ran about crying, seeking their children. Men with bunches of keys hurried hither and thither searching for their trunks in order to open them for customs inspection, and children fearsomely huddled in the heaps of

Mr. Brandenburg as an American citizen.

baggage, their dark eyes wide with alarm, while the dock men in German and English exhorted the people to remain where they were, and when the eager Italians did not understand, the dock men pushed them about, belabored them with sticks or seized them and thrust them forcibly back into the places they were trying to leave.

In a few minutes we were having one more wrestling match with the baggage. By this time the customs men had passed our heap, and when I did get an inspector and got it looked into, two trunks were held up for customs charges on account of all the provender packed in them, and the two musical instruments Antonio had bought in Naples, were held. When we were through with the trunks, we found that the inspectors had passed over a part of the hand-baggage. Two men

Two widely different types of Russian Jews.

standing by offered to mark it with chalk just as the inspectors mark it to show it had been inspected, and I was about to allow them to do it and then hand them over, when my wife came up with the camera, and they hurried away, going aboard the ship.

While we were waiting to get an inspector, we had time to buy something to eat from the fruit and cake venders. Though it was mid-October five cents each was asked for apples, to be bought at any street corner in New York for one cent, and ten cents a slice for a thick yellow cake that was the worst mess of coloring matter, adulterated flour and soda, I have ever set my teeth into. It was heavy like stone and was gritty. Even the Neapolitan boys would not eat it. On top of all this, when we paid for it in silver Italian money, the venders allowed only seventeen cents for a lire, when taking them at nineteen cents would have been at a profit. Many baskets of such food at such prices were sold to the immigrants that day, for we passed the remainder of the morning on the dock and part of the afternoon, there being four ships laden nearly as heavily as ours in ahead of us and the barges run by contractors to carry immigrants from the various docks to Ellis Island had more than they could do.

I think it was about two o'clock when we were finally allowed to go aboard the barges at the end of the pier. I observed two men following my wife and myself and surveying us critically. At the gang plank they stopped us and examined our bit of baggage very carefully.

"You may save yourself some inconvenience by telling us who you are," said one man very courteously to me.

"Who are you?" I said in broken English, expecting the appearance of some grafting game.

"I am a special customs inspector and we spotted you two as queer. What are you?"

"We are writers making a study of the immigration question. What did you spot as queer?"

"We thought you were dagoes all right, but this lady is the first woman I have ever seen in the steerage with such well kept finger nails, and we were a little suspicious."

In the work of hustling the immigrants aboard the barges the dock men displayed great unnecessary roughness, sometimes shoving them violently, prodding them with sticks, etc., and one young Apulian who paused to look

A Finnish maiden in the group 8 pen at Ellis Island.

around for his father aroused the ire of the dockman nearest him, who planted a kick that was by no means gentle in his fundamentals, observing :—

"Oh, get down there, you're too slow."

A barge without power and one with, if I remember correctly, were lashed together, or there may have been a tug on the outer side of the second craft. Antonio and Camela, with the larger portion of the party, were hustled into the first barge, while my wife and I squeezed into the second, little Ina with us. The great improvements in the way of heating, seating and hospital accommodation for the sick, which Commissioner William Williams and Assistant Commissioner Alan G. Robinson were then making, were not yet in evidence on the barge on which we rode. We had either to squat on the floor or sit on our baggage, already mashed and crushed till the point of utter dissolution seemed not far away, so we stood up.

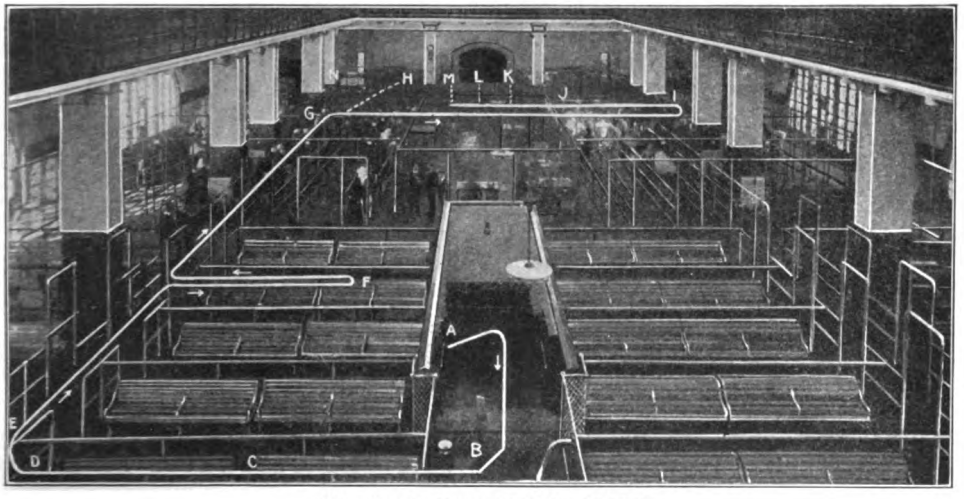
Slowly we steamed down the river in mid-afternoon, and when we reached the slip at Ellis Island we merely tied up, for there were many bargeloads ahead of us, and we waited our turn to be unloaded and examined.

Waiting, waiting, waiting, without food and without water, or if there was water we could not get to it on account of the crush of people. Children cried, mothers strove to hush them, the musically inclined sang or played, and then the sun went down while we waited and still waited. My wife and one of the boys had walked into the space roped off around the plank which had been put aboard. Just then some of the youngsters who had been trying to steal off the forward end of the barge, boy like, were chased back by the barge men, and one of the men began rushing and pushing the people in the open space back into the crowd, a very needless procedure, as there was no reason why what room there was should not be utilized.

"What are you doing mate?" called one of the other men outside.

"Oh, I'm driving these animals back," and he swore foully.

Just at that instant he caught my wife by the arm, menacing her and the

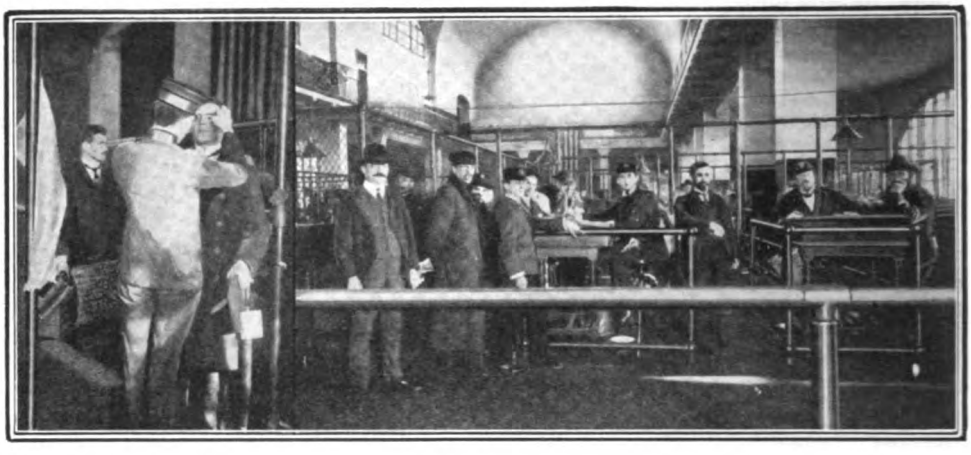


The track through Ellis Island.

A. Immigrants landed from barges enter by these stairs.
B. Surgeon examines health tickets.
C. Surgeon examines head and body.
D. Surgeon examines eyes. Suspects go to left for further examination.
E. Female inspecto looking for prostitutes.
F. Group enters and sits in pen corresponding to ticket letter or number.
G. Inspector examines on twenty-two questions.
H. Into special inquiry court.
I. Stamping railroad ticket orders.
J. Money exchange and telegraph office.
K. To railroad pen.
L. To New York pen
M. To the ferry and New York.
N. Telegraph office.

Marine hospital surgeon examining Giunta's eyes.

Inspectors and Secret Service officials examining emigrants for admission.



boy with a short bit of board he had in his hand.

"Take your dirty hands off me this instant," said my wife white with anger. The fellow stepped back, amazed at her resentment and her English.

"Meant no harm, lady," he deprecated. "You got to be rough with this bunch. I' get so sick handling these dirty bums coming over here to this country. I'm going to get in trouble some time for roasting 'em, I s'pose."

"If that is so you had better get another job, for you are not fit to handle even wild animals, let alone kind-hearted, sensitive people like these, who are not to be blamed for everything; even your speech is strange to them."

Cooped up in the barge, we waited till the sun got down into the smoke of Bayonne and Elizabeth and was only a great, red ball, so dull that the eye could contemplate it pleasantly. Then came the shadows of night, and we began to dread that our turn to be disembarked would come so late that we should either be taken back to the steamer or should be kept on the Island until morning. Myriads of lights were shining in the great buildings. Each time the old ferryboat floundered across from the battery it brought a crowd of friends of emigrants who had been summoned from New York and elsewhere to meet the newly arrived ones. All of the races of Europe seemed to be represented in the crowds on the ferryboat as it passed close to us.

"All ready for the last Irenes," sang a voice somewhere out of the darkness up by the buildings, and there was a clatter of feet overhead and on the wharf. The doors of the barge were opened. The barge hands dragged out the plank. The ropes restraining the crowd were dropped and the weary hundreds, shouldering their baggage yet once again, poured out of the barge onto the wharf.

When we came to the doorway I halted our section, and we piled up the baggage and waited. Antonio had all the papers for the Squadritos, and with him also was Salvatore Biajo, who, thanks to the short-change game worked on him by the draft sellers at Naples, must have some money advanced to him before we got inside.

Antonio and Camela were meantime madly hunting us about the wharf, and just as the official at the doorway had ordered us to go in regardless of the others we caught sight of each other.

Half way up the stairs an interpreter stood telling the immigrants to get their health tickets ready. The majority of the people having their hands full of bags, boxes, bundles and children, carried their tickets in their teeth and just at the head of the stairs stood a young doctor in the Marine Hospital Service uniform, who took them, looked at them and stamped them with the Ellis Island stamp. Considering the frauds in connection with these tickets at

The stairs of separation with the money exchange in the background.

Checking the party into the New York Detained Pen.

Naples and on board, the thoroughness used with them now was indeed futile.

Passing straight east from the head of the stairs we turned into the south half of the great registry room which is divided like the human body into two great parts nearly alike, so that one ship's load can be handled on one side and another ship's load on the other. In fact as we came up, a quantity of people from the north of Europe were being examined in the north half.

Turning into a narrow, railed-off lane we encountered another doctor in uniform, who lifted hats or pushed back shawls to look for favus heads, keenly scrutinized the face and body for signs of disease or deformity, and passed us on. An old man in front of me who limped, he marked with a bit of chalk on the coat lapel. At the end of the railed lane was a third uniformed doctor, a towel hanging beside him, a small instrument over which to turn up eyelids in his hand and back of him basins of disinfectants.

As we approached he was examining a Molise woman and her two children. The youngest screamed with fear when he endeavored to touch her, but with a pat on the cheek and a kindly word the child was quieted, while he examined its eyes, looking for trachoma or purulent ophthalmia. The second child was so obstinate that it took some minutes to get it examined, and then having found suspicious conditions, he marked the woman with a bit of chalk and a uniformed official led her and the little ones to the left into the rooms for special medical examination. The old man who limped went the same way as well as many others.

Concetta Fomica was the only one of our party whom the doctors examined more than once. Her eyes were inflamed slightly, but she was passed. Just where we turned to the right, a stern looking woman inspector with a badge stood looking at all the women who came up, to select any whose moral character might be questioned, and one of her procedures was to ask each party as to the various relationships of the men and women in it. Her Italian was good.

Passing west we came to the waiting rooms, in which the groups which are entered on each sheet of the manifest are held until O sheet or L sheet, whatever their letter may be, is reached. Our party being so large and some of the declarations which are used to fill out the items on the manifest having been made at Messina, some at Reggio di Calabria and some at Naples, we were scattered through U, V and W groups.

We sank down on the wooden benches thankful to get seats once more. Our eyes pained severely for some few minutes as a result of the turning up of the lids, but the pain passed.

Somewhere about nine o'clock an official came by and hurried out U group and passed it up into line along the railed way which led up to the in-

Friends of immigrants waiting the admission of newcomers.

The first Kishinev Jew before Commissioner William Williams and his assistant, Alan G. Robinson.

spector who had U sheet, then came V group and then W. My wife and I hurried to the end of the lane and were among the first before the inspector. Our papers were all straight, we were correctly entered on the manifest, and had abundant money, had been passed by the doctors, and were properly destined to New York, and were passed in less than one minute. We were classed as "New York Outsides" to distinguish us from the "New York Detained," who await the arrival of friends to receive them, "Railroads" who go to the stations for shipment and "S. I's," by which is meant those unfortunates who are subjected to Special Inquiry in the semi-secret Special Inquiry Court, which is the preliminary to being sent back, though only a portion of "S. I's" are sent back of course.

By the kindness of the official at the head of the stairs by which we would ordinarily have passed down and out to the ferry to take us to New York we were allowed to drop our baggage behind a post, and standing out of the way of the crowd, pick out our people as they filtered through past the inspectors. Salvatore Biajo came through marked "Railroad," and was passed along to get his railroad ticket, and have his money exchanged at the stand kept beside the stairs under contract by Post & Flagg, bankers, and in a minute more he had been moved on down the stairs to the railroad room, after I had had but the barest word with him. Antonio Genone, with a ticket for Philadelphia, came through without going over to the railroad ticket stamping official, and he was down the stairs and gone without even knowing that he was separated from us permanently.

We began to see why these stairways are called "The Stairs of Separation." To their right is the money exchange, to the left are the Special Inquiry Room and the telegraph offices. Here family parties with different destinations are separated without a minute's warning, and often never see each other again. It seems heartless, but it is the only practical system, for if allowance was made for good-bys the examination and distribution process would be blocked then and there by a dreadful crush. Special officers would be necessary to forcibly tear relatives from each other's arms. The stairs to the right lead to the railroad room, where tickets are arranged, baggage checked and cleared from customs, and the immigrants loaded on boats to be taken to the various railroad stations for shipment to the various parts of the country. The central stair leads to the detention rooms, where immigrants are held pending the arrival of friends. The left descent is for those free to go out to the ferry.

Our Socosa boys came through bound for the railroad room, and they were gone, waving their hands and throwing kisses to us. Then the Gualtieri-Sicamino people, even Antonio, who had completely lost control of the situation, came through marked "Detained." I was allowed to collect them, that was all. As soon as they were assembled

they went down the middle stairs.

Having got by the last barrier and got all the information I wanted on Ellis Island from the emigrant's point of view, it seemed time to declare myself, and so I informed the night chief inspector who I was and why I was there, and requested that he discharge all our people to me so that I could take them over to New York with me, as I wanted to get the story of their first impressions on American soil by being with them when they landed in the greatest American city. The officials were highly amused and interested in the whole affair, showed me every courtesy, and in five minutes I was below at the gate of the Detention Room with a written order for the entire party, except the "Railroads," to be discharged to me.

I found them just preparing to sit down to the excellent supper which is served immigrants, but time was pressing, and so the boys only got a bite, and that by grabbing it.

The more I saw of the inside of the great system on the Island the more I was struck with its thoroughness and the kindly, efficient manner in which the law was enforced. If undesirable emigrants are pouring into the United States through Ellis Island, it is not because the laws are not strict enough, or the finest system that human ingenuity can devise for handling large masses is not brought into full play by honest and conscientious officials to pick out the bad from the good. The whole trouble is that the undesirable immigrant comes up before the honest, intelligent official with a lie so carefully prepared that the official is helpless when he has nothing on which to rely but the testimony of the immigrant and his friends. Only in the home town can the truth be learned and the proper discrimination made.

At last we were re-assembled. The women had dried their tears. Under the inspiration of being at last on American soil, the party seemed to cast off its weariness. A short space of throbbing wheels beating the water, of lights slipping by, of night craft whistling about us and we reached the barge office landing, passed up the plank, along through piles of immigrant baggage and out into Battery Park with the L trains roaring over head. Turning to look back at our people, I saw wonder written all over the faces, but my wife was smiling as she looked at the buildings, the trains, the cars, the lights and she said gently, "Thank God."

Mike Delaney, the veteran Battery cop, lining up friends and relatives of immigrants to go aboard the "John G. Carlisle," to be taken to Ellis Island to meet the new arrivals.

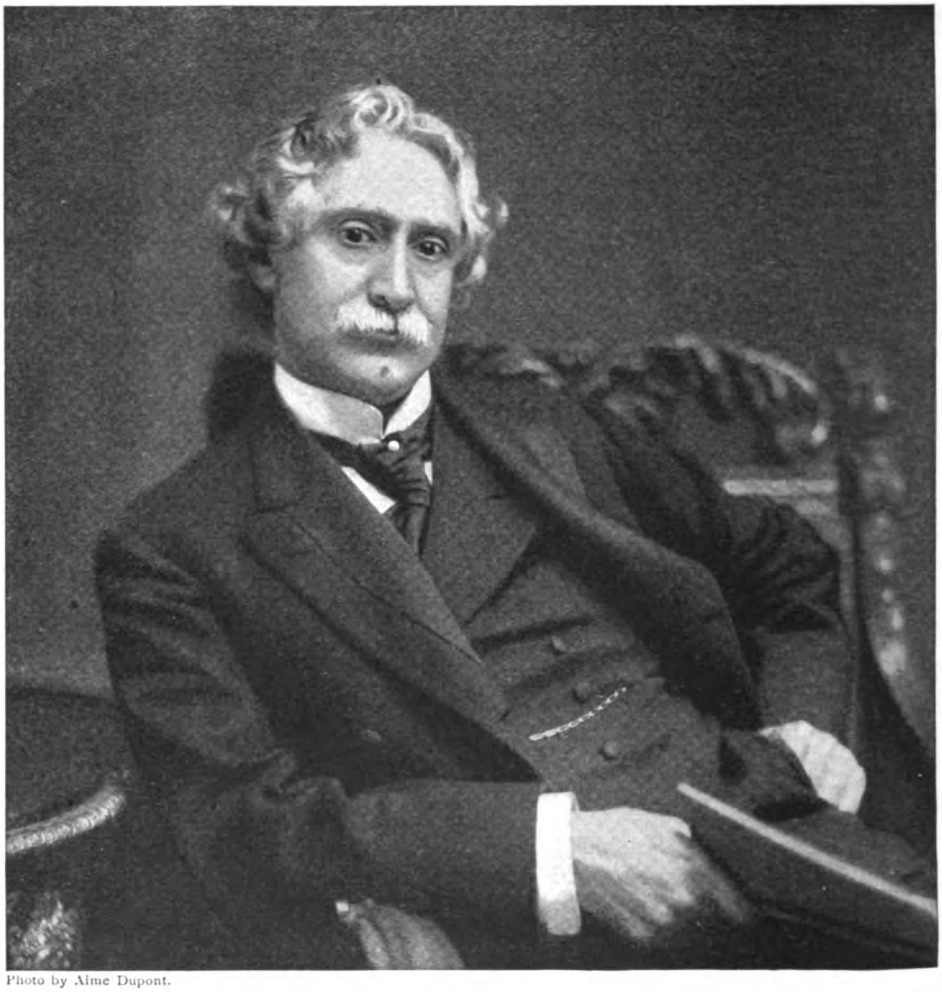


Photo by Aime Dupont.

WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL

The Man Who Made the Panama Canal Possible

By FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL

WHEN the tangled affairs of the Shipbuilding Trust were at their worst, the attorney for the reorganization syndicate came forward with a plan for a compromise. It was a sort of mutual self-sacrifice proposal, the object of which was to set the enterprise going again.

The stockholders jeered at the plan, the bondholders would have none of it. Heavy interests united in its rejection, and down it went.

A few days more and the lawyer reappeared with his scheme—a few minor details changed, but substantially the same plan. One side conned it over and thought it was not so bad, after all. The other side agreed that it might do. First one interest, then another consented to it. Within a week the plan had been unanimously accepted, the litigation which was destroying the slender prospects left to the company was at an end, and the concern was fairly on its way to doing business again. It was another victory for

William Nelson Cromwell, the "great negotiator" of Wall Street, and the most skilful salvor of wrecked business enterprises in the legal profession. And Mr. Cromwell had repeated in this, simply what he had been doing in big things and little for the last twenty years.

It was not even his greatest triumph, for at that very time the Congress of the United States was completing for him a greater by ratifying the Panama Canal Treaty. More than any other man he is responsible for the successful termination of the long struggle now about to end in the completion of the Canal by the United States. He took up the fight for the Panama route when its friends in this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand. He was the general directing the Panama forces through the long years of that struggle, and his was the plan of campaign which won a final victory against a hostile press and a hostile Congress.

"The law," said a famous Supreme Court justice not long ago, "is, above all, not a narrowing profession. There is room in it for many types of men." Mr. Cromwell represents a distinctly new type of lawyer, the type made possible by the enormous growth of corporate interests in the present generation. Everybody remembers the old style. Joseph H. Choate is perhaps the best living representative of that type. That kind of lawyer was wise in counsel but pre-eminent in court. He argued knotty points of law before grave judges, defended life and liberty before impressed juries, wrung the truth from unwilling interests in crowded courts, stirred great political gatherings to enthusiasm.

The new type of lawyer you rarely see. His works rather than his orations speak for him. He eschews politics, rarely appears in court, never cross-examines. His is the silent part. In his private office he works out plans which set going the wheels of great enterprises, mends broken financial machinery and reconciles adverse interests. There is less fame in it among the greater public, but there is more money, and when the history of this generation is written, the part of the corporation lawyer will be at least as large as that of the brilliant special pleader whose laurels were won in the limelight under the public eye.

That is the type of lawyer which William Nelson Cromwell chose to be, and his work has brought him larger fees, so his fellow attorneys will tell you, than have ever been earned by any legal practitioner in this country. As the man who brought about the sale of the Panama Canal it has also enabled him to make his mark in the world's history.

From having nothing but energy and brains, to being one of the richest lawyers in the greatest city in America, from the humblest desk in a big office to leadership in the profession containing the keenest wits and the shrewdest brains of them all, is a notable career. To climb so far unaided save by your own brains and your own energy is more notable still, and that is what Mr. Cromwell has done in less than thirty years.

He was still a mere boy when the Civil War robbed him of his father, but he put all thought of college behind him and went into a railroad office. It was proficiency in handling figures that counted there, and to figures he applied himself. He worked at figures till he could handle a balance sheet as quickly and as accurately as the best accountant in the office. Then he saw a field in the law. He entered a law office, and went to Columbia Law School to study. By and by he was a full-fledged lawyer and managing clerk. Next he was junior partner in the firm, with Algernon Sullivan, "the Chesterfield of the Bar," at the head of it.

He turned his knowledge of figures and balance sheets to account by making a specialty of straightening out the affairs of firms and corporations in difficulties, and it paid. He was a master of detail, yet he could look through and beyond all details to the root of a difficulty. He devised new forms of legal procedure, originated new ways of doing things. Clients began to talk about his daring and resourcefulness. When in the Black

Friday panic of 1891, a great Wall Street firm went under with millions in tangled debts surrounding it and small prospect of saving many of them from the wreck, Mr. Cromwell was recognized as the best man to make the most of a bad job. He did. In six weeks he had all of Decker, Howell & Co.'s debts paid and the firm was doing business again.

Nothing quite like that had ever been seen in Wall Street before. It made his fame where fame counted most, and it put the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell in the front rank. He was senior partner by that time, but he didn't change the name—for the sake of old kindness they say—nor has he to this day.

After that it was easy. Fees were all in thousands and clients were all millionaires. He organized great corporations, untangled huge problems of law and finance. His finger was in every big Wall Street pie and he made commercial history. Finally came his chance to make political history by carrying out a project which sooner or later will change wholly the balance of power among the nations.

In 1892, the Panama Canal Company, in which the great de Lesseps had risked his reputation and fortune, had gone to pieces in a cloud of mismanagement and scandal which broke the heart of the famous French engineer and sent him, soured and disappointed, to the grave. In course of time a new company was organized, a railroad was built across the isthmus, and the work was taken up again. Sullivan & Cromwell were general counsel in America for the railroad company which the canal company owned. Gradually they came to act in the same capacity for the canal company also.

Meantime there was growing up in this country a demand for an isthmian canal built by American engineers and owned by the United States. Two routes were possible, either one through Nicaragua or the one through the State of Panama which the French engineers had failed so signally to build. President McKinley appointed a commission to decide which was the better—to *buy* and complete the Panama Canal or to build a new waterway through Nicaragua.

There came from France to appear before the commission M. Maurice Hutin, the newly elected president of the French company, who had ideas of his own about canal building. He wouldn't set a price on his canal. He wouldn't do anything to aid America to build it. It would be built, but it was none of our business. He told the commission so, in effect, and the commission, respectfully as it seemed, reported in favor of building a canal by the Nicaragua route. M. Hutin went back to Paris, and the French stockholders, anxious for dividends not glory, put him out of office.

The company invited Mr. Cromwell to take up the negotiations which Hutin had spoiled and they offered to sell their canal for forty million dollars, the price set upon it by the American Canal Commission. They gave him a free hand and he set to work. That was four years ago. The company's title to its property was in doubt, the Panama route had hardly a friend in the United States, and the people, press and Congress were all unanimously in favor of a Nicaragua canal.

Mr. Cromwell took up the task of reversing this sentiment by making the facts known. First he cleared up the doubt as to the company's title to the canal. Then he collected expert testimony as to the advantages of the route. At first nobody would read it. The newspapers wouldn't print it. It was hard work, but one lie after another was downed; one misstatement after another corrected. Gradually the idea began to dawn on thoughtful inquirers that there might be something to be said in favor of the Panama route. One of the earliest converts was the late Senator Hanna. Meeting Mr. Cromwell at dinner in Washington one evening he remarked casually:—

"You're on the wrong horse, Cromwell. The Nicaragua way is the best for that canal."

"I don't think so," said Mr. Cromwell. "The advantage is with Panama, and you'll think so, Senator, if

you look into it." And he told why.

Senator Hanna must have thought over it later, as he often did about such things, for in a few days Mr. Cromwell was a little surprised to receive a request for information on the points he had mentioned to the Senator. He sent the information, and Senator Hanna did a little investigating on his own account. He became convinced that the choice of the Nicaragua route was a mistake. He took up the fight for the Panama project in the Senate and was its valiant champion to the end.

So it went on. One member of Congress after another was converted. One newspaper after another changed its views. There was no "lobbying." One of Mr. Cromwell's boasts is that he never asked a single man to vote for the Panama Canal treaty. He laid the facts before them. He argued with the unconverted. And facts and arguments were unanswerable. The treaty with Colombia was drawn up and adopted. At the last moment the Colombian legislature rejected it, and it seemed for a while as if the work of three years had gone for nothing. Then came the Panama revolution which settled the right to build the canal for good and all.

From a railroad office stool to the top of the legal ladder, from a small weekly salary to million dollar fees (a million dollars is the lowest fee which current report gives to Mr. Cromwell for his three years' work on behalf of the Panama Canal Company), and all in less than thirty years! It is a record rise even in the land of rapid promotions and speedy paths to wealth. Mr. Cromwell was once asked how he had done it, and he said by work. He himself still works as hard and as long as his youngest clerk. He has no use for men who will not work, when need be, as hard and as long as he. He has a country home and a town house filled with art treasures. He likes music, and one of his cherished possessions is a well stocked library. But his real recreation he finds in his profession.

In these days the great demand of the young man is for a text for success. One who knows Mr. Cromwell intimately said of him not long ago that one of the secrets of his success is that no one ever caught him napping. He never takes hold of anything without mastering its every detail as he mastered the figures in the railroad balance sheets long ago. And he prefers to do a thing himself to trusting any one else to do it for him. Once he was consulting with a colleague about a certain piece of legal work to be done.

"You can have it finished by to-morrow morning, I suppose," suggested Mr. Cromwell.

"I don't know about that," replied the colleague, "you see there is that deed to be copied—"

"Here's the copy," said Mr. Cromwell, producing it from his pocket, "I knew you would need that, so I copied it for you."

"Well, there are those references to be looked up," protested the other.

"Here they are," said Mr. Cromwell, producing another paper. "I remembered them, too."

"A man who looks ahead like that," said the colleague, telling the story later, "is a fellow you can't beat."

Work and liking it, never trusting to another a job you can do yourself and never being caught napping—perhaps in these things in William Nelson Cromwell's career the young man will find his text for success.

"*Come by all means.*"

Drawn by Suzanne Gutherz.

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE

By KATHERINE PERRY

LONG ago it had been a custom of mine in the morning service at the end of the "Gloria," following the Psalms, to look toward a certain side pew at an angle from the pulpit, and there I would always find a pair of earnest, gray eyes gazing back at me in such a fashion that, during the succeeding Old Testament lesson, the wars and ways of the early Hebrews seemed no more unruly or tumultuous than my own heart-beats. To-day, self-scornfully, yet at the tug of the old habit I had never been quite able to relinquish, I looked up expecting to see an empty place or the face of some stranger, as it had been every Sunday for five years. For a second I thought my fancy had tricked me, for there, above the heads of the crowded Easter congregation, were the same gray eyes looking back as earnestly as when they had disturbed for me the plagues of Egypt and the fall of Jericho. Yes, it was really Jim, there, in his aunt's pew, older, not nearly so good-looking and rather worn and sad, but when one has feared that a person might be dead these details hardly count. And it was not a halo around his smooth, brown head, only

the light from the stained glass window above, where the figure of Cornelius the Centurion commemorated the virtues of his father, the elder James Stringham, "who died in the service of his country, April 9, 1865."

I looked back to the chancel with blurred eyes and thoughts, but thanks to my excellent early training I did not cry out, "it is he, it is he," and faint, but went through the remainder of the service with blameless and attentive demeanor. In the crowded aisle afterward I agreed with a hoary vestryman that the sermon had been uplifting, and that the music was something "to be proud of in a country church, my dear young lady, to be justly proud of." I dutifully inquired of poor old Mrs. Moore concerning her lumbago, and rebuked Billy and Irene Jenkins, the coachman's babes, for their non-appearance at Sunday School. And in the little stone porch he stood waiting, Jim Stringham, my girlhood's friend, almost lover. I went straight up to him and held out an impulsive hand.

"A happy Easter, Jim. It's good to see you back."

"Thank you," he stiffly returned my eager greeting. "It's pleasant to be remembered by old acquaintances." (Acquaintances!) "And the years have not changed you, Countess Maleffi."

"Countess Maleffi? Why do you call me that?" I cried, startled and furious at the reference to a name that had caused me so much annoyance and disgust. "I am Constance Hardy now as I was in the beginning"—I had almost added, "and ever shall be, world without end, Amen," as an involuntary echo of our churchly surroundings, for I was angry enough to be irreverent.

"Then it was all a mistake, the whole thing?" he asked in a slow, bewildered way.

"I should say it was," I retorted, "a stupid, malicious, old, bygone mistake that I had hoped never to hear of again. Come," I said as a comprehending look dawned at last in his eyes, mixed with something suggesting volcanic possibilities, "come, there is Jenkins with the trap. Help me in, I am in a hurry. I'm due at the Roland's for luncheon."

He moved down the short path to the carriage block, staring at me as if I had been a curiosity, as I angrily swished my skirts beside him. The hand with which he helped me up shook a little, and as he bent to tuck the robe with superfluous snugness much awry about my feet, he said:—

"If you will be at home, may I come this afternoon as I used to? Will you make me a cup of tea—and explain about the mistake?"

"Come by all means," I said with a short laugh.

In spite of my hurry for luncheon at the Roland's, I had to dash down the Post Road some two miles and back to let out some of the feeling that the riotous sunshine and the sense of reawakening life everywhere had aroused in me. Sweet Phyllida Roland said as she kissed me at the door: "How bright your eyes are, Connie dear, and what pink cheeks! You have the spring in your face!" And yet I had found two new, discontented wrinkles at the corners of my mouth just the day before.

None of my hostess' family had been to church, so they did not know of Jim Stringham's return and it was not talked into tatters as it otherwise would have been; I simply could not have stood that. As it was, I quite lost track of things several times, staring fatuously at the jonquils in the center of the table. And my excuses were by no means of the highest order of plausibility when the chorus of protest arose against my early departure.

A man less eager and more complex in his methods would have made me wait a bit, just long enough to become impatient, but Jim had no such finesse. I had barely time to array me in a gray gown that kindly helped obliterate the trying interval since his last call, and to stick some jonquils in my belt, when he came, looking as big and forceful as ever, and appallingly in earnest.

"You won't have the pleasure of seeing Mother this time," I began in my best afternoon tea voice, "she has gone to stay with Reggie and his wife.

—oh, of course you didn't know Reggie was married; and little Bert has grown old enough to lose his heart to a girl in Montclair,—he's there doing it now, so you musn't mind there being only me."

Jim answered briefly that he would not mind.

"Did you drive over?" I inquired with cheerful attempt at the best hand-made conversation.

"No," replied Jim, "I walked. It takes longer but it begins sooner."

"Begins sooner?" I puzzled. "How do you make that out?"

"Don't you remember that was the reason I always used to walk,—it made less time to wait before I could start to come to you."

"Why of course," I returned with the grateful air of one for whom a conundrum has been guessed. "And how is your Aunt Sophia? We see nothing of her any more."

"Look here, Constance," he began with determination, lapsing into his old habits of speech, "of course no end of things have happened since I've been away, but I want you to explain about your not being the Countess Maleffi."

"Oh, Jim," I gasped, "must I go all over that? I hate it so."

"Yes," he insisted. "I'm afraid you must, please."

"Well then," I started in with a long breath, "it began you know, when Mother and I were abroad. We were at Mentone, and the Count Bernardino Amadis Maleffi was presented to us by some English people we had met, very correct themselves, who guaranteed him as truly noble in every respect. He made himself beautifully explanatory and helpful until he seemed as much a part of the charm of the place as the climbing roses on the trellises or the band playing in the garden.

"Later, in Rome, he appeared again and was so much nicer than Baedeker and so much less self-proclaiming of our touristhood, that we got into the habit of taking him with us instead."

"Not so easy to drop as a Baedeker, though," observed Jim, with a would-be cutting air.

"You never could be sarcastic, you know, and I won't go on if you try," I threatened.

"I beg your pardon, I won't again, if I can help it," and Jim subsided for the time.

"In our rivalries of patriotism," I resumed, "we talked a great deal about America, and I advised him to come over and see for himself our crude wonders in all their pristine barbarity, and of course when we parted, we added in common decency that should he come, we would try to make our country as attractive for him as he had made his own for us."

"Lord, what an opening!" muttered my audience.

"Then came the German and Russian trip and I almost forgot him. But after we had been back a while and were quite permeated with the glow of home and native land and all that, we received a coroneted note from Bernardino Amadis Maleffi, a quaint and elaborately polite communication announcing his arrival in 'la bella America,' and craving the honor of a permission to call.

"So a two weeks' invitation was sent him and he appeared with a promptitude that suggested he had been sitting waiting on top of his packed trunks with his ticket in his hand."

"Bet he was," interpolated Jim, *sotto voce*.

"But somehow or other, it was different from what we had expected. He was the same, as handsome as ever, but a trifle highly colored. His manners were faultless, but there was such a quantity of them. He fairly lived in italics, and always seemed as if about to advance to the footlights and begin the grand aria from *Il Trovatore*.

"Neither Reggie nor Bert liked him much, but then brothers so seldom share one's taste in men. But he got on wonderfully with every girl I knew, and when on moonlight nights he would sit at the piano and play pathetic dreamy bits, he seemed the sort of thing no family should be without.

"But after a while his manner grew even more tropical,—to me I mean. Perhaps you remember at the garden party—"

"I do indeed," growled Jim, "you needn't dwell on it."

"Well, it was embarrassing to me, to say the least—"

"And what do you suppose it was to me?" wrathfully interrupted my hearer.

"To have him," I continued as if no one had spoken, "open a door for me as if he were inviting me to enter upon the possession of his entire future, or return me a fan as if it were the heart, hand and coronet of the only Maleffi extant,—especially when people were grinning. You were so queer in those days, Jim; you didn't grin but you acted as if I liked it, and every time I tried to talk to you about it—"

"I know about that part," said Jim, "you can sketch that in rather light."

"I'm afraid you don't realize how unkind and uncomprehending you were," I pursued. But Jim looked so miserable and patient, like Toto waiting on the steps for his morning run, that I went on as fast as I could.

"The two weeks of the visit, as you know, stretched to four, and our patience wore rather thin in spots, the boys suggesting an anonymous cable from Italy, or the use of dynamite. But one day the climax came, after luncheon in the drawing-room, when everybody was out or asleep."

Jim glowered and moved uneasily.

"He began a regular set speech, like an old-fashioned play, and got down on his knees, really quite gracefully,—and kissed my hand,—oh, very gently and respectfully, — and proposed so it couldn't be mistaken, the most thorough and comprehensive offer I have ever had." I paused meditatively.

"Don't leave it there." How rough Jim's voice sounded!

"No indeed," I resumed. "So I answered him gently but with decision that I didn't care for him at all, and couldn't think of such a thing anyway, and he must see for himself how completely out of the question it was. He looked at me quite blankly for a minute and then he—he—oh, it was awful!"

"What!" thundered Jim jumping from his chair and coming toward me.

"Why, he cried—actually cried—all over my fingers, and said he couldn't live without me, and would kill himself."

"Pity he hadn't, the sniveling beast!" from Jim.

"And then he lapsed into Italian and became quite incoherent. I was a good deal upset, seeing a man behave like that—one isn't used to it—and I tried to say as comforting things as the case allowed. But I did insist that he should go.

"When he found I was firm in my refusal his manner changed entirely. He stopped crying quite suddenly, and began to say that I had led him on, and that he had every right to expect—"

"The unholy cad," groaned Jim, pacing the rug with heavy tread.

"It was rather nasty of him. I grew angry, too, and very decided, and said Jenkins would take him and his luggage to the 5.17 that afternoon. He bade me farewell then with stiff and furious politeness, rolling out something in Italian about 'R-r-revenge,' which I took for the regular operatic effect that went with the situation. And depart he did, thank Heaven, on the 5.17 without further heroics or seeing any of the family.

"Next Friday morning, a little while after Reggie had started for the train, he came tearing up the drive again like a maniac, the cobs in a froth. 'Read that!' he shouted, waving a paper at us. 'Cortlandt Evans just showed it to me at the station and wanted to know—wanted to know, the infernal ass—if it's *true!*' You know Reggie's temper isn't exactly—a—"

"Yes," nodded Jim, "exactly."

"And there, in *Weekly Sweepings*, a sheet we never have in the house and wouldn't be likely to see, was a long and circumstantial announcement of my engagement to the Count, as plausible and convincing—'Miss Constance Hardy, only daughter of the late Bretherton Fare Hardy,' and about my being fond of horses, and my inheriting Auntie Jane's money—everything accurate except the main fact.

"We had gone into the morning-room and there the tornado burst. Mother had hysterics. Reggie acted like an

automoble blowing up. I sat down in a chair while wave after wave of fiendish rage rolled up my spine and over the top of my head until everything was a dizzy crimson before me. I must have looked odd, for Bert, good little brother, kept patting me on the back saying: 'There, old girl, steady, steady.'

"When I felt a bit better and could make myself heard, I told them all the details of that last interview with the Count, especially the 'R-r-revenge' part, which I now understood. And Reggie, whose rage had fused itself into intelligible shape, went up to his own room and then off to town again. I didn't know until afterward that he called on the editor of *Weekly Sweepings*. He, poor man, was so grieved at his mistake, so apologetic and so convincing in his story of the Count's coming to insert the notice as a fact beyond dispute, that, after torrents of language, Reggie didn't see his way clear to kill anybody. I fancy he frightened the editor pretty badly though, and he promised a full and complete contradiction of the whole thing. The way to treat such men is to sue them, I suppose, but Reggie would rather shoot than sue."

"He is right," put in Jim.

"And the Count couldn't be found, then or afterward. The editor may have warned him, and probably he sneaked off to Europe under an assumed name. But it was just as well, for Reggie would have horsewhipped him first and shot him afterward, I'm sure.

"The following week the retraction appeared in due form, very thorough and abject. But in the meantime letters of congratulation had been pouring in, ghastly, gushing things, 'rejoicing with me in my new-found happiness,' calling it 'the charming climax of an international romance,' and 'a love like the glow of an Italian sky'—oh, what stuff those people wrote!

"Some friends who were nice and had sense, came to ask if it were true, and to them I could explain and feel relieved. Yet you, Jim, you never came nor wrote nor showed the slightest interest. And when I had to ask about you, Cousin Oliver said he heard you had been called West suddenly on urgent business and no one seemed to know just where or for how long." I paused and looked at Jim, but his head was bent and his eyes on the ground.

"Mother and I went to Canada for the summer to escape it all, then South, so we were away from home nearly a year, until people had almost talked it flavorless, the papers no longer referred to it, nor did Reggie have to pick reporters off the piazza every morning before breakfast. So it ended," said I with a tired, nervous little laugh.

"What a low, venomous trick it was," Jim spoke huskily, "and to you, Constance."

"Just the time when a true friend would have stuck by me, Jim, don't you think?" I asked with a touch of bitterness.

"Oh, Constance," he cried, crossing tumultuously to the divan where I sat somewhat drooping and weary, "don't you understand? I saw that damnable notice the night before you did,—I seem to have seen nothing else as clearly since. A man I loathed showed it to me at the Club, and laughed and asked me how I liked being cut out by a Dago. Every one but you, Constance, knew I was in love with you. I couldn't stay and see that smooth rascal look at you with the eyes of ownership and you look back as I had hoped some day you'd look at me. So I went away as quickly as I could; and I charged poor, frightened Aunt Sophia to tell no one and never mention your name when she wrote. I went to the Klondike,—mails aren't very frequent there. Most of the time I've been placer-mining on the Yukon, not unsuccessfully; when there's nothing to work for, the fates are sometimes kind. It's been a hard life,—good to kill feelings, I thought and I tried to get mine stoned down and frozen over. But when I saw you in church to-day," he seized my hand, "tell me, Constance, have you been here all the time between?"

"Yes," I answered demurely, "leading a blameless spinster life with the dogs and horses, the church and the Country Club."

"But what I meant," he blundered on, "haven't there been lots of men who, who—" What a pity that Jim

was only hasty and dramatic when he was on the track of a wrong idea. But I couldn't help him now, he must work it out for himself.

"Who wanted to marry me?" I finished for him. "Oh, of course."

"Then why did you refuse them?" he demanded earnestly.

"Why, Jim!" I exclaimed in righteous reproof, "how prying! Do you think that's a nice question to ask?"

"It was unpardonable,—forgive me," cried poor Jim much rebuffed. "But, Constance, after all these years, when you have suffered from annoyance and mortification, and I so cruelly from another cause,—cannot it be with us as it was before?" he pleaded.

"No," I answered with firmness, "decidedly not."

His face grew rigid and he crushed my hands almost painfully in his.

"But why, tell me why not?" he implored with passionate eagerness.

"Because," I replied, "five years ago you were ready to believe I had forgotten my best friend for a mere adventurer, and instead of sensibly asking me for an explanation, you rushed away without a word to the uttermost parts of the earth to forget me. You see, Jim," I continued very gently, "I couldn't bear to have that occur again."

"Oh," he breathed; he was getting the idea slowly but mightily. "And now that I have come back," he whispered, "won't you let me stay with you, Constance, close, close to you, not as I *was*, but as I am now, dearest,—always?" I felt him softly kissing the lace on my shoulder, the little curls in the back of my neck. I looked down at my crushed jonquils, then up into those steadfast burning gray eyes, and I did not meditate long over my answer.

ONE HOUR LATE

A Tale of the Newly-Married

By EDITH G. MacLEOD

With Drawings by F. R. GRUGER

IT was a silly affair from beginning to end, and of the two participants I was perhaps the sillier, though Tom was more to blame.

I remember it was Thursday evening, and Tom was late to dinner. It is bad enough for a woman to be left alone almost all day without her having to wait an hour or two beyond the time when her husband promised to come.

First, I was simply vexed. As time went on I grew a little anxious. Supposing something had happened to him! Supposing he had been run over, or held up, or fallen down the elevator shaft! I dared not think of all the things that might have befallen him. I crouched down by the window and tried to peer through the darkness that was settling down on everything. Two black figures passed—another, and yet another—but no Tom. I sat down resolutely with a book and tried to read. The clock struck seven. It was fully an hour since dinner time.

Five minutes later I heard a familiar step at the door, and he came in. Of course, I ought to have been cheerful and have greeted him with a smile, and then perhaps it never would have happened. But I did not feel like smiling. He came in whistling.

"Cars awful slow to-night," he remarked. Then his eyes fell on the clock. "Whew, it's seven o'clock! I didn't know it was so late as that. Hope you didn't wait dinner for me, Bessie."

That is just like a man. As if I'd want to sit down and carve a chicken all alone!

"Of course I waited," I answered

sharply. "I can't see why you manage to be so late every other night."

"Softly, softly." Tom raised his hand. "You're putting it pretty strong. This is the first time I've been late for a week."

"Why, Tom, you know very well it was only Monday that you didn't come till a quarter of seven."

He flung himself into a chair.

"Well, I'm willing to let you have the last word. But I'm hungry—hungry enough to eat bread and water. Let's have what there is."

"It's spoiled," said I shortly.

"Spoiled?"

"Yes, the soup's curdled, and the meat's dried up, and the vegetables are overdone. They were just right at six," I went on perversely.

Tom frowned. "Well, I don't know as I can help it. I'm not late because I particularly desire to hurt your feelings and spoil the dinner. But, for heaven's sake, why don't you go out and rescue the remains now I'm here?"

I did not like his tone. He was not taking the blame as I thought he ought, so I replied very calmly: "You've made *me* wait. I guess you can stand it till I finish this chapter."

He sprang up in a moment. "Well, you better believe I won't," he cried and started in the direction of the kitchen. I tried not to mind, but I hate to hear a man slamming about among dishes, and finally I could endure it no longer. Unfortunately I only arrived in time to cause a catastrophe. I collided with him at the dining-room door. He was carrying in the soup, and of course the whole of it went to the floor and rippled along the corner of our new dining-room rug.

"Confound it!" he ejaculated. "Why in thunder did you knock my elbow?"

I was speechless with a kind of blind rage. Seizing the first thing handy (a napkin), I began to sop up the greasy, white stuff, while he stood helplessly looking on. Suddenly he burst out laughing. Now I have a keen sense of humor, but this situation did not strike me as exactly funny. He nearly choked as he stood there watching me scrub at the rug.

"Shan't I help some more?" he finally managed to gasp.

"No," I snapped.

"Shan't I bring in the chicken and place it beside the soup?"

Of course that was meant for a joke. "*Will* you go away?" I cried.

"Are you mad with me?" he persisted.

It was an idiotic question, and there was no need of my answering, but I jumped up suddenly and faced him.

"Yes, I am, and I have good reason. You may think it's funny, but you'd sing a different song if you could see my side of it. If you'd kindly let me know when you intend to keep dinner waiting an hour or two, I'd feel a little better, but here I sit and wait—and wait—and you come in when you please and think it makes no difference."

"Oh, drop it," said he, and he turned on his heel and walked into the other room. And that was what made the quarrel.

There wasn't another word said. We sat and ate dinner in silence. I bit my lip to keep the tears from coming, I was so angry. Nothing tasted good, and Tom ate only a few mouthfuls before he pushed his chair back and retired behind the newspaper, while I banged the dishes about in the kitchen with my tears dropping into the dish pan.

I had wiped the last spoon, put everything away, and was just ready to go in and have it out with Tom, when Jack Lombard called. I like Jack, but I confess I wished him anywhere else that evening. When I came on the scene they had both plunged into a very tedious discussion about some change in the office which involved a lot of names I was not familiar with and effectually excluded me from the conversation. I sewed away industriously and comforted myself with the thought that Tom would be at my disposal later, and this miserable little quarrel all smoothed away, for I had fully resolved to apologize for being so disagreeable.

Suddenly Mr. Lombard turned to me. "Did you know your husband was one of the brave knights who have been fighting sin at the North End lately?"

"Oh, cut it short," muttered Tom.

"No. What do you mean?" I asked innocently.

Tom interrupted him before he could answer.

"He doesn't know what he means. He thinks he's writing a story, that's all, and I'm roped in for the hero."

"No, but seriously, Mrs. Harden," Jack put in, "he's modest about it, but it's true, and it's no light job. You see the sheet started a crusade against crime at the North End, and we reporters have to do the dirty work investigating. Why, Charlie Whitehead was half killed by thugs the other night,—merely doing his duty." He paused solemnly and then began to laugh.

"Gracious! How scared she looks!" he said, and added patronizingly:—

"But that's unusual, of course; and Tom here won't get into any trouble I guess, unless his red hair begins to rise."

Tom looked very uncomfortable while Jack was running on, and changed the subject before I had time to ask half the particulars, by proposing chess.

"It's about time for that game you were going to win," said he, as he fetched the chess board from the drawer.

Of all stupid games for an outsider to watch, chess stands first and foremost. I for one am not brilliant enough to follow it well, and if I were, I am sure I should go to sleep between the moves. Except for the ticking of the clock, silence reigned; and my eyes grew heavier and heavier—as I sewed and waited. Tom kept running his hands through his hair and he looked so dear and tired, that I went over and perched on the arm of his chair.

He scowled.

"I should think you might find a more comfortable seat," he said pres-

"You may think it funny."

ently, in a pause of the game, and I retired to the rocker.

When they began the second game I was in despair. At half-past eleven they were still in the thick of it, and my resolution was taken.

"I am going to bed," I informed them. "I guess you can manage to lock up alone all right."

Jack Lombard looked up and nodded. Tom pronounced but the one word:—

"Check!"

And I waited for no more.

There are times when sleep seems the most desirable of guests. There are other occasions when it would be far more to the point to keep awake. I tried not to sleep, but the first thing I remember distinctly was the sun shining in my face the next morning. Somehow I had a sense of calamity and suddenly I realized the cause. Tom was not in the room. He had left me!

I struggled into my wrapper and hurried out into the dining-room. The remains of a hasty breakfast, some cold chicken and scrambled eggs, were all that was left of him. He had eaten breakfast and gone away for another whole day without a word. I sat down in his empty place and cried.

Before long, however, I had decided to look at the matter rationally. There were plenty of reasons why Tom might have decided not to wake me. It was even possible that he had forgotten all about the little quarrel which looked so large to me. And yet—

Then I remembered the telephone. I ran into the hall and rang up central. At least I tried to ring up central. A faint and far-off buzzing was the only answer. I rang seven times before I gave up to the inevitable. Of course the telephone was out of order—just when I needed it most.

I spent the day in a state of subdued excitement. When evening came, I dressed up in the blue gown Tom likes best. I even bought some cream cakes for a special treat. At six o'clock I was all ready for him. I stood for a few minutes watching down the street hoping to catch sight of the dear familiar figure, but I was doomed to look in vain. When the clock struck the half hour, I grew uneasy. Surely he must be very angry to keep me waiting like this.

Suddenly an awful thought came to me. Jack Lombard's words of the previous evening rang in my ears—"Half killed by thugs!" All the stories I had ever read, of unreconciled husbands leaving their wives never to return—of heart-broken wives bitterly weeping over the dead, to think that the last words had been those spoken in anger—came flocking into my mind.

"I *will* be sensible," I kept telling myself, but with every succeeding moment my fears grew more real.

At half-past seven I went up stairs. It was a last resort. Mrs. Joyce and her daughter had just moved into the tenement above, and I knew her already as a motherly sort of woman. I suppose my anxiety was written on my face, for before I had time to say anything, she remarked solicitously:—

"Mercy! You aren't feeling sick, are you?"

"My husband hasn't come home yet, and I'm afraid something has happened," I explained as calmly as I could.

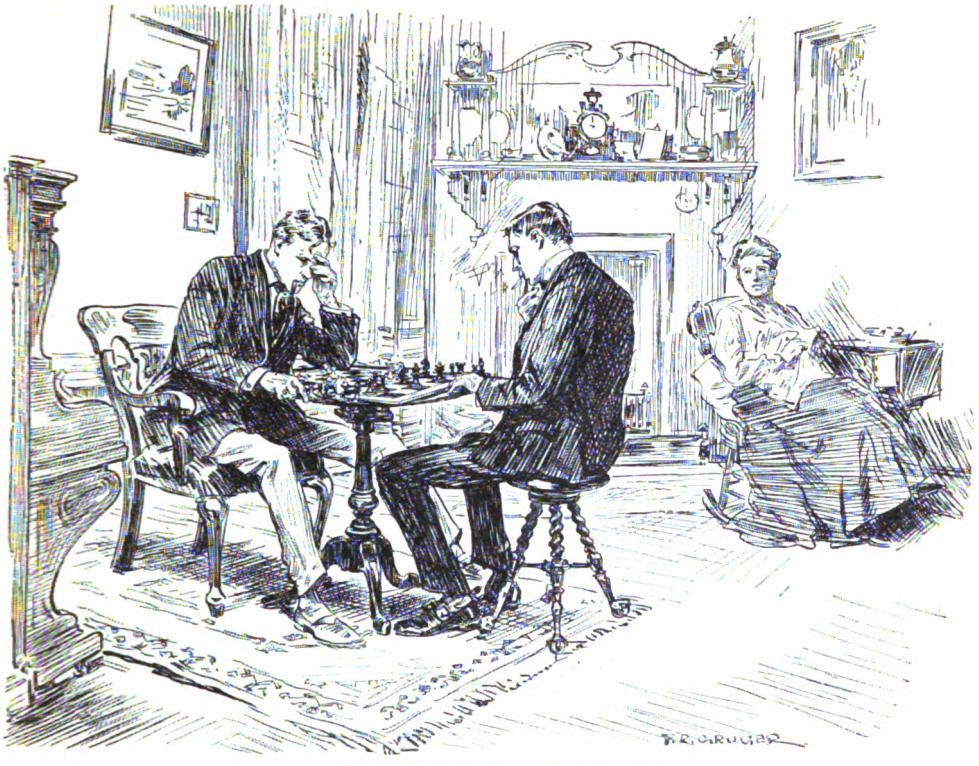
"Generally gets home by six, don't he? Well, men always find something to keep 'em." She went on washing her dishes, but presently she turned to me with a smile.

"Why, you'd hear of it, if anything was up. Don't you worry. The way I look at it is this: If something happens—it happens. You can't change things, worryin'. There was my case. My husband went out to work one morning as gay as a lark. I never saw him alive again. But I believe now it's all for the best. I wouldn't have it otherwise. Don't you suppose he's happier there than he'd be in this world?" She wiped a few tears from her kind old eyes, and a sort of sad cheerfulness shone in her face.

Strangely enough this view of things was not consoling to me.

"Well, I'm going to telephone," I said rising. "If he comes you tell him I've gone down to the drug-store."

"All right. Don't you worry," she responded sympathetically.



He looked so dear and tired.

I waited for no more, but ran downstairs to the desolate hall. I put on my hat and raincoat and went out into the cool spring wind to the apothecary's shop at the corner. When I succeeded in getting the office I asked the momentous question very boldly :—

"Is Mr. Harden there?"

"No. He left some time ago."

"Do you know if he started for home?"

There was a pause, in which the owner of the voice seemed to be investigating. Then came the fatal answer.

"He went to the North End for a story. Hasn't returned."

"All right. Thank you."

I remember saying the conventional words, but I do not remember anything else, except the awful feeling of calamity which possessed me. I did not reason. I only thought of Tom suffering —in the hands of thugs and murderers —and myself wearily waiting till the sad news came. I think I must have been crazy. Instead of returning home like a sensible woman I stood on the corner and watched the cars whizz by toward the city. The temptation was too strong. When one stopped I hurriedly climbed up the steps and entered.

For a few blocks I had the whole car to myself. Then a sensual looking man with side whiskers came in and took a seat opposite. He gave me a glance of interest, and as I gazed uncomfortably at the advertisements above his head I was conscious that he was regarding me with a fixed stare. The foolishness of starting out alone for the city in this way struck me as something almost laughable, miserable as I was. I smiled at the thought, and immediately the man rose and came over to me.

"It's a pleasant evening, isn't it?" he began in a mellow sort of voice. I averted my head and stared stonily in the opposite direction.

"Rather cold," he persisted, "for this time of year. Pardon me, madam, but haven't I met you somewhere? Your face is familiar."

I was desperate. "You are very much mistaken," I answered icily, and I rose and changed my seat.

The car stopped and a party of three

entered. I congratulated myself, but not for long. That miserable man with side whiskers still sat opposite, and whenever I let my eyes fall on his face he would raise one eyebrow, look knowing, and leer in a disgusting manner.

My knowledge of the city was limited, but I had a vague idea of direction and got off at what I considered the nearest point to the dreadful North End. I had not gone far before I realized that I was pursued. When I hurried, footsteps behind me quickened. When I loitered my follower slackened his pace. To this day I feel a sort of thrill when I remember that night. My swift flight through unfamiliar streets, the danger behind which set my heart beating quickly, and the growing conviction in my mind of the utter hopelessness of my finding Tom in this maze of dark streets. Queer-looking men stared at me and jabbered to each other in strange tongues. Once a dreadful woman jostled me and swore when I started to apologize.

Behind, through the faces of the crowd, I could see the leering smile and bold eyes of the man in the car. I felt my courage giving way, when I caught sight of a policeman. I have never cared much for policemen, but I felt to this one as toward a father. I could have hugged him.

"Am I in the North End?" I asked him in a quavering sort of voice.

"You are, and no place for a lady at this time of night," said he, looking at me curiously.

"I have lost my husband," said I.

"Who is your husband?" he asked, staring.

Somehow I did not want to give Tom away.

"Mr. Brown," said I. "He's a journalist." I flushed under his gaze.

"Can you describe him?"

I cast around in my mind for a de-

"If something happens, it happens."

scription of Tom. "He had on a dark blue necktie," I began, "and he has sort of twinkling eyes and broad shoulders and red hair. It isn't a fiery red. It's more auburn," I explained, fearing to mislead him.

The policeman looked queer. "Well," he said, stroking an enormous mustache. "If you'll follow me, I'll take you where you can make enquiries."

I felt a sense of confidence and trust which I shall never forget. His tone was so calm, so assured.

We emerged into brighter streets, and the crowd became more respectable. A man was coming toward us who walked so like Tom that my heart beat fast.

"Oh, there he is!" I cried, to the intense surprise of my companion, who was not expecting it.

For a moment I forgot everything,—the people, the place, and the policeman,—and only knew that I had found him; for it was really Tom and no other who stood before me, and to whom I clung for dear life.

He seemed as glad as I, though it took him a moment to realize that it was his own wife and not some strange woman who was embracing him. The bulky figure of my recent protector was moving away when I remembered him.

"He's gone!" I said, laughing a little hysterically.

"Who?"

"The policeman. We were just going to find you. You are all safe—not hurt?" I stood away and looked him over critically.

"Hurt? I? No! Why should I be?"

"But Jack Lombard said—"

He interrupted me.

"If you knew what a fright you've given me, you wouldn't stand there asking fool questions about me. You don't seem to realize—" he looked around comprehensively, at the crowds and then back to me, with a kind of incredulous smile. "Were you crazy?"

I did not answer. I was trying to understand things.

"Come," Tom went on, unceremoniously hurrying me along toward the car. "You can explain on the way home."

In the car he commenced again.

"What I can't understand, is why you thought I was in danger."

"Because you didn't come home, and you know what Jack Lombard said about your work in the North End. And when they told me you were there, what else could I think?"

"But what did you imagine you could do alone there without any idea of my whereabouts?"

I felt foolish: "I don't know," I answered, "but I couldn't stay home and wait—and you must confess that I did find you after all!"

"You mean *I* found *you?* I went home and found the house deserted. Mrs. Joyce informed me that you were at the drug store telephoning to me. I arrived there just in time to miss you. There was nothing to do but telephone to the office, and when they told me what they had told you I did not know where else to look. That's how I found you. Good luck did the rest." Later as we walked up the road in the stillness, I ventured:—

"But Tom, you left me this morning without a word, and I thought you were angry."

He pressed my arm.

"The truth is, I was a bit vexed with you last night, but I didn't realize just how you felt about my being late. How should I know you *worried*. I thought you were just mad because I kept dinner waiting. Of course I don't see any sense in your worrying *now*, but I can't have my wife risk risking her life, if she is silly."

"But why did you leave me this morning?" I persisted.

"Because I hated to wake you when you had been up so late the night before. I tried to telephone but I couldn't get you."

"Yes, it was out of order," said I.

"It always is," remarked Tom.

We had almost reached the house when I felt that I must speak.

"I am sorry I was so naggy and disagreeable last night," I murmured.

That was the last act in the quarrel.

Mrs. Joyce was at the door when we arrived. "Well, well," she said in her motherly way, "I'm glad to see you both here to once."

LADYBIRD

By MARY GROUT GOLDER

"THERE'S another deserted farmhouse, Uncle Jed, the third since we've been on the road. They look so dejected that I always imagine they are mourning for the departed family. See this one, now, there's a downward slant to the whole thing. It's utterly discouraged."

Jed Leathers chuckled appreciatively at his niece's flippancy. "That uster be 's neat a set uv buildin's 's thar wuz 'n town," said he. "It all come from havin' a hoss win a race."

"Why, how could that be?" asked his niece. "If you had said lose a race, now, it would seem more likely."

"It's a fac', Minnie, 'n' it happened this way. Old Abe Farnham 'n' his woman come here 'n' bought this farm when land wuz cheap. They wuz great workers, hed ter be; 'f yer don't work on a farm yer'll hev ter quit livin', that's 'bout th' size on it. I kin remember when they lived in a little log hut jest north uv that big barn, but they got forehanded and put up this frame house 'long back in th' Forties.

"Waal, they hed one boy, likely 'nough chap, not quite so drivin' 's th' old folks, but that's 'most allers th' way. Joe 'n' me wuz 'bout uv 'n age, 'n' we uster be tergather considerible. I allers took ter trainin' steers, liked nuthin' better 'n ter be gee-hawin 'em 'round, but Joe, he wuz all hoss, allers wuz breakin' in a colt. Seem's if I could see him now, in a ramshackle sulky he made himself, workin' a yearlin' colt over this very road. I dunno 's yer ever noticed it, Minnie, if a boy takes ter drivin' oxen, he'll turn out ter be a good farmer, but if he takes ter hosses, he don't 'mount ter shucks. It's cur'us, but it's a fac'.

"Waal, 's he growed up he kep' at it, allers hed a Maud S. on hand. The summer we wuz eighteen he wuz drivin' a likely lookin' colt that he called Ladybird. She wuz a slick lookin' high-stepper, but green. Law, what did a country chap like him know 'bout gittin' th' best out'n a hoss. He wuz trainin' uv her fer th' great hoss-trot that we allers hed in th' fall, 'n' if he gi'n th' farm half th' care he did that hoss, he'd ben a rich man terday.

"We uster hev great Fairs 'n them days. Thar's th' old Fair grounds, now, over thar where the high board fence is. It's all growed up ter weeds, but time wuz when these roads wuz chuck full uv teams comin' ter th' Fair from all the towns 'round. Th' three days uv th' Fair wuz great days, I tell yer, but th' greatest wuz th' last day when they hed th' hoss-trot. All th' jockies 'n th' county come here with thar nags, 'n' a pretty scaly lot they wuz, th' jockies, I mean.

"Th' fall that Joe Farnham entered his Ladybird they hed up big stakes, 'n' thar wuz some master fine hosses entered. I helped Joe that day, but when I see hosses with records down 'n th' twenties, which wuz fast fer them days, thinks I, Ladybird hain't got no show.

"Th' stable wuz 'n excitin' place. Th' jockies wuz 's thick 's flies. They all hed thar caps pulled down over thar eyes 'n' hed consider'ble business in a corner where a feller hed some bottles hid 'n th' straw. Thar wuz Jim Webber, he wuz th' boss uv 'em all, one uv these slick sorter chaps that makes yer 'sprised if yer find he's been tellin' yer th' truth. His hoss, Skyrocket, hed beat ev'rythin' in sight so fur that fall, 'n' he felt pretty good.

"Joe 'n' me wuz givin' Ladybird a last rub down, when Joe, sez he, 'I've left th' best blanket 'n th' office,' meanin' a little room whar ev'ry one left their traps, 'jest run 'n' fetch it, Jed.'

"While I wuz huntin' fer it, I hearn Jim Webber talkin' ter someone in Skyrocket's stall, which wuz next ter th' office. Sez he, 'This here race'll

be my last with Skyrocket. I've hed 'n all fired good offer fer him, 'n' if he wins this race I'll git jest five hundred more. Now, Ben,' sez he, 'yer Mascot 's all I'm feared on. Say, if yer'll pull her jest a little, 'n' let Skyrocket come in ahead, th' stakes 'n a hundred 'n' fifty 's yourn.'

"'Done,' sez Ben, 'let's take a drink.'

"I'd hearn 'fore this that th' heftiest part uv th' racin' wuz done 'n th' stable, 'n' now I see how it wuz done.

"Waal, I went back ter Joe 'n' Ladybird. She wuz takin' little prancin' steps all the time we wuz harnessin' uv her, 'n' she looked so pretty 'n' full uv life that I sez ter Joe, 'I wish yer could git this race, Joe, I swan I do.'

"Sez he, 'I'm goin' ter.' I shook my head; it didn't seem no ways likely, with those smart jockies so full uv thar tricks. The race wuz called, 'n' we got Ladybird out. She hed a bran' new harness 'n' sulky. Joe, he sat leanin' over with his cap pulled over his eyes fer all th' world like 'n old hand. But I shook my head agin when I see Skyrocket come prancin' out, black 's a coal. Jim Webber he looked 'n acted 's if he owned th' whole thing, jedges 'n all, 'n' I ain't prepared to say he didn't.

"Arter him comes Ben Fuller with Mascot, a long brown mare that hed speed written all over her. Then come Joe with Ladybird. She wuz a bright chestnut with a white strip, a little beauty, but good looks warn't goin' ter count 'n that race.

"They drove up th' track 'n' lined up fer th' start. When th' bell rung they come down by th' jedges' stand like a whirlwind. Three times they wuz called back, but th' fourth time they got th' word. Skyrocket hed th' inside, uv course."

"Why of course, Uncle Jed?" asked Minnie.

"Waal, thar wuz more money 'n this race 'n th' stakes, my girl. Skyrocket wuz a fav'rite 'n more ways 'n one.

"I stood close by th' gate holdin' Ladybird's blanket, 'n' I watched them hosses 'til my eyes 'most fell outer my head. 'Twuz a half mile track 'n' th' hosses hed ter make two rounds. Th' fust time they come down th' track I see Skyrocket wuz leadin', but Ladybird wuz closin' up. Thar wuz a smell uv hoss 'n' leather, 'n' they wuz by us, Ladybird on th' outside. Joe wuz holdin' uv her firm 'n' she wuz doin' mighty good work.

"'Twuz a pretty even thing, but when they come down th' home stretch I see Ladybird wuz gainin' on 'em, faster 'n' faster she come 'n' swept by th' jedges' stand a length ahead. Ev'ryone wuz shoutin'. Thar hedn't ben much interest in this race, 'cause they all s'posed 'twuz goin' ter be a walkover fer Skyrocket, but when they saw our own hoss, driven by one uv our own boys win the fust heat, they went 'bout wild. I rushed out 'n' threw th' blanket over Ladybird, 'n' I tell yer, I felt like huggin' her.

"We went ter th' stable 'n' took her out 'n' begun rubbin' her down. Jim Webber he come along 'n' sez he, 'Yer've got a mighty nice little hoss there, Farnham.'

"'Yer right,' sez Joe.

"Jim, he walked up ter Joe 'n' spoke sorter low, sez he, 'I've got some pretty hefty reasons fer wantin' ter win this race.' sez he. 'Fifty dollars wouldn't stan' in my way if yer should jest hold her in a little th' next two heats. I ain't at all feared yer could git either uv 'em,' sez he. 'If I hed let Skyrocket out this time yer wouldn't have ben nowhar, but,' sez he, 'th' fifty dollars 's yourn jest fer makin' no extry effort, understand? 'Twould be a darn shame ter strain that handsome little creater.'

"Joe looked oneasy. He'd allers looked up ter Jim Webber 's a great hoss man, 'n' it went aginst him ter refuse. Sez he, 'I don't want ter disoblige yer, Mr. Webber, but this is Ladybird's fust race, 'n' I want her ter do her best.'

"'Say seventy-five, now,' sez Jim.

"'I guess not,' sez Joe.

"Jim turned on his heel. As he walked off he called over his shoulder, 'yer think yer mighty smart, yer country greenhorn, but I'll make yer swallow dust th' next two heats.'

"In half 'n hour th' next race wuz called. Ladybird seemed 's fresh 's ever, but Joe wuz narvous. Th' lines air a reg'lar telegraph ter tell a hoss how th' driver feels. Ladybird knew she warn't bein' held 's steady 's she hed ben. Arter th' bell rung fer th' start she broke 'fore she got ter th' stand.

"They couldn't seem ter git an even start. That bell rung 'em back five times. That's quite a trick ter make a green hoss wild, but it braced Joe up, he see what they wuz up ter. He got a good grip on Ladybird, 'n' she kep' her feet arter that.

"At last they got th' word 'n' were off. I clumb up on th' gate post 'n' watched 'em. 'Way 'round on th' further side uv th' track it didn't seem 's if they wuz goin' at all, scarcely, but when they come down th' home stretch th' fust time, I see they hed struck a tremendous gait. Jim Webber wuz gittin' his best outer Skyrocket; he hed the lead.

"Go it, little beauty, go it! I shouted 's a chestnut streak went by me.

"When they come down th' last time Ladybird hed closed up, 'n' it seemed fer a second 's if she'd git th' heat. Th' crowd begun ter cheer, but Skyrocket made a great spurt 'n' won by a head. Thar warn't no cheerin' then. I ran out with th' blanket, 'n' a whole crowd gathered 'round us, praisin' up Ladybird. One on 'em slapped Joe on th' back. 'Yer puttin' up a great fight, Joe,' sez he. 'Pull it off next time. We don't want no Pittsfield jockies carryin' off our money.'

"We worked over Ladybird all th' next half hour, walkin' her 'round slowly so she wouldn't git stiff. Joe, he oiled th' sulky 'n' wiped th' harness. His jaw wuz set like a vice.

"How my heart did beat when that last heat wuz called, I trembled all over, but I see Joe wuz holdin' himself in much 's he did Ladybird. It beats all how fresh that green hoss went out fer th' third heat. Not so much prancin', but she looked more like business. When she went out on th' track th' whole crowd cheered, it did Joe good to see how we wuz all with him, 'n' he telegraphed Ladybird ter do her best.

"This time they wuz called back so many times that th' crowd begun ter hiss. Then th' field swept down by us, neck 'n' neck, th' three on 'em. 'Go!' sez the judge, 'n' they wuz off.

"I leaned forrard 's I watched 'em, with my teeth set 'n' hands clinched. Honest, it seemed 's if I wuz pushin' Ladybird with my will. But she wuz trottin' ter win this time. Mascot warn't in it, 'n' Skyrocket hed hard work ter keep up. When they went by Fuller hed dropped behind, he warn't goin' ter hurt his hoss. Ladybird was leadin' by a length. Thar wuz a rattle 'n' a flash, 'n' they wuz on th' last half mile. Thar warn't a whisper from the crowd. Th' judges stood thar with thar watches in thar hands. It didn't seem 's if I breathed, but I s'pose I did.

'At last we see 'em comin' down. Skyrocket hed closed up. Jim Webber wuz usin' his whip, 'n' kep shoutin', 'Hi thar, hi thar!' Joe kep' still 'n' held Ladybird firm. I jumped up 'n' down 'n' screamed, 'Go it, Joe! Go it, Ladybird!'

"Down they flashed, th' black 'n' the chestnut. I tell yer, it wuz a great sight ter see them strainin' hosses come a-tearin' down th' track 'n' Ladybird, our Ladybird, gainin' inch by inch. Th' crowd begun ter holler like mad when they see it.

"'Twarn't but by half a head, by gorry, but she done it, Ladybird did. When she come 'cross th' line th' crowd went wild. Yer couldn't hear yerself think. I cried like a baby while I wuz puttin' th' blanket on that hoss."

"But, Uncle Jed, how did Joe lose his farm? Couldn't he have sold Ladybird for a big price?"

"Sell Ladybird? Not by a long shot! He'd 'bout 's soon think uv sellin' his mother. No, Joe kep' goin' 'round ter hoss trots with her. Whether she got strained in her fust race, er Joe lost his narve, I donno, but that wuz Ladybird's fust 'n' last winnin' race.

"Joe neglected th' farm, 'n' arter th' old folks died ev'rythin' went ter th' dogs. Now he's on th' town farm over ter Ware, 'n' Ladybird wuz crowbait years ago."

THE ANSWER

By JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

With a full-page drawing by W. B. KING

IT was at Bar Harbor with the squadron in ninety-three that all the trouble was hatched up. Castor, an overstudious engineer-commander, came back from the Reading Room one night full of psychology.

"Repetition," he said interestedly, "is the basic idea of a most important section of psychic phenomena. Now the—"

"Save it for the war-college," cried Bonus, captain of the marine guard.

The room cleared rapidly. Bonus moved up and, with young Candleton, sat at the table's end, with Castor between them, reveling in his audience.

"The human brain," Castor said that night, "is unconsciously affected by repetition—in a most amazing self-deceit. Constantly recurring stimuli take marked hold upon it, and it their source is unknown, or, better still, half shrouded in mystery, the effect is noteworthy. For instance, I venture to say that if Candleton should find in his mail with unvarying regularity an empty envelope addressed to him, he would soon get himself in an unusual state of mental agitation, not unlike alarm."

"If it was in a woman's hand it would cause agitation minus the alarm," said Bonus, knowing his neighbor.

"The fear would follow," insisted Castor. "I am willing to declare that if we could fix upon one man and systematically bombard his brain with exact repetitions of some selected symbol, he would pass through a violent series of mental states, closing in something short of insanity, but at any rate completely unseating his self-control."

Two months later, on shore duty, Castor telephoned Candleton before he was out of bed.

"Meet me at the Service Club this noon. Very important. Good-by."

Castor never took needless risks with negative answers. When they met he said:—

"Sit tight. House committee's had a secret meeting on Browne's complaint and Browne's coming here to meet some of the safe ones and talk it over.

Col. Browne's complaint was the talk of the club. From some mysterious source a systematic attack was being made on Mr. Frend, of London, a polite young stranger introduced by Col. Browne. The Colonel came into the meeting red and worried.

"It's outrageous," he exclaimed in the club undertone when they had gotten into the president's room and stood around like a jury waiting to be charged. "It's an insult to my guest and to me, and a disgrace to the club, besides being a most distressing situation for Mr. Frend. He is courageous enough to decline to run under fire, and I have had the committee extend his visitor's card indefinitely, against all our precedent, to give him an opportunity to seek out the source of this contemptible attack, this cowardly—"

"Colonel," interrupted Castor, "why not tell us the story. So far as I know no one of these gentlemen understands exactly what the trouble is."

"Simple but profoundly diabolical," replied the Colonel, his wrath blazing anew. "So simple that you will laugh at any idea of such a thing, but so persistent in its damnable repetition as to have become an intolerable annoyance. Some scoundrel is making game of us in a peculiarly abominable way. It is simply this: Every day, never at the same hour or in the same way, Mr. Frend receives a square piece of paper with a large interrogation point printed on it in dead-black ink. The papers are four inches square, and are folded twice. The question marks are three inches long. They began coming two weeks ago, one a day. At first we

called it a mistake, then a joke, next an advertisement, and now, by—"

"By mail, Colonel?" Candleton asked.

"No, indeed," he answered, "only at first. They come in all sorts of mysterious ways—by messenger boys unable to give any clues, left slyly on the sill of Frend's door, and even shoved into his coat pockets in a crowd. Several times they have been sent by express, one was rolled into a ball and thrown insolently into his face in the dark, two came in pasteboard boxes apparently containing merchandise. But what concerns us is that three of them have reached Frend through his private mail box in this club. That means that some member—"

"Colonel!" cried two or three together.

"I know what I am talking about, gentlemen," he said hotly, "some member of this club is in the plot, whatever it is, and I insist that we take action looking to a solution of the mystery. If it continues it will become a grievous affair where now it is only a foolish practical joke, perhaps."

They talked an hour and separated with no progress to their credit. Castor and Candleton lingered.

"You're done," Candleton said, laughing as easily as he could.

'No! I'm winning."

"You can't."

"Bet you a dinner for four I can hole him in two weeks more."

"Take you, sir; for four at Jennico's, in the Rose Room."

"I'll go you, dinner for four at Jennico's, if I hole him," cried Castor, indiscreetly, perhaps, for at that moment a man who had been sitting in the neighboring window bay unseen by them, rose and walked out deliberately. Castor did not see him. Candleton did. He was Mr. Frend of England. For a variety of reasons Candleton decided not to tell Castor just then, and in an hour had forgotten it.

Next day Frend entered the club early, while Candleton was at solitaire in the card room, but did not see him for some minutes. The officer watched him moving nervously about the adjoining chamber. Presently he came into the card room.

He was eager to talk, on any subject. Candleton naturally avoided service allusions, but somehow they swung that way so many times in an hour that his powers of resistance at length gave in and the conversation became personal next instant.

Next morning, same evolution; Candleton at solitaire (as usual), Frend arriving early and talking shop. And so on for near a week, during which much was learned of the man's life and work.

Any landsman would have seen the point. Frend had something to confess and was preparing to unload. Candleton felt rather dubiously honored, but said nothing to Castor for a week. When told he literally leaped for joy.

"I win, boy!" he cried. "He's holing now. The system's too much for him. Give him all the line he wants and keep me posted daily. I want English partridge for that dinner,—for four, remember."

Candleton was not so joyful over it, but Frend's anxiety was too plain to be denied, so he truly did give all the line called for, and in the next few days it was paid out in hand-over-hand lengths. Then came this note, in the club box :—

DEAR CANDLETON: (They were getting that familiar now) I must see you at once, confidentially. Meet me at the Denis Hotel today at 4. I need help and know you can be trusted. If I don't see you, leave acknowledgement in my box. FREND.

Candleton telephoned Castor.

"Holed!" he cried. "I win. Make careful notes of what he says, and don't grin while you're doing it, either. It'll be some trifle, but I win, all the same. Then let me know. I'll wait here for your call. For four,—that dinner is, you know, in the Rose Room. Bye!"

Frend lived at the Denis. It was Candleton's first visit to his rooms and he could have liked them had they not been in a most terrifying disorder. Two chairs were down, drawers wide and emptied of their proper contents and several pictures twisted out of plumb. A wet towel lay crumpled on the floor and two whisky bottles stood uncorked

on the library table. Near them was a blue-steel army revolver and five ball cartridges. All over the place were small squares of white paper with the giant question mark staring out of them. Until he saw the number of them, Candleton did not realize what a fearful blow Castor was dealing the innocent victim of his psychological experiment.

Frend sat in the bowels of the wreck, badly done up. Candleton pitied him then, and afterward regretted the waste of honest sentiment. He sprang to meet the caller as one who finds the waiting quite intolerable.

"What kept you?" he demanded nervously, and again there was that curious gesture of the hands.

The other pointed to the clock.

"I'm ahead of time half an hour," he said. "What's troubling you? You look off a little. Your note—"

"Candleton," he said, "I wanted, oh, I beg your pardon, please sit down —somewhere. Let's see, yes, I wanted you to come here because I'm in trouble jolly hard. I've,—well, something's the matter with me. Look at that hand, once I could shoot the whole corps to a standstill and now look at it!"

Frend held out trembling fingers for Candleton to see, and then went on, his voice rising:—

"Candleton, I'm not the man you think I am! I'm not the—you see somebody here knows and is torturing it out of me by inches, that's why I sent for you. They shan't hear any confession from me. I'm going to tell you and then,—you'll see."

Candleton resolved on the capture of the revolver as his next move. The case was too serious to be trifled with. Frend rambled on.

"But what I want to say is that I'm not,—not the English gentleman, not the Theo Frend you think but,"—he suddenly ripped open a drawer in his desk and, pulling out a photograph, hurled it across the table. It was the portrait of a beautiful young woman.

"Not the gentleman you think but Tom Fohrde of Liverpool, a fugitive from justice,—for my life!"

After a long interval Candleton realized they were staring at each other blankly. His own mind was stunned and he thought of absolutely nothing until he found his fingers bending the photograph into a roll of pasteboard. Then his heart did quiver.

"And this?" he whispered. He had no voice.

"My wife," Frend said tensely, and looking him hard in the eyes. "We had been married two weeks when I shot her dead in jealousy and fled the country!"

They stared some more. Then Candleton said:—

"Why did you tell me?"

"I had to tell it," Frend answered. "I'm half mad and someone is hounding me with these hellish posters. Look at them. Every day one comes, never in the same way as before. I'm never quite certain until I unfold the paper and see the big black question point—asking, asking, asking,—with an eternal "What" that's sending me wild with fear and remorse. See this envelope? I daren't open it. It came this morning. You try!"

Candleton tore it open. A folded white paper came out. One turn of his finger revealed the sinister symbol of Castor's experiment. He looked at the man across the table. His head lay in two twitching, clutching hands. He will never feel fear and horror like what took him then. But it was his move, to Castor. He saw with sickening certainty that they had over-reached.

"So—"

"So I had to tell someone," cried Frend, not looking up, "and you seemed friendly. Another day of it and I would have told my chambermaid, the bootblacks, anyone. You can't think what it means to sit and watch the slow and terrible approach of a vengeance so mystic yet so full of horrible intelligence. Asking, asking, asking, asking! And the infernal fascination which drew me on until I had to give my answer,—until I fairly lusted for an opportunity to speak it. That single desire swallowed up every detaining impulse, every idea of caution, every fear of disaster in result,—only the mad temptation to answer, to answer and satisfy this haunting visitor who has

found me out. Days ago I would have fled from it but for the mortal desire, the awful impulse to remain and—answer it."

Candleton sprang up and put the revolver in his coat.

"That very revolver, too," cried Frend. "I did it with that. I came home late at night and—and she lied to me. I was in a frightful rage. I bound her to a chair, and loaded the revolver before her very eyes,—and then I—"

"Don't!" exclaimed Candleton in agony undisguised. "I can't endure any more of that. I can guess all I need to know."

"You can guess the answer," said the murderer, "and I have given it at last." His head dropped.

"The answer—the complete answer," Candleton said, "must not be made to me—alone, but in the presence of a third. If you desire to make it, I shall bring a friend and you may speak to us together. I cannot carry this profoundly tragic thing alone."

Frend looked up quickly with a curious flash which instantly paled out.

"What friend?"

"Commander Castor, of the navy—a Service member."

"I guessed as much," he answered resignedly. "He satisfies me."

"We will return," Candleton said, "and you pledge me to remain?"

"Not here," he protested, spreading his shaking hands pathetically, "not here. Besides I wish to show you evidence of my offense. The—the—my wife's—?"

"What the devil are you saying man?" Candleton cried, too horrified.

"Never mind," he muttered tragically, "meet me at the entrance here at half-past six and I will conduct you to the place where you shall see—. Yes, I promise you, you shall see for yourselves, and I shall give my answer to these accursed plagues, these—." He sprang at a little heap of papers and began tearing them with his fingers, and even crammed them in his mouth as if to grind them into bits between his teeth. Candleton went out fearfully and very much in a tremor of deep remorse. Yet the man was a criminal. Perhaps, he thought with renewing agitation, he will be a madman.

"Why, boy," exclaimed Castor as Candleton entered his place soon after. "You look put out. Have I holed him?"

"Holed him too well, that's all. So big a hole we all fall into it, if we like or not," and then he related everything. Castor frequently wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. They sat a long time silent.

It was a lame pair who limped into the entrance of the Denis that evening. They had dressed. Castor said in response to the question:—

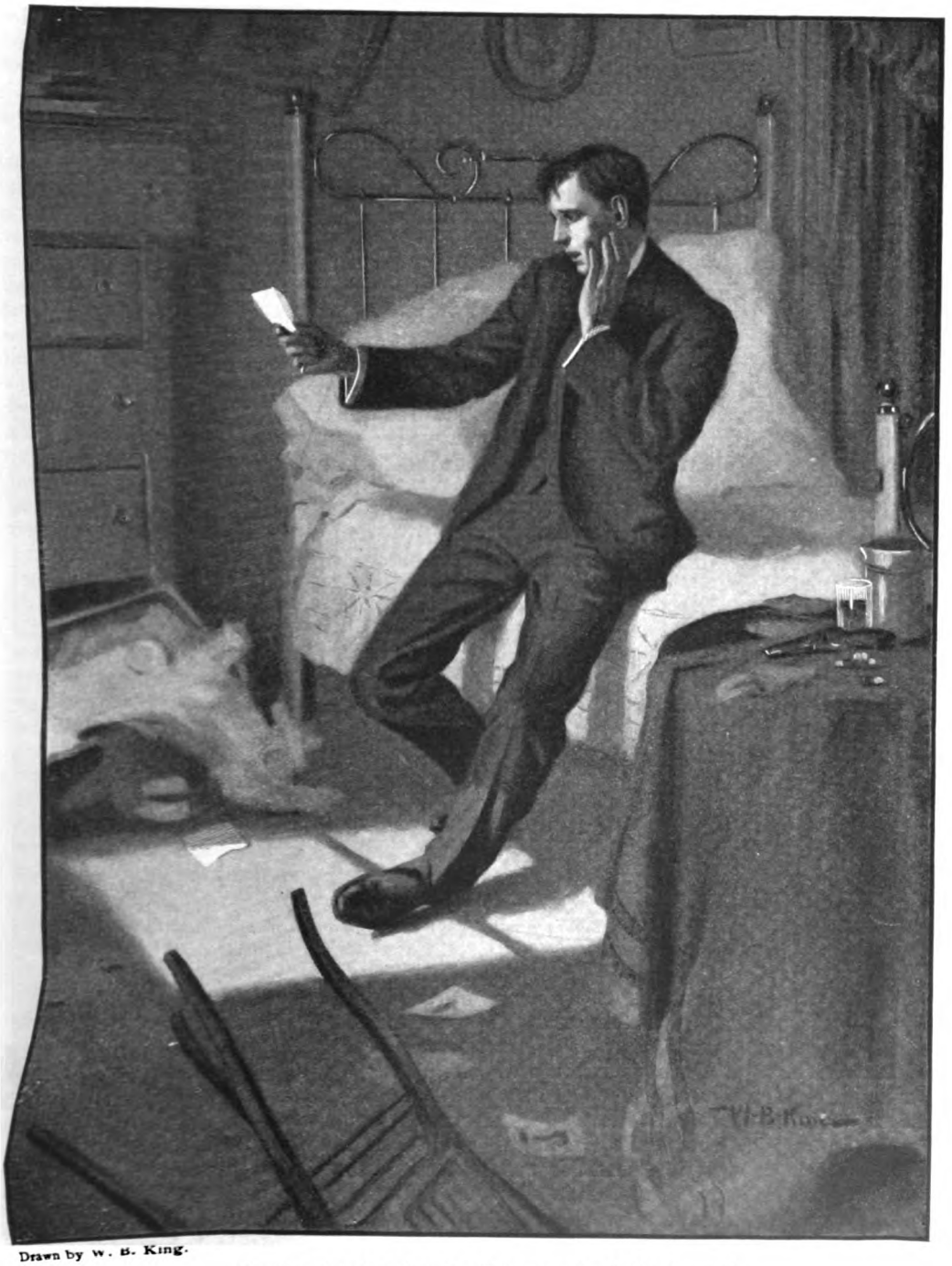
"Certainly the hour's right. We're not criminals, are we? It is ugly business I admit, and I am scared of it, but we have to put a thick front on and stave it out. So we'll dress. And—well, marvelously frightful, isn't it? Being an amateur scientist is one thing, but my professional career hasn't fitted me for trailing murder mysteries."

Frend, wrapped in a big, black coat, was waiting. He called a carriage. The driver had evidently been instructed. Frend pulled all the curtains down and they were driven for half an hour quite slowly. At length they halted in a side street and Frend got out and led them up a dark alley. Music sounded faintly in the distance. At the head of the alley they entered a little doorway, Frend still leading, and passed up five long, winding flights amid darkness so intense they could make out not one glimmer of light. At the summit there was a stop while Frend unlocked another door. As the door swung out it let in a rush of cool, sweet air, and they saw stars shining and heard noises as if from streets, far, far away. Frend's boots crunched gravel and they, following, found themselves on the roof of a lofty building. Frend hurried across this to a narrow, low-railed bridge, passed over and, his companions closely at his back, unlocked another door. They descended three stories of solid dark and then paused there suddenly.

"Prepare yourselves!" whispered Frend somewhere in front.

"Don't move another step without light," Castor said in a nervous undertone. "Get a match."

But before it could be done a door was thrown open and gave plenty of good electric light. They were in a



Drawn by W. B. King.

Frend sat in the bowels of the wreck, badly done up.

rear hallway, and looking up a long corridor. There was music distantly again, and a positive odor of cooked food and flowers.

"Come on," said Castor stoutly. "This looks safe, and smells reasonable, to men who haven't dined." And the two looked at one another uneasily under Frend's steady, astounded stare, for the sudden light discovered each of them with a heavy revolver in a ready hand, half covering the Englishman. But Frend led the way up the corridor. There was a quick turn, which brought the music nearer, and then, passing under a creamy portiere, they stood in a lofty chamber. Massive columns of delicate marble supported the doorways, and the hangings all about were rich and warm and silken. They knew the room instantly for the Rose Room at Jennico's.

But the table was already furnished, and by it sat a woman who smiled felicitously upon them. As Frend threw off his great-coat and appeared in an attire surpassed in brilliance only by the suddenly acquired radiance of his face, Candleton remembered having seen her photograph quite recently.

"Gentlemen," said Frend restrainedly, "it seems needless to say that this is Mrs. Frend, my wife, who arrived from Liverpool to-day, happily in time for this occasion. This is the eleventh anniversary of our marriage. If you will look quite closely you will see that she is not dead, and I am not jealous. Your dinner for four is ordered. The check will amount to a trifle over a hundred dollars. We may join you, I suppose; you will p—"

And then, for the first time, they noticed that the table was set for four, and that each of the candle shades was a fat interrogation point fashioned prettily in rose-colored tissue paper.

THE ETERNAL GULLIBLE

Stories of the Credulous Public and the Advertising Fakir

By PHILIP LORING ALLEN

The abuses of advertising are strongly set forth in this article, published with the commendation of the Postoffice Department. The writer emphasizes anew the importance of reliable advertising pages where every advertiser is sure of the company he keeps—and the public is safeguarded against fraud.—The Editors.

"PEOPLE," remarked a Federal officer with the wisdom of long experience in the prosecution of mail frauds, "differ from fish in one particular—they would rather bite at a naked hook than a baited one."

Out among the cornfields, East and West, are uncounted thousands of farmer's sons and daughters longing for a little spending money, but with small chance at home to earn it; in the cities there are as many thousands of shop-girls, underpaid school teachers, honest young men out of work; everywhere are the poor and the ambitious. This is one side of the picture. Look on the other side and you see sitting in small rooms, near the top of metropolitan office buildings, the men who offer glittering opportunities to the poor and the ambitious. Each one of them has exchanged his everyday name for a corporate title, with "Universal," "National" or "Continental" in it. On his letter head is printed a picture of the great building in which he occupies a minute corner. It is labeled, "Our Company's Main Offices."

When Uncle Sam puts his gigantic postal system at the service of every one of us who can afford a one cent stamp, he imposes just one condition—that we

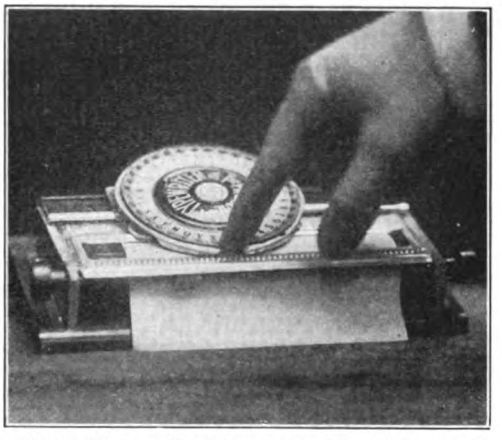
do not use it to swindle our fellow citizens. The men in the tall buildings are threading their way along the margin of that law, sometimes a little inside it, sometimes a little outside.

"Fraudulent use of the mails" is a broad term. You can sell a man a gold brick by correspondence, absorb his savings for a get-rich-quick concern, unload on him worthless mining stock, policy slips or lottery tickets. But these things can be done as well or better in other ways. There is a class of schemes, however, which depend absolutely on the use of the mails. When a fraud order comes from the Postoffice Department to stop the delivery of mail, a concern of this kind usually collapses at once. In very many cases it would be hard to convict the promoters of any actual crime. There is no hard and fast line between their business and that of an honorable merchant. It takes investigation to determine whether or not it is conducted in good faith. Sometimes the men in these questionable concerns fight the case made against them on its merits. But, as a rule, they submit to the decree. The life of any one of their enterprises is short, though the succession is unending. Often enough, knowing the machinery set against them, they send out but a single set of circulars, pocket the proceeds, and move to another field before there is time for the authorities to run them down.

One thing that marks a swindler is his generosity. Generosity, carried far enough, fairly disarms any suspicion. No honest business man ever made an offer which up to the final stage seemed more scrupulously fair than that made in the last year or so by three New York companies doing business on identical lines, the Veritas, Eureka and Imperial Typewriter Companies.

"Fifteen dollars a week earned at home. No canvassing, nothing to sell. We want intelligent persons to write letters at home at spare moments. $15 a week easily earned. We furnish paper free and pay $30 per thousand, cash, weekly for single page letters."

This was their offer. Those who answered the advertisement received a circular with the details of the plan.



A small deposit of $2.50 was required, but it would be returned to the applicant on request after he had written the first thousand letters on this machine.

Its object, it appeared, was to advertise an improved typewriter. The machine itself, with its "springs tempered with steel," its "polished hardwood base," and other features, was described in an annexed folder, and a copy was given of the letter which was to be copied "exactly as shown." The company's generosity was so great, in fact, that it would even pay expressage on the finished work sent back to its office.

In view of the purpose of the undertaking, it was an obvious requirement that the letter writers should use the company's own machine. "No other will do," said the circular, "as we desire to show by actual work the precision and alignment with which it writes." If any shade of distrust lingered in the reader's mind it was removed by the proposition which followed. The company would lend the machine, keep it in repair and agree to supply the applicant with regular work for a whole year. There was, to be sure, a small deposit required (two dollars and fifty cents), but it would be returned if the applicant wished to discontinue the arrangement after writing the first thousand letters. Even this was apologized for. But the company frankly stated that it could not place its valuable machines in unknown hands without some guarantee of good faith. "As," it said, with engaging frankness, "there are so many persons

who would take advantage of our offer to secure a good typewriter and a quantity of stationery for nothing."

Now the promoters of this scheme were safe in counting on one fact, that the mental picture conjured up by the word "typewriter" would everywhere be that of a machine costing somewhere between twenty-five and one hundred dollars. In either case a deposit of two dollars and fifty cents was a just precaution. In either case, three cents apiece for short notes without addresses was good pay when paper was furnished free.

The typewriter so glowingly described was a typewriter, but it was toy size. The postal inspector who investigated the case, after a practical test, declared that it would be a physical impossibility to write five hundred letters on it. The manufacturers themselves sold this machine for about forty-eight cents—a price representing a margin of profit entirely satisfactory to the swindling company.

It is an attribute of human nature that every man carries in his head a rough price list of the merchantable articles with which he is familiar. If a price for a house and lot or a collar button is named lower than that which he has in his mind, he thinks he is either getting a bargain or being cheated. Many swindlers have made use of this price, but one genius originated an offer made a few years ago of a complete bicycle for the preposterous price of $3.48. It was nickle plated, said the advertisement, had a durable frame, rams' horn handle bars, and all other modern improvements. "With this machine," it went on, "you will never get into trouble puncturing or cutting your tire." In short, so the advertiser enthusiastically asserted, the wheel was "a perfect charm." It was, in the literal sense of the word, as the purchasers found out, for the mail brought a bicycle watch charm made of plated wire wrought in the form of a bicycle. The tires were indeed unpuncturable. Every statement in the advertisement was literally and exactly true. The manufacturer had merely neglected to mention such an unimportant detail as the size of his machine.

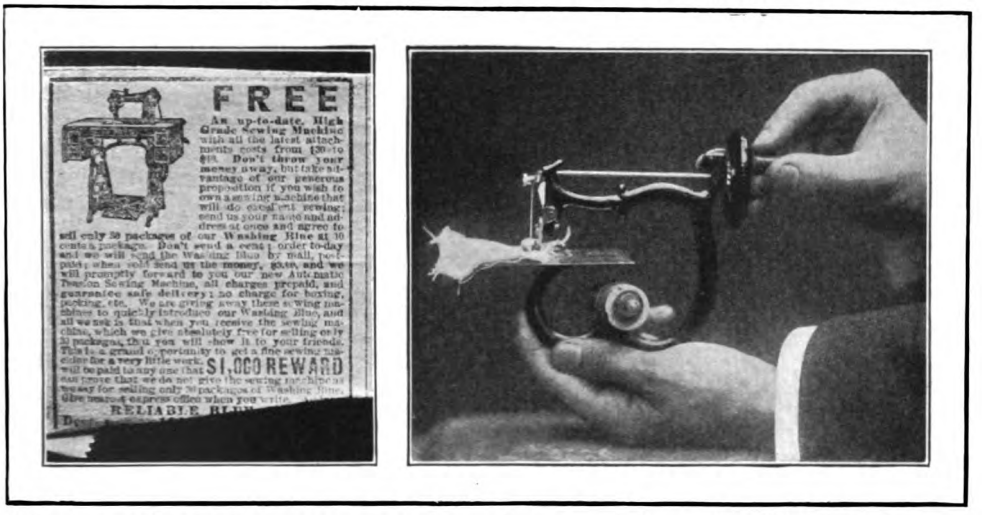
There is something to be learned in punctuation, too. When an obscure publication offered "a watch chain and charm" as a premium with every subscription, hundreds of unsuspicious readers mentally inserted two commas, sent their money and waited patiently for the arrival of the "watch, chain and charm." The publisher, however, thought in hyphens and sent a "watch chain and charm," cheap at that.

The phrase which makes the deepest impression on the man or woman anxious to turn a penny honestly if possible, is "no canvassing." It goes straight to the heart of everyone who has trudged down country roads or tugged at city door bells with a profusely illustrated set of lives of the Civil War generals or a compendium of etiquette under his arm. By comparison with that, any employment seems attractive.

When, in addition, you have the promise of "twelve dollars per week steady income, work at home. You can start work the moment you receive our reply," the thing is irrestible. The circular sent in connection with a recent offer of this kind explained the firm's purpose. "We offer you the position of raising mushrooms at your home with prompt cash payment for all you can raise."

It was no great compliment to the reader's intelligence, when the author of the circular added, "Remember, it is not like raising live stock." Of course, the company did not want money from its customers. Few of them do. But anyone who had mushrooms to sell could get most liberal prices for them with freight charges thrown in. A distrustful person might have remarked the fact that the address where the mushrooms were to be delivered was in a down town office building in New York far away from the usual haunts of vegetable dealers. But there was the offer in black and white, and in order to take advantage of it, the first thing to do was to cultivate the mushrooms. The circular explained in detail how this was to be done. It told of the incredible number which can be grown, after the bed is once started, on nine

This is the advertisement. *This is the machine.*



"The new automatic tension sewing machine given away to those who sell thirty packages of our washing blue. All we ask is that when you see the sewing machine you will show it to your friends."—Extract from the advertisement.

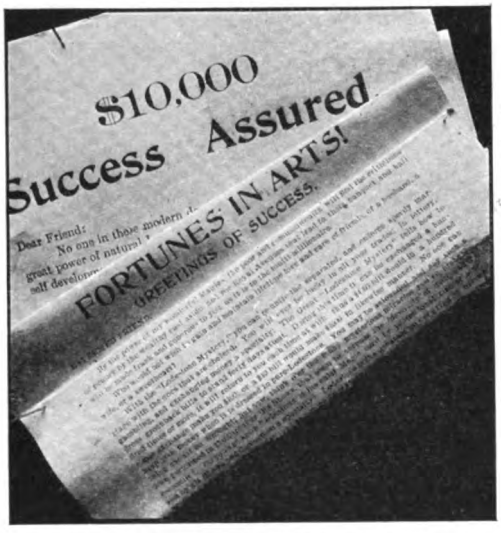
square feet of cellar floor, and suggested how to economize space by arranging the mushroom beds one above the other on shelves. It made no difference to the company where the mushroom spawn was bought. Any seed store would furnish it. Only, if bought in the market, a sample must be sent for examination to see that it was the right sort. This formality was unnecessary with the spawn which the company itself had on hand, as this was known to be up to requirements. One dollar would buy enough to produce one hundred pounds of mushrooms a year, while two dollars worth would establish in every cellar a veritable horn of plenty, out of the mouth of which mushrooms were to pour at the rate of twelve dollars worth a week.

It did save trouble to obtain the spawn direct from the company, and very few of the prospective mushroom raisers bought it anywhere else. It came in quarter and half pound packages, the former being the one dollar and the latter the two dollar lots. And it was of the best quality. It was bought in fact from one of the foremost seedsmen of the country, at the regular price of six dollars per hundred pounds. The contents of the one dollar package cost exactly one and a half cents.

"But we made good our offer!" was the protest when the inspectors came to overhaul the concern's affairs. "We bought and paid for every pound of mushrooms that were sent back to us." Apparently this was true, but the total quantity shipped to the New York office in eight months, according to the firm's own books, was exactly five pounds. A perservering German in Minnesota reaped this harvest. All the other aspirants taken together did not produce enough mushrooms to garnish a single beef steak. As any reputable seedsman would have told them at the start, mushroom raising is one of the most uncertain of agricultural enterprises and success usually comes only after painstaking efforts and repeated disappointments.

While most of the schemes which postoffice inspectors are called on to investigate belong to pretty familiar types, many swindlers show a commendable versatility. Last autumn a great many good people in the southwest received copies of a circular, part of which ran as follows:—

"You will see by the foregoing letter that the Court of Claims has rendered a decision in favor of those to whom premiums or prizes were awarded by the publishers of the Mississippi Valley Planter at their distribution of pre-



"To unlock the door to fame, love and financial prosperity," it is only necessary to secure loadstone "precisely as advertised."

miums, October 14, 1903. In this case the Chicago Paper Company and other creditors attached the premiums thus awarded and caused the Mississippi Valley Publishing Company to make an assignment and also cease the publication of the Mississippi Valley Planter. I was appointed receiver for the Publishing Company and was immediately enjoined from distributing the prizes thus awarded on the plea of fraud on the part of Mr. Battle, Manager of said Company." All this was dated at Memphis, Tenn, and signed by Robert H. Banks.

The "foregoing letter" which was printed on the same folded sheet of paper, purported to be an order of the "Court of Claims" appointing Banks receiver. It was signed by Judge N. P. Galaway, and attested by J. Jacob Storch as clerk.

Bank's circular went on with a somewhat elaborate explanation of the legal entanglements. He said that the Court, "after due deliberation, decided in favor of the prize winners and entered a decree to that effect, ordering Banks to distribute the prizes, ascertain the costs, etc; that Banks made arrangements with various express Companies and freight lines for special rates, to obtain which it was necessary for him to agree to ship all articles at one time and pay the charges in advance, and that this agreement was approved by the court." The date of such simultaneous shipment had been fixed for December 15, 1903, and all premiums not claimed and shipped on that day would be sold and the proceeds placed in the "general creditors' fund." To forestall possible criticism it was explained that Banks was acting on the court's order and had no power to change any of the conditions.

The real kernel was the statement that the recipient of the circular was entitled to a certain prize which would be shipped on receipt of the freight charges. In nearly every case, by a strange coincidence, the fortunate addressee had won premium number seven, a "horse and Lilly buggy and harness, valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars." With equally remarkable uniformity, the freight charges were placed at twenty-nine dollars and sixty cents.

Never was a bubble blown with less actual soap. In the first place, there had never been such a concern as the Mississippi Valley Publishing Company, or such a publication as the Mississippi Valley Planter. There was no such court as the Court of Claims, no such Judge as N. P. Galaway and no such Clerk of court as J. Jacob Storch. To crown all, there was no such person as Robert H. Banks. The promoter of the scheme called for his personal mail under another name.

The fraud order intercepted six hundred money orders and a number of registered letters. All these people, with the hundreds who had come before them, were reaching out after valuable prizes which they, in the nature of things, must have known they had never earned or even competed for. "He has mistaken me for some one else, but I'll take the horse and buggy just the same," must have been the thought which flashed through those six hundred heads, and it is an unpleasant commentary on the wickedness of human nature. The prime swindler simply makes victims of men not unwilling to be his accomplices.

One of the largest enterprises against which a fraud order has been issued in recent years was the Fairfield Floral Company of Fairfield, Maine. This company some seven years ago advertised broadcast for the services of people to make artificial flowers at home. Before going to work, of course, each applicant was required to provide herself with an outfit, consisting of scissors, paste pot and a few materials, which the company sold at the "nominal" price of two dollars. With this outfit, came samples of the flowers and sprays that were to be made for the company at so much per dozen. Singularly enough, though the patterns were ordinary enough muslin flowers, the workers at home found it almost impossible to reach the standard. Shipment after shipment was sent to the headquarters, only to be returned with the information that it did not come up to the patterns and could not be accepted. Those who were not discouraged by this treatment bought more materials from the company and went on with their work, until a fraud order and several prosecutions and convictions of the company's leading spirits put an end to this "easy and genteel method of earning a handsome income." The business of this company had at the end grown to a point where more than fifty girls were actually paid good wages to make up the pattern flowers and answer the thousands of letters which poured in every day from the owners of willing hands.

Professionals do not have the field altogether to themselves in these postal methods of defrauding the public. In fact there is probably no calling in existence which it is so easy for the inexperienced amateur to enter. Circulars appeared throughout the country a year or two ago describing the "Lodestone Mystery." Dr. Henry Jackson, of Morris, Ga., who signed the circulars, declared, with the abundance of detail characteristic of this form of literature, that he had secured the "Lodestone Mystery" in June, 1901, in Buffalo, by paying a deposit of three hundred dollars. A perusal of the description did not make the Lodestone any less of a mystery to the average man. "The mysterious key to unlock the door to fame, love and financial prosperity is placed within hand-reach of the most obscure man and woman. . . . It is the only reliable magic by which to hypnotize, to mesmerize and to psychologize; making you able to cure any disease. . . . With Lodestone, any one can win as often as desired in lottery, lawsuit, gambling and any trick game." Of himself, the advertiser said a few words calculated to show that he was a real sorcerer and no charlatan. "I have," he said, "spent eight months in London Schools of Magic, completely graduated the regular seven years' course of Sciences, Arts and Magics. My graduating diploma shows that I have passed all degrees as Master of Arts and Post Graduate Doctor of Philosophy, and that I have paid a deposit necessary to file twenty years of incorporation, and for the liberty to use and expose the mysterious magics to advantages deemed best to me."

A citizen of Worcester, Mass., appended to this an enthusiastic testimonial to the virtues of the versatile mineral, the lodestone so generously offered to the public, though he did not state whether it had won him a wife, cured a bunion or helped him to win on a horse race. An interview with this young man showed him to be something between duper and dupe. When out of work and despondent he had seen this advertisement and had ordered the lodestone. It came in the form of a printed formula and a small package of a creamy powder. Not being familiar with the black art and somewhat nervous into the bargain, he sent it back after a few days, explaining that he did not know how to use it. The reply of the great magician was that if he would write a testimonial for the lodestone and send fifty dollars he could embark for himself in the business of selling it. Not having the required sum, he made an arrangement to send out letters and testimonials, for which he was paid. As to his own encomium, he admitted that he had never obtained any benefit from the lodestone, but explained, rather ingenuously, that this was really

only natural as he had never tried it.

Who was the great wizard, graduate of the London Schools of Magic? Here is his letter in his own defense: "I am a young man, twenty-two years old, and have worked on the farm from my youth. Why I use 'Dr.' before my name is that I purchased the mail course of hypnotism and magnetic healing from Empire College, St. Louis, Mo., and they added to my name 'Ph.D.'"

There is a human failing which has greatly helped one class of swindles. When the countryman reads some rather vague remarks about a fifty-six piece set of Limoges china, followed by the announcement that in return for some trifling service or trivial payment a great firm in the city will send its "unparalleled offer," he doubtless expects to receive the china set after he has sent his fifteen cents or sold the four boxes of bird seed. But when he receives merely a circular telling him by what further labors and sacrifices he can get the set, he feels ashamed. He knows he was expecting more than any reasonable business policy could entitle him to. He must have queer ideas about the way business is done in this world. And it is this shame at being taken in which makes it possible for these swindlers to operate for so long before they are shown up.

FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT IN MISSOURI

With Portraits of the Four Candidates for the Democratic Nomination for Governor

By J. J. McAULIFFE

THEY are fighting down in Missouri. It is such a fight as they have not had since '65. The State of Missouri is worth fighting for, but even if it were not it is almost fair to say that as goes Missouri in this struggle so goes the Union. It is not a matter of politics. It is not a matter of policies. On the surface, the fight is simply to settle the Democratic nomination for Governorship among four contestants. At bottom it is a fight to see whether the question of honesty is not a bigger question than the question of party.

When the forces first lined up, the disproportion seemed enormous. Ever since the early seventies the Democrats have been in power in Missouri, and thirty years seems to be too long for any political party to keep clean. Certain it is that the Democrats got disgustingly dirty. Circuit Attorney Joseph W. Folk of St. Louis told the story to the world when he convicted a score of bribe-takers in the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis. It is a familiar story now. Between 1897 and 1902, the public service corporations of St. Louis alone obtained franchises valued at one hundred million dollars and paid therefor in direct bribes the sum of four hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars.

In the legislature, a lieutenant governor and eight senators were involved in the exposures. In St. Louis, Folk has convicted seventeen out of nineteen representatives of the people on the charge of bribery. The Supreme Court, composed of eight Democrats and one Republican, reversed eight cases, the total number upon which final action had been passed. The enemy held the courts.

But the enemy held more than the courts. If there is one thing more cohesive than the power of public plunder

it is the fear of the public itself. Each conviction closed the boodlers' ranks. The public service corporations stood back to back and there were few men with millions who did not look upon the public prosecutor as a public enemy.

There was a third party to the alliance beside courts and money, and that was the political machine. Tammany is not better organized, nor do the Cook County Republicans march with more harmonious tread than this Democratic machine in Missouri. For in Missouri the ring *is* the government and the executive officers links in the chain.

In the first place, throughout the State there are some seven thousand State officials, and when election time comes round every man of them is expected to be a file closer for the Democratic columns. The rest of the year there are those seven thousand "spheres of influence," as diplomats would call them, quietly looking out for their own jobs and the party machine. In a word, it is a standing army always under orders, and the general staff is the ring.

This is the first driving wheel of the machine. The second is the control of the four million dollars and more which represent the cost of running the State government, due allowance being made for perquisites.

The third wheel is the complete domination by the State authorities over all public service corporations. This is a particularly useful wheel.

The fourth is the control of twenty State boards and as many professions, trades and branches of industry over which the government has statutory supervision.

These are all recognized parts of every well constructed machine, but down in Missouri they have added a new cog wheel or two, thus making the others move more smoothly. Through his power to appoint police commissioners, the Governor has absolute control over the police affairs in the great cities. The commissioners who are his personal appointees, determine on which side the power of the police shall be felt on election day, and they are not slow to show their zeal in the cause. In the rural districts this direct influence, though less violent, is still strongly felt.

Even this has not satisfied the ring. Each new power which they secure is simply laid as a stepping-stone to the next. The police force once owned, they started to control the liquor business. It was a big job, but the method was simple enough for a child to understand. A State official was created with final and absolute power over the issue of licenses;—the office to be supported by fees of eighteen dollars for each individual license. Thus every new liquor dealer meant eighteen dollars in the commissioner's pocket, and dramshops sprang up like mushrooms. In the ten years of its existence, this office of State Excise Commissioner has justified its existence by earning for its incumbents the aggregate sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

States like New York find it hard enough to curb the liquor business through the police. Imagine a community where the police and the liquor seller are the joint agents of a handful of politicians bent on dividing public plunder. Thus was the machine made perfect. There is not a boss in the country but could get points from it. Its power was unquestioned, absolute. Votes, money, influence, were behind it. Respectability was behind it. Only one man spoke out against it and that man was Joseph W. Folk. When the Circuit Attorney had made his onslaught, secured his convictions, frightened the ring and half paralyzed the millionaires behind it, the public began to understand. Folk began to have some backing. A committee of St. Louis business men called upon him one day and offered him a house as a testimonial of regard for the man who was saving a city. Folk declined; "I have merely done my duty," he said, "and I am entitled to no reward."

From that moment he was a man marked out for Governor. If he was to get higher up in his search for criminal servants of the public, he must go higher up himself.

His friends did not wait for his ac-

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Joseph Wingate Folk.

A candidate with a fighting record and with honesty as his platform.

quiescence, much less his initiative. Under the direction of Nelson W. McLeod, President of a large wholesale firm, representative citizens organized a "Folk for Governor" Bureau. Folk literature was strewn broadcast over the State. Then it was that the other candidates leapt into the arena.

James A. Reed, Mayor of Kansas City, and James B. Gantt, of the Supreme Court, asserted their claim to party consideration. Both gentlemen had performed meritorious services for the Democracy. Each had a record of commendable performance. Judge Gantt had fought under the flag of the Confederacy. Sons of the Gray regarded him with reverential kindness.

Level headed and aggressive, Mr. Reed was a power in Western Missouri. A capable prosecutor, his career as mayor could not be designated an emphatic success. He preached against the corporations, but the corporations suffered little from his executive practices. He started war on a street railway combine and before the war was ended the directing genius of the combine had become his best friend. But this is another story.

A shrewd, genial, well-liked and well-balanced young man—the most successful leader the St. Louis Democracy ever had—next appeared as a factor. Harry B. Hawes came into particular prominence as president of the Jefferson Club, the local Tammany, which three years ago had much to do with reclaiming St. Louis from an administration of Republican misrule. Appointed to the presidency of the Board of Police Commissioners, Mr. Hawes extended his prestige until, occasion arising, he flung defiance at Edward Butler, the greatest political manipulator in the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. Butler established and financed the Southern Telegraph Company, a concern whose sole business was to receive bets on horse races. Hawes raided the Southern's offices again and again until finally Butler suspended operations. The sequence of this incident was the rise of Hawes' stock and the temporary waning of Butlerism.

Hawes and Folk had been boon associates. Journeying to St. Louis from the sunny South almost at the same time, neither the senior of the other in years or experience, they started side by side to earn a livelihood. Opportunity led them into different paths. One became an uncompromising political leader, the other an unyielding officer of the law. Hawes aspired to the gubernatorial nomination as a reward for the services he had rendered to his party; Folk in consideration of the duty he had discharged to the people.

Determined to annihilate his rival, Hawes passed withering condemnation upon him because Folk, in the municipal campaign, refused to support the Democratic ticket. Folk gave as a reason the fact that some of the Demoeratic candidates were of an objectionable character, and for him to have espoused the cause of men like James J. Butler for Congressman from the Twelfth District, son of "Boss" Butler then under indictment for boodling, would have jeopardized his work as prosecutor. This explanation dissatisfied not only Hawes but other Democrats, who determined there and then to crush any hope the Circuit Attorney might have of political preferment.

The closing days of 1895 witnessed the real opening of the campaign.

En route to St. Joseph to deliver his inaugural address, Folk encountered Hawes on the train, and a dramatic interview ensued.

Diplomatically commending the prosecutor's services, Hawes referred with some degree of sarcasm to Folk's efforts to extradite the boodlers who had fled to foreign climes. Mr. Folk accepted the gibes good-naturedly, and before they had concluded Hawes suggested that they go on the stump in joint debate.

"What for?" asked Folk.

"Well," answered Hawes, "just to tell the people what each of us stands for."

"I guess they know well enough already," was Folk's quick retort.

"Well, Joe," returned Hawes, "we are both descendants of a long line of men distinguished in the civil and military history of the South, but we have come to a parting of the ways. It is a case of your political ascendancy or mine. I am going to make your record as a Democrat the leading issue of my canvass."

The two did not meet again under friendly circumstances. The breach between them gradually widened, and to-day the friendship of a decade has been transformed to a scornful dislike.

Such are the three candidates banded together against Folk. Hawes is a reformer. Reed is a reformer. Gantt is a soldier, and here are these three lined up side by side with the ring close behind them—Edward Butler, boss, pulling his wires behind them in St. Louis; William J. Stone, junior Senator of Missouri, upon whose trail Folk had followed too hard to be forgiven, pulling his wires behind them through the State; and every influence which had welded the Missouri ring together working with every ounce of strength —all to beat Folk.

The direction of the attack was soon determined. Folk's personal character was above suspicion. So were his energy and ability. Thus it was as a doubtful Democrat that they began to fight this man, who had never in his life voted for a man outside his party, and who is a Democrat by belief and

Harry B. Hawes.

A candidate with a reform record but bitterly opposed to Folk.

instinct as well as by conviction. To the machine, however, his record had one flaw, that of bolting Butler.

Orators were put forward and the issue was befogged. Folk was represented as a vulgar self-seeker, willing to play into the hands of the Republican party. "Anything for Folk," they said was his cry.

On the occasion of his inaugural appearance as a candidate for Governor, Mr. Folk received an overwhelming ovation. With mud to the bridles, farmers rode thirty miles to greet the prosecutor; a dozen counties sent large delegations to give assurance of support; men and women in all walks of life to the number of twenty-five hundred called at the hotel to bid him welcome, and three meetings held during the day proved inadequate to accommodate the throng that gathered to hear him expound the issues of the campaign.

And Mr. Folk did not disappoint his auditors. He sounded the keynote by telling the leaders of his own party that they must purge the organization of criminal venality. At his critics he hurled this defiance:—

"There is nothing the boodler fears so much as an aroused public conscience. The boodlers are strong, their

James B. Reed.

A candidate with a clean record, but now very useful to the machine.

ramifications are startling, their influence in both parties is far-reaching. They are well intrenched and are fighting desperately for their political lives.

"Partisanship does not mean the condoning of offenses by those calling themselves Democrats, for they are Democrats in name only. Some partisans insist that the test of loyalty is to stand by the party right or wrong; to defend the corrupt members regardless of decency. The man who sees no more in Democracy than this, does not know what Democracy means. He mistakes policy for principle. He is the aid of the boodler and the support of the corrupt leader.

"It does not matter what corruption exists in other States; let them attend to their own house cleaning, while we drive the plunderer from Missouri. The fact that there are corrupt men in the Republican party in no wise excuses the Democratic party for tolerating them. If I thought the Democratic party was corrupt, I would leave it. Those who believe in free government are looking to Missouri to see it vindicated by a righteous citizenship. On the Democratic party the duty rests primarily of correcting the disgraceful and shameful state of affairs long existing in the State.

"The Democratic party, if true to its high mission, must be the party of good government and civic righteousness."

From Mr. Folk's platform Judge Gantt, Mayor Reed and Mr. Hawes took their cue. This triumvirate accused the prosecutor of "slandering Missouri."

Corporations that had made a practice of buying the Assembly just as they execute an ordinary business transaction, lined up solidly against Prosecutor Folk.

The millionaire members of the St. Louis Noonday Club called him a "dangerous man." Office holders who owed their jobs to political pulls added to the chorus of discordant voices; every thug and boodler naturally pronounced bitter anathemas, until finally the anti-Folk forces grew and broadened into a solid phalanx of mighty power.

On January 20, Mr. Hawes made a formal announcement of his candidacy. He spoke to a crowd of enthusiasts that packed a St. Louis theater to its capacity. In the front row, enjoying the eloquence of the young leader, the man who paid Edward Butler forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars to distribute among nineteen members of the assembly brushed elbows with the lawyer who had pushed a big boodle deal through the Legislature.

Aside from his criticism of Mr. Folk's Democracy, Mr. Hawes announced that, if elected Governor, his first act would be directed to the repeal of the special jury law—a law under which the boodle convictions were obtained.

All the candidates opened headquarters and business began. Tons upon tons of literature went forth in daily carloads to the three hundred and fifty thousand Democratic voters in the State. How much money has been spent to defray the expenses, no one can safely estimate. But that the expenses of the four candidates have exceeded three hundred thousand dollars is conceded on all sides, although whence the money comes is unexplained.

Nothing just like Folk's campaign has been seen in our politics. It is a purely personal campaign. Folk does

all the talking, and the top-booted farmers think nothing of driving twenty-five miles through Missouri mud and back again just to hear him. His platform is as simple as his speeches. "Thou shalt not steal—even if thou art a Democrat, thou shalt not steal." He reiterates it everywhere as he stands on the platform, short, thick-set and wearing on his face that look of quiet, almost placid determination which is photographed on the soul of every boodler in Missouri. The farmers trust him. Folk himself told me once that he believed every Democrat in Missouri with a beard more than two inches long was with him. It is true. Folk's energy is terrific. I quote verbatim from the papers the record of a single day :—

Mr. Folk arrived in Harrisonville at 5 o'clock this morning, having left Jefferson City at 2 o'clock. He slept perhaps an hour on the train and two hours after arriving in Harrisonville, making three hours sleep in all. At 8 o'clock he was in a carriage and drove to Freeman, twelve miles away. Here he spoke for nearly two hours to an audience that over-filled the hall. At noon he was once more behind a team, going over the hard dirt roads to Drexel, eighteen miles. It was shortly after 3 o'clock when he faced his large audience there and spoke for an hour and forty-five minutes. Supper was taken and again Mr. Folk waved his friends farewell from out the carriage in which he was seated. To Everett he drove, fifteen miles away, where another rousing meeting was held. Shortly after 9 o'clock Mr. Folk climbed into another vehicle and drove sixteen miles to this place, where he boarded the train at midnight for Kansas City and Andrew county. Or, to sum up, from 8 o'clock this morning until 11.30 o'clock to-night Mr. Folk spoke nearly six hours, besides driving sixty miles.

Surely that's going.

St. Louis is the very center of machine influence. The word was passed along to vote for Hawes, a Democrat who would reform a party without defaming Missouri. And when the St. Louis County Convention met to elect delegates, a startling thing happened. The Folk forces controlled the committee and the committee refused to announce the time or place of the convention out of fear that the hall would be packed with St. Louis "Indians," as the ruffians are called who create disturbances at the polls and vote "early and often."

Judge James B. Gantt.

A machine-made candidate put up to oppose Folk, but not to be elected.

On March 5, the day of the convention, there was assembled at Clayton, the county seat, a body of one hundred men wearing Hawes badges. Many of them had come from St. Louis. Not a few were notorious police characters. After debating the question at length, the committee decided to hold the convention in the Probate Courthouse, all of the town halls having been rented by the Hawes' adherents.

A newspaper photographer, in the act of taking a picture of the visitors, was knocked down and beaten, his camera broken and his photographic plates destroyed. Reporters who went to his rescue met a like fate. The "Indians" were on the war path. When the committee refused them entrance to the court room they battered down the doors. Once inside they began a furious assault upon the Folk delegates; the temporary chairman was dragged from the platform and shoved through a glass filing case; others to avoid attack jumped out of the windows and fled for their lives.

The Clayton riot horrified the State. It marked the Black Friday of Mr.

Hawes' candidacy. Intolerant and disgraceful as were these proceedings, they did not surpass the occurrences at the city primary election in St. Louis itself.

Three police commissioners represented Mr. Hawes on as many ward delegations, while the chairman of the election board served as the chairman of the Hawes advisory committee.

St. Louis' normal Democratic vote is forty-five thousand. Only sixteen thousand went to the polls on March 12. The very men who constantly decry abuses in the public service made up the army of stay-at-homes. But there were other reasons, besides that of mere indifference, why hundreds of citizens did not vote. At several polling places the "Indians" simply ran riot.

One of Folk's adherents happened to learn on election morning that a large band of "Indians" was to collect in the very heart of St. Louis on Olive Street, right next to the office of a great newspaper that was somewhat favorable to Folk. It was an opportunity to take a photograph of hoodlumism rampant, and the man promptly called up the newspaper on the telephone and asked to have a photographer sent.

"Don't dare," said the city editor. "The man would be killed." And nothing was done.

This unexampled spectacle of hoodlumism aroused burning indignation among citizens, irrespective of personal preferences. A mass meeting to condemn the "Indian" and police outrages at the polls was called and well-known men of the community vented their outraged feelings. Forty ministers, representing as many Christian denominations, drew up a petition appealing to the people of Missouri to right the St. Louis wrong by rebuking the candidate in whose interest it was perpetrated. The Grand Jury took up the matter and indicted Lavin, a Hawes committeeman, together with seventeen policemen, whose trials are now pending.

Having complete jurisdiction over the municipal police and election boards, Governor Dockery had been petitioned by leading citizens to insist upon a fair election, but he sat back and did nothing.

It was Folk's chance to smoke out the Governor. Dockery, he declared, "must either acknowledge responsibility or confess incompetency."

Mr. Dockery answered that if the police were guilty of neglect of duty, the offending patrolmen would be punished; at the same time he expressed the belief that Mr. Folk was simply using the primary outrages as a subterfuge to enlist sympathy with his cause and he assumed that, regardless of police misconduct, Mr. Hawes would have carried every ward; and he belittled the Folk movement by calling attention to the fact the prosecutor received a total of only twenty-eight hundred votes, while Hawes got thirteen thousand.

As the campaign progressed it became constantly more apparent that Gantt, Reed and Hawes had affected a combination with the single purpose of defeating Folk. Each was using his local popularity, and among them they hoped to total up an overmastering strength. Folk watched them. "They are running in spots," said he to one of his audiences, and the pat phrase stuck. Then he went on to describe the method. The scheme reminded him of the shell game—the now-you-see-it and now-you-don't idea which has supported sharpers down through the centuries.

"The machine," says he, "handles the shells. When I was in Oregon County the three shells were placed before me. I picked up one and found nothing. Another, and found nothing. Before picking up the third I stooped down and listened. I heard something about the 'woody dells of Missouri, the limpid, gurgling streams, with blue-tinted skies'—and I knew it was Reed."

The quotation sounded like Reed's speeches, and the audience roared.

"In Mississippi County," Folk went on, "I picked up the second shell and found beneath it the lovely, curly locks of Harry Hawes. Under the second shell, in Cooper County, I saw the judicial ermine of a Supreme Court Justice, Judge Gantt."

The Folk papers took up the slogan and as the campaign progressed and the chances of Judge Gantt became

slimmer and slimmer, the political twins, Hawes and Reed, grew to be a phrase that everybody understood. The man on the street emphasized the idea in a manner peculiarly his own :—

" Reed's swag,
Gantt's gab,
Hawes' gag,
Dockery's wink,
Butler's chink,
vs.
The Voice of the Pee-pul."

At Trenton a conflagration started outside of the building during the progress of a meeting. The usual confusion resulted.

The chairman jumped to his feet and cried out :—

" Good people, do not let a fire disturb you. We are in infinitely more danger from boodlers than from fire." The appeal proved effective and order ensued at once.

And Folk is going to win. Even if he were not Folk, the cause he represents is too potent to be permanently defeated. A tidal wave is rolling over the State. The machine is panic-stricken and some of its best known leaders are running to cover. Folk once in the Governor's chair the ring has got to break, and in saving his State, Folk will save his party. There is no such courageous forward movement in our politics to-day as this in Missouri.

And this transformation has been made by working inside a party—a thing too often thought impossible. Folk is first, last and always a Democrat. But he is more than a good Democrat. He is a good citizen. An incident in his company tells the whole story.

It was just after a speech in one of the rural districts. An old Missouri farmer had sat stolid and apparently unmoved in the front row listening imperturbably to all that Folk had to say. As he rose to go he stepped forward to the platform. Folk held out his hand, but the farmer stood irresolute.

"Say, Mr. Folk," said he, " are you a Democrat ?"

" Yes," said Folk, " I'm a Democrat."

" Do you believe in the Lord ?"

" Yes, I believe in the Lord."

" Well then," drawled the farmer, " I guess you're all right."

There is the man in a nutshell. Folk is a Democrat, he believes in the Lord, and he *is* all right.

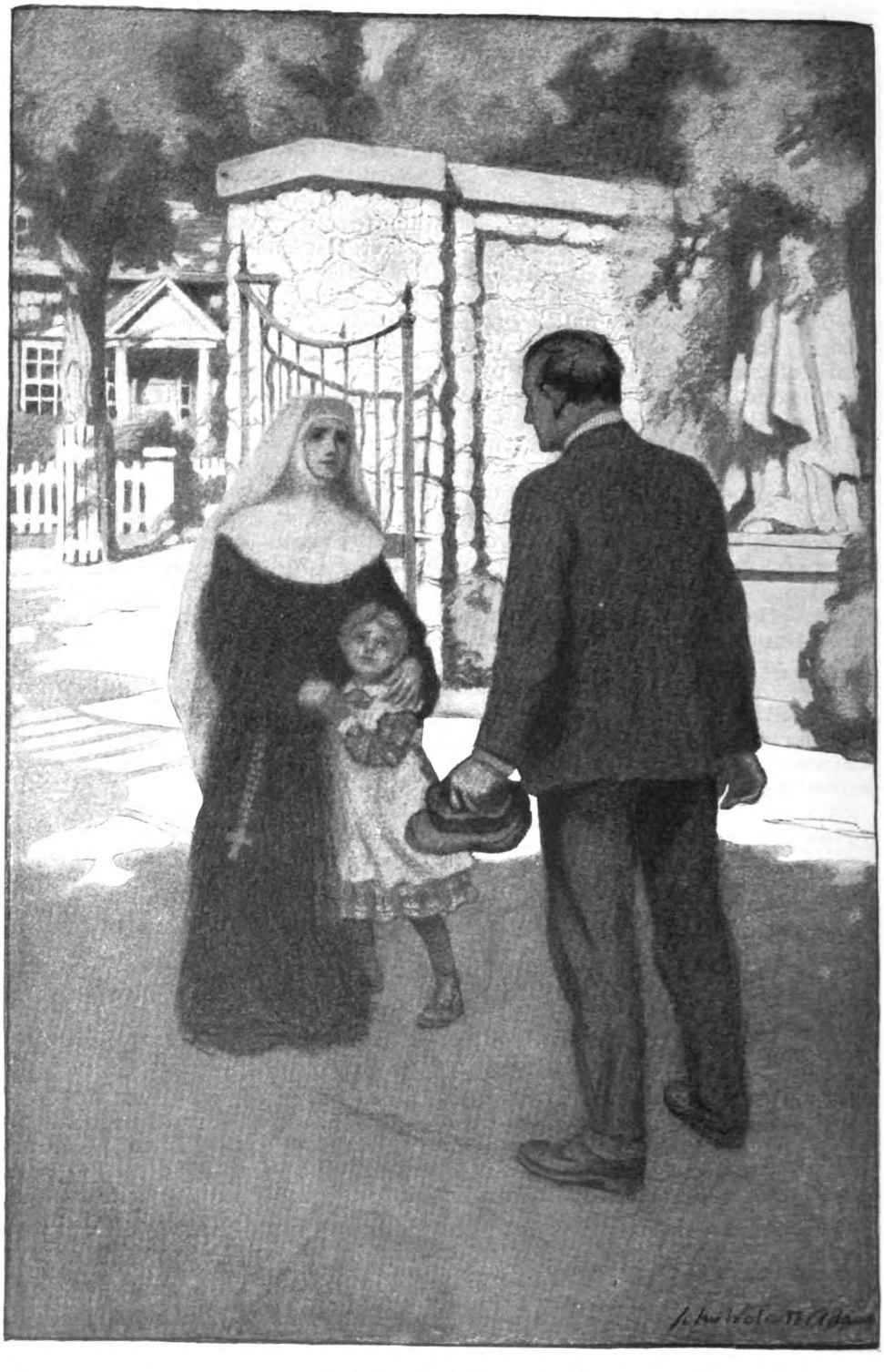
IN THE SHADOW OF ST. JOSEPH

By MARGARET HOUSTON

With a Drawing by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THE little girl at the convent gate was very glad. She sang over and over again the words of a song she had but newly learned—over and over again. They were Latin words, and she did not know their meaning, but they had a sound most sweet and a precious dignity which would soon be hers, for was she not one of the little maids selected to carry candles before Sister St. Agnes to-night? She had seen her candle—it was tall and very white, and it should be lighted—her dress should be white, too, and a wreath of wax flowers should crown her hair.

She had never seen a sister take the veil—the black veil. It was a sad and solemn right she knew, and the older girls whispered tales of a coffin in which the white veiled novice lay down, rising at length, grave in her black covering, dead and forever buried to the world outside. The little girl shivered, but she went on singing. She had loved Sister St. Agnes with a love half worship. To her the nun was like the Virgin's statue, though far more lovable with her sweet face and soft, cool hands.



"I thought you were dead."

Indoors the girls were at their classes. She and three others were wandering at will, free that they might tell their beads and reflect upon the blessed privilege that should be theirs to-night —"Holy Bride's maids," the Mother Superior had named them. And, indeed, the child had said her beads a very great many times, and had reflected, too—all day.

She wore the little rosary depending from her waist, just as Sister St. Agnes wore her large one, and now as she sat among the roses at the gate she fumbled for the little cross again. Then, quite suddenly, she felt a footfall and looked up. In the gateway, between the statues of St. Joseph and the Virgin, stood a man—a young man. He was looking down at her, not smiling, but with something of a kindly greeting in his eyes that satisfied the child.

"Good afternoon," he said—"Good evening," said the child. There was a silence.

"The gate is always unlocked on Thursday," she added significantly. "It's our visiting day." But he only took off his hat and wiped his brow. Then he looked down the long driveway at the convent, barely visible for trees.

The child's interest became sympathy. "He is like Lotta's little brother was," she thought—"he is afraid."

"I will go to the house with you," she said aloud, rising from the stone where she sat and shaking the leaves from her dress. But he only sighed and put on his hat again. The child was quite sorry for him, but she said no more.

He walked the entire length of the enclosure outside and back again very slowly, then he said, stopping by St. Joseph's statue:—

"You say this is visiting day with you, little one—do the nuns have visiting days?" The child shook her head.

"Oh, no," she answered—"perhaps Mother Superior will talk to you through the grating—I will go with you."

But he only looked at her. "The others"—he asked quite earnestly—"will they see no one?"

The child hesitated; she felt as though she were denying a petition. "N—no, except their very own family."

"Ah," he said at length. He spoke as though he were very tired, and he turned to go. He seemed to have forgotten the child, then his eyes fell on her where she stood. "Are you saying your beads?" he asked.

She nodded, suddenly remembering them. He leaned on the fence beside her.

"Will you say," he asked, "a prayer for one who is very, very lonely and quite sad?" She regarded him silently. "Just a little prayer for one who has been as dead for many years—dead in a strange land, and who returns weary and eager to find all lost for which he toiled?"

"Yes," said the child softly, "I will."

"What will you say?" asked the man.

"I do not know," she said, after a moment's reflection. "What does he say—the one who is so sad?"

The man shook his head. "He has prayed in every language," he replied. "He is tired now; his prayers have not come true."

The child looked down at her beads. "That is strange," she said. She glanced up quickly. "Did he ever write a note and lay it in the little basket at Our Lady's feet?"

The stranger looked away. No, he thought not.

"It is a good plan," said the child.

But the stranger merely smiled.

"You tell him of this," she said.

"Are you so sure," asked he, "that it will come to pass? Suppose it is too late?"

"I am very sure," she said. "Nothing is too late. Do you know," she added in a tone of deep confidence, "I had not been asked to be a Holy Bride's maid for Sister St. Agnes—they were all chosen—and I put a note in the little basket at Our Lady's feet, and Julia got sick and I was chosen in her place! Of course, it is too bad that she is sick. Suppose," she added in a brighter tone—"suppose you write for your friend? I will take the note."

But he only shook his head.

"Try," said the child.

Smiling, he drew from his pocket a long pencil. The child grew rapt and eager. She stood on the lower railing of the iron fence and tiptoed. "Have you some paper?" she asked. "It should be new and white."

He drew from his vest an envelope inscribed in fine, even characters. "This is all I have," he said. His voice grew serious as he looked at it.

"It is old,' objected the child.

"Yes," he told her, "it is very old."

"But I will make it do," she added.

"What shall I write?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied stepping from the fence, "I must not tell you. I may not even see."

He wrote a line and gave it to her. "Yes," he said, "you may see," and she read slowly and with difficulty.

"I was never dead until now; grant me life."

"You should begin it with 'Blessed Mother'," said the child. He wrote the words as she counseled. "Now sign your name, or your friend's name —she will know, of course, but it is best."

She watched him as he wrote— "Edgar Norman." Then she folded it quite carefully.

"Now," she said, "I think I shall get Sister St. Agnes to give it to her for you. That would be better, wouldn't it?"

"Why, I don't know. Who is Sister St. Agnes?"

"She"—but the child shook her head—"she is Sister St. Agnes," she replied. "She will take the black veil to-night—she is very dear to Our Lady —every one says so. Good-by." She bowed with prim elegance and went sedately up the driveway—beyond the maples, however, she let fall her dignity and ran swiftly, pausing at the privet hedge which lay a sacred barrier between the playground and the nuns' enclosure. She was wondering if the occasion justified her in treading unattended that holy ground beyond.

Then, softly as a shadow falls upon the grass, came Sister St. Agnes down the narrow path from the grotto. Her head was bowed and the rosary at her side, with its great, black beads and heavy cross, swayed gently with each step, glistening in the sun, then lost in the dark drapery of her dress. Almost concealed in her flowing sleeves she held a smaller rosary. As she walked her lips moved. She did not see the child.

"Sister"—the nun looked up—slowly. Then she would have passed, a finger on her lips.

"Pardon, Sister," said the child. "It is something for Our Lady."

In her excitement she pressed through the hedge and, pushing the paper into the unresisting hand, said breathlessly:—

"Give it her to-night—in the little basket, in front."

"What is this?" asked the sister gently. She unfolded the little slip and looked at it, then she turned it over and looked again.

There was a long silence.

"Where did you find this?" she asked at length. And the child, wondering at her changed voice, raised her eyes. The nun was very white.

"A stranger gave it to me," said the child.

"A stranger? Where?"

"He is gone now," replied the child faintly. "He gave it me for his friend."

"Ah—his friend."

"Oh, sister!" cried the little girl, "have I done—a—a sin?"

There was a stone bench at their side and the sister sat down. The child was very troubled.

"I am so sorry," she said.

But the sister seemed not to hear. "Where were you?" she asked.

"I was on the stone by the gate."

"The front gate?"

"Yes, sister." She put her face in her arm and spoke brokenly. "And he was so sad, and his friend was sad. I told him to write to Our Lady—for his friend—and he did. I said I would give it to you for to-night. I will never again. I am so sorry."

Sister St. Agnes was leaning her head upon her hand.

"Did he say—his friend?" she asked.

"I think he said—yes, it was his friend he said."

"And he is gone? What is his name—do you know."

"I do not know, sister. I am very sorry."

"What was he, the stranger, like?"

"He was tall and—and good, and—and he talked very kind."

"Don't cry, my dear," said Sister St. Agnes. She rose very slowly and took a step forward. Then she paused and leaned for a moment on the stone bench.

"Mother said I might sit there," said the child, wiping her eyes.

"Will you," began the sister—then she stopped suddenly and put her hand to her forehead, her lips were very pale —"will you take me there, where you were sitting? I should like to see the place."

The child wondered.

"Yes, sister," she said.

They went around by the little gate, Sister St. Agnes holding the child's hand and walking so slowly that at times she stood quite still.

"I have said my beads thirty-one times," said the child as they went down the driveway, but the sister said nothing.

The entrance was guarded thickly with maples, and through their green ranks only the gleam of St. Joseph's white robe could be seen. They passed under the interlocking boughs and stood hand in hand at the gate. Then suddenly a man rose from the little seat outside and stood looking at them. It was the stranger. He stood very still, his hat in his hand, looking at them.

Sister St. Agnes gave a sharp cry and started forward, then she stopped, and it seemed for an instant as though she would flee again up the driveway. Instead she swayed where she stood, ever so slightly, her hands locked on her breast, her fingers working whitely. The man opened the gate and came in. He stepped to her side and would have supported her had she not, with a sudden step, drawn back.

The child, watching and wondering, saw that they both trembled very much.

"I thought you were dead," the nun said, her hand moving to her throat. The words caught pitifully.

The man's eyes had never left her face.

"Yes," he said, "I am. And you?"

"Oh," she answered, "I do not know." She moved closer to the gateway and stood leaning against St. Joseph, very beautiful with her pale face and large, shadowy eyes and white veil, like a bride.

"Surely," said the man—"surely I may touch your hand."

But she hid the trembling fingers in the black folds of her sleeve.

"Be kind," she whispered. "Be merciful."

"You kept your word," he said at length. "You kept your word. If I died you would do just this, you said. Well—"

"I must go back," she said after a pause. "But, first, how was it all? Tell me, quickly."

"Ah," he sighed wearily, "is it worth while? It is a long tale—a very long tale. Shall I ever see you again?"

She shook her head.

"I do not understand your laws," he told her. "They said you were here but would not see me, yet you came. Perhaps you will come again, if I wait. Six years I have waited," he said, "for this. Shall I ever see you again?"

Her lips moved, he came nearer.

"What is it dear?" he asked.

"I was calling the child," she answered. "Where is she?"

"Oh, the child—she is there." And the little girl came from the stone by the rose-bush and stood beside them.

"Come, my dear," said the sister gently, "let us go." But the man stood in her path.

"Tell me," he demanded wretchedly, "shall I ever see you again?"

The child's eyes flashed.

"You must not talk so to her," she said. "You are rude!"

The nun took the small hand. They both smiled. It was a relief—that voice of the child.

"Shall I?" he asked again.

"Oh," said Sister St. Agnes, "not after to-night."

"To-night!" he echoed, and his voice shook. "What is to-night?"

But she looked away and the child answered.

"I am her bride's maid, and she takes the Black Veil."

"And what," he asked, "is that?"

"It is being a nun, for good," replied the child. "They cut off her hair."

"And now—this minute?" asked the man. "Ah, tell me. And now?"

But she only looked up at him.

"Are you free?" he asked.

But she only looked up at him silently, till the tears came and she spoke.

"Yes," she said

Then the man startled the child very much. He reached the sister with a sudden, unexpected stride and would have seized her in his arms had not the child interfered. She put her little body between them and strained him away with two small hands. She was quite out of breath when he drew back and seemed suddenly to remember her.

"Don't," she panted, her head lifted, her whole body rigid. "Go away!"

Sister St. Agnes drew the small figure close amid the folds of her skirt.

"The child is right," she said gently —"not—not in these vestments."

The man spoke after a long breath.

"Yes," he said, "she is right."

And they went up the driveway, the child clinging to the nun. It was all very strange. But the Mother Superior explained everything later.

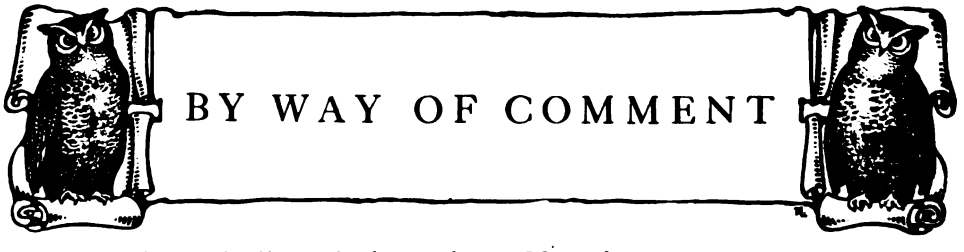
It seemed the stranger loved Sister Agnes very dearly—she loved him, too, and had been promised to him—and it was a blessed intervention that he came in time.

"But, oh," said the child, "the friend's little note! Sister St. Agnes tucked it in her dress. What will be done about that?"

Then she felt a glad bound of her heart when the Mother Superior said:—

"It is answered, my dear, and you have been the means. Is that not a blessed privilege?"

It almost compensated for the burning candle she did not carry.



A MAGAZINE editor who is worth his salt believes in his profession with the strength there is in him, and when now and again he hears talk of the harm done by "the magazine habit," he is apt to be angry

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In the first place the magazine, and more especially the ten-cent magazine, makes people read. The magazine habit means the reading habit, and in the long run the reading habit means the thinking habit. Magazines put reading in its most insidious and attractive form. They adapt themselves at once to the reader's taste, to his time and to his pocket-book; and how seldom it is that a book can meet all three of these conditions.

Magazines serve the author as well as the reader. They make it easy for him to write and support himself during the years of his apprenticeship. It is silly to say they do not encourage literature when the Dickens and Thackerays of the last generation and the Mark Twains and Bret Hartes of this owe to them their earliest successes. And it is the public which learned to appreciate these men in the Magazines that afterwards bought their books.

The truth is, the magazine effectually bridges the gap between newspapers and books. Just as newspapers teach people to read magazines, so magazines teach them to read books. But as it takes less time to write a good article or story

than a poor book, so the magazine must always excel the book in the prime virtue of timeliness—that instant response to the readers' thoughts which instinctively creates interest and sympathy.

On the other hand, while less immediately timely than a newspaper, a magazine has great advantages over the product of daily journalism. In the first place its interest is immensely broader. In its stories and articles a magazine touches life at a hundred different points. Then it is vastly more thorough. It takes thirty times as long to put a magazine together as a journal and the work should be thirty times as well done. In thirty days events of note do not lose their timeliness, and while the magazines share this virtue with the newspapers, they are of their nature universal rather than local, free from the bitterness and partisanship of a daily struggle and edited with a care beyond the reach of journalism.

With increasing influence comes increasing responsibility, and it was the lively realization of this truth which led, last month, to an event of great significance to the publishers and editors of the progressive American magazines. This event was the first annual dinner of the Periodical Publishers' Association, which was given in Washington city last month. The company which celebrated the occasion was perhaps the most distinguished gathering of recent years. Beside the President, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Ambassadors and Representatives, there were present most of the authors who stand in the front rank to-day, and men of various other professions whose lead the rest of us have wisely learned to follow. It was an impressive occasion, and its keynote is to be found in the opening paragraph of the President's speech :—

"It is always a pleasure," said Mr. Roosevelt, "to meet the real governing classes. I think that we of the United States cannot keep too fresh in our minds the fact that the men responsible for the government are not the representatives of the people but the people themselves, and that therefore heavy is the responsibility lying upon the people and upon those who do most toward shaping the thought of the people."

To shape the thought of the American people is perhaps as great a respon' sibility as this world affords. Yet the satisfaction which comes of even partially successful results, far outweighs the labor. The readers of LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE have long been familiar with Mr. Brandenburg's human story of the immigration question. It is obvious to the thoughtful that the swelling tide of foreign immigrants coming to this country in millions every year, constitutes a problem which is of itself a menace. Here was a field well suited to the genius of a magazine—a chance not alone to criticise, but to help consider a wise immigration policy and to make it acceptable to the people.

All attempts to restrict general immigration have hitherto ended in failure. At present our criminal classes are recruited with portentous rapidity from the ranks of immigrants, while steamship agents, the secret employers of contract labor and often, in instances well authenticated by Mr. Brandenburg, the authorities of foreign cities, have combined to bring to America hordes of people who can never make desirable citizens.

Impressed by these conditions, Mr. Brandenburg suggests that until such time as treaties can be concluded with immigrant producing countries, the emigrants be examined in their home district by an itinerant board of not less than three American inspectors, chosen subject to the rules of the Civil Service. The work of acceptance and rejection should be anticipated in Europe and the flood of undesirable immigrants checked at its very source.

Mr. Brandenburg has submitted his plan in considerable elaboration to the Secretary of the Department of Commerce, Mr. George B. Cortelyou, and to the Commissioner-General of Immigration, Mr. F. B. Sargent. The sound sense of the proposed system appealed to both these gentlemen, and the result is that the change is to be made an administration measure. As we write, the machinery of national legislation is at work to bring about the reform.

Here is a definite accomplishment by a popular magazine.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By ANNIE PAYSON CALL
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

V. HURRY, WORRY AND IRRITABILITY

PROBABLY most people have had the experience of hurrying to a train with the feeling that something held them back, but not many have observed that their muscles, under such conditions, actually *do* pull them back.

If any one wants to prove the correctness of this observation let him watch himself, especially if it is necessary for him to go downstairs to get to the station, while he is walking down the steps. The drawing back or contracting of the muscles, as if they were intelligently trying to prevent us from reaching the train on time, is most remarkable. Of course, all that impeding contraction comes from resistance, and it seems at first sight very strange that we should resist the accomplishment of the very thing we want to do. Why should I resist the idea of catching a train, when at the same time, I am most anxious to do so? Why should my muscles reflect that resistance by contracting, so that they directly impede my progress? It seems a most singular case of a house divided against itself for me to want to take a train and for my own muscles, which are given me for my command, to refuse to take me there, so that I move toward the train with an involuntary effort away from it. But when the truth is recognized, all this muscular contraction is easily explained. What we are resisting is not the fact of taking the train, but the possibility of losing it. That resistance reflects itself upon our muscles and causes them to contract. Although this is a practical truth, it takes us some time to realize that the fear of losing the train is often the only thing that prevents our catching it. If we could once learn this fact thoroughly, and live from our clearer knowledge, it would be one of the greatest helps toward taking all things in life quietly and without necessary strain. For the fact holds good in all hurry. It is the fear of not accomplishing what is before us in time that holds us back from its accomplishment.

This is so helpful and so useful a truth that I feel it necessary to repeat it in many ways. Fear brings resistance, resistance impedes our progress. Our faculties are paralyzed by lack of confidence, and confidence is the result of a true consciousness of our powers when in harmony with law. Often the fear of not accomplishing what is before us is the *only* thing that stands in our way.

If we put all hurry, whether it be an immediate hurry to catch a train, or the hurry of years toward the accomplishment of the main objects of our lives,—if we put it all under the clear light of this truth, it will eventually relieve us of a strain which is robbing our vitality to no end.

First, the times that we *must* hurry should be minimized. In nine cases out of ten the necessity for hurry comes only from our own attitude of mind, and from no real need whatever. In the tenth case we must learn to hurry with our muscles, and not with our nerves, or, I might better say, we must hurry without excitement. To hurry quietly is to most people an unknown thing, but, when hurry is a necessity, the process of successive effort in it should be pleasant and refreshing.

If, in the act of needful hurry, we are constantly teaching ourselves to stop resistance by saying over and over, through whatever we may be doing, "I am perfectly willing to lose that train, I am willing to lose it, I am willing to lose it," that will help to remove the resistance, and so help us to learn how to make haste quietly.

But the reader will say, "How can I make myself willing when I am not willing?"

The answer is that if you know that your unwillingness to lose the train is preventing you from catching it, you certainly will see the efficacy of being willing, and you will do all in your power toward yielding to common sense. Unwillingness is resistance,—resistance in the mind contracts the muscles, and such contraction prevents our using the muscles freely and easily. Therefore let us be willing.

Of course, there is a lazy, selfish indifference to catching a train, or accomplishing anything else, which leaves the tendency to hurry out of some temperaments altogether, but with that kind of a person we are not dealing now. And such indifference is the absolute opposite of the wholesome indifference in which there is no touch of laziness or selfishness.

If we want to avoid hurry we must get the habit of hurry out of our brains, and cut ourselves off, patiently and kindly, from the at-

mosphere of hurry about us. The habit gets so strong a hold of the nerves, and is impressed upon them so forcibly as a steady tendency, that it can be detected by a close observer even in a person who is lying on a lounge in the full belief that he is resting. It shows itself especially in the breathing. A wise athlete has said that our normal breathing should consist of six breaths to one minute. If the reader will try this rate of breathing, the slowness of it will surprise him. Six breaths to one minute seem to make the breathing unnecessarily slow, and just double that seems about the right number for ordinary people; and the habit of breathing at this slower rate is a great help, from a physical standpoint, toward erasing the tendency to hurry.

One of the most restful exercises any one can take is to lie at full length on a bed or lounge and to inhale and exhale, at a perfectly even, slow rate, for half an hour. It makes the exercise more restful if another person counts for the breathing, say, ten slowly and quickly to inhale, and ten to exhale, with a little pause to give time for a quiet change from one breath to another.

Resistance, which is the mental source of hurry, is equally at the root of that most harmful emotion—the habit of worrying. And the same truths which must be learned and practiced to free ourselves of the one habit are applicable to the other.

Take the simple example of a child who worries over his lessons. Children illustrate the principle especially well, because they are so responsive, that, if you meet them quietly with the truth in difficulties of this kind they recognize its value and apply it very quickly, and it takes them, comparatively, a very little time to get free.

If you think of telling a child that, the moment he finds himself worrying about his lesson, he should close his book and say:—

"I do not care whether I get this lesson or not."

And then, when he has actually persuaded himself that he does not care, that he should open his book and study,—it would seem, at first sight, that he would find it difficult to understand you; but, on the contrary, a child understands more quickly than older people, for the child has not had time to establish himself so firmly in the evil habit.

I have in mind a little girl in whom the habit had begun of worrying lest she should fail in her lessons, especially in her Latin. Her mother sent her to be taught how not to worry. The teacher, after giving her some idea of the common sense of not worrying, taught her quieting exercises which she practiced every day; and when, one day, in the midst of one of her lessons, Margaret seemed very quiet and restful, the teacher asked:—

"Margaret, could you worry about your Latin now if you tried?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I am afraid I could."

Nothing more was said, but she went on with her lessons, and, several days after, during the same restful quiet time, the teacher ventured again.

"Now, Margaret, could you worry about your Latin if you tried?"

Then came the emphatic answer, "*No, I could not.*"

After that the little girl would say:—

"With the part of me that worries, I do not care whether I get my Latin or not; with the part of me that does not worry, I want to get my Latin very much; therefore I will stay in the part of me that does not worry, and get my Latin."

A childish argument, and one that may be entirely incomprehensible to many minds, but to those who do comprehend, it represents a very real and practical help.

It is, in most cases, a grave mistake to reason with a worry. We must first drop the worry, and then do our reasoning. If to drop the worry seems impossible, we can separate ourselves from it enough to prevent it from interfering with our reasoning, very much as if it were neuralgia. There is never any real reason for a worry, because, as we all know, worry never helps us to gain, and often is the cause of our losing, the things which we so much desire.

Sometimes we worry because we are tired, and, in that case, if we can recognize the real cause, we should use our wills to withdraw our attention from the object of worry, and to get all possible rest at once, in the confident belief that rest will make things clear, or at least more clear than they were when we were tired. It would be hard to compute the harm that has been done by kindly disposed people in reasoning with the worry of a friend, when the anxiety is increased by fatigue or illness. To reason with one who is tired or ill and worried, only increases the mental strain and every effort that is made to reason him out of it aggravates the strain; until, finally, the poor brain, through kindly meant

effort, has been worked into an extreme state of irritation or even inflammation. For the same reason, a worried mind should not be laughed at. Worries that are aroused by fatigue or illness are often most absurd, but they are not absurd to the mind that is suffering from them, and to make fun of them only brings more pain, and more worry. Gentle, loving attention, with kindly, truthful answers, will always help. By such attention we are really giving no importance to the worry, but only to our friend, with the hope of soothing and quieting him out of his worries; and when he is rested he may see the truth for himself.

We should deal with ourselves, in such cases, as gently as we would with a friend, excepting that we can tell the truth to ourselves more plainly than we can to most friends.

Worrying is resistance, resistance is unwillingness. Unwillingness interferes with whatever we may want to accomplish. To be willing that this, that, or the other should happen seems most difficult, when to our minds, this, that, or the other would bring disaster. And yet, if we can once see clearly that worrying resistance tends *toward* disaster rather than away from it, or, at the very least, takes away our strength and endurance, it is only a matter of time before we become able to drop our resistance altogether. But it is a matter of time; and, when once we are faced toward freedom, we must be patient and steady, and not expect to gain very rapidly. Their's is indeed a hard lot who have acquired this habit of worry, and persist in doing nothing to gain their freedom.

"Now I have got something to worry about for the rest of my life," remarked a poor woman once. Her face was set toward worrying; nothing but her own will could have turned it the other way, and yet she deliberately chose not to use it, and so she was fixed and settled in prison for the rest of her life.

To worry is wicked; it is wickedness of a kind that people often do not recognize as such, and they are not fully responsible until they do; but to prove it to be wicked is an easy matter, when once we are faced toward freedom; and, to get over it, as I have said, is a matter of steady, persistent patience.

As for irritability, that is also resistance; but there are two kinds of irritability,—physical and moral.

There is an irritability that comes when we are hungry, if we have eaten something that disagrees with us, if we are cold or tired or uncomfortable from some other physical cause. When we feel that kind of irritability we should ignore it, as we would ignore a little snapping dog across the street, while at the same time removing its cause as quickly as we can. There is nothing that delights the devil more than to scratch a man with the irritability of hunger, and have him respond to it at once by being ugly and rude to a friend; for then the irritation immediately becomes moral, and every bit of selfishness rushes up to join it, and to arouse whatever there may be of evil in the man. It is simple to recognize this merely physical form of irritability, and, we should no more allow ourselves to speak, or act, or even *think* from it, than we should allow ourselves to walk directly into foul air, when the good fresh air is close to us on the other side.

But moral irritability is more serious; that comes from the soul, and is the result of our wanting our own way. The immediate cause may be some physical disturbance, such as noise; or it may be aroused by other petty annoyances, like that of being obliged to wait for some one who is unpunctual, or—by disagreement in an argument. There are very many causes for irritability, and we each have our own individual sensitiveness or antipathy, but, whatever the secondary cause the primary cause is always the same—resistance or unwillingness to accept our circumstances.

If we are fully willing to be disturbed, we cease to be troubled by the disturbance; if we are willing to wait, we are not annoyed by being kept waiting, and we are in a better, more quiet humor to help our friend to the habit of promptness. If we are willing that another should differ from us in opinion, we can see more clearly either to convince our friend if he is wrong—or to admit that he is right, and that we are wrong. The essential condition of good argument is freedom from personal feeling, with the desire only for the truth—whether it comes from one party or the other.

Hurry, worry, and irritability all come from selfish resistance to the facts of life; and the only permanent cure for the waste of force and the exhausting distress which they entail, is a willingness to accept those facts, whatever they may be, in a spirit of cheerful and reverent obedience to law.

The next article will be on "Self-Consciousness."

THE MAKER OF THE HERO

By MAY HARRIS

"IF I weren't afraid of shocking you—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How like a woman!"

"—I should say I had forgotten about it."

"I beg your pardon—but why should I be shocked?"

"Because," she said flippantly, "a man thinks a woman spends her life remembering what he has said to her."

"Some of them do."

"Ah!"

"The sweetest women."

"I did shock you then?" she looked up triumphantly.

"No," he said reflectively. "You didn't shock me. I knew you weren't."

"A 'sweet woman?'"

"Not, I know, as concerns me," he said.

She considered him across the hearth rug with indolent interest.

"You have the most engaging frankness! Now I wonder why you recalled—what I had forgotten?"

"It was a—standard to measure you by," he said, sipping his unsugared tea.

"You are charmingly direct! And I don't reach it, I suppose?"

He lifted his eyes to her face.

"What would you say?" he asked.

She parried, as he had known she would.

"Why trifle with certainties? It's only uncertainties that are interesting. One interrogates the future—never the present."

"But one reckons with the present," he said coldly, "if one isn't afraid."

It was the intentional spur, and a bright color showed in her face.

"I am not afraid," she said deliberatingly. "I am not the same person—of course not! I have gone far beyond what I ever dreamed I could be." Her face flushed; she spoke defensively. "I have been successful—I have gained what I wanted!"

A little smile played about his lips.

"Yes," he said, "yes—"

"You do not believe me!" she cried.

"'Methinks you do protest too much,'" he quoted.

"You tried to stop me. You thought I wouldn't be satisfied, that I should tire of it. Do I look tired?"

"No, you do not."

His brief speech offered no emphasis of admiration, and after a cursory glance in her direction he looked away.

"I am very happy," she added firmly, almost defiantly.

"It proves I was wrong then," he commented. "I told you once I could make you happy. I see I couldn't have done so."

With a woman's unreason she asked "Why?"

His glance mocked her question.

"If *this* satisfies you!" he murmured.

"'This?'"

"To be beautiful, to be successful and—*not* to be loved!"

"'Not!'" she cried.

He bowed.

"You can never be loved as the girl you used to be, was."

"You speak with finality," she said.

"It is the truth."

She looked at him, the firelight on her face. It was very beautiful.

"And yet—" she said challengingly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not doubt it! But it's for what you are outside yourself; your beauty, your talent, your achievement. Perhaps, though," he cynically finished, "they're right. You may be only those things—now."

Photo etching by Corydon C. Snyder.

"To be beautiful, to be successful and not to be loved!"

"And what," she asked slowly, with a paler face, "are you?"

It seemed for a moment, as he looked past her, that he was taking counsel with himself before he answered; but his pause was only momentary. He leaned forward with his elbow on his knee—how well she remembered the attitude—and his resolute eyes met hers across the almost definable barrier that had risen with the years.

"A most uninterestingly unsuccessful man," he said.

"Unsuccessful?'"

"Quite."

"And yet—" she said again.

"I might have been, you mean? I don't know—perhaps."

There was another silence.

"As you know, I never cared for success—except in one thing, and there I failed."

His tone was reminiscent—nothing more.

"You've been successful in one thing," she said slowly. "In forgetting that you cared."

There was the dawn of a smile in his eyes. He put down his cup and went across the room to a table where some photographs were grouped. Hers was among them. He studied it a moment and then took up one of the others; a man's face, handsome, assured; of a type totally opposite to his. The name scrawled across the bottom was a famous one. He repeated it slowly and looked a little questioningly at his hostess.

Her color rose, but she deprecated his suggested inference.

"I've just painted his miniature in costume. It's as the hero in 'The Return.' He's at his best in it. Have you seen it?"

He put the photograph down.

"Do you like the play?"

She assented almost with fervor.

"It's *beautiful!* Haven't you seen it?"

He hesitated.

"I mean to."

"It's charming." She seemed glad to leave personalities for safer ground. "The plot is simple, but so good. And the subtlety! It's almost impossible to exactly determine which one returns—the man or the woman. It's a little vague, but so poetic! And the delicacy and the insight—luminous!"

"Did it end happily?" he asked with casual interest.

"For her, I think. I'm not altogether sure in his case."

"Why not for him?"

"Don't you remember—

'Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain?'

—suppose he should feel that way? unsatisfied, after all!"

"Ah!" his voice had a cynical shade. "And she—why shouldn't you suppose *she* was likely to be unsatisfied, too?"

"Because," she answered, and a wistfulness touched her voice, "no woman could have been unsatisfied with a lover like that."

"Ah!" he murmured again, "a stage hero!"

She made an impatient gesture.

"It wasn't a stage hero! It was a man behind the part. You can't help feeling it!"

"And you would think she was willing to give up everything and go back to him? He wasn't a person easily satisfied, you know!"

"How do you know?" she wondered. "I thought you hadn't—"

"Would you have felt as she did?" he interrupted.

Her hands were trembling.

"*Could* you?" he added with his steady eyes on her face.

She got up and went to the window.

"It's raining!" she nervously discovered.

He followed and took her hands in his.

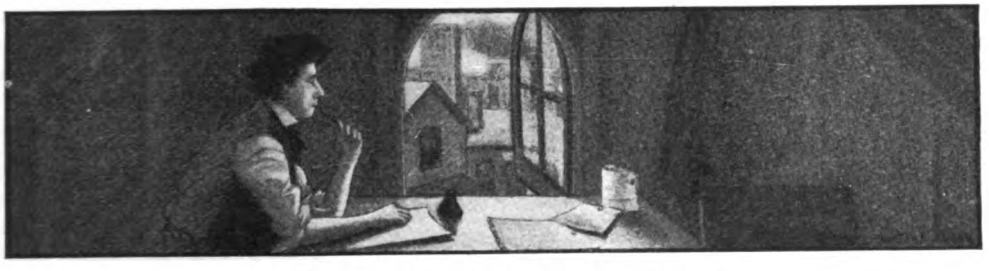
"You've had *your* way," he said gently, "for five years. Try mine! I can make it the sweetest thing you've ever known!"

There were tears in her eyes. She turned her face away to hide them.

"I thought I could be happy," she said indistinctly, for his face was close to hers, "and—I thought you had forgotten—"

"It was I who wrote the play you liked," he said. "Does it look as if I had forgotten?"

The clock ticked wisely, keeping tally of the moments of beautiful silence they did not care to break.



THE SONG OF THE HACK

By profession I'm a writer
  Of the kind they call a "hack";
First I send out funny verses
  (Which quite frequently come back),
Next I write a gushing story
  Of a maiden and a man,
Then I tell in simple language
  "How to Make a Feather Fan."

Often times my mind will wander
  To such themes as "Fancy Stock,"
"Yields of Milk from Jersey Heifers,'
  "How to Make a Parrot Talk,"
"Feed for Laying Hens in Winter,"
  "How to Cure a Wife who Snores,"
"Is the Human Race in Danger?"
  "Birds we See About our Doors."

I have never been a farmer,
  Never wielded rake and hoe,
But I tell the country "hayseeds"
  How to make their melons grow;
And I write on raising poultry,
  All the latest methods heard;
And "About Dehorning Cattle,"
  For the pay—so much per word.

Anything will make a subject,
  Tho' 'twas never heard before,
Study, think, imagine something
  And forthwith two dollars more
Find their way into my pocket;
  Just an hour the brain to rack,
Then the finished sketch or story—
  O 'tis great to be a hack!

CHARLES H. CHESLEY.

Claire Heliot and her prime favorite.

A LADY AMONG LIONS

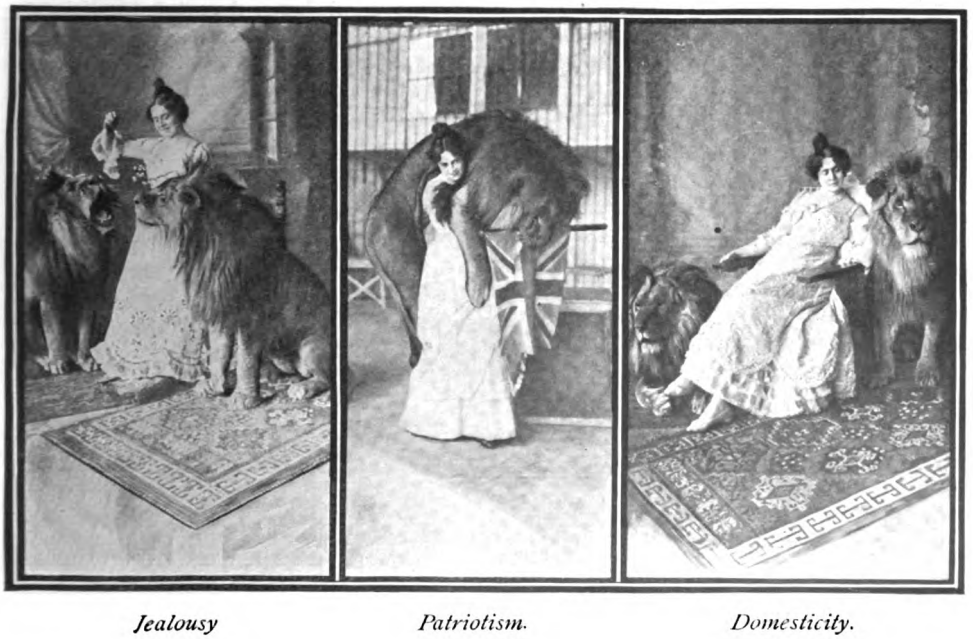
THE Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany, eldest son of the Emperor William, uniformed, educated and over-disciplined into what in a lower class of life would be called a prig, is a boy at heart after all. For he fell in love not long ago with a lion-tamer, Claire Heliot, who was performing with her lions at a circus in Berlin. The Crown Prince was stationed with his regiment at Potsdam at the time, but he began to spend all his evenings in Berlin at the circus, watching Miss Heliot treat her lions as

The climax of the performance.

familiarly as she does in these photographs.

The Kaiser heard of it and ordered the Prince under arrest, and then sentenced him to be confined to barracks for a week for neglect of his military duties. There is great hope for circuses under the next reign.

These very remarkable photographs were taken during Miss Heliot's enormously successful invasion of Berlin. To obtain them it was necessary, with considerable risk and difficulty, to introduce the lions into her boudoir while the photographer, unable to enter into the spirit of the occasion, slipped into the cage which had been employed to bring the brutes to Miss Heliot's apartment, and took his photographs in safety.



Jealousy *Patriotism.* *Domesticity.*

THE logical consequence of writing a number of good short stories is the publication of a novel, and during the last month two of the writers whose stories have been most successful in LESLIE'S MONTHLY, Dr. H. C. Rowland and Helen R. Martin, have brought out books. Dr. Rowland's novel, "To Windward," is a thoroughly interesting tale of a young doctor who is also a first-rate seaman and an extremely fine fellow. The parts of the book which are laid in the hospitals and on board a yacht, have the sure touch of familiarity and are the best of the story which is, however, interesting in a straightforward, clear cut way from start to finish. Mrs. Martin's story is of quite a different type. It is the history of a little Mennonite maid who revolts against the tyranny of her life and of her father, and after a hard struggle wins her freedom. The picture of the seriousness and tragedy of her surroundings and the bitter drudgery of her farm life, is lightened by a great deal of quiet humor. The quaintness of the dialect is a decided charm rather than a drawback to the book.

Mr. Crockett has been traveling on foot in Spain and seeing the country from the bottom upward, not at all like the professional literary tourist. Some of his adventures he wrote for this magazine in which they appeared during last year and now he has finally brought them all out in book form. The adventures vary from smuggling to resin gathering, from peddling to joining revolutionaries and they are all picturesque, interesting and decidedly entertaining.

More than one author has begun as a printer, but not many of them have managed to run a great modern printing establishment and to write novels at the same time. W. D. Orcutt, the author of "Robert Cavalier," is also the head of the University Press, at Cambridge, and his knowledge of the mechanical making of a book seems to have helped him in creating what after all is the first essential of a book, the story that is to go between the covers.

Dr. H. C. Rowland.

Helen R Martin.

Horace Fletcher

There are three new novels to be brought out before long, all of which promise to be interesting: "The Woman With the Fan," by Robert Hichens; "The Magnetic North," by Elizabeth Robins, and "The Woman Wins," by Robert Barr. This last book of Mr. Barr is a collection of short stories, each story centered around a woman who ultimately wins her heart's desire. Miss Robins' novel is a tale of adventure and romance in the Klondike, where she herself went some time ago to good effect in a literary sense if not a financial one. Miss Robins has done so many things well and her first novel was so successful that much is expected from this, her latest achievement. The book has already been on sale in England and well received over there. Robert Hichen's story is a tale of the London life he knows so well with an American actress of great talent and an uncertain past as one of the chief and most picturesque characters. This actress has a remarkable physical resemblance to the heroine of the story whom she mimics on the London stage.

One of the many authors whose personal story is more interesting and exciting than anything they write is Horace Fletcher. His books, "Menticulture," "A. B.—Z of Our Own Nutrition," and the "A. B. C. of Snap-Shooting," are well known, but his life has not yet been told.

S. R. Crockett.

As soon as he graduated from school, at the age of fifteen, he embarked on a whaling craft, the *Mathew Luce*, which had been sold to the Japanese. After reaching Japan he was transferred to the old *Pembroke* which figured in the Siminosecky affair, being fired on by the Japs as she was trying to enter the beautiful Inland Sea.

After preparation for Dartmouth and some

W. D. Orcutt.

academic experience he was again seized by the desire for adventure and was at Shanghai at the time of the first Tien-Tsin massacre, when the situation was similar to that in Peking recently during the Boxer troubles.

Returning to California Mr. Fletcher experienced the Bonanza times and originated the Ichi-Ban establishment of San Francisco and the Nee-Ban of Chicago and developed the famous Olympic Club of San Francisco, where the budding pugilistic genius of Corbett was discovered.

Mr. Fletcher became a remarkable snapshot with Dr. Carver before the latter made himself a professional, and has given demonstrations of accurate and quick rifle shooting in Germany and in Japan at the request of the authorities, when he astonished the Japanese Prince Imperial and the whole army and navy staffs.

In 1884 he became tired of business, turned to the artistic life and succeeded in having some of his paintings exhibited at Munich. Later on he was called unexpectedly to New Orleans, where he organized an opera association to promote French opera and was forced into an experiment of management that was exciting and eventful and that got him into such hot water that he was led to the study and writing of "Menticulture" and his other books.

Mr. Fletcher bore the brunt of the heavy expense incurred at New Haven recently in the very interesting experiments relative to nutrition which were carried out there by United States Army representatives.

A BALLADE OF DISAPPEARANCES

THE North Pole does not bother me,
The talk of radium is a bore,
I care not in the least degree
For medical or chemic lore,
The ologies I long forswore,
The isms for me have lost their spell,
This is the thought I ponder o'er,—
Where are the books that do not sell?

It matters not if fair and free
Great air-ships through the ether soar,
I do not care how skilfully
Some ancient tablet you restore,
If broken idols you adore,
My worship you can not compel,
Here is the sum o'er which I pour,—
Where are the books that do not sell?

I do not care what ecstasy
Is yours when Saturn you explore,
It pleases me the mystery
Of Mars and Martian to ignore,
What do I care for Wagner's score,
How ancient cities rose and fell,
What costumes were in days of yore!—
Where are the books that do not sell?

ENVOI

Prince, riddles have been solved before,
And Time doth many secrets tell,
But this confounds me more and more,—
Where are the books that do not sell?

NATHAN M. LEVY.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"The Black Shilling," by Amelia E. Barr.

There is no brand of novels better established than Mrs. Barr's. The numberless people who have liked her numberless books will like this one. Besides its fiction, this book has the advantage of containing much interesting fact in regard to Cotton Mather and the Salem witches. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Peace and the Vices," by Anna A. Rogers.

Naval officers' families are an important division of the navy, of which the general public takes little notice. In Mrs. Rogers' novel there is an amusing background of naval domesticity behind a sincere and interesting story, but one that is more remarkable for thought and observation than for skill in the telling. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Day of the Dog," by George Barr McCutcheon.

An amusing little love story of a widow, a lawyer and a bulldog. The decorations and illustrations in the book take up nearly as much space as the story itself and to excellent effect. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Place and Power," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Much dialogue, light and very amusing; some preaching of unexceptional morality, and a good deal of imaginary English politics of moderate interest to Americans; these things, with love, fate and a certain amount of scenery and weather, make up a novel first-rate of its kind and decidedly well done. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Lux Crucis," by Samuel M. Gardenhire.

The legends and history that cluster about the Apostle Paul are once more used as a peg on which to hang a very commonplace romance. Jews and Gentiles, strong men and slaves, earliest Christians and latest Romans jostle one another through four hundred pages of decidedly tame fiction. (Harper & Brothers).

"Elizabeth in Rügen,"

You could not find a more placid comrade than Elizabeth nor one better suited to a journey of gentle adventures. She is blessed with a pleasant humor, sound sense, appreciation and quiescent nerves and these surely are the gifts of companionship. (Macmillan.)

"Sanctuary," by Edith Wharton.

This is the story of an inherited weakness of character told through the lives of two generations, wherein Mrs. Wharton finds an exceptional opportunity for her highly educated talents of characterization and comment. Immensely clever as a piece of fiction, "Sanctuary" has all the limitations of cleverness. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

10 CENTS a Copy

JULY, 1904

LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CANNON vs. WILLIAMS

By Congressman J. Adam Bede

The Humorist of the House

COMMUNITY SILVER

Is sought for its "style" and durability

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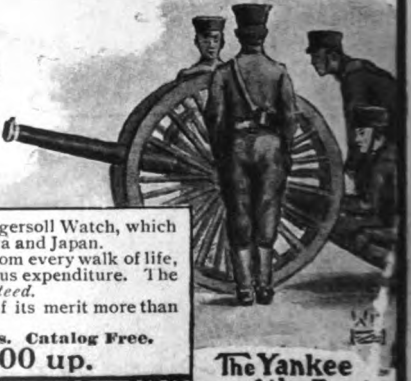
Founded in 1848

"Time is the Arbiter of All Things"

The Ingersoll Watch



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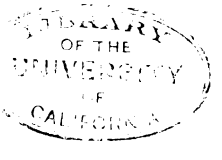
OF THE
OF

Drawn by Virginia Keep.

See "A Wedding Contract."

The newly made duchess.

LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVIII. JULY, 1904 No. 3

LITTLE PAULFAT

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALICE BEACH WINTER

WHEN the doctor's prescription had failed to break up Pauline's cold, her father administered a small amount of rock and rye.

"Here, baby, you'll like this lump of rock candy."

Pauline took it and nodded her head emphatically. "Me likes de lump an' me likes de juice."

The first time an apprehensive mother gave her a dose of castor oil, Pauline pleaded, "Dimme mo' dood yellah dwavy!"

These two examples merely serve to show the wide catholicity of Pauline's taste.

"I don't believe there's a single cereal which couldn't advertise our daughter as 'its loving friend,'" observed Mr. Glenn.

"We've a new breakfast food this morning," his wife answered. "Pauline, will you have some wheat-hearts?"

Pauline quickly drew back her extended bowl.

"Me not eat feet-hearts, me not eat nice 'ittle boys!"

This goes to prove that Pauline's principles were stronger than her appetite.

But several serene years passed before there came another issue between these forces. Pauline was "goin' on eight" (which means that her seventh birthday was a month past) when she came face to face with her first trouble too deep to be healed by mother's kiss, or father's "There, there, Pollywog!"

Pauline learned that she was fat!

It came about in this manner: The

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"You wouldn't be so very ugly if you weren't so orful fat."

house next door was sublet for the spring, and Pauline's joy was great when she found there was a girl of her own age in the new neighbor's family. Such a wonderful little girl! She looked like a Christmas doll, or a picture book fairy; her eyes were so big and brown, and her hair so golden and curly. Clothilde's mother was wont to refer to the hair as "a tangled glory," which was distinctly unfair to the nurse who gave it a hundred strokes with the brush every day.

When the two children had been playmates for a week, from the very bottom of her heart Pauline exclaimed, "Oh Clothilde, I b'lieve you're the prettiest person in the world! Next to mother," she added loyally.

Clothilde had heard her praises sung too often to feel any surprise, save at the exception. She tossed her curls and looked at Pauline patronizingly.

"You wouldn't be so very ugly if you weren't so orful fat."

"Am I?" stammered Pauline, who had never given her appearance a thought in her contented little life. "Am I so—" she gulped and was silent.

"You're the very fattest girl I know," said Clothilde decisively.

Then a brilliant idea struck her, and she called out shrilly, "Oh, Mamma! It's too big a fib to say Paul-lean, I'm going to call her Paul-fat!"

"You naughty girl!" cooed her mother admiringly, as she arose to record this delightful *bon mot* in the book labelled "Clever Conceits of Clothilde's Childhood."

"She's gone to write it down," exclaimed Clothilde complacently. "Mamma thinks she's too fat and she's a-bantin'. Why don't you? You don't eat desserts and good things, and it makes you thin. Where are you goin', Paulfat?"

"Home," she answered with forced brevity, the tears were so near and a queer, round lump was choking her. "I b'lieve I got the sore throat."

Pauline spent a dreary hour behind the woodpile. "I won't tell 'em I'm ugly," she said to herself, "for I'm sure they ain't never noticed it. Besides, it might hurt father's feelin's, 'cause they say I

"I like my graves pompado."

look like his fambly. But I'll try not to stay so orful fat."

At dinner, as her prophetic soul (aided by her nose) had foretold, there was jelly with whipped cream and a beautiful chocolate cake.

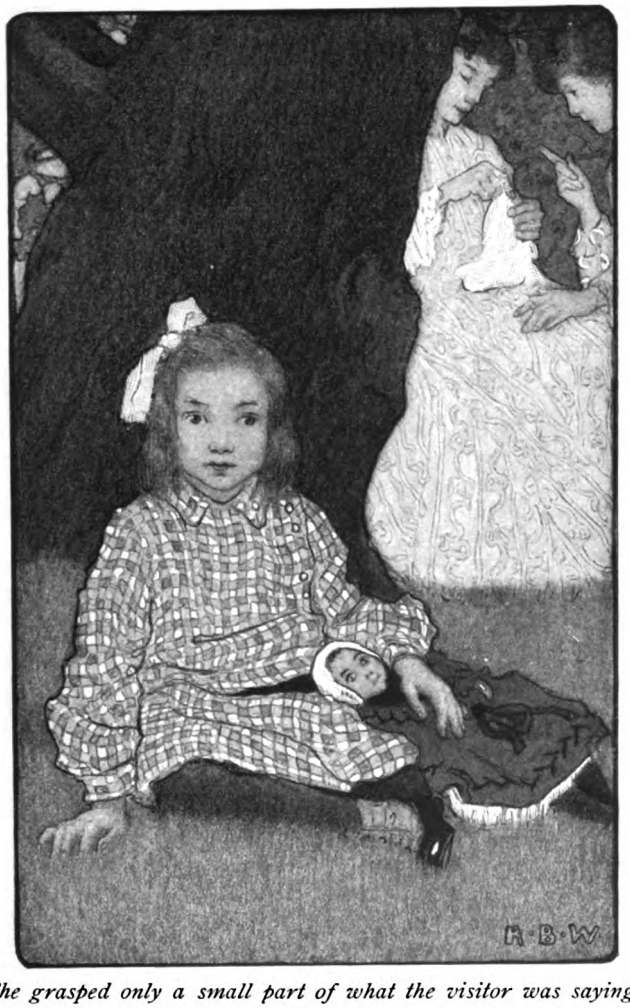
Pauline drew a long, hard breath :—

"No, thank you, mother."

bantam when you're too fat, and have to stop eatin' everything n-n-nice."

"Who said you were too fat?" father demanded indignantly, but mother shook her head at him, and said gently :—

"If you don't wish any sweets, dearie, run along to the nursery and play a while with baby."



She grasped only a small part of what the visitor was saying.

Mrs. Glenn put down the cake knife in sheer amazement.

"Not want your dessert!"

"Feel bad, Pollywog? First time I ever knew you not to ask for two helps."

"I want it dreadful," Pauline blurted out the truth courageously. "But I'm a bantam."

As father and mother looked hopelessly at sea, she went on to explain, "You're a

"It's that young ninny next door who is putting these idiotic notions into Polly's head," exploded Mr. Glenn. "The child has a sunny disposition and a perfect digestion—about the best combination in life. I will not have her spoiled and made self-conscious."

His wife looked grave. "I have been facing this problem ever since Clothilde

came. I fear I depended too much on Pauline's sturdy independence. The first time Clothilde was here the children made a graveyard for the baby canaries. 'I'm makin' my graves flat,' said Clothilde, 'that's the way they are in our lot at the cemetery, and it's a heap more stylish.' 'Maybe it is,' said Pauline, 'but I like mine pompado.' This is the first time I've seen Pauline's opinions changed by Clothilde. I do not like to see Pauline influenced by a foolish, vain little girl, but one has to encounter such people during all one's life, and perhaps it isn't well to withdraw the child from the contact. It's negative at best, and merely delaying a positive issue. Besides, I am so sorry for Gwendolen Haliburton's child!"

"Poor old Tom! Jenny, how thankful I am that you aren't a mental faddist."

"You would be still more grateful," replied his wife, "if you had called on Gwendolen with me this morning. She first explained the difference between Mental Science, Christian Science and Divine Science. She said Emerson was an unconscious Christian Scientist and so was Confucius. No, I'm mixed there! I think what she said of Confucius was that he was 'an old dear,' and Mahommed was 'an Eiffel tower,' but I may be confused for she branched off into a dissertation on Theosophy and Esoteric Buddhism."

"I don't know what that is," remarked Mr. Glenn, "and I'm willing to remain ignorant. But it sounds fierce! Of course, she doesn't believe in anything as old-fashioned as sin and disease?"

"They are absolutely non-existent. I have Gwendolen's word for it."

"It makes one sigh for the good old days when every one believed in hell and calomel!"

"Shall we go into the nursery? Dear, suppose we let our daughter fight this small battle for herself? Pauline has the promise of being an unusually handsome woman. Her hair is soft and abundant and her features are good. She is like your sister Emily, and you know how pretty she is. It won't hurt Polly to underrate her looks now."

The only reference made to the fasting was that when Mrs. Glenn tucked her in bed she whispered: "I'll be glad when this new bantam goes away and my own chick comes back."

"Oh, mother," said Pauline cuddling close to her and kissing her bare throat, "I love every bone in your body!" She sighed and added: "Speshly all these that *show*."

A month went by, and to the surprise of her parents Pauline adhered to her resolution. All her favorite dishes had been prepared in vain for her enticement. She always asked to be "'scused" as soon as the forbidden sweets were brought in. If there was any lessening in her weight it was not visible to the naked eye, and Pauline began to fear that her "orful fat" would accompany her to the grave.

Mrs. Haliburton came over one morning just as the big grandfather's clock in the

She lived in dread of

hall struck loudly and the small clocks re-echoed the hour. It was Mrs. Glenn's especial pride that all her timepieces were accurate.

Mrs. Haliburton shuddered.

"Jenny, how many clocks have you?"

"One in each room."

"How can you grasp Eternity with this constant reiteration of time?"

"But how do you tell what time it is if you object to clocks?" replied Mrs. Glenn with natural curiosity.

"By the sunshine! By the flowers!"

"My dear woman, that's why you never keep a cook? The meal hour at your house is sprung as a daily surprise on the family, while every day since I've been

married, at eight, one and six I am asking to be made thankful for what I am about to receive!"

There was a twinkle in Jenny Glenn's eyes. Gwendolen looked reproachful, and Jenny felt penitent.

"I'll let her ride any hobby she chooses, and not throw even a pebble in the road," resolved Mrs. Glenn as she led her visitor to a comfortable seat under one of the trees on the lawn.

Mrs. Glenn's mind slipped pleasantly along the channel of her own thoughts, and she hardly listened save to catch that "matter," "project," "radiate," "psychic," "sub-conscious" and "primordial" were being as hard-worked as usual. Pauline, on the other side of the tree, dropped her dolls and sat open-eyed and open-mouthed. She grasped only a small part of what the visitor was saying, but that little was enough to fill her brain with bewilderment. She retired to the woodpile—the Attic grove where she went for contemplation.

An hour later Mahaly brought in a dripping figure.

"Ah foun' dis po' lam, settin' on de woodpile, playin' des ez quiet, en seemin' lak she doan pay no 'tention ter de rain, en er talkin' foolishment. She's plum out'n her haid, en ez wet ez er drownded dawg!"

"I ain't neither!" declared Pauline stoutly. "I'm a soul, ain't I, Miz Haliburton? Souls can't get wet. My clothes are soakin' and my skin is mighty wet, and I b'lieve some of my bones are sorter damp, but *I* can't get wet, 'cause I'm a soul!"

"Her beautiful faith will protect her. Don't fear that she will be sick—I mean what you call sick," said Mrs. Haliburton to the mother, who was rapidly peeling off the wet garments.

"Will you kindly 'phone for Dr. Bryan, Gwendolen? Nine forty-seven is the number!"

When Mrs. Haliburton inquired after Pauline the next morning, she learned that the child had contracted merely a cold.

the hour when all the girls would begin to call her "Paulfat."

"'Ah faith, simple faith of the children!

You still shame the faith of the old!'" exclaimed Miss Haliburton. "May I explain more fully to Pauline just what I meant? Such fallow ground!"

A lioness defending her cub might have looked as Jane Glenn did then. She waited a long moment, and when she spoke, it was in her usual controlled voice.

"Her Sunday school teacher told me that last week's lesson was about the heathen. One of the children asked the meaning of 'idol.' Miss Alice answered that the poor, ignorant heathen, not know-

The Attic grove where she went for contemplation.

ing God, made images from wood or stone, and said their prayers to them. '*But God hears them*,' said Pauline. That triumphant faith does not need your doctoring, Gwendolen."

Mrs. Haliburton turned the conversation into less electric channels.

"Will Pauline be able to go to the Daggart's party? I finally consented to Clothilde's going, though I like to keep her from other children as far as I can. She will come by in the carriage for Pauline."

Mrs. Glenn repeated this, thinking it would give Pauline pleasure. She did not dream how that little heart sank into despair. Clothilde had a governess, and she was not encouraged to play with other children, so none of Pauline's "six bes' friends" had heard the objectionable sobriquet. She lived in dread of the hour when all the girls would call her Paulfat.

It was rather a woebegone little girl whom her father lifted into the Haliburton's carriage. He was almost startled by the beauty of the child who sat there, brave in her party dress.

"How sweet you look, Clothilde!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"Doesn't she?" simpered the governess. "Clothilde, tell Mr. Glenn what your hair was made for?"

"To catch and hold the sunbeams," piped Clothilde in her affected treble.

"And what were your eyes made for?"

"To break hearts when I'm seventeen."

Mr. Glenn's disgust vented itself in something that could only be termed a snort.

The governess interpreted it as jealousy that his own child was being ignored.

"What were your eyes made for my dear?"

"To see out'n," stated Pauline.

The ways of grown-ups are queer! Pauline had been corrected often for lapsing into her colored nurse's dialect, but this time her father gave her a delighted hug.

The party was given in honor of Mrs. Daggart's grandson from New York. There was a natural awe of this traveler from afar that caused small boys to array themselves in silent, stolid rows against the wall. The groups of girls were chatting, for it takes an immense amount of unfamiliarity to check even the youngest feminine tongue. Pauline suddenly realized that Clothilde was looking at her—was about to speak. With a last effort to stave off the fateful word, she called out :—

"Oh, mayn't we go into the yard and play?"

Mrs. Daggart gladly consented, and two-thirds of the children trooped outdoors for jolly games of "Chickamy Cranycrow." Clothilde remained indoors with the children who preferred dancing.

Presently the hostess called them all inside for a Cinderella game. Blindfolded, each one tried to pin on Cinderella's slipper. Delighted laughter went up as the slipper dangled from the tip of the fair lady's nose or the lobe of her ear. None of the guests were in the least surprised when the Daggart boy pinned the slipper exactly on the foot.

His mother called him out of the room,

and explained to him that he should have in private the prize intended if a young gentleman was the winner. Then she led him back, and in his arms was the most beautiful French doll. It was dressed in a gorgeous gown of pink silk, and a gentle abdominal pressure caused it to wail "mamma" in a voice to melt the heart.

"Since Robert has won the prize," explained his mother, "he will give it to the prettiest little girl in the room."

Robert's careless glance swept the room. The children looked interested; Clothilde tossed her curls and looked expectant.

Straight as a die, his course led to Pauline.

"Here, take it."

"Me!" she gasped. *Me?*"

"Course," said the Daggart boy.

The Daggart boy, over-tall, anemic, had simple but positive ideals. Dosed thrice daily with cod-liver oil, flesh was the one thing he yearned for.

"But look at Clothilde," stammered Pauline, fearing she had won unfairly.

Robert's eyes rested briefly on her "tangled glory." How should Pauline guess the agony he had undergone that year after he donned trousers and was made to retain his curls?

"I 'spise kinks," he said.

Pauline touched her straight, bobbed locks, then hugged her doll. Now indeed she felt it was her very own.

"Mamma!" it squeaked.

"Now we're going in the dining-room," said the Daggart boy. "I'm awful hungry ain't you? Bet I can eat more than you."

"Bet you can't," retorted Pauline.

"Well, you sit by me and we'll count saucers. The ice-cream's pink."

Oh, the joy of that feast to a little girl who had been a bantam for a whole month!

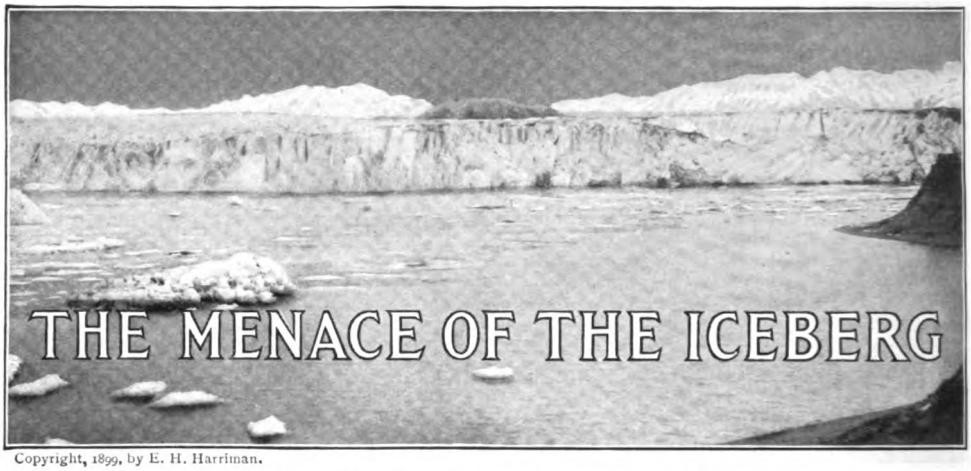
"We're about even," decided the Daggart boy. "We beat the rest of 'em all hollow, didn't we?"

But the last, uttermost drop of sweetness was yet to fill Pauline's cup.

"Mamma has sent for us," said Clothilde with new meekness. "Are you ready to go, *Pauline?*"

"Oh, Clothilde!" murmured Pauline from her happy, surcharged heart. "Won't you be my doll's godmother? I'm goin' to name her after you!"

"Bet I can eat more than you." *"Bet you can't."*



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By M. F. BERMINGHAM

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald."

THE Ancient Mariner told his story well. In all nature there are few creations at once so fanciful and so sublime as icebergs. Every summer along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador you can witness the wonderful spectacle of floes and bergs in a stately procession, three thousand miles long by two hundred miles wide, moving South like armies on parade, glittering in the sunlight or showing spectral and awesome through the sodden mists of fog.

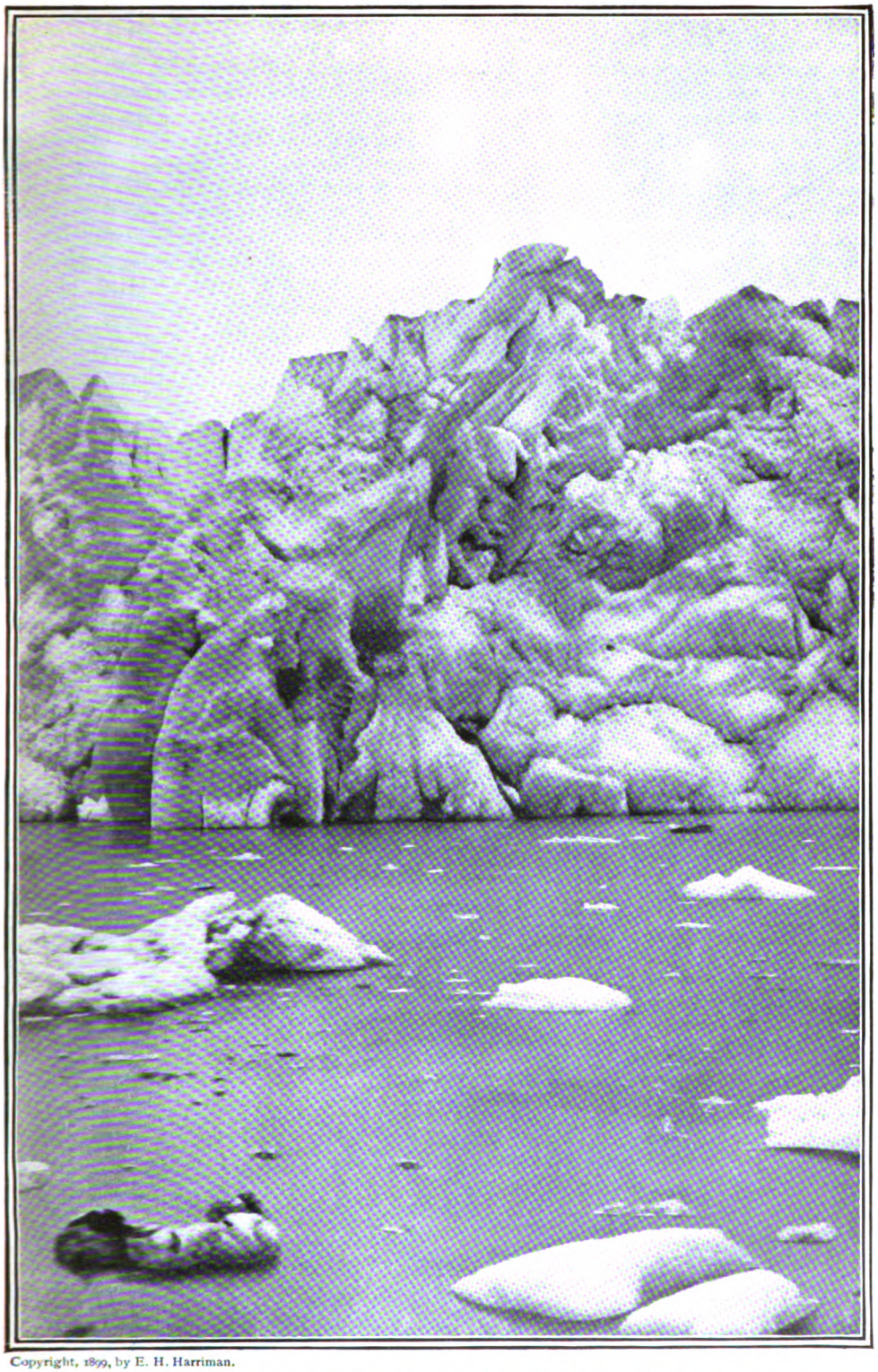
The frigid zones, North and South, are the laboratories where they are fashioned. Each year the Antarctic Ocean sends out prodigious floating prairies sometimes sixty miles long, but because of the remoteness of that area and its meager commerce the world attaches little importance to these mammoth derelicts of the Southern seas.

Most of the northern bergs have their origin in Greenland. The other Arctic isles, like Spitzbergen, are too limited in area to produce these manifold forms, and lack the currents to carry them into the centers of commerce. But Greenland is, in size, almost a continent, several times larger in area than the Atlantic States, and save for a narrow *lisière* stretching around its seaboard, extending back to a mountain range thirty miles inland and peopled by a few thousand Eskimos, it is one colossal mass of ice and snow. Like an inverted saucer sitting on a table, this ice-cap covers the soil, its crown rising five hundred feet above the sea level. This level plain stretches away hundreds of leagues in every direction, and can only be traversed by the aid of compass and sextant, as one would navigate the trackless ocean. Over this dreary desert only Nansen and Peary, with a companion apiece, have ever journeyed, for its deadly stretch of blank whiteness supports no form of life.

On this wilderness terrible blizzards rage in the long winters, the intense cold reaches seventy degrees below zero, and the Arctic circle is sealed with the sable stillness of the six months' night. New layers are added annually to the glistening shroud which covers hill and dale, ravine and crag, with an unbroken sheet of frozen snow that has been gathering there since prehistoric days. The pressure of this tremendous bed consolidates and chills the successive strata into a mass of solid ice, which is forced downward through the valleys and towards the coast in the form of glaciers which launch themselves in iceberg fragments into the ocean.

Ages may elapse between the depositing of snow on the summit of the Greenland ice-cap and the moment it is launched into the ocean in Baffin Bay in the form of icebergs. Some glaciers move fifty feet in a day, others not more than twenty.

The immense masses of solid ice creep along the shore and at the tidewater pre-



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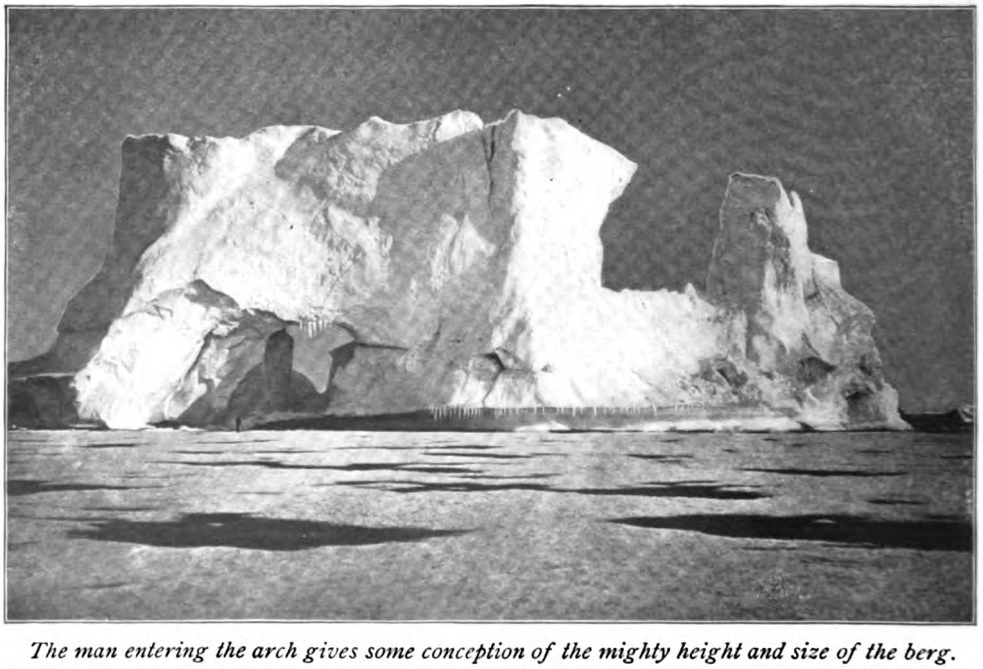
Here the glaciers "calve" and bergs bigger than Rhode Island start for the **South.**

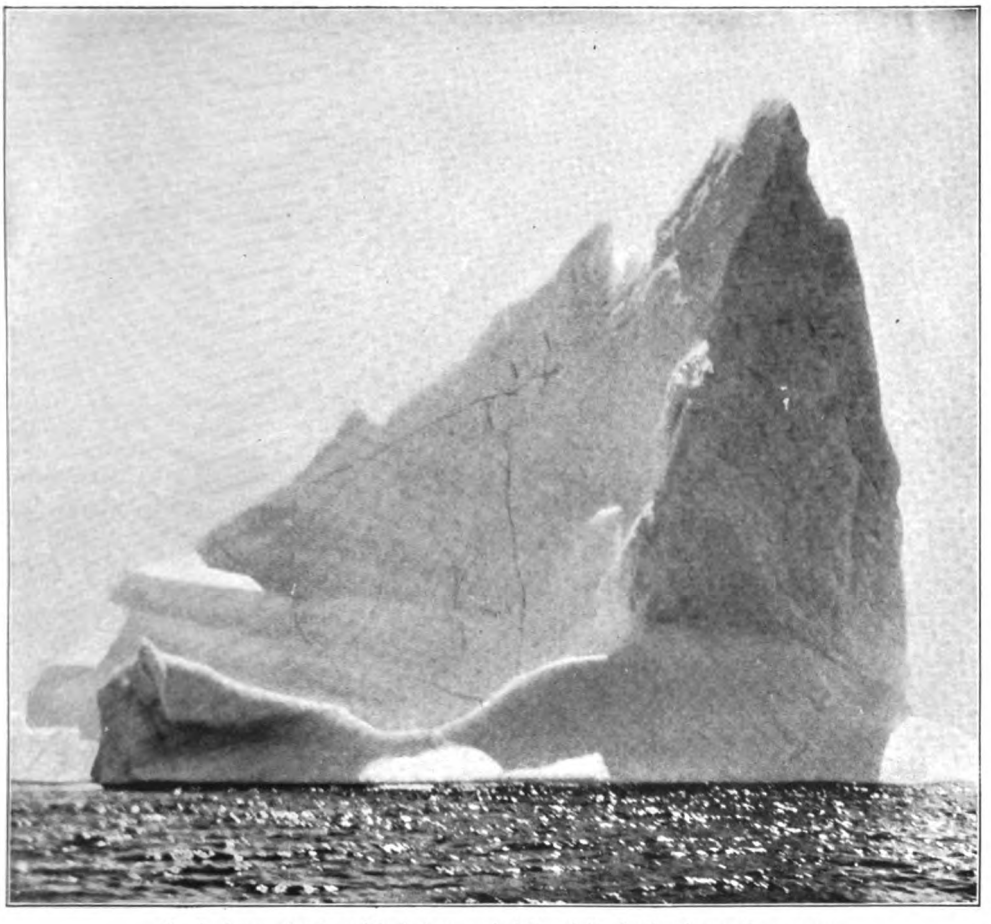
sent a vertical face of steel-blue, translucent flint, against which the ocean billows beat. Then, as the ice is thrust forward into the sea, the weight of the overhanging strips, or the action of the rising and falling tides, breaks off blocks of varying size and shape, which are called bergs. This process the whalers call "calving," and litters of "calf" bergs are produced by every parent glacier during the season. The operation is accompanied by tremendous, thundering noises, beside which human artillery is but as pop-guns, while the disturbance produced in the sea through this launching makes the floating of a modern battleship seem trivial indeed.

Think of sections bigger than Rhode Island being torn from a glacier and swept off in the ocean to be ferried three thousand miles on the bosom of the Labrador current until the heated waters of the Gulf Stream cause them to vanish from human ken! Then can one form some idea of the immensity of the ice area discharged from the Greenland seas each year. Thousands of miles of valley are constantly emptying their contents into the bays and fiords of the north waters whence the tides hurry the detachments southward to cumber the wide Atlantic. The extent of the glaciers is stupendous. The Humboldt, the greatest in Greenland, stretches its front sixty miles across, where it enters Peabody Bay; its sheer walls rise three hundred feet high and a plummet dropped near it shows a depth of half a mile. Every year it contributes to the floe bergs with a superficial area larger than New Jersey. The Jacobshaven glacier has a breadth of two thousand feet and a height of one thousand; it advances at the rate of forty-two feet daily, and its estimated annual expulsion of bergs is about four hundred billion cubic feet of ice. The largest proportion of bergs comes from the Western coast of Greenland, because the dip of the land there is more pronounced, but the Eastern shore also furnishes many, which a minor current brings South to Cape Farewell and discharges among the larger contingent already moving majestically along towards Newfoundland.

Whaling and exploring ships, being specially built and expertly navigated, thread their way among these silent but terrible foes, with a fine contempt for danger, but no ship, however daring her crew, will venture close to a calving glacier, because the mighty waves created by the launching sweep far into the offing. In



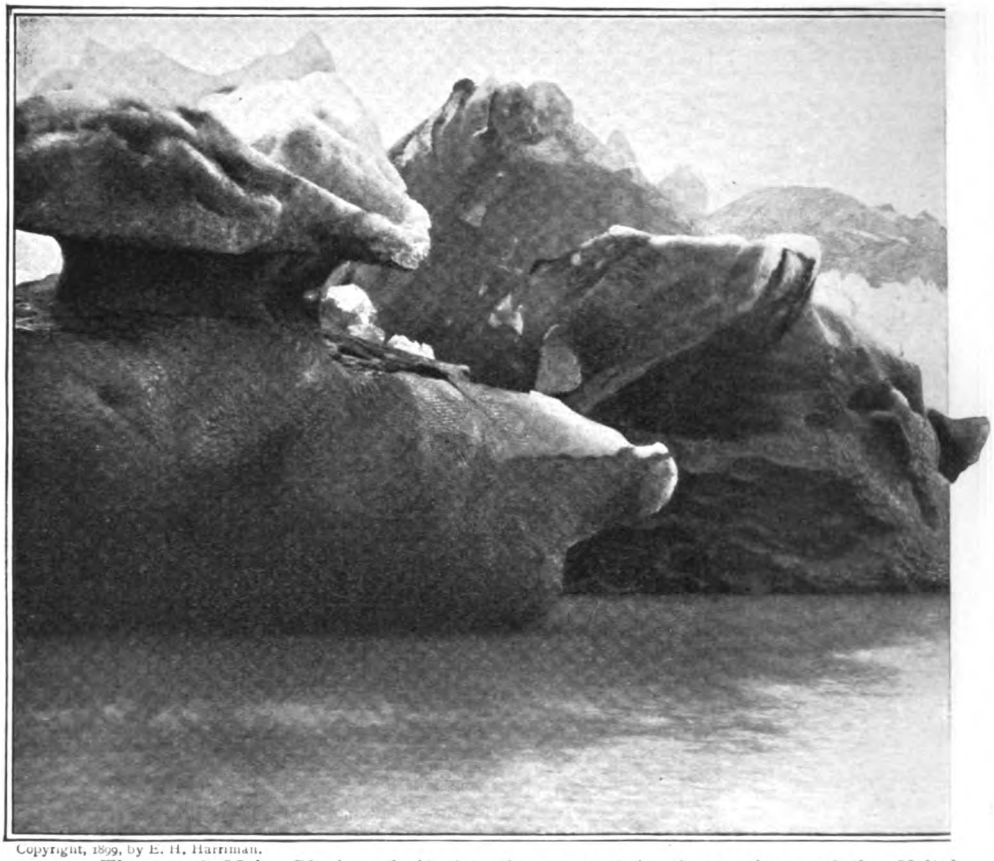
The man entering the arch gives some conception of the mighty height and size of the berg.



An iceberg floats with but one-eighth of its bulk above the ocean.

1869 the Newfoundland sealer *Panther* which conveyed the Hayes-Bradford expedition to the North, had her decks swept when twelve miles seaward by the calving of a berg near Disco, and many an Eskimo in his frail kayak has met his end in the same way. In 1871 the Dundee whaler *Active* was overturned by one of these waves and all on board, but two, perished, and in 1880 a Danish store-ship was caught up and wrecked by one. As long ago as April, 1857, a vast, level berg was sighted off the eastern edge of the Grand Banks, on which were two large, three-masted ships, snug as though in dock, with masts and yards sent down on deck, and everything made secure for passing through the Arctic night in comparative comfort. They were believed to be the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the two crafts abandoned, after six years' detention in the northern seas by Franklin's ill-fated expedition, and which had been swept out to the open sea on a vast expanse of ice. No shipmasters would venture near enough to solve the mystery, and it is presumed the ice-docked vessels were engulfed when the berg overturned.

This disposition of icebergs to turn turtle is one of their most dangerous propensities. It arises from several causes. When they start out from Greenland their bottoms are heavy with the detritus gathered in their glacial period and this drops off at intervals as they move south, causing their center of gravity to change and the berg to assume new positions. The scientific theory of the formation of the vast submarine plateaus which extend from Labrador to Fundy and are commonly known as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, is that they are the products of the deposits of bergs during countless ages. Certainly they leave much of their



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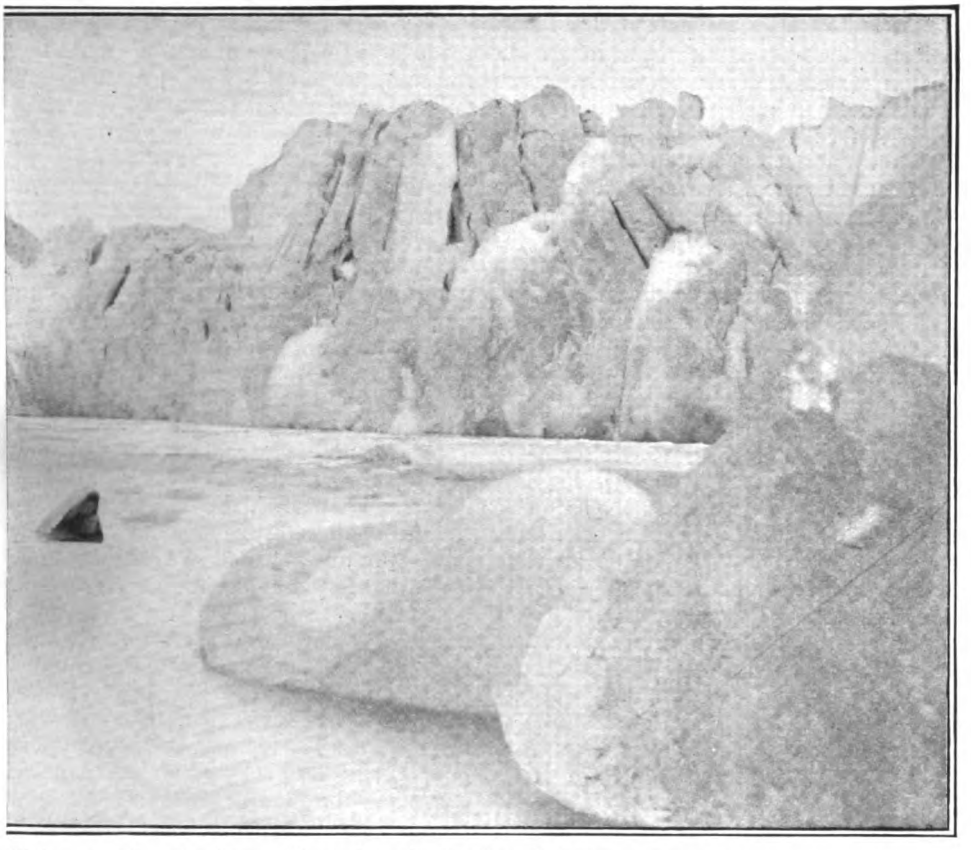
The great Muir Glacier of Alaska, the greatest in the territory of the United

rocky freight in these ledges, and often remain aground there themselves for weeks. The sealing steamers cut into them to obtain fresh water, the fishing vessels use them for a like purpose or to freeze their bait, and at times in a storm a ship will take shelter under the lee of one. But this is a most dangerous experiment, for often they are so delicately balanced that the beating of a steamer's screw will upset them. Admiral Markham relates that once a whaler's men were attempting to moor her to an iceberg, but that at the first blow of the drill it split in two with a loud report, the unfortunates on the berg being drowned and the ship narrowly escaping.

The bergs are also affected by the sun's rays beating on their exposed surface as they move south, causing cascades of water to stream from them, the melting process disturbing their equilibrium until they upset, or sometimes, break in two.

The number of bergs set free every year is beyond computation. The whalers and explorers, in traversing Baffin Bay, count them by hundreds. The mailboat which plies between Newfoundland and Labrador during the brief fishery season, sighted two hundred and seventy-one in a single day this year. The signalman on Belle Isle says he tabulated seven thousand five hundred and nineteen last year, not including "growlers," low-lying fragments scarcely projecting above the sea. From Cape Race in Newfoundland to Cape Farewell in Greenland they are visible all the year round. The ocean area within which they are found varies exceedingly. Usually it embraces a belt two hundred miles east of Newfoundland, for that is the range of the Labrador current which takes them from the far North and brings them across the ocean highway and into the Gulf Stream. Prolonged easterly winds will force them ashore on the Labrador or Newfoundland coast, where they break into pieces which the thrifty fisherfolk cut



States, sends out from this point thousands of bergs every year.

into fragments small enough to use for preserving their catch or their bait. During the past season, indeed, schooners were loaded with it and the stock sold in the Maritime Provinces, for unless "honeycombed" by long immersion in the salt sea, it is the purest of fresh-water ice. With westerly winds bergs may drive almost across the Atlantic. In June, 1892, one was sighted within seven hundred miles of the Scilly Islands, and in September, 1895, one reached as far south as two hundred miles off Cape Hatteras, which is in the latitude of Gibraltar.

The largest berg ever seen in Northern waters was sighted in April, 1892, off Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, by the steamer *Miranda*, bound there from New York, to load pyrites. It was nine miles long, a huge mass two hundred feet high and one thousand yards wide and the ship was forty-eight minutes passing it. Several coasting and fishing vessels also sighted this monster, which later stranded on the Grand Banks and broke into a score or more of pieces, all bergs of large proportions. Another mammoth aground near Cape Race in 1884 was five miles long. The fishing schooner *Robert*, running home from the Banks, sighted it in a black fog, and thought it was the land. But not knowing the locality, the skipper and a seaman put out in a boat and rowed forward to examine, only to find a huge rampart of ice. The schooner ran south nearly three miles before rounding its farthest projection, and when the fog lifted next day its length was seen to be almost two leagues.

An iceberg floats with but one-eighth of its total bulk exposed above the ocean, though its visible portion offers no clue to its submerged limit, as its shape may be altogether different below water. The most lofty berg ever seen, eight hundred and thirty-six feet from water line to summit, was calculated to have a volume of about five hundred and eighty-four

million cubic feet, and a weight of sixteen million tons. A gruesome wanderer was that sighted in July, 1894, by the barque *Gladys*, for it showed signs of human beings having once been upon it. A beaten path could be seen, a cave had been hollowed out near the summit and five dead men lay prostrate on the ice. A boat was sent in but dared not land owing to a freshening wind, and who the victims were could not be ascertained. But they were doubtless the crew of some ship that had rammed the berg, and after getting upon it had perished of cold and hunger.

It was in sheering off to avoid an iceberg that the British Cruiser *Lily* was lost at Forteau, Labrador, in July, 1900, with twenty-one persons. To Ocean liners they are also a deadly danger. They crowd Belle Isle Strait to the north of Newfoundland, and work into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, imperiling the passage of the Canadian liners and freighters. The steamer *Hedwig* had her bows stove in there in July last, and the steamer *Furtor* met a similar mishap in August. They are also a menace to the New York and Boston liners, when they drift south of the Grand Banks, and as the ships speed along through the fog they often impale themselves upon the jagged fangs of the bergs, or escape by but a hair's breadth.

In June, 1899, the *Saale*, from Southampton to New York, bowling along over the Banks in the midnight gloom, found her pathway barred by a glittering battlement nearly one hundred feet high. The lookouts, sighting it, shouted a warning to the officer on the watch, who reversed the engines and altered the helm so that she barely crunched along over the submerged foot of the berg, bumping heavily a few times and being shot off again into deep water sidewise, so that her coal and cargo listed and she reached port with her starboard rail hardly above the water. Her passengers were thrown from their berths with the shock, and rushed frantically on deck, but all danger was then over. On May 31, 1900, the *Normania*, making her maiden trip from Hamburg, ran among a squadron of bergs in a dense fog off the Banks and only escaped foundering by having twin screws. As she forged along she sighted an icy barrier, too near to escape by stopping her engines. But by reversing one and quickening the other the ship turned on her heel, so to speak, and ran parallel to the front of the berg, just grazing it as she went by, tumbling tons of ice on her deck, scraping off a lot of bulwark gear, and denting her sides and upper works, besides stampeding her passengers and making chaos in her pantries.

These are fortunate outcomes of collisions with bergs: the unfortunate ones are even more numerous. As long ago as 1856, the *Tempest*, of the Anchor line, disappeared with one hundred and fifty persons, and at the time her loss was put down to an iceberg. In 1868 two fine passenger boats of that period, the *United Kingdom* and the *Hibernia* vanished, the former with one hundred and eighty men aboard and the latter with one hundred and sixty-six. The iceberg theory was again put forward to account for their loss. The *Ismalia*, in 1873, went down with a crew of fifty-two, and as a large berg was sighted near where she was last seen, the conclusion is that this caused her misfortune. The *Colombo*, in 1857, was blotted out with seventy-four people, and the next year no less than four steamers—the *Homer*, *Zanzibar*, *Surbiton* and *Bernicia*, with an aggregate of one hundred and nine lives, were swallowed up, and to this day no light has been thrown on the mystery of their loss. Three more were victims of the same sport of the sea in 1881, the *City of Limerick*, the *City of London* and the *Titania*, and the list might be greatly extended by recording other disappearances every year of the past twenty.

At times currents and winds will be so diverse that a surface floe will be moving in one direction while a deeper-rooted berg will be driven on the opposite course. Again a berg will plant itself right in the fairway of St. John's or some other Newfoundland harbor, blocking the port against shipping. Last season one hundred and fifty-six fishing crafts were imprisoned in Englee for eighteen days, with over four thousand people on board, because a huge berg had been driven into the mouth of the harbor, completely blocking it up.

Bergs are often the refuge of polar bears carried off from their northland home, they having ventured afar in quest of seals. Sometimes these savage brutes wax fat

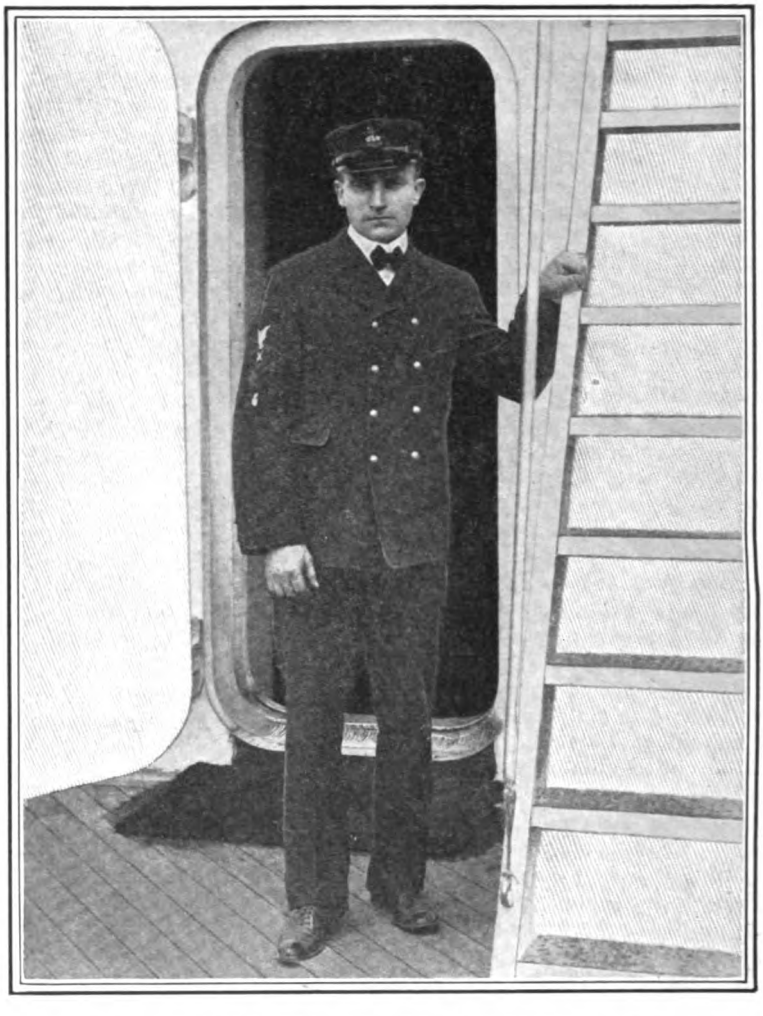
with good fare, when their floating home gets among seal herds, but if it is driven beyond these starvation is the sure end of bruin. Last summer two driftaway cod-fishers on the Grand Banks approached a large berg to get some ice, but found it tenanted by a huge, starving, polar bear, which plunged into the water after them, ravenous in its hunger. They rowed madly away with it in chase, and on its approaching drove it off with their oars. It returned to its crag roaring wildly, and they pulled as far from it as possible.

The largest living freight ever carried by an iceberg was in May, 1875, when the schooner *Caledonia*, bound to Labrador from Newfoundland with a fishing crew of eighty-two persons—men, women and children—rammed an iceberg off Belle Isle Strait and sank within an hour. The berg had a sloping side, and by means of this the entire personnel effected a landing upon it, with a small quantity of provisions, remaining there, unsheltered and forlorn, during three days and nights, until rescued by another vessel, the *Ainsley*, also bound to Labrador.

The Antarctic Continent is susceptible to volcanic influences, and to these are attributed the almost incredible dimensions of the bergs of that zone, which are great fragments of the ice belt that engirdles the South Pole, torn off by seismic action. The most prolific iceberg period in those seas was between 1891 and 1895, when thousands of pieces of this mammoth flotsam were seen and noted. The tallest, observed by the ship *Torridon* in January, 1893, was over fifteen hundred feet high, while several others one thousand feet high were also visible. Two months later the *Turokna* fell in with one which upreared itself thirteen hundred feet, and the *Wakama* passed seven hundred and eight in one day. The next year the *Wasdale* found herself in a horseshoe-shaped bay twenty miles deep and ten wide, a mighty fiord stretching deep into the heart of an ice island, and the *Damascus* sailed along the side of a mammoth floating fragment fifty miles long. Last year the *Anglesey* reported one approximately one hundred miles long and four hundred feet high, off Cape Horn, and two other ships subsequently noted it, estimating its length as ninety miles. In 1854, between January and April, more than a score of ships passed an iceberg in the Australian sea-road, shaped like the letter J, with its longer arm stretching as an unbroken barrier for sixty miles, and its shorter for forty miles, while between them lay a gulf fully fifty miles wide. Into this most of these vessels penetrated, believing they were following a lane between two separate bergs, because the isthmus connecting the two sections was not visible till they neared it. One passenger vessel was lost here and several others had great difficulty in beating back again and rounding the promontories so as to reach the open sea. In the case of both these record-breaking ice-islands, the theory is that they were two or more separate masses welded together by the winter's cold after being shaken from the foreshore of the Antarctic fastnesses by some volcanic convulsion. At any rate, these flat-topped, formless rafts, larger than many a European principality, exceed in height, area and number their brethren of the North, but are not such marvelous specimens of nature's handiwork.

Sometimes a berg floats in and blocks a harbor mouth for months at a time.

Mons Monssen.



THE HERO OF THE "MISSOURI"

"HISTORY records no braver act than that of Monssen," wrote Rear-Admiral Barker when a naval court of inquiry had commended the chief gunner's mate of the battleship *Missouri* for "extraordinary heroism." The disaster which occurred during target practice off Pensacola, on April 15, cost thirty-three lives. It was due largely to this man that the death-roll was not six hundred. A charge of smokeless powder which was being placed in a twelve-inch gun suddenly ignited. Thirty feet below the turret, in which this first explosion or combustion occurred, is the handling-room, and opening out of it the magazine. Monssen's post was in the handling-room. The windows used for passing ammunition from the magazine were open. Without the hesitation of a fraction of a moment the gunner's mate jumped into the magazine and slammed the door after him. In an instant the fire from above ignited the powder in the handling-room, but the tons of powder in the magazine were safe. As soon as the alarm was sounded the magazine and handling-room were flooded and the rescue party found Monssen up to his neck in water and barely alive.

Monssen was born in Norway, and has been in the American navy fifteen years.

PHILIP LORING ALLEN.

SPEAKER AND LEADER

J. G. Cannon and John Sharp Williams—a Genial Comparison

By J. Adam Bede, Congressman from Minnesota

JOSEPH G. CANNON and John Sharp Williams—Uncle Joe and Brother John—the Speaker of the House and the leader of the minority, make possible comment and comparison that need not be odious.

Born in North Carolina, of Quaker parentage, on the 7th of May, 1836, and bereft of his father when only fourteen years of age, Uncle Joe began browsing around on his own account in his youth and making overtures to the world for a meal ticket, which was never denied him. Following the course of empire and the lines of least resistance, he went early to Indiana, and after a few years in the Hoosier State trekked on to Illinois, where his unique personality soon attracted the attention of his fellows and has slowly grown to the full and rounded measure of the nation.

His ancestors were of old English stock, with just enough of a Scotch strain to make them like a little smoke in their liquor, and just enough of the Celt about them to show a few freckles on the collateral branches. They settled early in New England, and Uncle Joe is the son of every revolution that has done a turn on the American continent, but holds, in his own homely phrase, that pedigree has never put any butter-fat in his milk.

His New England forbears left Boston in the good old days of witchcraft and intolerance before the triumph of religion made theology humane. They saw our Puritan fathers putting nicks in the ears of Baptists and Quakers to save the trouble of a roll-call, and they side-stepped into the wilderness and begat Joseph.

Could his like have been produced in Boston? It never has been, although we have had an experimental station there for nigh three hundred years. This almost persuades me that persecution, judicially administered, is a good thing.

Being recently in Baltimore, looking over the fireproof burnt district, I discovered that, while under the intense heat of the fire fiend, granite crumbled and marble returned to its unlaundered elements, the good old brick, born of the soil—and of the earth, earthy—stood every test. And so, while college halls may give a finish and a beauty which the backwoods do not afford, yet these graces must have underlying them the real substance of American common sense or they will peel and crumble in the frosts and fires of after-life. Modern military defenses are not of stone but of earthworks. And the best defense of any nation is its common people. Uncle Joe, born and reared under every condition of pioneer privation and adversity, battered and buffeted by experience but never bended from his purpose, rising to the second place in the gift of the greatest nation in the world, is the personification of American life and institutions, and his doings are the more widely applauded because his success is not the accident of birth but the supreme triumph of clay. For he came from the soil.

His only inheritance was that which usually descended from Carolinian sire to son in the early days, but it was ample, and is faithfully recorded by the poet through whom these sweetly guardian words come down to us:—

"Go West, young man, the father said,
And garner where'er you can;
But don't put sugar in your whiskey,
Nor bet on a cock-eyed man."

And ever living up to the admonition, this Joseph fared forth as other Josephs

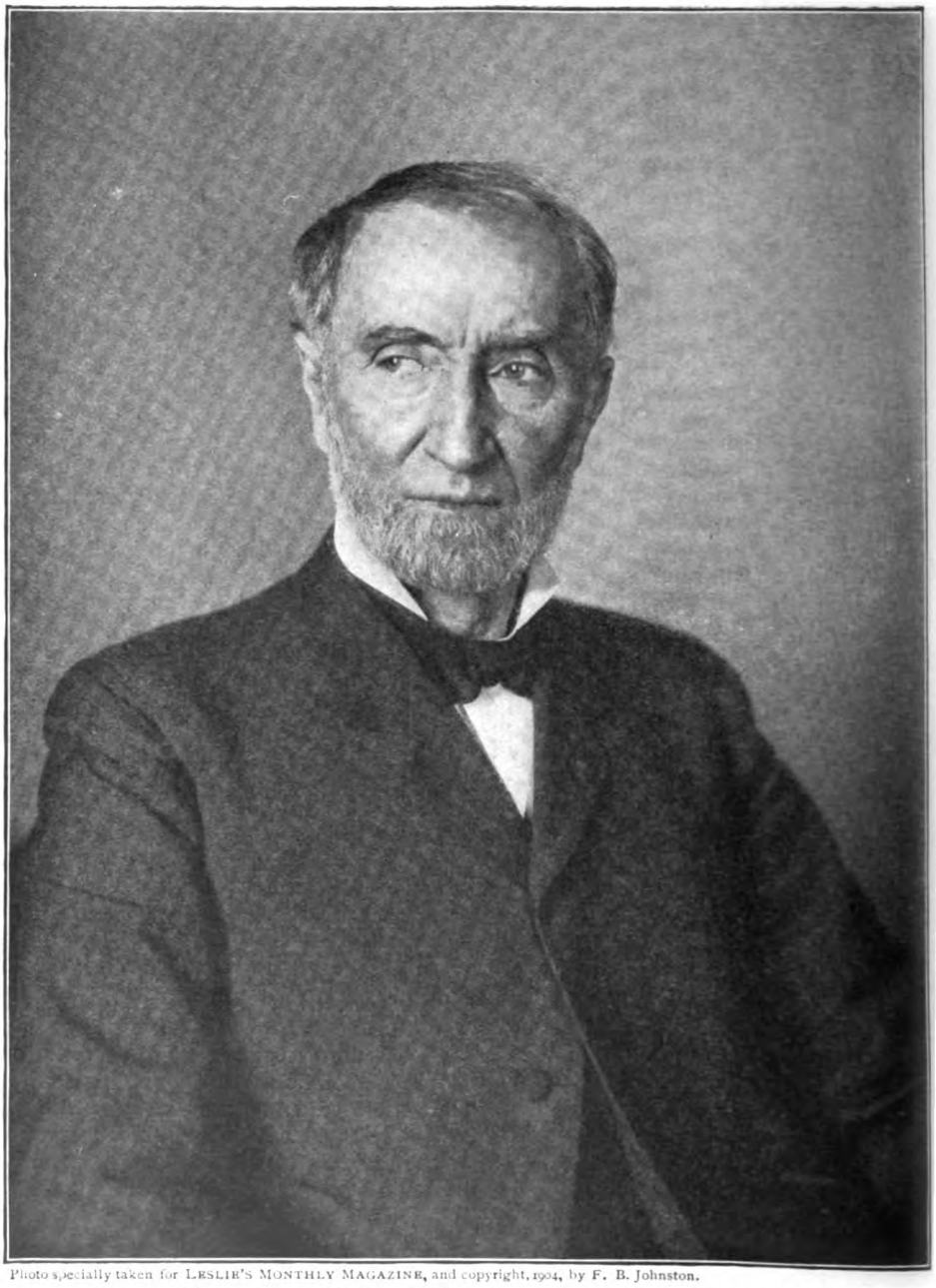


Photo specially taken for LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and copyright, 1904, by F. B. Johnston.

A Tarheel by birth, a Yankee by parentage and a Westerner by adoption, Uncle Joe Cannon knows an asset from a liability in business or politics.

had done before him—his life a frontier beatitude, himself an American mosaic—without sectional prejudice or pride of ancestry, knowing that in this earthly pilgrimage it does not matter so much where one comes from as it does where he is going to. And just to know intimately this man—this last of the Quakers—is a post-graduate course in American history. For he stands alone.

A Tar-heel by birth, a Yankee by parentage, and a Westerner by adoption, familiar with farming, banking and public life, he knows an asset from a liability in

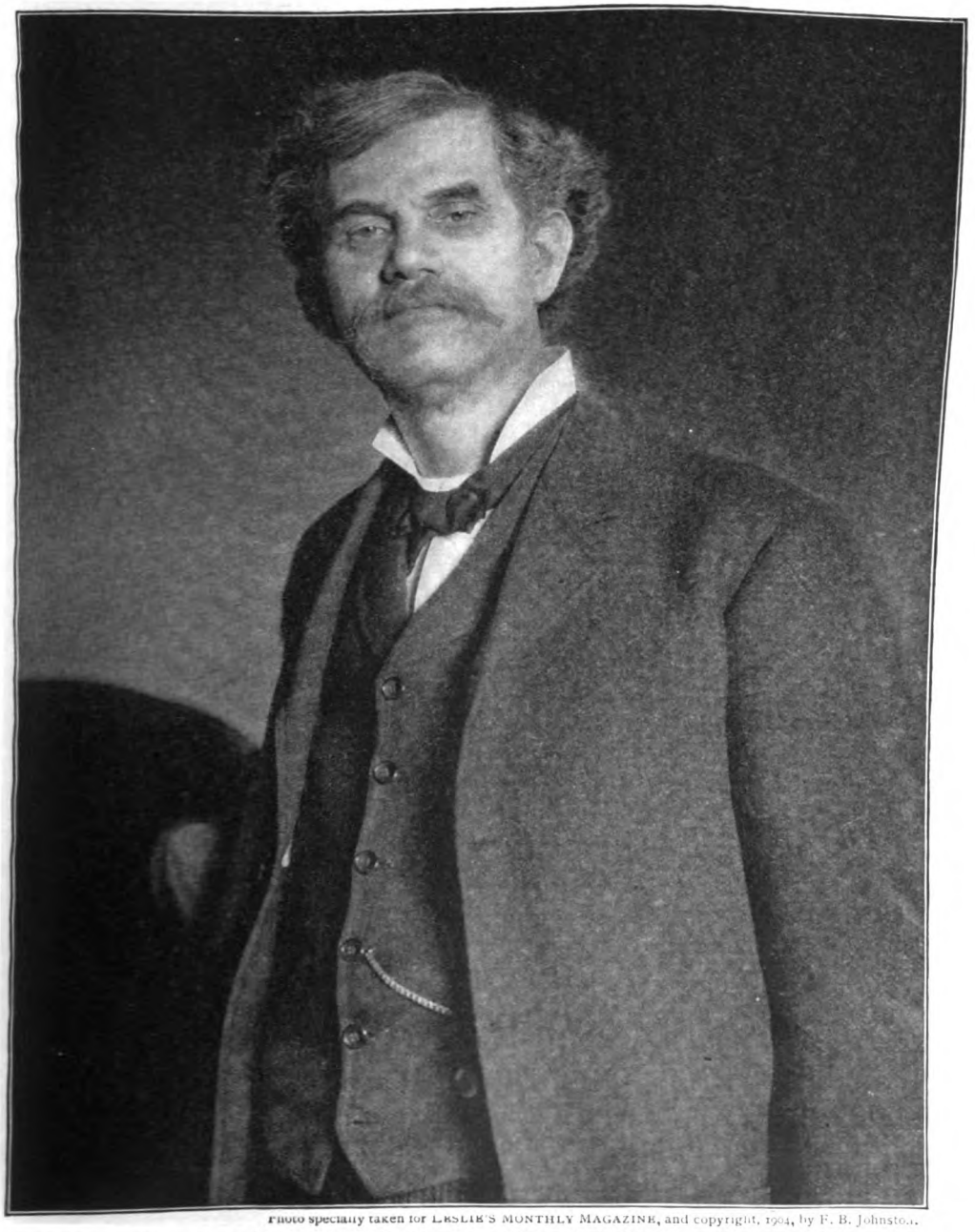


Photo specially taken for LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and copyright, 1904, by F. B. Johnston.

A man of books, of travel and of education, John Sharp Williams wears no frills. He is as easy as an old shoe and is not worried if a button is missing from his vest.

business or politics, and is an all-around American of the gentlest type—the uniquest thing that has happened in his day and generation. He is his own mascot.

Some may say that Uncle Joe is not a parliamentarian, and technically this may be true, but as parliamentary law is ultimately based on common sense, he is in this broader meaning the wisest presiding officer the House has had in the memory of men now living. He protects every member in his rights and leaves the responsibility for legislation on the majority without prejudice. This is in keeping

with the spirit and letter of the Constitution, approved by the experience of more than a century, establishing a government by majorities—not an ideal system, it is true, but the best yet evolved from the heart and mind of man. He deals kindly with the humblest and firmly with all.

Now and then he has produced merriment by some quaint or ambiguous remark, as when in the confusion of the House he belabored his desk with the gavel and commanded that "all members will please sit down in the aisles." At another time, during partisan excitement on the floor, a point of order having been made and a ruling called for, he restored good feeling inadvertently by saying, "the chair thinks—and the chair has a right to think." Again, after putting a question to a *viva voce* vote, he announced, "The ayes have it, but the noes make the most noise." Humor drips from him, even as oil from Aaron's beard.

But let it be known that there is not in Uncle Joe Cannon even a trace of eccentricity. Given a certain set of circumstances, and one can forecast his action. He is sure every minute, and the real ballast of his party in the House. He is not a theorist, but a shrewd man of affairs after the David Harum type.

A story is told of some gentlemen cruising along the coast who fell into a discussion of transcendentalism. A listener finally inquired of one of the disputants what transcendentalism was. "Oh," said he, pointing shoreward, "do you see that bluff with many holes burrowed into it by wild animals? Well, if you could take the bluff away and leave the holes there, that would be transcendentalism." Uncle Joe is not a transcendentalist. He may have taken a bluff now and then, but he has never trafficked in the holes that were left. He is sane.

He is a cosmopolitan American with no provincial hatred of State, section or nation, for, like the Irishman, he holds that a man ought to love his native land whether he was born there or not, and he loves New England, while he also has a kindly feeling toward the Southern people, for many of his relatives, scattered throughout Dixie, have ever been identified with the South. He came from over the border and got vaccinated before the war, or he might have been quarantined on the other side. Like Lincoln, he came from a Southern State to Indiana and then to Illinois to enter the practice of a country lawyer. Like Lincoln, too, he knows not only a vested right but a vested wrong when he sees one, nor is it a too far cry from Uncle Abe to Uncle Joe. He believes in the people. He is safe.

John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the House, was born at Memphis, Tenn., July 30, 1854, of Welsh-Scotch and English stock. He bears a Welsh name, has a Welsh temperament, and possesses most of the characteristics of that people to whom the first Democratic leader, Thomas Jefferson, also belonged.

His family, like that of Uncle Joe Cannon, settled in North Carolina at an early day, and later pushed westward to the banks of the Mississippi. Here, until the civil war broke out, all went well with them, and the young lad found himself in a world filled with alluring prospects. But his father, who was a confederate colonel, was killed at Shiloh in 1862, and his mother having already died, he was taken to his mother's family estate in Yazoo County, Miss. After a liberal education at home and some years of study and travel abroad, including two years at Heidelberg, he read law and soon settled down to the life of a lawyer and cotton planter at Yazoo City, where he still resides.

John Williams is the link between the old and the new. He is a man of books, of travel, and of education, but he wears no frills and is one of the plainest members of the House, for though a man of numerous family he has all the instincts and outward appearances of a literary Bohemian. He is as easy as an old shoe.

In personal appearance he is of medium height and slight build, with hair that delights in standing out from his head—but stands out more sometimes than others—and of a length that suggests he may have studied music or played football in his youth. He generally has had a shave day before yesterday, and is not worried if a button is missing from his vest. Now and then he makes a classical allusion or quotation in debate, and on one occasion gave the House a few lines of German for its own delectation and to make a point

and adorn a tale. From his travel, culture and appearance you might expect him on any holiday occasion to declare for "one flag, one country, and zwei beer," with the accent on the last syllable. Indeed, he is as unique in his way as Uncle Joe, and is what literary folks would call the split infinitive of American politics.

Every member on both sides of the House likes John Williams, and we of the North might almost adopt him and take him away from his southern environment, but we know that the people of Yazoo parish would rise up as one man and cry as in one voice :—

"Linger not long, home is not home without thee."

And so we desist. To analyze his popularity is not so easy. But it can be safely said that it is not his beauty which first attracts one, for his pulchritude is of the singed-cat variety. Indeed, I do not think him so beautiful as Uncle Joe. On this point there would hardly be enough dissenters in the House to demand the yeas and nays. Uncle Joe has a ruddy complexion that matches well with pink carnations, now universally recognized as the insignia of Republican leadership. John is somewhat swarthy and has a sort of compromise complexion on which his party ought to be willing to get together, but it is healthy and natural. He has never used any skin food or done any grafting. Uncle Joe has also a sort of cockey look, as if he knew he would get his hay all in before it rained, putting his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest, and ofttimes tipping his cigar up a few degrees from the plane of his orbit just to emphasize the security of American institutions. John has a fiercer mien, is somewhat more combative in appearance, holds one hand to his ear (for he is slightly deaf), and in the heat of debate his hair seems to rise up and cry for liberty. He has a sort of lean and hungry look, as if it were always just before dinner, while Uncle Joe wears on all occasions a post-prandial aspect, suggestive of that peace and plenty which comports well with certain planks in his party platform. John misuses tobacco a little now and then, and Uncle Joe has been known to use cigar ashes to keep the moths out of his clothes. There are, in truth, some points about these two men as like as their family haling ports in old Carolina. And though fastidious critics may assert that the line of beauty never touched either one of them, still they both look good to me.

There are many able and some brilliant men on the Democratic side, but none so well qualified in every way for leadership on the floor as John Williams. First of all he is a man of temperate thought, a qualification of the highest order just now in the leader of a great party which has been so torn by factions and so intoxicated with novel ideas that it has hardly had its hat on straight for eight years. Then, too, he is widely read and illumines his remarks with side lights that attract the attention of Republicans no less than that of his own side of the House. Again, though not the most eloquent of the Democratic members, he is the readiest and most versatile debater on the myriad subjects that come unexpectedly before the House, and is alert to every opening in the Republican position. As he is now serving his sixth term in Congress, he is rife in experience, has a familiarity with parliamentary law as used in that body, and is quite at home on the floor. His voice, which has a slight rasp in it, grows pleasing to the ear, and has good carrying qualities which make him readily heard when there is not rough house. Above all, he has the good will of every member, never loses his head in debate and leaves no vulnerable points exposed. Thus he has made the most of the minority side of the case in the Fifty-eighth Congress. He is moderate, sensible, beloved.

Veteran members assure me that not in years has there been so interesting a session of Congress as the one just closed, and they attribute this fact very largely to the aggressive and virile minority leadership of Mr. Williams. Things have been one-sided for so long a time in the House that new interest was aroused when the under-dog began to make good. And to this condition, rather than to a profound approval of all his utterances, was due the wild acclaim of the Democratic members under the spell of Mr. Cochran's eloquence. But the session was a good-natured one, and leaving out one or two unscheduled passages at arms near the close,

an era of good feeling reigned supreme. Never has a Republican speaker possessed the good will of the opposition in the House as Uncle Joe has it to-day, and surely not since Mr. Carlisle's time has a Democratic leader on the floor had the Republican good will and admiration bestowed upon John Williams in the present Congress.

It was no small task to hold together and in harmony the discordant elements of his party throughout the session, but he did it adroitly, tactfully, successfully. He is not a theorist, but he tolerated the theories of others without stamping them with the party brand and giving them the full approval of his leadership. He was not led off into any socialistic vagaries, for he knows a thing or two, and among other things he knows an initiative from a referendum when he sees them, but he made no display of purging his party of its socialist adherents. His steady purpose seemed to be to occupy such rational grounds on the issues that have divided parties and created factional confusion, as to rally around one standard all the scattered forces of Democracy for the impending campaign. That he did this skilfully, under all the circumstances, is universally conceded.

He has a keen sense of humor which often proves a saving grace in a mix-up on the floor, and it serves him well, though he seldom indulges in a display of humor himself. He would enjoy the story of the old Kentucky darkey who emptied his master's demijohn into his own skin and then filled the jug with water, laughing at the thought that when his master should take another drink he would get some of that "stuff" right in his mouth. But the South is waking up and tasting new things these days. She has felt the touch of trade and the inspiration of commerce. Once more she is blithe and gay, and sleepy towns have taken on the strenuous life.

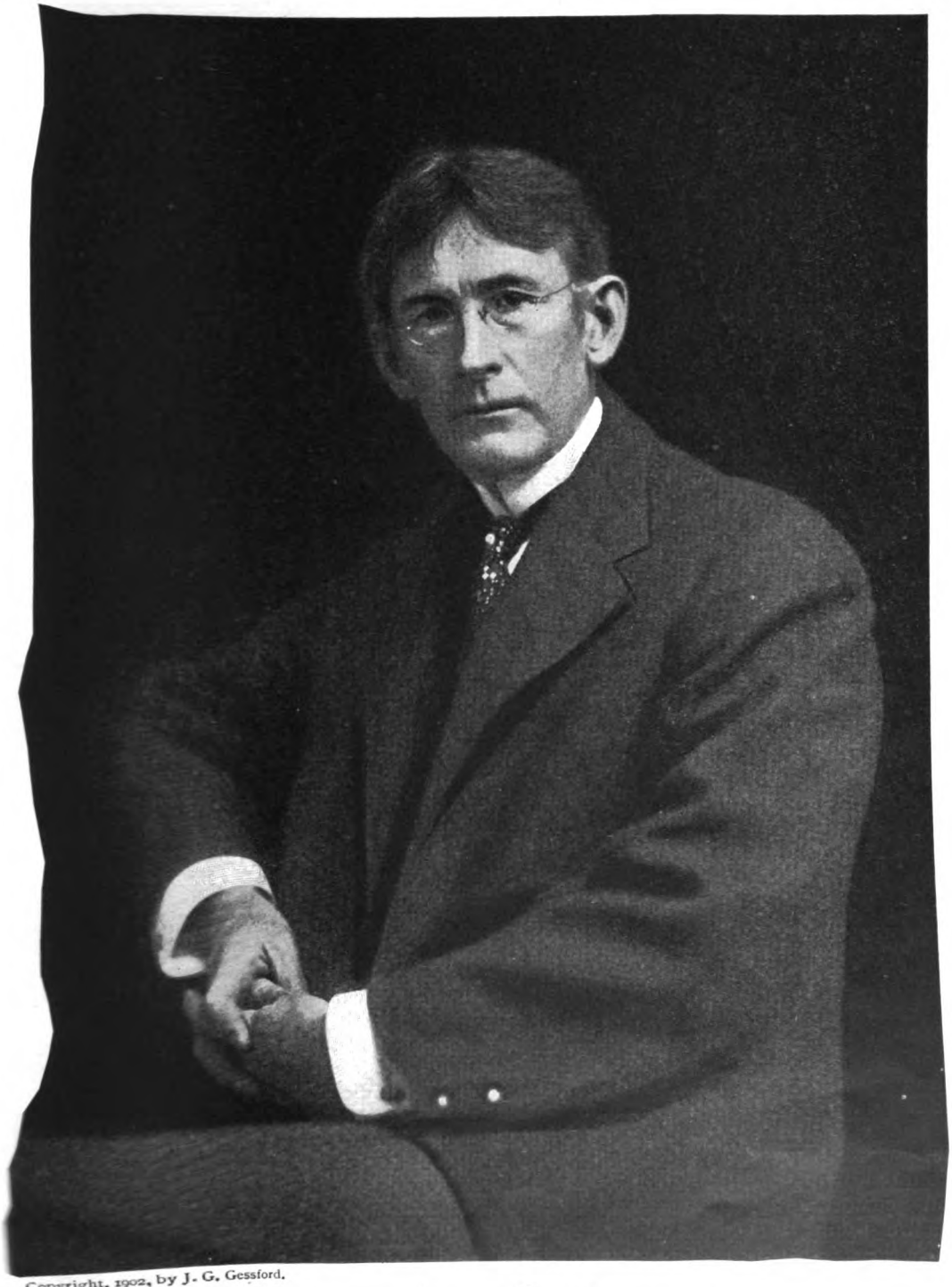
And, best of all, her products are her people, for she is sending forth new men with new thoughts and with a new message to the world, men who are exerting a wider and more helpful influence than has been felt for a generation. The North sincerely mourned at the passing of Henry Grady, and rejoices again in the coming of John Williams, for the country needs some representative and responsible personage clothed with authority to speak for the South. He has arrived.

THE MEN IN CONTROL

The New Generation Now Taking Hold of National Affairs

By John R. Rathom

THIS is a young man's country and a young man's age, and the young men are making the most of it. In politics they are in front all along the line and in the big conventions this year—barring the respectful attention given to the antiques on account of their gray hairs or lack of them—men comparatively young in political experience will brook very little interference in whatever they set out to do. The convention hall is a place far more conducive to youthful enthusiasm, and the business conducted there is far more adapted to youthful energy and a good pair of youthful lungs than is the case with the more deliberative assemblages in our legislatures and in Congress. Here lulls in the roll-call, a temporary hitch in the proceedings, a sudden break in the wild uproar, started for one purpose or another by some delegation, something in the air which permits a commanding presence to seize hold of and sway a mob of excited people—all of these things spell opportunity for the man who has nerve enough to take advantage of them and a voice fitted



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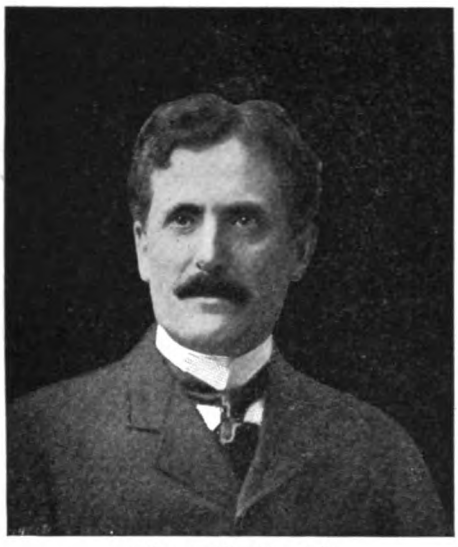
Frank S. Black

He will place Roosevelt's name in nomination at Chicago. His frequently expressed contempt for "reform" and "reformers" has made his choice the subject of comment.



Myron T. Herrick.

Banker, millionaire, Governor of Ohio.

Harry S. New.

A distinguished Republican of Indiana.

to cope with the obstacles of convention hall acoustics.

The political boss, the professional reformer, the opportunist, the practical business man, the loud-mouthed orator and the political iceberg—always bewildering quantities—are to be met with in any national convention, but the divergence among them will be greater this year than ever, for the newcomers who are crowding into politics are men of individuality with little liking for the wholesale yoke of the submissive hack. "Johnny Jump-ups," the peevish old people call them, but some of them are apt to jump up high and stay there.

There can be no comparison in the picturesqueness of the two gatherings at St. Louis and at Chicago. It makes one shudder to think of some of the reunions St. Louis might witness in July. Picture to yourself a group standing in the lobby of one of the convention hotels and making a frantic effort to sing a verse of "Comrades" on the night of the nomination of the standard bearer. Williams of Massachusetts has his arm round the neck of our only living ex-President; "Joe" Folk and Senator Stone, the deadly enemy of impure baking powder, stand and light their cigars in the flame of the same match; beside them Olney and Hearst are greeting one another like long lost brothers; Bailey, of Texas, speaks in soft whispers to Harrity; Jones, of Arkansas, lays his broad hand in a paternal manner on the head of Hill; and back against the wall, placidly surveying his hosts before leading them forward to the Third Battle, leans the scarred warrior of the last two campaigns.

The possibilities that one can weave out of the situation that confronts the Democracy are so varied that it is not a matter of wonder to note how greatly the popular interest in the St. Louis battle is already overshadowing the little skirmish offered by Chicago.

This is the whirlpool into which the unterrified younger generation of Democratic politicians is quietly making ready to descend, with just as much calmness and assurance as if it were about to meet the common Republican enemy. With Cochran and Stone and Gorman rising to questions of personal privilege, others calling for explanations, and still others for vindication, with contesting delegations from rump conventions pacing the floor, candidates accusing one another of being everything on earth but Democrats and every favorite son a possible nominee, it is small wonder that two well-known three-ring circus aggregations, heading toward St. Louis to catch the height of the exposition season, have decided to keep away from that city till after the middle of July.

A few placid and far-seeing statesmen, and only a few, will be able to pose at St. Louis as little friends of all the world.

Among these is "Tom" Taggart, the good fellow and three time mayor of Indianapolis, who in 1892 carried his State for Cleveland against Harrison, a native son; who was as loyal to Bryan as he was to Cleveland and whose candidacy for the chairmanship of the national committee seems to be agreeable to nearly all the warring factions. In fact Taggart is one of the few prominent Democrats in the country to-day of whom it may be said that, no matter what happens at the convention, his position as a party man cannot be disturbed. Taggart's first real start in political life came to him, by the way, by reason of his championing the cause of Sunday baseball. He says he believes the office should seek the man. As he has held pretty nearly every office that his corner of the State of Indiana could give him, he certainly ought to be considered an authority.

Joseph W. Folk, though a baby in the political game compared with Taggart, can already count about as many enemies as the latter has friends. One of the foremost of these is Senator Stone, but notwithstanding the senator's former high place in the councils of his party, well informed men do not believe that Folk has much to fear from his dislike. I have been privileged several times to sit with Mr. Folk and watch his method of conducting his office of Circuit Attorney of St Louis. Perhaps he is not a national character,—yet—but day by day he is growing and the people of his State do not seem to have forgotten that when he began his work of

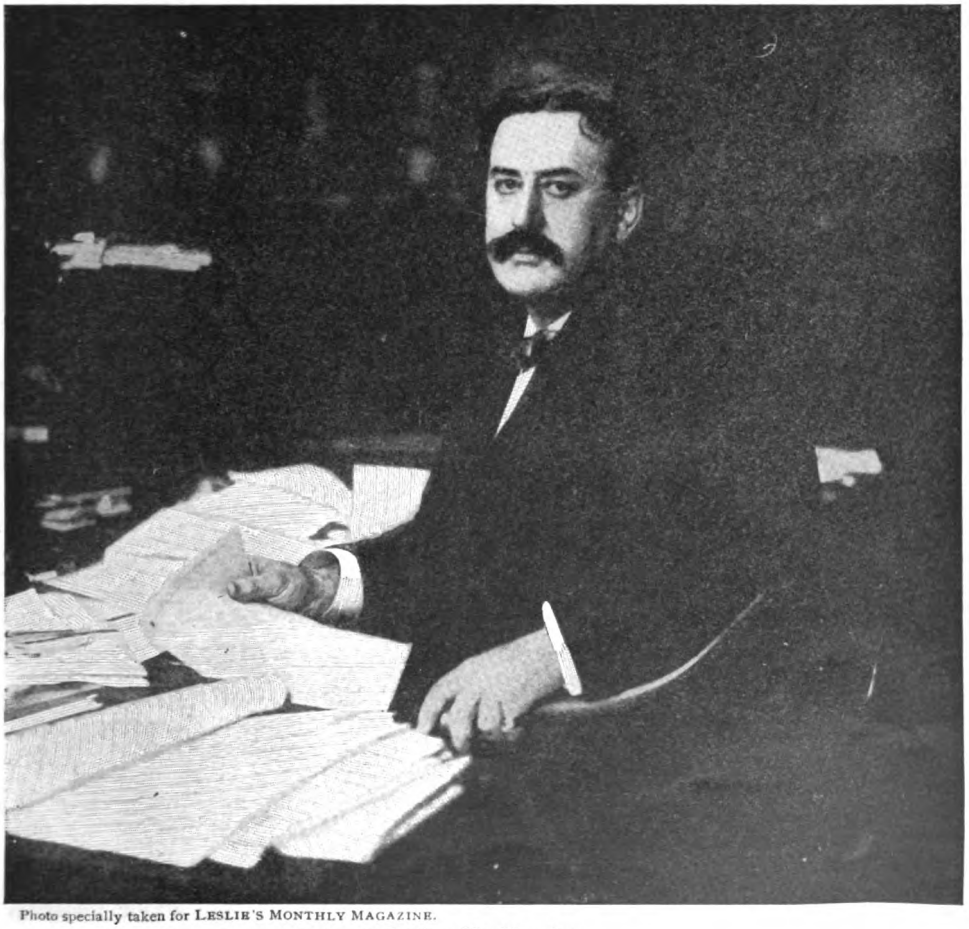


Photo specially taken for LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Carter H. Harrison.

Four times Democratic Mayor of Chicago. Son of Carter H. Harrison, five times Democratic Mayor of Chicago.

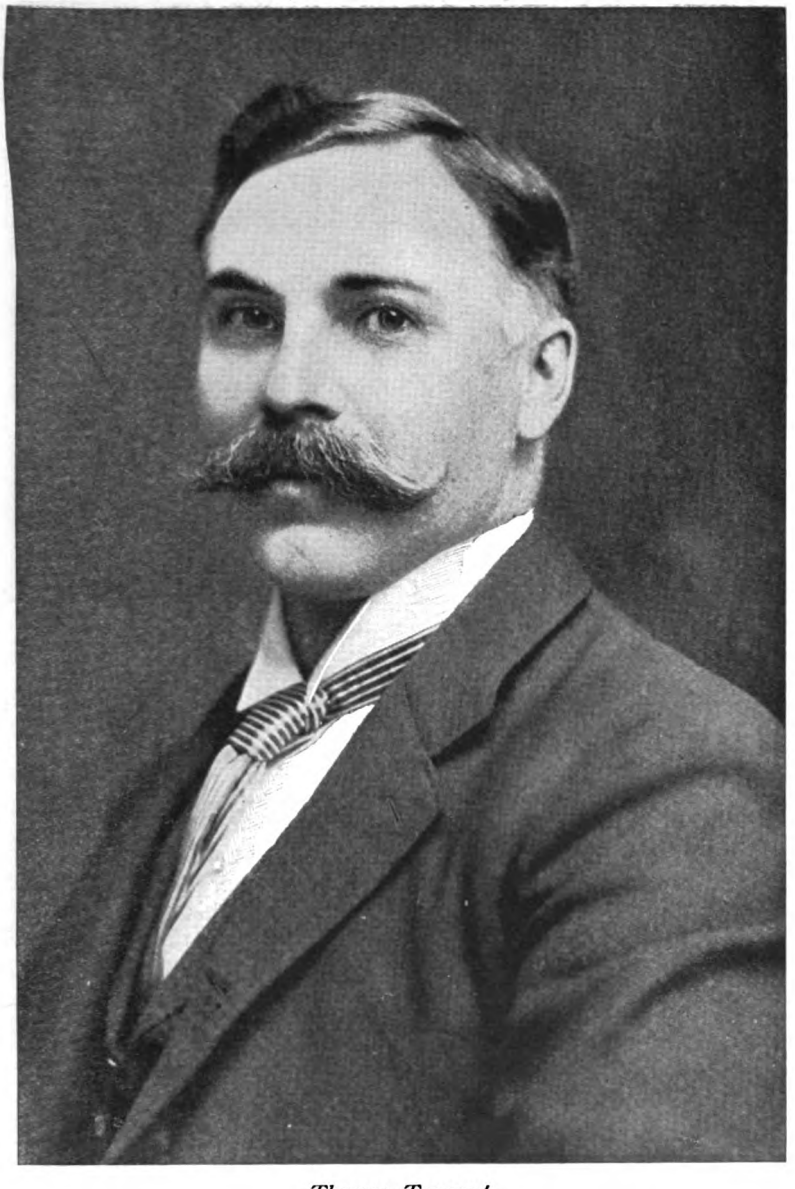
Photo specially taken for LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and copyright, 1904, by Frances B. Johnston.

Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas.

Constitutional lawyer, and at forty a Democratic leader in the Senate.

trapping the big thieves about him he believed, as everybody else believed, that he was committing political and financial suicide. That, instead of this, he occupies his present enviable position is a cause for congratulation both to himself and all the elements of public decency through the country. He will go to the convention with a powerful following and whatever happens will not emerge from the fight any smaller than when he went in.

Another figure bound to be of more than passing interest at St. Louis is Carter H. Harrison, four times mayor of Chicago, but recently shaken on his pedestal by a rather severe political storm. There is, however, a well defined spirit of fair play abroad in Illinois and a great number of people, not only in his own party but among Republicans, who do not love him any too well, realize that the forces banded against him among the Democracy form



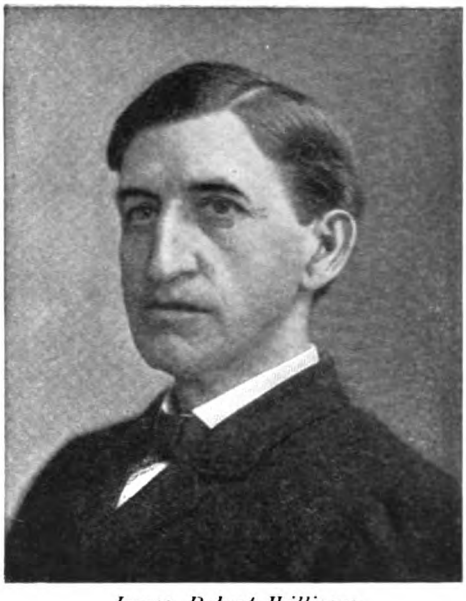
Thomas Taggart.

An Irishman by birth, a politician by profession, and a friend of the whole Democratic party.

the worst collection of pilloried scamps and vicious hangers-on ever gathered together in an American city. But, though many other men have begun a career of national prominence from the rungs of a mayoralty chair, it is impossible to recall any of these who have had to saddle the burden of such muddled and unbusinesslike city government as Chicago has suffered from in the last four years. Mr. Harrison is one of those who are rather more likely to be swallowed up than politically aided by the convention.

Bourke Cochran can hardly be termed, by any stretch of the imagination, a "new" man at any game of politics ever invented, for he has played them all. And though his enemies of to-day may be his friends of to-morrow he never curbs his persiflage on that account. His peculiar oratorical gifts have stirred up more than one convention before to-day. Like the cele-

Gov. Samuel R. Van Sant, of Minnesota.
Popular hero of the Northern Securities case.



James Robert Williams.
An Illinois Congressman and a Democratic oracle.

brated Cockney with the "cuttin' tongue":

"It ain't so much the things 'e sez,—
It's the narsty way 'e sez 'em."

He may or may not be in at the death at St. Louis.

"Joe" Bailey, the minority leader of the Senate and known among his friends as "The Genuine sixteen to one Octopus Slayer of the Lone Star State," is one of the youngsters,—he is only forty,—who will be very much in evidence at the Democratic convention. Indeed his friends declare that it is not impossible, if the Democrats are going to upset expectations and give us a Southern candidate, that the fight will narrow down to Gorman, John Sharp Williams, Folk and Bailey and end in the triumphant victory of the last named. It sounds wild enough to suit even Mr. Bailey himself, and that is saying a good deal in these days of senatorial conservatism.

Former Senator George Turner, of Washington, is one of those men who has tramped all over the political map. In his time he has been a Republican, a Democrat and a Populist, and under these various banners has held office as a United States Marshal in Alabama, a justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington and a United States Senator from the same State. According to the latest dispatches he is now a Democrat. He is going to try hard to deliver his State delegation to some unnamed person at the convention, but he has not yet made up his mind who this person is to be, and as his own standing with the delegation is seriously threatened, his position, to put it mildly, is rather mixed. But at least he will contribute his mite to the joy of living during those eventful days before St. Louis gives birth to the twenty-fifth Democratic candidate for the presidency.

With the Republicans there are a number of entertaining characters who will probably shine forth at the Chicago convention and come a little closer to national prominence than ever before. Omitting all reference to the older heads in political life among the Republican party, whose names are as well-known in California as in New York, we have Cummins, of Iowa; Harvey W. Scott, of Oregon; Van Sant, of Minnesota; Lorimer of Illinois, and Myron T. Herrick, Ohio's new Governor, who seems to have leaped into the political arena in a remarkably short space of time.

Mr. Scott, of Oregon, has been a familiar figure at many national conventions in his time and has always attracted considerable attention, principally because he always looks like the rugged side of Mt. Shasta after a storm. But since the last Republican convention he has become a somewhat

larger character than ever before and has compelled his fellow Republicans, not only of his own State but throughout the country, to realize that there is another side to his personality in addition to his picturesqueness.

Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, up to a few years ago seemed to be a hopeless case as far as any future political prospects were concerned. In 1896 and 1898 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of his State, and his rather brusque mannerisms made him more enemies than friends. He finally succeeded in his ambition, however, and, as we all know, by carrying his methods into a new channel, in the big Western railroad fight, has raised his political prestige to a height that is reached at the present time by very few Western men. The "Little Big Governor," as his admirers call him, is certain to stand his first baptism of the fire of curious convention eyes very well indeed. What further ambitions he holds in the way of political preferment nobody but himself knows and, as he is not in the habit of wearing his heart on his sleeve, we must remain in ignorance.

William Lorimer, one of the Republican bosses of Illinois, who seems to hold this enviable place utterly regardless of whether he wins or loses his local battles, will be a convention character this year. It is hardly necessary to say to any one who knows Lorimer, that he will be in evidence all the time whenever a display is possible. He is probably one of the most peculiarly constituted bosses that American politics has produced. No man plans his campaigns better, more thoroughly or more silently and yet, when a convention comes round, he is like a small boy at circus time and casts aside all his native reserve. More than once the "Blonde Boss" has become excited enough at conventions to seize the banners of delegations and perform an Indian war dance up and down the aisles, waving the emblems frantically over his head in the effort either to start a stampede or break up an adverse roll call. He was born in England, emigrated before he was old enough to know better and, since he first entered politics, has come smiling and victorious out of more defeats than almost any other man in the game.

In the whole convention there will be few more impressive figures than ex-Governor Black, of New York. Plain of feature beyond the verge of homeliness, his long, lanky body raises his head above the crowd, but once in the rostrum his measured, dignified utterance sounds like the voice of authority. Black is credited with being a good hater and he has little to love Roosevelt for, since it was the Rough Rider who slipped in between him and renomination for the governorship. It is to promote the theory of perfect harmony in the Republican ranks that some of the wisest party leaders have selected Black to launch Mr. Roosevelt's name in the convention.

William Lorimer.

The notorious Republican boss of Cook Co., Illinois.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, is declared to be a lawyer from choice and a politician from necessity. Although he has been a delegate to the last two Republican national conventions and an active party worker in his own State, he always gives one the impression that he is just about to abandon politics, a rather peculiar method, it is true, but one that seems to have given him a very large and influential following. If we can judge from Western conditions, that are now grouping themselves in preparation for the big love feast, for that seems to be about all it will develop into, Cummins will figure materially at the Chicago convention and will probably still further strengthen his hold on his party.

While the Republican gathering will offer very few of the startling attractions that the Democrats will be able to present, it must be remembered that there are still a great many young members of the party, particularly from the West, who are going into their first big convention with ambitions to spare.

Photo by Beach.

Norman S. Mack.

Democratic National Committeeman from New York, and a recognized power.

Both conventions, regardless of result, will be full of the pulsating spirit of youth and, while the gray beards will to some extent maintain their standing as party guides and counselors, the new and eager forces are certain to bring to the front many fresh and interesting figures, none the less commanding by reason of their virility.

THE MAXIMILIAN DIAMOND

A True Story of a District Attorney's Office

By Arthur C. Train

WITH DRAWINGS BY A. CONACHER

A STOUT, jovial-looking person, with reddish hair, sandy complexion, and watery blue eyes stood waiting in my office. His wrist was attached by means of a nickel-plated handcuff to that of a keeper. The District Attorney had directed me to examine and report upon the case. My visitors, by reason of their connection with each other, conducted themselves with remarkable unanimity and with but a single motion sank into the chairs I pushed towards them.

"Well, what's the trouble?" I inquired genially.

The keeper jerked his thumb in the direction of the other, who grinned apologetically and hitched in my direction, bringing his companion with him somewhat involuntarily. Bending toward me he whispered, "I am the victim of one of the greatest conspiracies in history. My story involves personages of the highest rank and is stranger than one of Dumas' romances. I am a bill poster."

Not knowing whether he intended to include himself among the illustrious persons alluded to, I nodded encouragingly and produced some cigars.

"My name is Riggs," continued the prisoner, as he bit off the end of his cigar and expelled it through the window. "Got a match?"

The keeper drew a handful from his pocket. I lit a cigar for myself and assumed an attitude of attention.

"I'm a bill poster and my name is Riggs. My wife is little Flossie Riggs. Don't know her? Why she dances at Proctor's and all over. I was doing well at my trade and would have been doing better, if it had not been for that confounded diamond. It was this way. There was a fellow named Tenney, who posted bills with me about five years back, and he finally got a job down in the City of Mexico with a railroad and I used to correspond with him.

"Among other things he told me about a great big diamond that the Emperor Maximilian used to wear in the middle of his crown. According to Tenney it was one of the biggest on record. He said that Maximilian was so stuck on it that he had it taken out and made into a pendant for the Empress Carlotta and that she used to wear it around at all the court functions and so on. About the same time he took two other diamonds out of the crown and made them into finger rings for himself.

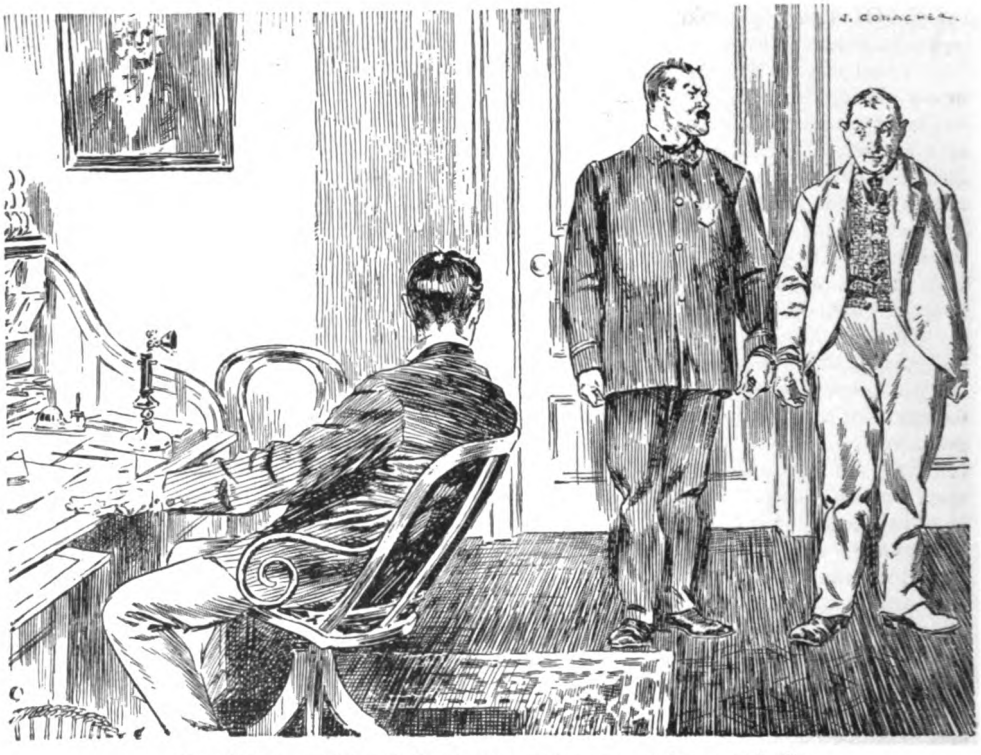
"After a while the Mexicans got tired of having an empire and turned round and put Maximilian out of business. They stood him and two of his generals up in the parade ground at Queretaro and shot 'em. Now when he was stood up to get shot he had those two rings on his fingers, and the funny part of it was that when the people rushed up to see whether he was dead or not both the rings were gone. Just about that time, while Carlotta was in prison, the diamond with the big pendant disappeared too. It weighed thirty-three karats and was a perfect screamer. I got all this from Tenney. I don't know where he found out about it. But it all happened way back in '67.

"Somehow or other I used to think a lot about that diamond,—partly because I was sorry for Max who looked to have come out at the small end and there didn't seem to be any occasion for shooting him anyhow, that I could see.

"Well, I went on bill posting and got a good job with the Hair Restorer folks and was doing well, as I said, until one

day I happened to take up a paper and read that there were two Mexicans out in St. Louis trying to sell an enormous diamond, but that the dealers there were all afraid to buy it. Finally the police got suspicious and the Mexicans disappeared. Then all of a sudden it came over me that this must be the diamond that Tenney had wrote about, for all that it had been lost for nearly forty years, and I made up my mind that the Mexicans having failed in St. Louis would probably come to New York.

"With my heart rattling against my teeth I jumped down from the ladder and started after them. They hurried along the street until they came to a jewelers on



My visitors conducted themselves with remarkable unanimity.

I knew they had no right to the diamond anyway, first because it belonged to Maximilian and second because it had not paid duty, and I said to myself, 'Next time I write to Tenney he will hear something that will make him want to go 'way back and sit down.' So every morning when I started out with my paste pot and roll of posters, I would keep my eye peeled for the two Mexicans.

"But I didn't hear any more about the diamond for a long time and I had most forgot all about it until one day I was plastering up one of those yellow haired Hair Restorer girls in Madison Square, when I saw two chaps cross over Twenty-third Street towards the Park. They were the very gazaboos I had been looking for. Both were dark and thin and short and, queerer still, one of them carried a big red case in his hand.

"'Say,' says I, 'did those dagoes try to sell you a diamond?'

"'Yes, by gosh,' says he, 'the biggest I ever saw. They wanted forty thousand dollars for it and I offered them fifteen thousand, but they wouldn't take it.'

Broadway, about a block from the Square. They went in and I peeked through the window. Presently out they came in a great hurry. They still had the red case, and I made a dash for the door, and rushed in. There was the store keeper with eyes bulgin' half way out of his head.

"I didn't give him time for another word but turned around and made another jump for the door. The Mexicans were almost out of sight, but I could still see them walking towards the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and I hustled after them tight as I could, picked up two cops on the way down, and, just as they were turning in at the entrance, we pounced on 'em.

"'You're under arrest!' I yelled, so excited I didn't really know what I was doing. The fellow with the red case dodged back and handed it over to a big chap who had joined them. This one didn't appear to want to take it and seemed quite peevish at what was happening. Well, the cops grabbed all three of them and collared the leather case. Sure enough, so help me God! there inside was the big diamond and not only that but a whacking necklace with eighteen stones, and two enormous solitaire rings. The big stone was yellowish, but the others were pure white, sparklin' like one of those electric Pickle signs. By that time the 'hurry-up' wagon had come and pretty soon the whole crew of us, diamonds, Mexicans, cops, paste pot and me were clattering to the police station for fair. There I told 'em all about the diamond, and they telephoned over to Col. Dudley, at the Custom House, and the upshot of the whole matter was that the two Mexicans were held on a charge of smuggling diamonds into the United States.

"If you don't believe what I tell you," said Riggs, noticing, perhaps, a suggestion of incredulity in my face, "just look at these;" and fumbling in his pocket, he produced some very dirty clippings, containing pictures of Maximilian, the Empress Carlotta and of a very large diamond which appeared to be about the size of the 'Regent.' It was then that I dimly remembered reading something of a diamond seizure a short time before and it was with a renewed interest—one could hardly say respect—that I listened to the continuation of my client's story.

"Well," said Riggs, "that was strange, now, wasn't it?

"You can imagine how I felt when I went home and told little Flossie about the diamond; that I was entitled to a fifty per cent. informer's reward; how I was going to give up bill posting and just be her manager, and how we could take a bigger flat, and all that, and I thought so much about it, and talked so much about it, that I began to feel like I was Vanderbilt already, which may account in part for what happened afterwards."

At this point the keeper moved uneasily and I pushed him another cigar.

"Well," continued Riggs, "I just walked on air that afternoon after leaving the Custom House, and went around blabbing like a poor fool about my good luck. On the way home I stopped in to take a drink. There were a lot of my acquaintances there, and I had something with most of them, and then the first thing I knew I felt a dreadful pain in my stomach and everything swam before my eyes. I groped my way into the street and started towards home, but I had only taken a few steps when a gang of 'con' men attacked me, knocked me down and robbed me. I was almost dead, but I struggled to my feet and followed them. They turned and attacked me again. I drew my knife, and then everything got dark, and the next thing I knew I was in the police station.

"I'll admit that this part of it does seem a little queer." Riggs dropped his voice mysteriously and leaned towards me. "Now I have no doubt that I was drugged and beaten for the purpose of getting me locked up in the Tombs as part of a well-planned scheme. I assure you there was no 'jag' about it. You will see for yourself later on.

"I landed in the police station all hacked up, the cops finishing up the job the 'con' men had begun. They put me in a cell and, sick as I was, I almost went crazy. Next morning while I was waiting in the prison pen a man came along who said he was a lawyer and would take my case. I said all right, but that he would have to wait for his pay. He laughed and said he guessed there would be no trouble about that, and the next thing I knew I was up before the judge. My lawyer went up and whispered something to him, and the magistrate said:—

"'Five hundred dollars bail for trial.'

"'Look here,' I spoke up. 'Ain't I going to have a chance to tell my story?'

"'Keep quiet,' said the lawyer from behind his hand, 'this is just a form. You won't never have to be tried. It's just to get you out.'

"So I said nothing and went back to the pen and waited, and the next thing I knew they put me in a 'Black Maria' and I landed in the Tombs. I tell you it was pretty tough bein' chucked in with a lot of dirty thieves and burglars. The bill of fare ain't above par, you know, and the company's worse. I sat in my cell and waited and waited for my lawyer to show up, for he had said he'd be right over. But he didn't come, and I had to spend the night there. Next morning the keeper told me that my lawyer was in the counsel room. So down I went with two niggers who also had an appointment with their lawyer. It's a nasty, unventilated hole, and they lock you and the lawyers all in together. Ever been there?"

I shook my head regretfully.

"'Well,' says he, 'now have you got a bondsman?'

"'A what?' says I.

"'A bondsman—some one to go bail for you.'

"'No,' I answered, for I knew nothing about such things.

"'What! I thought you told me you had a lot of friends who had money! You haven't been trifling with me, have you?'

"I knew I hadn't told him anything of the sort, but I thought that maybe he had forgotten, so I said I hadn't any friends who had any money, and knew no one to go bail for me.

"'Bad! Very bad!' said he. 'You've got to have money to get out. Isn't there any one who owes you money, or haven't you got some *claim* or something?'

"Then all of a sudden it flashed over me about the diamond and my fifty per cent. of the reward, and then something in his eye made me think again. It seemed to me that I had seen him before somewhere. I couldn't remember just where, but the more I hesitated the surer I was. Then it came over me that a few days in jail, more or less, made mighty little difference when I was going to be a rich man so soon, and I decided I had better hang on to what I'd got.

"'No,' said I, 'I ain't got nothin'.'

"'You lie!' says he growing very red. 'You lie! You've got a claim against the United States government.'

"Then he saw he'd made a break.

"'Why, they all told me you caught a smuggler or something and had a claim against the government for a hundred dollars.'

"'A hundred!' I yelled. 'Twenty thousand!'

"'Oh,' said he, 'as much as that? Why, I'll get you out this afternoon.'

"'How?' said I.

"'Well, you will have to assign your claim so I can raise the money on it. It's a mere form.'

"But the thought came into my mind, better stay there ten years than let him have the claim, and I said, 'No, I didn't understand such things, and I'd just wait until I could be tried.'

"'Tried,' said he. 'Why, you won't be tried for months.'

"My heart sank right down into my boots.

"'Don't be a fool,' he went on. 'Here you are sick and in prison, and if you don't raise money to get a bondsman you'll stay here a long time. You might die. And if you assign that claim to me, I have a pull with the judge and I'll have you out by supper time.'

"'I guess I'll wait a while,' said I.

"'Think it over anyway. Now I tell you what I'll do. To-morrow you go up for "pleading." You have to say whether you are guilty or not guilty. I'll act as your lawyer and see you through that part of it for nothing, and then if you still don't want to assign the claim, why, you can do as you choose.'

"That seemed fair enough, so I agreed. I spent another rotten night in the cells, and next day about thirty of us were taken across the bridge into the court-room. One by one we were led up to the bar and the clerk asked us were we guilty or not guilty. The ones that said they were guilty went off to Sing Sing or Blackwell's Island. It scared the life out of me. I was afraid that I might not be able to say 'not' and so get sent off too, but pretty soon I saw my lawyer.

"'P. Llewellyn Riggs!'

"Up jumped Mr. Lawyer and says, 'Not guilty.'

"'What day?' asked the clerk.

"'The 21st,' says Mr. Lawyer.

"I was dumb for a minute.

"'Look here,' I whispered. 'To-day's only the first—that's three weeks.'

"'Keep quiet,' shouted an officer, and gave me a punch in the back.

"'It's all right,' whispered Mr. Lawyer. 'It's only a form.' And they hustled me out back to the Tombs.

"I didn't hear anything all that day or the next. It seemed as if I should go mad. But at last I was notified that my lawyer was there again and down I went glad enough for the change. By that time I was feeling pretty seedy.

"'Well, young man,' said he, 'Can we do business?'"

"'That depends,' I answered.

"'Come, no fooling, now, if you want to get out give me an assignment of your claim.'

"'Never,' I replied.

"'Then to H— with you,' he shouted, 'you can rot here alone and try your case by yourself, and I hope you'll get twenty years.'

"I almost sank through the floor. Twenty years!"

Riggs had become quite dramatic and was again leaning forward looking me straight in the eyes.

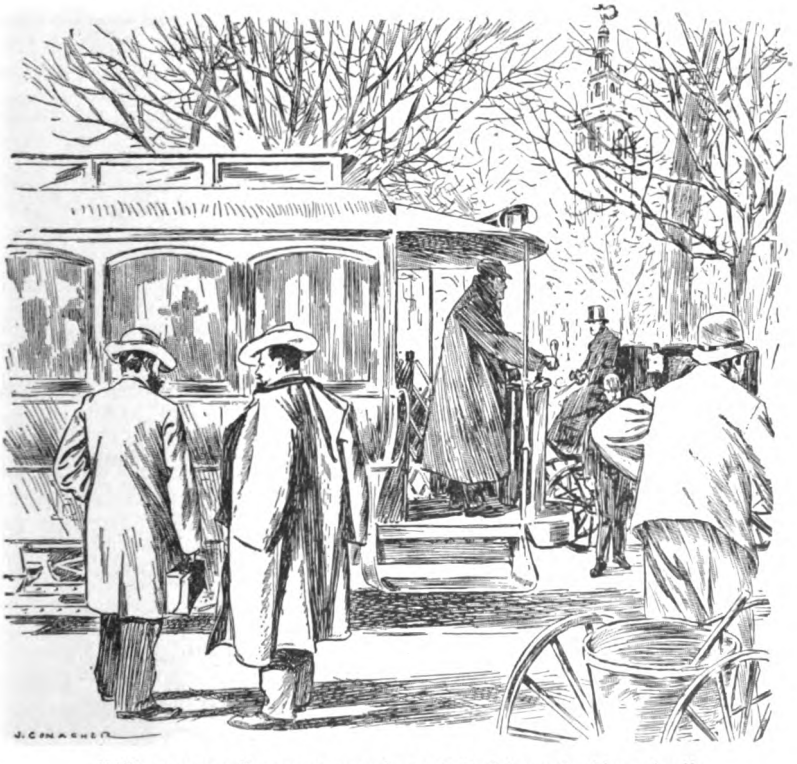
"Well, I stood fast and he cursed me out and left me and I began to feel that after all maybe I was a fool. I had not let my wife know where I was, but now I wrote to her and she came right down and comforted me. A brave little woman she is, too. And what was more she said that a nice young lawyer had just moved into our house and had the flat below and she would go and get him.

"So next morning (I had been in there a week) the young lawyer came. I liked him from the start. When I told him my first lawyer's name he just leaned back and laughed.

"'Old Todd?' he says, 'why he's the worst robber in the profesh. If he had gotten that assignment he would have let you lie here forever and been in Paris by this time. You're a lucky man,' says he.

"Well, I thought so too and laughed with him.

"'But,' he continued, 'you're in an embarrassing position. You can't get out without money and you can't collect your



"They were the very gazaboos I had been looking for."

"I hope you'll get twenty years."

claim. You'll have to assign it to someone. You can't assign it to your wife. That wouldn't be valid. Haven't you got some friend?'

"'I'm afraid not,' said I.

"'That's unfortunate,' he remarked looking out where the window ought to be. 'Very unfortunate. I might lend you a couple of hundred myself,' he added. 'I will, too!'

"The blood jumped right up in my throat!

"'God bless you!' said I, 'you're a true friend!'

"He laid his hand on my shoulder.

"'You're in hard luck, old man, but you're going to win out. I'll stand by you. Here's a five. I'll go out and get the rest right off.'

"Then all of a sudden I began to feel like a king. I could see myself in a new suit having a bottle up at the Haymarket. I realized that I was a twenty thousand dollar millionaire. And just to show my chest I said :—

"'Why, you're an honest man and a true friend. You take my claim and go and collect it this afternoon,' says I.

"'No,' he hesitated, 'it's too much responsibility. I'll trust you for the money and you can pay me, afterwards.'

"But with that, ass that I was, I fell to begging him to take the claim and saying he must take it, just to show he believed I trusted him, and so after a while he reluctantly yielded and filled out a paper and I signed it and got in the warden as a witness, and he rose to go.

"'Well, till this afternoon,' says he.

"'*Au revoir*,' I laughed, 'get yourself a bottle of wine for me,' says I. And off he goes.

"As I passed back to the cells who should I see beside the door but my old lawyer.

"I shook my fist in his face.

"'You old robber,' I says, 'we'll see if I can't get along without you!'

"He sneered in my face.

"'O, you —— fool,' says he, 'you poor, poor, ——, —— fool.'

"Then he was gone. So I went back

to the cell and sang and whistled and figured on where I should take my little Jessie for dinner. I waited and waited. Six o'clock and no word. Then I began to get nervous.

"'You poor, poor, ——, —— fool!'

"The words rang around in my cell. Then something sort of gave inside. I knew I'd been robbed, and I yelled and shook the bars of the door and tried to get out. I cried for Jessie. The keepers came and told me to keep still, but I was plumb crazy, and kept on yelling until everything got black and I fainted."

"And your lawyer never came back?"

"He never came back!" Riggs shouted.

"He never came back! I've been robbed! I'm a poor —— fool just as Todd said I was." And Riggs burst into tears which continued to roll down his cheeks while he tried to wipe them off on his arm.

I bade him cheer up and promised to do all I could to protect his rights. Then I called up the Customs House.

"Paid?" came back the voice of the United States District Attorney. "Of course not. The claim is worthless until the diamond is sold, and anyway such an assignment as you describe is invalid under our statutes. You had better execute a revocation, however, and place it on file here. Yes, I'll look out for the matter."

The keeper and Riggs arose in unison, the same urbane smile that had previously illuminated his countenance restored.

One day, about a week later, I was informed that Riggs had been convicted of assault and sentenced to a year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island.

Meantime the Mexicans were tried, convicted and sent to prison. The jewel itself was duly made the subject of condemnation proceedings, and whoso peruseth the reports of the U. S. Circuit Court may read thereof in those for the year 1901 under the title of "The U. S. vs. One Diamond Pendant and two Earrings." It was, so to speak, tried, properly convicted and sold to the highest bidder. The Mexicans are still serving out their time. One turned State's evidence, stating that he was a musician and had won the love of a beautiful señorita in the city of Mexico who had given him the gems to sell in order that they might have money upon which to marry. He also protested that his sweetheart had inherited them from her mother.

Inside the cover of the old red case is printed in gold letters,—

"La Esmeralda.
F. Causer Zihy & Co., Mexico and Paris."

And a highly scented piece of violet note paper lies beneath the double lining containing, in a woman's hand, this:—

"The diamond necklace is from Maximilian's crown, the Emperor of Mexico. The center stone has thirty-three and seven-tenths carats and the eighteen surrounding it no less than one each. The diamond ring, the stone thereof, was in Maximilian's ring at the time he was shot."

But that is all—there is nothing to tell what hand snatched the jewels from the lifeless fingers of the dead Emperor or who purloined the necklace from the royal household.

A year later a jovial-looking person called at my office and I recognized with some difficulty my old friend Riggs in a new, brown derby hat and checked suit.

After shaking hands warmly, he presented me with a card reading:—

P. Llewellyn Riggs,
Private Detective.
— Broadway.

"Yes," he explained in answer to my surprised expression, "I've gone into the detective business. My unfortunate conviction is only a sort of advertisement, you know, and then I was the victim of an outrageous conspiracy!"

"But," said I, "I thought you were going to retire on the proceeds of the diamond."

"Why, haven't you heard?" he replied. "I gave my wife an assignment of the claim with a power of attorney, and when the diamond was sold she ran away."

"Ran away?"

"Yes, she took a friend of mine with her. But I shall find her—just as I did the diamond!" He struck a Sherlock Holmes attitude.

"By the way, if you should ever want any detective work done you'll remember—"

"I am not likely to forget," I answered.

SERMONS FROM THE PEWS

By a City Clergyman

No one has such opportunities of learning human experience at first hand both from observation and from confidences as a clergyman. Each little story here recorded has in it the makings of a novel.—The Editors.

HE who holds the pastoral office must learn, of course, to keep secrets. He must learn also not to press for confidence; anything like prying into people's personal affairs and pursuing a clue to the end is detestable; since he who does this puts a human soul to shame as well as murders self-respect. But there is no breach of either self-respect or confidence, certainly not if names and places are withheld, in telling things that one has only seen and has never spoken of.

For five years it has fallen to my lot to preach to a city congregation. Inasmuch as the average congregation is an aggregation of serious persons, there are among their life experiences, naturally, many "stories"; for, just as there is proverbially a skeleton in every family closet, so there is scarcely a single life in which there is not some sad secret. The very occasion of church attendance, too, is such a one that, because of the peculiar stress of time and place and the abandon of mood and temper, many things stand forth portrayed with special vividness upon the countenances into which the clergyman looks.

In my congregation there is a woman, elderly yet maidenly. At home she is a silent person, whom it is a joy and task at once to visit. She lives alone in modest manner and indeed would seem to have but little in the world to live for. She is old; she has no relatives and earns a living by industriously teaching music. No matter what may be the hour of service and no matter what the weather or deterrent circumstance may be, I always know beforehand that at least one person will be in her pew when the hour has arrived for service. The church appears to be her one place of habitual resort, and her own pew the one place in the world wherein she feels at home. That pew is far toward the front; she always sits in the same corner, is always dressed in the same way and that way has one slight distinguishing mark, namely, the presence, every Sunday in the year, of a red carnation pinned at her throat. The sight suggested to me long ago that in her life there was a romance.

But it takes more than one person to enact a romance, and so here. That pew of hers, being far toward one side, faces the broad aisle where, in another pew, in a conspicuous place, there sit a young man and his wife, which young man's father died two years ago. The story is an old, old story, as old indeed as the days when there first began to be in all the world two women and one man. The man in this case was the father of that young man. If he had lived until last year he would have found himself a grandfather. Also she, if she— She would have been the mother of that young man and to-day, herself, a grandmother.

As it was, the child to be baptized was to be named for its grandfather. The parents stayed that day, as is the custom in this church, to have the child baptized at a special service following the morning one. It also is the custom here for a few close friends to remain behind and join the parents in this service. That day that woman stayed as one of these. She spoke to the mother and lifted up her heart by praising the child and, after the service was ended, "then took she him up in her arms and blessed him." None of the party ever guessed or understood. She spoke no word even to me; but I saw and she saw that I saw; and what I saw was the open page of a life's romance, as pure and

as strong and as sweet as that of "Lucile."

One other day two people stayed to see me after church. They wished me to perform a different function; they would have me marry them. When I asked the regulation questions to compile the facts for the license, they gave their ages thirty-two and thirty. While I was arranging these details, also, I could not help but notice the contrast between their manners. He seemed happy and, although gentle and mild, triumphant—maybe, I thought, after long wooing, for I had seen the same spirit before. She, on the other hand, was sad and serious—alas, I thought, another case in point; *Il y en a toujours un autre.* And I must have been right in both. For, when the service had proceeded to the vows, he rehearsed his in a glad, strong voice; but, when it came her turn, she broke down utterly and sobbed and wept. He led her tenderly to a seat and then, considerately bidding me leave her alone there while she wept, withdrew himself and disappeared. He was gone for fifteen minutes.

I learned afterward that ten years before she had loved another man; they quarreled, he went away and she had never seen him since. For five years past this second man had been soliciting her love; but while she really loved him she still thought she loved the first. Finally she had consented to marry him but was not altogether happy. He must have known the ways of life, however; for, unknown to her, he had hunted up the first man, made him promise to be in the city on that day and at that very hour to be in waiting at the hotel next door, in case he should be called upon to appear.

At the end of that quarter of an hour, the groom returned, this time bringing the other man with him. When they entered she recognized the man. She rose, and for a minute there was dumb show. During that minute she realized how changed he was, how changed she was, and what an unreal memory she had cherished. I never expect to see again such an outburst of affection as that with which she turned from him and fairly flew into her real friend's arms. They took their places for the second time. I finished the ceremony, pronounced them man and wife; and she went out—the happiest woman I have ever seen.

Two people sat before me in church for three years, a young married couple who, to all their friends, passed as models of connubial bliss. They were not members of the church, but mere strangers—both to it and me. I never spoke to them—I never had a chance to do so—but I knew from hearsay that they lived in the most fashionable quarter of the city, that they lived in luxury and entertained extravagantly. The face worn by the man in public was of that rare type which is inscrutable to every one, because that, by long practice, he had masked his feelings—if he ever had such things—but I noticed that the woman, though at other times and places she appeared convivial, wore in her place in church a veritable "hunted look." I often wondered where the trouble was, and kept on wondering until I happened on the truth.

What I did then was this: After seeing "Hamlet" played one night, and noticing the way the melancholy Dane entraps his mother and the king, I, too, bethought me that "the play's the thing." I put into my sermon for the Sunday following, as illustrating some point I had made, a story worked out in detail and watched from where I stood to see if it struck home. It did. No one except themselves suspected that it had the slightest bearing on their case, nor did they know I knew. The story came true in real life some six months afterward. It was that of a man, himself an embezzler, who had married a wife, true and noble, and who, although she found him out, succeeded by his threats of violence in keeping her from making the real situation known. To-day he is a convict in State's Prison and she earns a living doing plain sewing.

I know another story—the story of a woman, young in years yet old in heart. I used to see her sitting in the church, week after week, but never found a chance to speak to her, nor did I ever have especial reason to, until at last I saw that in her face which bade me seek her out and find some work for her to do. To-day, in every one of those activities of parish life in which true gentleness, kind-heartedness and tactful, generous unselfishness are needed, she is far the most

efficient person among all those to be called upon. She is invaluable because she never betrays a confidence, will never take offense, has strong religious instincts and true matronly proclivities. When older maids have fought and younger maids tittered, and when all have gone home, having left their work only half completed, she will stay behind and finish it. At every meeting of all those societies of which she is a member she is always there, is quiet, gentle, unassuming and so self-effacing that she never gives offense. She makes those older but less competent feel sure that they are doing everything; she does more work herself than half a dozen all combined, yet never once begrudges them the credit.

The thing by which I was attracted to her was a something in her inner face, a depth of sadness I have never seen before or since. Nor did she wear it in the presence of those nearest to her who thought they knew her best. It was only when she fancied herself safe in the seclusion of her special nook, in her especial pew, that she gave up to it and looked out from sad eyes into great vacancy. The explanation came at last from a young man who sought me out to tell a story and to ask for counsel. He brought with him and showed me a letter which proved to be one from this same woman. He had gone back to her after four years absence to ask her to renew again the engagement he had broken off four years ago. Here are some extracts from that letter:—

"I promised to write you to-morrow, but am doing it to-night instead. Since you left me here three hours ago I have been sitting still, astonished, thinking. . . . I want you to do for me what you wished me to do for you so long ago, that is, to forget me. . . . Only four years! Maybe so, as time is measured, but it has made me many, many long ones older. Sorrow and loneliness I think must have so changed me that we should be forever strangers inwardly, even though wedded outwardly. Do not blame me, dear. I am sorry—more sorry than you can ever know. I have reasoned and argued and struggled with myself, but it is of no use. I am amazed and terrified to realize it, but that does not alter the fact. I am changed, I cannot tell why or how, only that it is so. Ever since you left, so long ago, I still believed that I was still the same, and I think that surely for a long, long time I must have been. Not even for an instant did I even dream that I did not still love you—until you came back to-night. I did not know until then that only the ghost of my old love remained, that the soul had slipped away, that pain had killed it. . . . Perhaps the long walks I have taken and the hours that I have sat and thought, alone, among the silences have altered me. I do not know. I only know that all the life, all the reality, seems to have gone from what we once called Love. Nor do I blame you for it. You cannot help it now. You cannot give back what I have lost—what we have lost. . . ."

But things suggestive of deep tragedy are not the only things seen from a pulpit. One sees funny things some times as well. It was Sydney Smith who once remarked, that "No man without a sense of humor ever ought to enter holy orders." I am well inclined to think they seldom do. It was the possession of this very sense, at least in some degree, that once made it almost impossible for me to keep my face straight.

It was during the year that I was preaching to my first congregation. The company to whom I preached was small, but in one of the front pews there sat a young lady—very young indeed—and across the aisle from her a man of equal verdancy. It so happens that my own mental make-up renders me especially sensitive to looks and movements, whisperings, etc., on the part of those to whom I speak. Well, I had proceeded half way through my sermon when I noticed that this man was staring rudely at this girl and I saw that she also noticed it. When his impudence had passed the point where it could be endured, she made a face at him and turned half way round in her pew to do so. When she turned back to face the pulpit I was, by mere accident, looking straight at her, and she saw it. She thought to turn it off by making of that sour grimace a normal countenance, and for five minutes, while I solemnly talked on, she sat and posed as though that strange, sour, agonizing visage was her usual expression.

He asked whether I thought East or North River most appropriate for a suicide.

A FORTUNE IN HOT AIR

An Adventure of Perkins the Great

By Ellis Parker Butler

WHEN I come to die, I mean to have a clause in my will setting aside a part of my fortune for the erection of three statues to the three men who were the greatest promoters of advertising. The first shall be to Cadmus or whoever it was invented letters; the second shall be to Gutenberg or whoever it was invented printing, but the third and largest shall be to Perkins the Great, Perkins of Portland, the wonderful Perkins who created modern advertising.

"Advertising," said Perkins one day, "may not be able to bring a dead man to life, but it will get you a better one in his place." That was Perkins' firm belief. He believed that advertising would do anything possible. Clearly, in these days, the man who does not advertise may well be accounted to have a faulty mind, but it remained for Perkins to advertise a taint of insanity from a stricken man and leave him with a reputation equal to that of a Wall Street king.

There came into my office one day a young man, a friend of mine, one Gerald Sawyer, and he was so blue that he made the sunny afternoon seem bleak and chilly. He told me his troubles with the fullest detail, and when he had finished he asked, with a sad smile, whether I thought East River or North River the most appropriate place for a suicide. I was vainly seeking to dissuade him from using either, when Perkins came in.

If Perkins would not insist on using every article he advertises he would be a pleasanter companion, but this day I hailed

the rank odor of Van Steen's Radical Hair Regenerator with joy.

"Perkins," I said, "this is Mr. Sawyer. He is an embryo case of suicide. What can you do for him?"

"If you will die," said Perkins, "use only Cardigan's Deodorized Carbolic Acid. I have used it myself. Not suicidally, but to kill vermin. Meaning no offense. But why die? You look sick. Why? Because you haven't got something you want. Am I right?"

The young man groaned.

"Yes," he said, "you are only too correct."

"Good!" Perkins cried. "Let us say you die. Result: you are sure to get what you don't want—brimstone, hot pitch, blue flames, et cetery. When you're dead, you're settled. If you're alive, you have a chance. Why don't you advertise?"

My friend Sawyer looked at me and raised his eyebrows.

"No," I said, "not crazy—a genius. A great man. A wonderful man."

Perkins interrupted me.

"Perkins of Portland," he said. "The original and only Perkins. All others are frauds. But, young man, listen to me. One of two dogs is biting you. You need money—"

"No," said the young man, "I have enough for my needs."

"Then," exclaimed Perkins, joyfully, "you are in love and she won't have you. Perkins is right again, as always! You want to advertise."

"Come," said Sawyer, sadly, "I am in no mood for horse play. I am sick of life, and jokes nauseate me. I will go now."

He arose from the chair in which he had been drooping, but Perkins put his big hands gently on the youth's shoulders and forced him down again.

"Wait," he said, "don't get sore. Let Perkins effervesce. He meant right. Now," he asked, soberly enough, "how much money have you?"

"I have fifty thousand dollars in my own name," said the young man wearily.

"Fifty thousand!" exclaimed Perkins. "With fifty thousand a man can marry any girl on earth, crowned heads excepted. Why, boy, with ten thousand, Perkins the Great made Van Steen's Radical Hair Regenerator a grand success, smell and all. If ten thousand will make people wash their heads with *passé* onion juice, for fifty thousand any man ought to be able to marry any two girls he chooses. Give Perkins the fifty thou. and he'll guarantee to ring the wedding bells in twelve months or money refunded."

Sawyer looked disgusted.

"Believe him!" I begged. "I don't know how he will do it, but do it he will."

"In any other case, Mr. Perkins," said Sawyer with more respect than he had hitherto shown for my illustrious friend, "you might succeed, but my case is hopeless. I am barred by insanity."

"I'll take the job," Perkins cried. "Why, boy, for fifty thousand—but there! Are you insane or is she insane?"

The young man shook his head.

"Neither," he said. "It is my father. And as her parents fear it may be hereditary, they refuse to let her marry me, and she feels they are right, and, Heaven help me! I, too, feel they are right! I dare not marry her."

"A little out of my line," said Perkins. "Just a little out of my line, but I'll take the job. Promise you won't shuffle off for thirty days, and if I can't do anything I'll never smile again."

"Oh, as for that," said Sawyer, with pathetic resignation, "I'll hold on for a month longer if you wish it, but it will do us no good."

"All right," Perkins said, "it's a bargain. And now where can I see that insane parent of yours?"

II

"Say," said Perkins as he came into the office the next day, "I've been to see that young man's old man."

"Well?" I asked, but without fear of drawing an answer unfavorable to the hopes of young Sawyer, for Perkins was beaming. He drew off his Patent Self-Opening Gloves slowly.

"Crazy!" he said at length. "Crazy as a bug! Crazy as Perkins the Great! Case of red-hot monomania. Bump of inventiveness swelled to the size of a quart cup. Hopeless case."

My face must have fallen, for Perkins leaned over and patted me on the shoulder.

"Bats in his belfry. Slang term, but

appropriate. What? People object to bats in belfrys. Why? Because valueless. Good! Old Sawyer considered crazy because his belfry is full of valueless bats. What's the cure? Give the bats a value, give them a market quotation, sell them, make people cry for them! Result —Old Sawyer not crazy—a genius!"

"I see!" I said. "You think his invention has a value—at least a market value, and you are going to—"

"Advertise!" cried Perkins. "Advertise the old man sane again. Advertise two fond hearts to beat as one. Advertise joy into that sad-eyed kid."

"But," I asked, "is the elder Sawyer's invention of any practical sanity? What is his special mania?"

Perkins ran his fingers through his hair and waved his hands broadly.

"Greatest thing in the world!" he exclaimed. "Revolutionary, scientific discovery—immense value to the world! Grandest conception of the human mind since the days of Watts! So simple, too! Nothing but hot air!"

"Hot air!" I gasped.

"Hot air!" Perkins assured me. "Very hot air! Wonderfully hot air! Red-hot air! Say. Take a pail of water. Cool it. It shrinks. Cool it again. It shrinks. Freeze it. It expands. Moral: Somewhere it stops going one way and begins going the other."

"Very true," I admitted.

"Take a man," Perkins said. "Let him get lost in a blizzard. First hour he gets cold. Second hour he gets colder. Third hour he begins to warm again. Invariable experience."

"Think of heating your house with red-hot frozen air."

I had heard this many times, so I nodded my head.

"Well, then," said Perkins triumphantly. "Take air. Freeze it. It gets crisp. Freeze it more. It gets liquid. Like Tripler's liquid air. Freeze it again. Then what?"

"It should become solid," I suggested.

"Nonsense!" Perkins assured me. "It begins going back. It gets warm. Freeze it again—it gets hot. Freeze it again—it gets red hot."

"What of it?" I enquired.

"What of it!" Perkins cried, "Think of your winter coal bill. Then think of heating your house with red-hot frozen air. Air is free. Heat your whole house for nothing—only expense the first cost of putting in one of Sawyer's Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertors. Think of locomotives and steamships,—boilers all heated by hot Air Convertors! Think of baking bread, ironing linen, melting metals —all with Hot Air! In five years nothing will be used to supply heat but Sawyer's Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor."

"It sounds reasonable," I said, "but I should think the air would have to be pretty cold before it began to get warm."

"Cold!" exclaimed Perkins, "I should say so! The professor figures it will have to be eight thousand degrees below zero, before it even begins to warm up, and that for each additional thousand degrees below zero, it will warm up at the rate of one degree. Say, how cold is liquid air?"

I hadn't the slightest idea, but I hazarded a guess of two thousand degrees below zero.

"All right!" said Perkins. "Say it is. When it gets six thousand degrees colder it will begin to warm up. See? Then when it is nine thousand below zero, it will be only seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine below zero. When it is ten thousand below zero, it will be only seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight below. And so on—one degree warmer for every thousand degrees colder. So when we get it eight million one hundred thousand degrees below, it will be one hundred degrees above. The professor calls it 'negative heat.'"

"I should think," I said rather doubtfully, "that it might be hard to reach a point eight million degrees below zero."

Perkins coughed gently behind his hand.

"Of course," he said. "I couldn't do it, or you couldn't do it. That is the lucky thing. It can't be done without a Sawyer Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor."

"Has the Sawyer Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor ever done it?" I asked, with my eye on Perkins' eye.

He wriggled.

"No!" he admitted. "I can't say it has. Not yet. It isn't completely perfected yet. The Professor hasn't quite finished his experiments. But he thinks he will have the Convertor perfected soon —very soon."

"Perkins," I said, "as one Chicago man to another, you may believe that the Convertor will work, and what you believe I believe, but can you make the public believe it?"

Before he could speak, there was a timid knock at our office door and a young lady entered. She was the sweetest little maiden I had ever seen. Her large blue eyes looked at us with supreme trustfulness, and her pretty lips tried to smile a brave salutation, although they were trembling in a pathetic way.

"I hope you will pardon me," she said softly, "but Gerald—that is, Mr. Sawyer, —told me that Mr. Perkins of this firm had promised to—to—make things so that—"

She blushed and paused.

"Right!" Perkins exclaimed, "and what Perkins says always happens. I'm Perkins. I'll make things so that—"

"I just wanted to beg you that if there is any hope," she pleaded, "to please, please not give up until you had tried everything. You see I do not want—"

She looked at Perkins, and her eyes filled with tears, and before we knew how it happened, she was sobbing in Perkins' arms, and he was stroking her brown hair and murmuring, "Chirk up, sonny; chirk up sonny," in quite an idiotic manner.

When she had gone, Perkins turned from the window where he had been standing looking out.

"You asked Perkins," he said, "if he could make the public believe in the Sawyer Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor. You saw the girl. After seeing that girl Perkins can make the public believe anything."

He turned to the window again and looked out for several minutes, idly flipping his coat tails up and down.

"Sweet girl!" he said at last. "Did you notice her eyes? Did you notice her teeth? Did you notice her hair?" He sighed.

"Perkins," I said, "you are not falling in love with her?"

"No," he said, shaking his head.

"No, not that. But what an advertisement for Van Steen's Radical Hair Regenerator her portrait would make! And she would never stand for it; she isn't that kind of a girl!"

III

A few weeks later there appeared in one of the large Sunday newspapers a full page illustrated article headed, "The Mystery of Hot Air." The pictures were views of the laboratory of Professor Sawyer, with the Professor pottering over a collection of glass tubes and bulbs and things—a very indistinct view of a bottle said to contain negative hot air, and a large portrait of the Professor. The article was very grandiloquent, and crowded with errors. Perkins had been particular about having the errors regarding the Professor and his plans inserted, in order that it might seem more like a genuine Sunday newspaper scientific "scare head" story, and less like a paid advertisement. In fact, it was not a paid advertisement. It was only necessary to drop a hint to a representative of the paper that Professor Sawyer had an invention he was trying to keep a profound secret, and the newspaper did the rest.

As soon as it could be respectably done the other Sunday papers took up the subject, and a progressive monthly magazine had one of their special writers prepare an article, with illustrations, entitled, "Hot Air. A Modern Wonder."

Professor Sawyer was asked to lecture on Hot Air before a number of scientific societies, but pleaded the necessity of keeping his secret for a while, and as a substitute gave them talks on the germ theory of the cause of freckles on russet apples.

In short, Perkins skilfully managed to give Hot Air a vast amount of the most valuable kind of publicity—that which is not paid for and which cannot be bought.

Trembling in a pathetic way.

In a few weeks he had inculcated the idea that Hot Air was not only a scientific fact, but a valuable commodity.

Interviews with noted scientists regarding the possibility of freezing air to hotness were in great demand, and with the well-known scientific reticence the great men managed to admit the possibility of Hot Air. One said that there could be no doubt that Professor Sawyer was right in stating that water began to expand instead of continuing to contract when it reached freezing point, and that if his deductions from this fact were logical, there could be no doubt that he had made logical deductions. Another said that nine million

degrees below zero would be so cold that almost anything could happen. Another said that there could be no doubt that nine million degrees below zero was theoretically possible, and that all that was necessary to bring air to that temperature was to make it cold enough. Out of these, by taking a bit of each, and arranging them in proper order, Perkins produced an indisputable mosaic of acquiescence in Professor Sawyer's theories.

Then he suddenly placed before the investing public the opportunity to buy shares in the Sawyer Hot Air Company, a corporation, etc., etc. In the full page advertisements that appeared simultaneously in all the financial journals and in all the Sunday papers and magazines that had written up Hot Air, due attention was called to the wonderful possibilities of Hot Air. But the strongest point in its favor was the fact that as yet the Sawyer Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor was still unperfected—that some time would elapse before it could be perfected. For this reason it was possible to still offer the stock of a par value of one hundred dollars a share at ten dollars. Thus every one could get in on the ground floor and make a tremendous profit, for there was no doubt that when the Sawyer Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor was perfected the stock in the company would be worth five hundred, eight hundred or one thousand dollars a share.

"Talk about lunatics," said Perkins to me when we were getting the incorporation papers in shape, "old Sawyer is sane compared with young Sawyer. What do you think he said? Said he wasn't just sure there was anything in Hot Air, and he thought I ought to have all the money we made out of it. What did Perkins say? Perkins said, 'No, sir!' Your pater might be as sane as a post, but if he let me work such a deal, people would think he was crazy. No, sir! Your old man *insists* on half for himself."

We never sold all the stock. We had printed too much of it.

But we did very well. We got rid of about eighty millions at ten dollars a share, which netted us eight millions; four millions for old Sawyer, and four millions for Perkins and me.

I must say that Professor Sawyer did the right thing by the stockholders. Of course you couldn't expect a multi-millionaire to dig among crucibles and retorts and things, but he hired a couple of bright young fellows to continue with the experiments, and every week or so he went around to the laboratory and objected to the slowness of their work. But somehow the report got abroad that the Sawyer Patent Refrigerative Hot Air Convertor was an impossibility. People began to believe that Professor Sawyer had put up a very clever job on them, and in a short while he was considered a remarkably bright financier. No one doubted his sanity. A man who can cheat the public out of eight million dollars is sane enough to suit anybody. Even his son admitted that, and young Sawyer's sweetheart's parents almost crowded him to death in their eagerness to have him in the family.

As soon as she returned from her wedding journey, young Mrs. Sawyer came down to our office and thanked Perkins for what he had done for her and Gerald, and just as a little token, she gave Perkins her portrait in all her wedding finery. But Perkins never really enjoyed that picture, although it always stands on his desk. He constantly regrets that he cannot use it in advertising Van Steen's Radical Hair Regenerator, and it is only of late that he has had a little compensation. As a very special favor, and because he is such an old friend of the family, he has been permitted to use another portrait. For there is now a baby Sawyer, and it is fat and pretty; thanks, in part, to Vandeventer's Food for Infants and Invalids, which Perkins is advertising extensively, at present.

TRUTH

Who knows the unmixed good? A fool indeed!
To-day's dissenter pens to-morrow's creed.

RICHARD KIRK.

THE REAL DISCOVERER OF THE NORTHWEST

The Story of Radisson's Most Wonderful Journey

By Agnes C. Laut
Author of "Lords of the North," Etc.

EMBARKING with a fishing fleet, Radisson returned to New France early in the spring of 1654. The next year found him interpreter for the Jesuits at Onondaga. Changes took place in New France during his absence. Truce was made with the Iroquois Confederacy. His widowed sister, Marguerite, married Médard Chouart Groseillers, a famous fur trader, who had passed his life on the Great Lakes and there heard marvelous tales from the Indians of a vast unknown world beyond "the Great Water"—Lake Superior—whence came priceless stores of beaver pelts. The Great Beyond held the two things most coveted by ambitious young men of New France; quick wealth by means of the fur trade, and the immortal glory of being a first explorer. The ambitions of young Radisson took fire, as he listened to Groseillers.

Long ago, when a captive among the Mohawks, he had cherished boyish dreams that it was to be his destiny to "discover many wild nations," and here was that destiny opening the door for him. Radisson had been tortured among the Mohawks and besieged among the Onondagas. Groseillers had been among the Huron missions that were destroyed and among the Algonquin canoes that were attacked. Both explorers knew what perils awaited them, but what youthful blood ever chilled at prospect of danger when a single *coup* might win both wealth and fame? Radisson had not been home one month, but he had no sooner heard the plan than he "longed to see himself in a boat."

A hundred and fifty Algonquins had come down the Ottawa from the Great Beyond shortly after Radisson returned from Onondaga. Six of these Algonquins had brought their furs to Three Rivers. Some emissaries had gone to Quebec to meet the governor, but the majority of the Indians remained at Montreal to avoid the ambuscade of the Mohawks on Lake St. Peter. Radisson and Groseillers were not the only Frenchmen conspiring to wrest fame and fortune from the Up-Country. When the Indians came back from Quebec, they were accompanied by thirty young French adventurers gay as boys out of school, or gold hunters before the first check to their plans. There were also two Jesuits sent out to win the new domain for the cross. As ignorant as children of the hardships ahead, the other treasure seekers kept up nonchalant boasting that roused the irony of such seasoned men as Radisson and Groseillers. "What fairer bastion than a good tongue," Radisson demands cynically, "especially when one sees his own chimney smoke? . . . . It is different when food is wanting, work necessary day and night, sleep taken on the bare ground or to mid-waist in water, with an empty stomach, weariness in the bones and bad weather overhead."

No gun was fired when the party left Montreal lest the Mohawks should get wind of the departure, and the flotilla of sixty canoes spread over Lake St. Louis for the far venture of the *Pays d'en Haut*. Safety engendered carelessness. As the fleet seemed to be safe from Iroquois ambush, the canoes began to scatter. Radisson and Groseillers warned the Indians of the risk they were running.

NOTE.—An account of the boyhood of Radisson and his first adventures with the Indians was given in the April number of this magazine.—THE EDITORS.

From a drawing by George Catlin.

An Indian chief of the Cree nation in peaceful regalia.

Many of these Algonquins had never before possessed firearms. With the muskets obtained in trade at Three Rivers, they thought themselves invincible and laughed all warning to scorn. As they skirted the wooded shores, a man suddenly dashed from the forest with an up-raised war hatchet in one hand, and a blanket streaming from his shoulders. He shouted for them to come to him. The Algonquins were panic-stricken. Seeing them hesitate, the Indian threw down blanket and hatchet to signify that he was defenseless, and rushed into the water to his arm-pits.

"I would save you," he shouted in Iroquois.

The Algonquins did not understand. They only knew that he spoke the tongue of the hated enemy and was unarmed. In a trice the Algonquins in the nearest canoe had thrown out a well-aimed lasso, roped the man round the waist, and drawn him captive into the canoe.

"Brothers," protested the captive, who seems to have been either a Huron slave or an Iroquois magician, "your enemies are spread up and down! Sleep not! They have heard your noise! They wait for you! They are sure of their prey! Believe me—keep together! Spend not your powder in vain to frighten your enemies by noise! See that the stones of your arrows be not bent! Bend your bows! Keep your hatchets sharp! Build a fort! Make haste!"

But the Algonquins, would hear no warning. Beating paddles on their canoes and firing off guns, they shouted derisively that the man was "a dog and a hen." All the same, they did not land to encamp that night, but slept in midstream with their boats tied to the rushes or on the lee side of floating trees. The French lost heart. If this were the beginning, what of the end? Daylight had scarcely broken when the paddles of the eager *voyageurs* were cutting the thick, gray mist that rose from the river to get away from observation while the fog still hid the fleet. From afar came the dull, heavy rumble of a waterfall.

There was a rush of the twelve foremost canoes to reach the landing and cross the portage before the thinning mist lifted entirely. Twelve boats had got ashore when the fog was cleft by a tremendous crashing of guns as the Iroquois, ambushed in the bordering forests, let go a salute of musketry. Everything was instantly in confusion. Abandoning their baggage to the enemy, the Algonquins and French rushed for the woods to erect a barricade. This would protect the landing of the other canoes. The Iroquois immediately threw up a defense of fallen logs likewise, and each canoe that came ashore was greeted with a cross-fire between the two barricades. Four canoes were destroyed and thirteen Indians from the Upper Country killed. As day wore on the Iroquois' shots ceased, and the Algonquins celebrated the truce by killing and devouring all the prisoners they had taken, among whom was the Indian who had given them warning. As soon as darkness fell a long, low trumpet call, such as hunters use, signalled the Algonquins to rally and rush for the boats. The French embarked as best they could. The Indians swam and paddled for the opposite shore of the river. Here, in the dark, hurried council was taken. The Indians refused to help either

the Jesuits or the French, and the French adventurers turned back for Montreal. Of the white men, Radisson and Groseillers alone went on.

Frightened into their senses by the encounter, the Algonquins now traveled only at night till they were far beyond range of the Iroquois. They could not hunt lest Mohawk spies might hear the gunshots. In a short time the food consisted of *tripe de roche*—a greenish moss boiled into a soup—and the few fish that might be caught during hurried nightly launch or morning landing. Turning westward, they crossed the barren region of iron-capped rocks and dwarf growth between the Upper Ottawa and the Great Lakes. Now they were farther from the Iroquois, and staved off famine by shooting an occasional bear in the berry patches. For a thousand miles they had traveled against stream, carrying their boats across sixty portages. Now they glided with the current westward to Lake Nipissing. On the lake the Upper Indians always cached provisions. Fish, otter and beaver were plentiful, but again they refrained from using firearms, for Iroquois footprints had been found on the sand.

From Lake Nipissing they passed to Lake Huron, where the fleet divided. Radisson and Groseillers went with the Indians who crossed Lake Huron for Green Bay on Lake Michigan. The birch canoes could not venture across the lake in storms, so the boats travelled southward keeping along the shore of Georgian Bay. At one point Groseillers recognized the site of the ruined Jesuit missions. The Indians waited the chance of a fair day and paddled over to the straits at the entrance to Lake Michigan. At the straits the Indians joined their waiting families. All struck South for Green Bay. So far Radisson and Groseillers had traveled over beaten ground. Now they were at the gateway to the Great Beyond, where no white man had yet gone.

The first thing done on taking up winter quarters on Green Bay was to appease the friends of those warriors slain by the Mohawks. A distribution of gifts had barely dried up the tears of mourning when news came of Iroquois on the war path. Radisson did not wait for fear to unman the Algonquin warriors. He offered to lead a band of volunteers against the marauders. For two days he followed vague tracks through the autumn-tinted forests. On the third day, Radisson caught the ambushed band unprepared and fell upon the Iroquois so furiously that none escaped.

After that, the Indians of Green Bay could not do too much for the white men. Radisson and Groseillers were conducted from camp to camp in triumph. Feasts were held. Ambassadors went ahead with gifts from the Frenchmen; and companies of women marched to meet the explorers chanting songs of welcome. "But our mind was not to stay here," relates Radisson, "but to know the remotest people; and because we had been willing to die in their defense, these Indians consented to conduct us."

The old order changeth: A brave of the present day.

Before the opening of spring in 1659, Radisson and Groseillers had been guided across what is now Wisconsin to "a mighty river, great, rushing, profound and comparable to the St. Lawrence." On the shores of the river, they found a vast nation—"the people of the fire," prairie tribes—a branch of the Sioux, who received them well. This river was undoubtedly the Upper Mississippi, now for the first time seen by white men. Radisson and Groseillers had discovered the Great Northwest. They were standing on the threshold of the Great Beyond. They saw before them,—not the Sea of China as speculators had dreamed; not kingdoms for conquest, which the princes of Versailles coveted; not a short road to Asia, of which savants had spun a cobweb of theories. They saw what every Westerner sees to-day; illimitable reaches of prairie and ravine; forested hills sloping to mighty rivers and open meadow lands watered by streams looped like a ribbon.

Here is what he says in that curious medley of idioms which so often results when a speaker knows many languages but is master of none :—

"The country was so pleasant, so beautiful and so fruitful that it grieved me to see that the world could not discover such enticing countries to live in. This, I say, because the Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against one another, or for a steril land . . . . where the people by changement of air engender sickness and die. . . . . Contrariwise, these kingdoms are so delicious and under so temperate a climate, plentiful of all things and the earth brings forth its fruit twice a year, that the people live long and lusty and wise in their way. What a conquest would this be, at little or no cost? What pleasure should people have . . . . instead of misery and poverty! Why should not men reap of the love of God, here? Surely, more is to be gained converting souls here than in differences of creed, when wrongs are committed under pretense of religion! . . . . It is true, I confess . . . . that access here is difficult . . . . but nothing is to be gained without labor and pains."

The question arises—when Radisson discovered the Great Northwest ten years before Marquette and Joliet, twenty years before La Salle, a hundred years before La Vérendrye, why has his name been slurred over and left in oblivion? The reasons are plain. Radisson was a Christian; but he was not a slave to any creed. Such liberality did not commend itself to the annalists of an age that was still rioting in a very carnival of religious persecution. Radisson always invoked the blessing of Heaven on his enterprises and rendered thanks for his victories; but he was indifferent as to whether he was acting with the Jesuits or the Huguenots of London and Boston. What hurt Radisson's fame even more than his indifference to creeds, was his indifference to nationality. Like Columbus, he had little care what flag floated at the prow, provided only that the prow pushed on—and on—and on—into the Unknown. He sold his services alternately to France and England till he had offended both governments; and in addition to withstanding a conspiracy of silence on the part of the church, his fame encountered the ill-will of State historians. He is mentioned as "the adventurer," "the hang-dog," "the renegade." Only in 1885, when the manuscript of his travels was rescued from oblivion, did it become evident that history must be re-written.

The Spring of 1659 found the explorers still among the prairie tribes of the Mississippi. From these people Radisson learned of four other races occupying vast, undiscovered countries. He heard of the Sioux, a warlike nation to the West, who had no fixed abode, but lived by the chase and were at constant war with another nomadic tribe to the North, the Crees. The Crees spent the summer time round the shores of salt water and in winter came inland to hunt. Between these two was a third, the Assiniboines, who used earthen pots for cooking, and heated their food by throwing hot stones in water, and dressed themselves in buckskin. These three tribes were wandering hunters, but the People of the Fire told Radisson of yet another nation who lived in villages like the Iroquois on "a great river that divided itself in two" and was called "the Forked River," because it had two branches, the one towards the West, the other towards the South—towards Mexico. These people were the Mandanes, of Missouri.

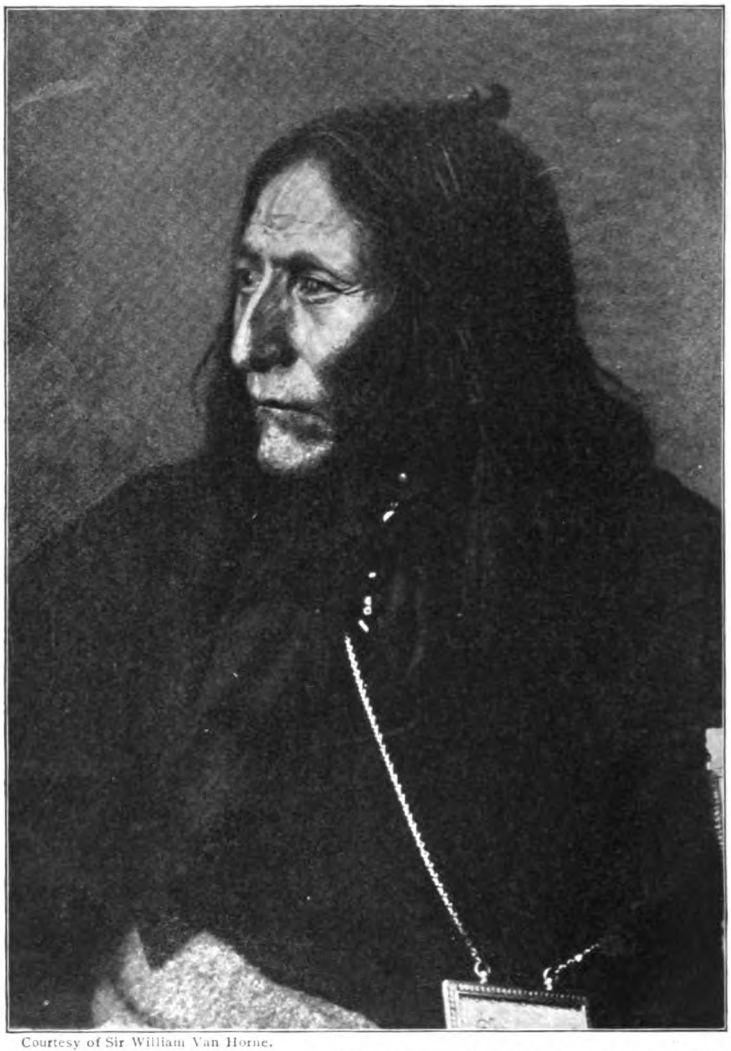
A whole world of discoveries lay before

them. In what direction should they go? "We desired not to go to the north till we had made a discovery in the South," explains Radisson. The People of the Fire refused to accompany the explorers farther, so the two "put themselves in hazard"—as Radisson relates—and set out alone. They must have struck across the height of land between the Mississippi and the Missouri to the country of the Mandanes, for Radisson records that they met several nations having villages, "all amazed to see us and very civil. The farther we sojourned the delightfuller the land became. I can say that in all my lifetime I have never seen a finer country for all that I have been in Italy. The people have very long hair. They reap twice a year. They war against the Sioux and the Cree. . . . It was very hot there. . . . Being among the people, they told us . . . of men that built great cabins and have beards and have knives like the French." The Mandanes showed Radisson a string of beads only used by Europeans. These people must have been the Spaniards of the South. Radisson saw corn and pumpkins in their gardens. "There arrows were not of stone, but of fish bones. . . . Their dishes were made of wood. . . . They had also great calumets of red and green stone . . . and great store of tobacco. . . . They had a kind of drink that made them mad for a whole day. We had not yet seen the Sioux," relates Radisson. "We went towards the South and came back by the North." The Jesuit Relations are more explicit. Written the year that Radisson returned to Quebec, they state: "Continuing their wanderings, our two young Frenchmen visited the Sioux, where they found five thousand warriors. They then left this nation for another warlike people who, with bows and arrows, had rendered themselves redoubtable."

From a drawing by George Catlin

The trading station of Michilimackinac, where the Indians traded furs for muskets.

These were the Crees, "whose wood is so rare and small that nature has taught them to make fire of coal, and to cover their cabins with skins of the chase." The explorers seem to have spent the summer hunting antelope, buffalo, moose and wild turkey. The Sioux received them cordially, supplied them with food, and gave them an escort to the next encampments. They had set out Southwest to the Mandanes, and perhaps, also, the Omahas. They were now circling back Northeastward towards the Sault, between Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. How far Westward had they gone? Only two facts gave any clue. Radisson reports that



Courtesy of Sir William Van Horne.

The Blackfoot Chief "Crowfoot" wearing the life pass presented to him by the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

mountains lay far inland, and the Jesuits record that the explorers were among tribes that used coal. This must have been a country far West of the Mandanes and within sight of at least the outlying foothills of the Rockies. The course of the first exploration seems to have circled over the territory now known as Wisconsin, South Dakota, Montana, and back over North Dakota and Minnesota to the North shore of Lake Superior. "The lake towards the North is full of rocks, yet great ships can ride in it without danger," writes Radisson. At the Sault they found the Cree and Saultaux in bitter war. They also heard of a French establishment, and going to visit it, found that Jerome Lalement, the Jesuit, had established a mission.

Radisson had explored the Southwest. He now decided to essay the Northwest. When the Saultaux were at war with the Crees, he met the Crees and heard of the great salt sea in the North. Surely this was the Sea of the North—Hudson Bay—of which the Nipissing chief had told Groseillers long ago. Then the Cree had great store of beaver pelts, and trade must not be forgotten. No sooner had peace been arranged between Saultaux and Cree than Cree hunters flocked out of the Northern forests to winter on Lake Superior. In the

fall of 1659 Groseillers' health began to fail from the hardships, so he remained in camp for the winter, attending to the trade, while Radisson carried on the explorations.

This was one of the coldest winters known in Canada. The colder the weather the better the fur, and presenting gifts to ensure safe conduct, Radisson set out with a band of one hundred and fifty Cree hunters for the Northwest. They traveled on snowshoes, two hundred miles towards what is now Manitoba, hunting moose on the way and sleeping at night round a camp fire under the stars. Spring thaw called a halt to their exploration. All that Radisson learned on this trip was that the Bay of the North lay much farther from Lake Superior than the old Nipissing chief had told Dreuillettes and Groseillers.

Groseillers had all in readiness to depart for Quebec, and five hundred Indians from the Upper Country had come together to go down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence with the explorers. As they were about to embark, coureurs came in from the woods with news that more than a thousand Iroquois were on the war-path, boasting that they would exterminate the French. Somewhere along the Ottawa a small band of Hurons had been massacred. The Indians with Groseillers and Radisson were terrified. A council of the elders was called.

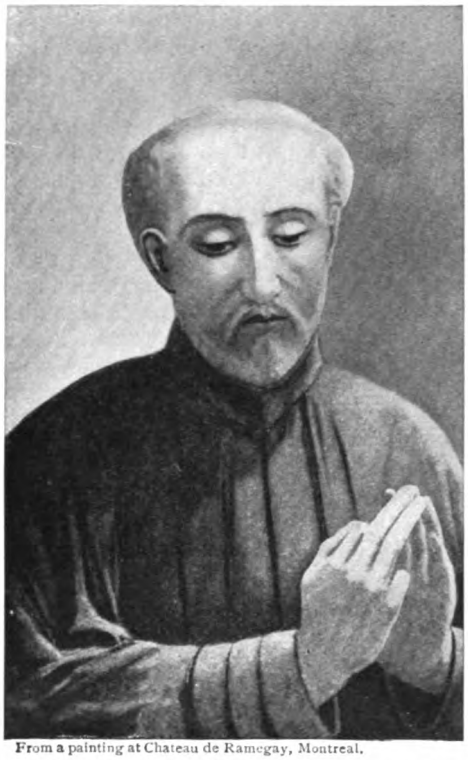
"Brothers, why are ye so foolish as to put yourselves in the hands of those that wait for you?" demanded an old chief, addressing the two white men. "The Iroquois will destroy you and carry you away captive. Will you have your brethren, that love you, slain? Who will baptize our children?" (Radisson and Groseillers had baptized more than two hundred children.) "Stay till next year! Then, you may freely go! Our mothers will send their children to be taught in the way of the Lord!"

Fear is like fire. It must be taken at the beginning, or it spreads. The explorers retired, decided on a course of action and requested the Indians to meet them in Council a second time. Eight hundred warriors assembled, seating themselves in a circle. Radisson and Groseillers took their station in the center.

"Who am I?" demanded Groseillers hotly. "Am I a foe or a friend? If a foe, why did you suffer me to live? If a friend, listen to what I say! You know that we risked our lives for you! If we had no courage, why did you not tell us? If you have more wit than we, why did you not use it to defend yourselves against the Iroquois? How can you defend your wives and children unless you get arms from the French?"

"Fools," cried Radisson, striking a beaver skin across an Indian's shoulder, "will you fight the Iroquois with beaver pelts? Do you not know the French way? We fight with guns, not robes. The Iroquois will coop you up here till you have used all your powder, and then dispatch you with ease! Shall your children be slaves because you are cowards? Do what you will! For my part, I choose to die like a man rather than live like a beggar. Take back your beaver robes. We can live without you—" and the white men strode out from the council.

Consternation reigned among the Indians. There was an uproar of argument, For six days the fate of the white men hung fire. Finally, the chiefs sent word that the five hundred young warriors would go to Quebec with the white men. Radisson did not give their ardor time to cool. They embarked at once. The fleet of canoes crossed the head of the lakes and came to the Upper Ottawa without adventure. Scouts went ahead to all the portages and great care was taken to avoid an ambush when passing overland. Below the Chaudiére Falls, the scouts reported that four Iroquois boats had crossed the river. Again Radisson did not give time for fear. He sent the lightest boats in pursuit; and while keeping the enemy thus engaged with half his own company on guard at the ends of the long portage, he hurriedly got cargoes and canoes across the landing. The Iroquois had fled. By that, Radisson knew they were weak. Somwhere along the Long Sault Rapids, the scouts saw sixteen Iroquois canoes. The Indians would have thrown down their goods and fled; but Radisson instantly got his forces in hand and held them with a grip of steel. Distributing loaded muskets to the bravest warriors, he pursued the Iroquois with a picked company of Hurons, Algonquins, Saultaux and



From a painting at Chateau de Ramegay, Montreal.

Father Jogues, of the Jesuits, who was tortured and mutilated by the Iroquois.

Sioux. Beating their paddles, Radisson's company shouted the war cry till the hills rang; but all the warriors were careful not to waste an ounce of powder till within hitting range. The Iroquois were not used to this sort of defense. They fled. The Long Sault was always the most dangerous part of the Ottawa. Radisson kept scouts to rear and fore; but the Iroquois had deserted their boats and were hanging on the flanks of the company to attempt an ambush. It was apparent that a fort had been erected at the foot of the rapids. Leaving half the band in their boats, Radisson marched overland with two-hundred warriors. Iroquois shots spattered from each side; but the Huron muskets kept the assailants at a distance, and those of Radisson's warriors who had not guns were armed with bows and arrows, and wore a shield of buffalo skin dried hard as metal. The Iroquois rushed for the barricade at the foot of the Sault. Five of them were picked off as they ran. For a moment, the Iroquois were out of cover, and their weakness was betrayed. They had only one hundred and fifty men, while Radisson had five hundred; but the odds would not long be in his favor. Ammunition was running out; and the enemy must be dislodged without wasting a shot. Radisson called back encouragement to his followers. They answered with a shout. Tying the beaver pelts in great bundles, the Indians rolled the fur in front nearer and nearer the Iroquois boats, keeping under shelter from the shots of the fort. The Iroquois must either lose their boats and be cut off from escape, or retire from the fort. It was not necessary for Radisson's warriors to fire a shot. Abandoning even their baggage and glad to get off with their lives, the Iroquois dashed to save their boats.

A terrible spectacle awaited Radisson inside the enclosure of the palisades. The rumor carried to the explorers on Lake Michigan of a thousand Iroquois going on the war path to exterminate the French had been only too true. Half the warriors were to assault Quebec, half to come down on Montreal from the Ottawa. One thing only could save the French—to keep the bands apart. Those on the Ottawa had been hunting all winter and must necessarily be short of powder. To intercept them, a gallant band of seventeen French, four Algonquins and sixty Hurons led by Dollard took their stand at the Long Sault. For two days the French had fought against two hundred Iroquois. For five more days they fought against eight hundred. "The worst of it was," relates Radisson, "the French had no water, as we plainly saw; for they had made a hole in the ground out of which they could get but little because the fort was on a hill. It was pitiable. There was not a tree but what was shot with bullets. The Iroquois had rushed to make a breach (in the wall) . . . . The French set fire to a barrel of powder to drive Iroquois back . . . . but it fell inside the fort . . . . Upon this, the Iroquois entered . . . . so that not one of the French escaped . . . . It was terrible . . . . for we came there eight days after the defeat."

Without a doubt it was Dollard's splendid fight that put fear in the hearts of the Iroquois who fled before Radisson. The passage to Montreal was clear. The boats ran the rapids without unloading;

but Groseillers almost lost his life. His canoe caught on a rock in mid-stream but righting herself shot down safely to the landing. The next day, after two years absence, Radisson and Groseillers arrived at Montreal. A brief stop was made at Three Rivers for rest till twenty citizens had fitted out two shalops with cannon to escort the discoverers in fitting pomp to Quebec. As the fleet of canoes glided round Cape Diamond, battery and bastion thundered a welcome. Welcome, they were, and thrice welcome; for so ceaseless had been the Iroquois wars that the three French ships lying at anchor would have returned to France without a single beaver skin if the explorers had not come. Citizens shouted from the terraced heights of Château St. Louis, and bells rang out the joy of all New France over the discoverers' return. For a week, Radisson and Groseillers were feted. Vicomte de Argonson, the new governor, presented them with gifts and sent two brigantines to carry them home to Three Rivers. There, they rested for the remainder of the year, Groseillers at his seigniory with his wife, Marguerite, Radisson, under the paternal roof.

Radisson was not yet twenty-six years of age, and his travels had won him both fame and fortune. The rest of his life is well-known international history. He discovered the fur preserve of Hudson Bay, founded the great fur company that barters in peltries to the present day, and then made the mistake of his life by selling his services alternately from England to France and France to England, till he had engendered the undying hatred of both countries. That hatred hounded him to ruin and oblivion. In 1700 he was reduced to the necessity of applying to the Hudson's Bay Company, in London, for the position of warehouse keeper. This was denied.

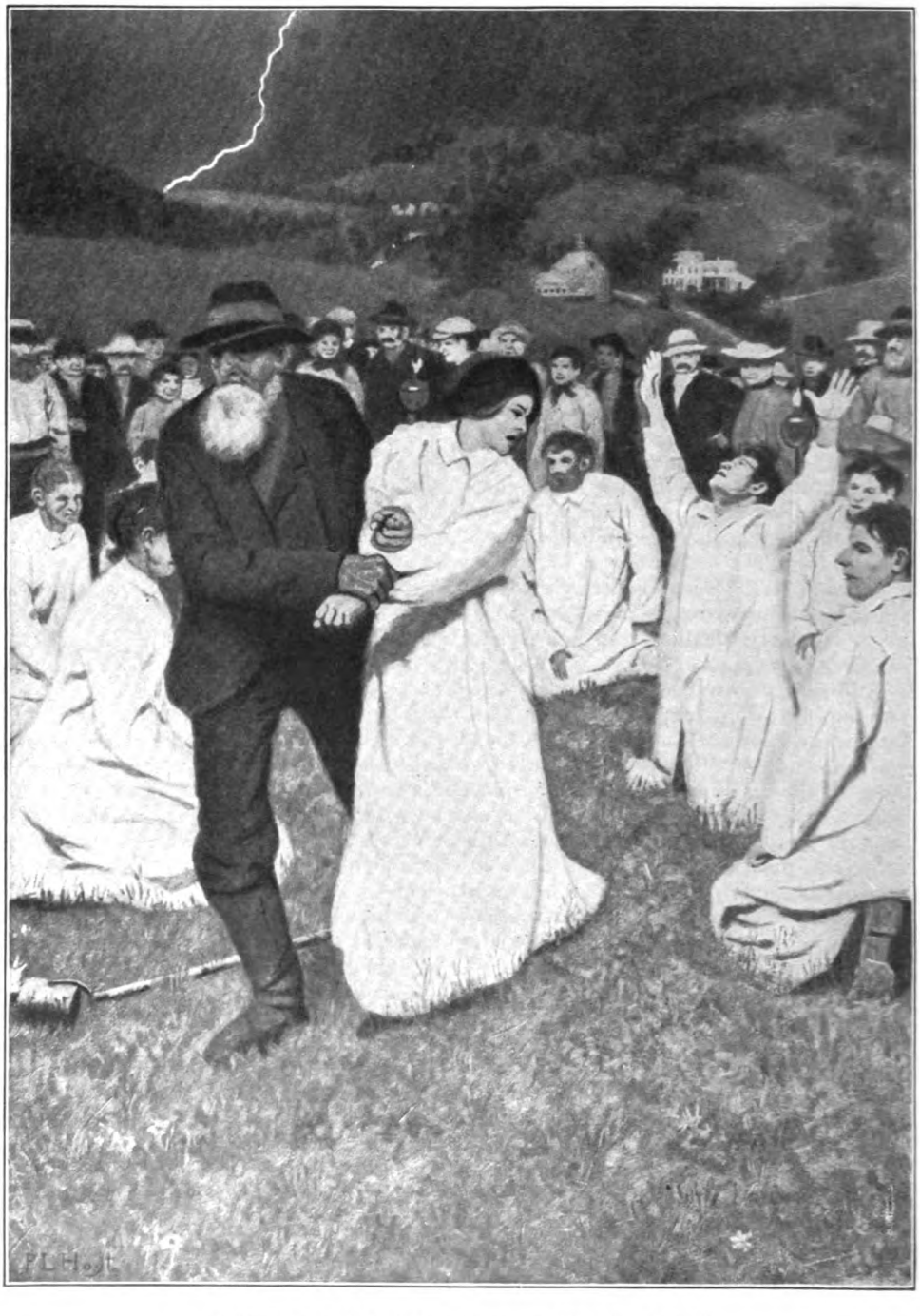
The dauntless pathfinder was growing old, and the old cannot fight and lose and begin again, as Radisson had done all his life. State Papers of Paris contain records of a Radisson with Tonty at Detroit! Was this his nephew, François Radisson's son, who took the name of the explorer, or Radisson's own son, or the game old warrior himself, come out to die on the frontier, as he had lived?

History is silent. Until the year 1710 Radisson drew his allowance of fifty pounds a year from the English company, then the payments stopped. Did the dauntless life stop too? Oblivion hides all record of his death, as it obscured the brilliant achievements of his life.

There is no need to point out Radisson's faults. They are written on his life, without extenuation or excuse, so that all may read. There is less need to eulogize his virtues. They declare themselves in every act of his life. This only should be remembered. Like all enthusiasts, Radisson could not have been a hero if he had not been a bit of a fool. If he had not had his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the morrow as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half the continent. Men who weigh consequences are not of the stuff to win empires. He went ahead, and, when the way didn't open, he went round, or crawled over, or carved his way through.

There was an old saying among retired hunters of Three Rivers that "one learned more in the woods than was ever found in *l'petee-cat-ee-cheesm.*" Radisson's training was of the woods rather than of the curé's catechism; yet who that has been trained to the strictest code may boast of as dauntless faults and noble virtues? He was not faithful to any country, but he was faithful to his wife and children, and he was "faithful to his highest hope" —that of becoming a discoverer—which is more than common mortals are to their meanest aspirations. Amid all the license of savage life Radisson remained untainted. Other explorers have left a trail of blood to perpetuate their memory. Radisson never once spilled human blood needlessly, and was beloved by the savages.

Memorial tablets commemorate other discoverers. Radisson needs none. The Great Northwest is his monument for all time.



"Now show that Thy arm is mighty, oh, Lord."

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

By Holman F. Day

WITH DRAWINGS BY P. L. HOYT

A MOIST breeze that volleyed in sudden puffs swept the bare poll of the little hill. A half dozen tin torches oscillated jerkily on their slender poles and trailed upon the wind the smoky stench of kerosene. The night was dark with the velvety blackness of overcast June. In the valleys the scattered lights of the village spread yellow fans out of the windows. Here and there on the highway and in lanes bobbing lanterns flickered and winked as the striding legs of men scissored across their beams. The lanterns were leisurely approaching the hill.

A dozen people were kneeling or squatting in a little circle upon the crown of the elevation. Four or five were men, the rest women. All of them were shrouded in long robes of white sheeting. These were put on over the ordinary garments and bore a ludicrous resemblance to nightgowns. In the center of the group a young man was kneeling. His head was thrown back and the neck muscles were strained rigidly. His face had an ascetic pallor. He murmured monotonous appeal that was at times almost a whine. Occasionally he shot his arms up to their full length, quivered his palms at the sky and shouted.

"Oh, God, let it be now—now, God, for we are a-weary of the waiting and long for the Son and the Redeemer!" He dwelt on the word "God" as if it were "Gord."

The women rocked on their hips, their faces working with religious hysteria, stirred by the sudden enthusiasm of the leader. Then the little group sank back into its torpor, only the mumbling voice of the young man breaking the silence.

Many spectators lounged in groups outside the circle of the torches. Several men sat with lanterns between their knees and other illuminators came up through the trees from the village like giant lightning bugs.

"How long have they been like this?" asked a new arrival. He gruntingly eased himself to the turf beside a man who was relighting his pipe. The match, shielded in his broad palms, touched up his face redly.

"Six or—ump-foo—eight hours—ump-foo—ump-foo! Squattin' like hens in a dust heap! An' when it's all over it won't amount to that!" The man pinched the flame of the match between calloused thumb and finger and tossed away the crumbled ash.

"Prophet John seems mighty sartin', though."

"Aw—w, he's looney on this 'Go-upper' bus'ness."

"I reckin that's what some feller said about Noah when he was hammerin' spikes into the Ark."

"You don't b'lieve f'r a minit, do ye, that this world is comin' to an end yit awhile?" There was a sneer in the query.

"If you're goin' to b'lieve the Bible y've got to b'lieve that there have been prophets. If there have been sech, an' God has talked to 'em, it stands to reason there's like to be more prophets nowadays an'—"

"Oh, God, I am here at Thy divine command, clad in the robes of righteousness with Thy sanctified at my right hand. Oh, God, comfort Thine Anointed. Thy word was never broken." The leader stretched his tremulous hands to the skies till his shoulders cracked.

The onlooker who had been interrupted listened, puffing his pipe comfortably, and when the young fanatic shrugged down again he continued:—

"Do ye think f'r a minnit that man there is a-doubtin' that God has spoke to him?"

"F'r mighty's sakes *you* hain't been converted, have ye?" blurted the other with a little cackle of laughter. "Wait till I tell the fellers to the shop that old Alanson Albee's boy John—Pruphet John—has made ye think the world's a-comin' to an end! Heh, heh!"

His neighbor did not smile. "Giggle an' poke fun if ye want to," he said, "but I tell ye I have a lot o' respect f'r a man that b'lieves in what he says enough so's he hain't afeared to stand up an' preach it right from the shoulder."

Another man hunched nearer on the grass.

"It don't take much courage to stand up an' preach new kinds o' religion these days," he observed. "Th' hain't martyrizin' 'em now."

"But it takes some courage to b'lieve in God enough to give away a good farm y'r father left ye—give away y'r cattle an' ev'ry stiver o' furnitur', an' preach 'censions an' end o' the world an' keep it up f'r tew year," grumbled the volunteer defender.

"It's all a piece o' foolishness," the other snorted in disgust. "There are squattin' a dozen religion-struck idjits that have made paupers o' themselves an' think that God is goin' to make 'em ascend into Heaven jest's they be. Now ain't that sense? End o' the world to-night! Yah-h!"

"But I tell ye a man that sees the Pruphet's figgerin'—"

"Figgerin'! Bah! If John Albee's father had kept him at work on the farm 'stead o' lettin' him range 'round readin' an' cipherin' an' revivalin', the Pruphet wouldn't be a-kneelin' there to-night same's town paupers—him an' his wife—an' with ev'ry one in the village settin' 'round 'em here grinnin' at 'em like Chessy cats."

He twisted on the grass and surveyed the rows of faces on which lantern flickers and torch flares played.

"Ye don't see S'lec'man Jed'di' Shaw anywheres, do ye?" inquired one of the men with a suggestive snort of amused satire.

"Well, Jed'di' hain't in a front seat, yit," the other replied, echoing the chuckle.

"How do ye s'pose it's been that Jed'di' hain't took his gal away from Pruphet John afore this? He's swearin' about her'n an' her husband's tom-foolishness all the time."

"Ye can't sep'ret man an' wife high-handed. I reckin' Jed'di' has dinged at 'Liz'buth 'nough to burn her ears off'n her but, land o' Goshen, she's 's much into this 'cension bus'ness as Pruphet John is himself. She's signed away her right o' dower so she can go 'sendin' up along same time he goes. Look at her there! S'pose a woman like that would let old Jed'di' whiffle her 'round?"

The man pointed his pipe stem. One of the women in the little circle of enthusiasts sat huddled close to the prophet. She looked very young for her hair was loosely tied at the back of her head.

"Funny how she got so set into this 'Go-upper' notion," observed one of the men. "When she was Lizzie Shaw the' wa'nt a gal in the village had pinker cheeks nor liked a good time better."

"Wal, I guess ye'll find when a gal loves a fellow well enough to tell her own father to go hop up, an' marries him spite o' the old man, she comes pretty near b'lievin' what her husband says afterwards."

Even as he spoke the young prophet drew his gaze down from the murky skies and whispered in the ear of the woman. She bent on him such tender regard that even those outside the pale of the torches could see the love in her swimming eyes.

"If she can fix up a lovinger look for the Lord Himself when he comes she'll be doin' a mighty good job," remarked one of the profane onlookers.

Obeying what was evidently her husband's request the young woman began to sing and the deeper voices of the others threaded upon her clear soprano.

"'Ra-a-ise us up, oh our Lord, to Thy mansions in the sky,
See us kneeling here and waiting as thy mighty car goes by.
Thou hast told us that the pure and true with Thee shall surely rise,
Take us up, oh our Lord, when Thou comest down the skies.'"

"'Ra-a-ise-us-up'"—the ringing basso of the prophet now took the burden of the tune and the little group on the bare poll of the hill sang the verse again with more

intense fervor. After the verse had been repeated several times the prophet rose. The puffs of breeze tossed his robe and bellied it. His garb beneath was old and plain.

He stretched forth his arms appealingly to the people outside the circle.

"Oh, ye upon whom God has called so many times and who have not heard, why don't you sing that song with your hearts, and not your tongues? God has set the bounds to His forgiveness, to his toleration of sin; He has marked upon the calendar of the ages this day with red. He is there —there behind the curtains of the clouds, His hand upon the loosening cord, our Lord the Redeemer at His side. Oh, people,—oh, people! How will your hearts and hands look in the bright light that is about to shine through the portals of eternity? Once more I speak to you as the messenger of God!" He indicated the uncertain circle of the torches. "Who will step across? Who will leave the things of earth and step across that line and become utterly consecrated, standing among His saints when the great day dawns? Who is ready for the chariot of the Lord God?"

He stood silent, his imploring arms held forth, his face sweaty in the passion of his eagerness. Those at his feet uttered hollow cries.

"Don't seem to be any gen'ral an' pop'lar rush in Carmel to take advantage of 'scursion rates," muttered one onlooker to his little group.

The stillness was over all and soft blackness seemed to be sagging upon the hill. A tremendous flutter of flame shook out its folds in the western skies—heat lightning. Then after a pause a broad thrust of red fire poured up from behind the horizon hills, quivered a moment through the pinnacles of huge knobbed clouds and died away.

The prophet threw his head back with the abandon of an epileptic. He seemed to clutch at the low hanging heavens. His voice, raucous by many days of prayer, appeal and exhortation, split shrilly in the intensity of his utterance.

"Oh, my people! Oh, my people! The first flashes of the eternal glories of Heaven are appearing to your sight. Gaze upon the blessed light! Gaze nor shield your eyes. God is sending them as couriers of his coming. God is accustoming your poor weak vision to his glory. Open your eyes! Drink it into your souls!"

Between the interstices of the clouds another flushing of the sky was split into bands of light that seemed to dance along the hill ridges like flaming spirits.

A movement of uneasiness ran over the onlookers. Some slowly scruffed their way on hands and knees over the short herbage in order to join muttering groups of their neighbors.

The prophet spread his hands over the heads of his little flock as though in protection and began another ascension hymn.

"'Oh, Lord, our God, thy glories shine,
Thy glories shine, our hearts are Thine,
We do not fear Thy coming; No,
For all our hearts are white as snow.
Our hearts are white in Thy dear light
Yes, all our hearts are pure as snow!"

A flash swift as the thrust of a lance and steely white!

"Oh, God, Thy splendor brightens!"

He strode to the line of the torches. His face was working with the rage of the fanatic. He scowled upon the outsiders.

"You have met to mock your prophet," he screamed. "You have sat there in darkness mumbling sneers and biting your thumbs in scoffings. The Lord God is assembling His hosts in majesty behind those clouds. It is the dawn of the Great and Awful Day. God has told me."

He shook his fists at his auditors, all of whom were grave now.

"Will you stay there in the dark, cowering from the eye of the Lord, or will you meet Him here in the light, saying 'Here am I, oh Father'?"

One of those who stood near glanced to right and left, eying his neighbors dubiously. A bundle was tucked in the front of his coat. He fumbled at it.

The prophet's young wife came forward, her face radiant with white beauty almost supernatural. She began in her pure strong tones:—

"'Oh, Lord, what is this earthly dross, compared with mansions built above?
Is any world-prized thing a loss, if it is spent to gain Thy love?'"

The sky was split from zenith to horizon but no sound followed. The man who had been fumbling at his bundle shook out a crumpled white robe and donned it awkwardly. A nervous snicker came from some where behind him out of the darkness. The man's face flushed.

"Let the Devil jeer, brother, let the Devil jeer!" the prophet cried. "Is your heart right?"

"I believe so."

"Are your hands clean toward God and man?"

"I have alwa's paid a hundred cents on a dollar."

"Are you still tied to earth by the things of earth—by property?"

"Wal, ye see—there's my place in the village an'—"

"Give it away."

"But I—"

"Give it away, I say, and I speak in the name of God."

A woman, kneeling in the circle of the torches, had her eyes fixed appealingly on the man's face. She was a pale, thin woman, her shoulders bent by household drudgery. Her lips trembled.

"Myry, wife," choked the man, "ye've helped to earn it. It's our home. I—"

The prophet dragged his toe across the ground between two of the torches and pointed to the line.

"You are standing in damnation," he shouted, "come across into safety. But you cannot come with the wretched burdens of earth on your back. Cast them off."

The man stood a long time gazing toward his wife and yet not looking at her. The far-away stare of mental calculation was in his eyes.

The lightning fluttered and flamed.

The little group, their voices ecstatic, sang again.

"Myry, I'm goin' to do it," the man cried almost desperately. He tore a packet of papers from his pocket and flung them behind him on the ground.

"There's my deeds, my bank book an' a blank power o' 'torney to whomsoever wants 'em!" he shouted. "It's our home gone Myry!"

"Oh, our home is Heaven, Josiah," the woman cried, running to him as he crossed the line. "Thank God, you've decided right." The converts sang with clapping hands.

As though the example had nerved them, two other men and three women came forward, underwent examination, donned robes that they had been hiding and passed into the circle.

For some minutes an old man had been standing apart a bit, recovering his breath after his tramp up the hill. Now he came up close to one of the torches.

"Makin' more paupers, be ye, John Albee?" he angrily demanded.

"No, Jedediah Shaw," shouted the prophet; "I'm making saints for God Almighty."

"I reckin' it's jest as I've always told ye," Shaw returned, "an' that is, God Almighty don't reckon as good for much in Heaven any man that hain't good f'r northin' among his fellow men."

A murmur from the bystanders sounded like approbation of the sentiment.

"That is blasphemy," vociferated the prophet. "Jedediah Shaw, there is yet time for you to throw yourself on the mercy of the Most High." A lightning flash that swept the sky from nadir to zenith paled the torches' yellow flare. "God is advancing to Judgment. Throw away the foolish playthings of earth and crawl across that line on your knees."

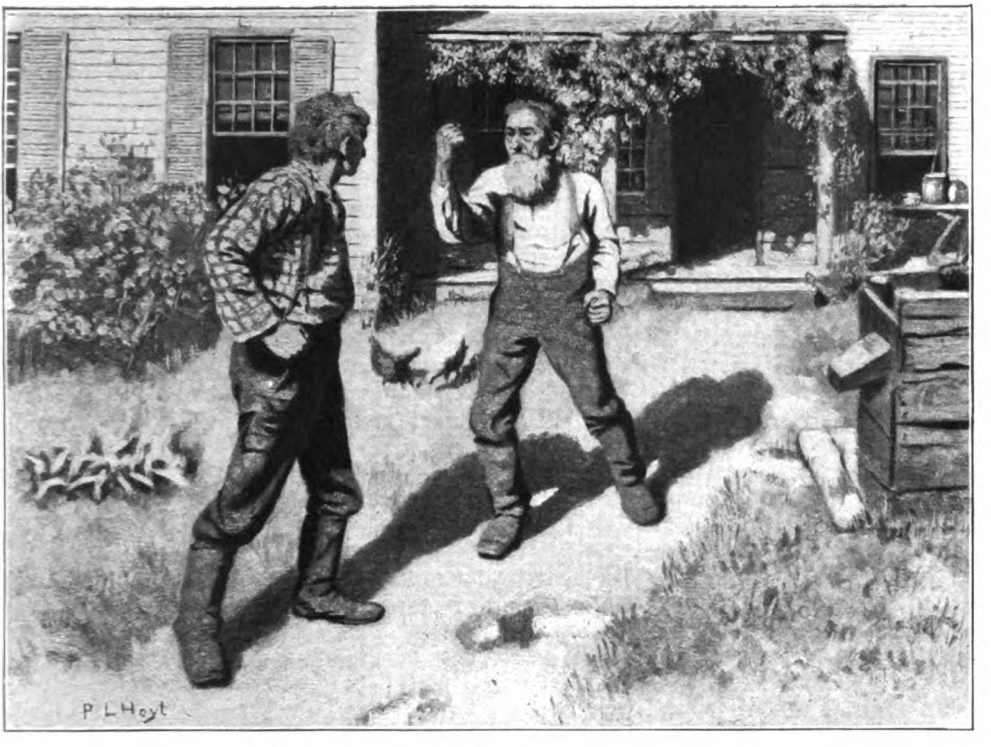
"The prop'ty that I've worked an' earnt an' saved is a plaything that's assessed f'r twenty thousand dollars on the town books, an' it won't be a kickin' loose 'round the streets jest yit awhile," the old man retorted. "But I hain't here to argy on religion with ye, John Albee. You'n me 's thrashed that all out before now. I'm here after my daughter. Ye've dragged her into this foolishness jest's far's ye're goin' to. Revivalin' is all right in some ways, but this bus'ness hain't."

He looked over the young man's head into the circle. With blunt practicality that mocked the prophet's pretensions better than open ridicule, he said:—

"'Liz'buth, I've brought a larntern an' umberil. The's a shower comin' up, an' I want ye sh'd come down to my house. Y'r mother's waitin' up."

"I shall stay here with God and my husband," the young woman replied firmly.

"I say ye shall come with me,"



"Ye're a nice man for a woman to cling to."

stormed the old man, his tufted eyebrows working like gray caterpillars.

The thunder was booming down the West in palpitating rolls.

"Y'r husband can stay out here an' git soaked an' lightnin'-struck an' pray all he wants to. For the last three years your mother an' me have kep' still an' seen ye dragged 'round from pillar to post, poor as Pooduc, an' a shame to your bringin' up. But now it's time to step in an' put my foot down. I was your father before this lunatic was your husband, an' I say you're comin' along o' me."

He set his lantern down and advanced to the line.

"Come along, I say."

"No profane foot shall step within these bounds consecrated to God and His coming," the prophet excitedly stammered.

"I shall bring her out o' there if she don't come this second," bawled Shaw. The lightning crinkled viciously and the thunder strokes were like explosions of batteries.

"Ye hain't gittin' high-handed jest a speck, be ye?" ventured a bystander whose badge indicated that he was the village constable. "Ye know the's a law agin' disturbin' religious gatherins an—"

"You're a fool," snapped Shaw. "I'm first selectman o' this town, hain't I?"

"Yas, you are, Jed'di', but that's a long way from bein' emp'ror an' Lord of All," retorted the offended constable. "These people hain't doin' no one any hurt, an' I'm here to see they hain't disturbed. If they don't want you in that ring then you hain't a-goin' in."

There was another murmur from the crowd that was distinctly applause for the constable who had braved the richest man in town.

Shaw choked wrathfully a moment and then he shouted to his son-in-law.

"John Albee, are ye wuth a cent in the world?"

"No, thank God."

"Ye're standin' there with jest your two hands?"

"Yes, thank my Redeemer."

"Wal, I'm overseer of the poor in this town an' I declare you a pauper an' a vagrant—you an' my daughter, too. But I can support my paupers, an' I'm goin' to take her, an' I've got the authority to do

it, an' I'd like to see you interfere in my duty as town officer, Jeff Denslow!" he screamed, shaking his fist under the retreating constable's nose. The next moment, a thunder-crack inspiring haste, he ran across the line and seized his daughter.

"Oh, my husband," she cried piteously, "he is taking me away from God!"

The throng had expected that the prophet would forcibly repel this intruder. But to the astonishment of all he fell upon his knees and lifting up his hands began to pray:—

"Oh, God, now—*now* show Thy might to the glory of Thy name. Oh, strike down this man who would drag one of Thy best-beloved away from Thy throne. Now show that Thy arm is mighty, oh, Lord, my God."

There was a moment of tense silence. All looked up expectantly, for the prophet's impassioned cry forced a sudden, awful belief. Even Shaw stood motionless a moment, his hands on his daughter's shoulders, his mouth agape. The lightning flash that flooded the landscape the next moment photographed on every retina in the group the broad stretch of country dipping round about from that hill and on the bare dome of it that strange gathering. The thunder-wedge clove the soggy heavens and with a roar down tumbled the rain.

"Come along," Shaw shrieked, recovering himself. He pushed his daughter ahead of him on the run, snatched up the lantern against which the rain was spitting and dragged her away.

"He's taking me away from God, husband,—he's taking me away from my God," she wailed.

The prophet was still on his knees. The torrents beat upon his upturned face, cascaded down his breast and dripped from his plastered hair.

"Oh, God," he kept shouting, "it is in Thy hands to punish him, to save her. Oh, God, I am only Thy servant, vowed to meekness. Oh, God, come now! Strike now for her salvation!"

But Shaw went pudging down the gushing slope, dragging his daughter's frail form, and behind and ahead of him went slipping and running the storm-stampeded villagers.

"Husband, husband, take me back to God's holy place," came floating up Elizabeth's despairing wail.

But with his people cowering about him, the lightnings flashing and paling on their faces, the lances of the rain blinding their eyes and spattering the mud upon their pathetic white robes, the prophet continued to call upon the Most High.

The torches were drowned and the village lights winked out one by one.

At last the thunder rolled away, the rain sifted in patterings, the stars blinked out over the draggled little band on the hill-top. And they stroked the rain and tears from their faces and seemed to realize. Then one by one they went away.

A man for whom a woman waited fumbled on the oozy ground, found a soggy packet of papers and then hastened down the hill.

Prophet John lay on the hill apex, his robe foul with mud, his hands gripping the wet earth until his palms were idly molding mud balls.

After a long time he looked around, found himself alone and then staggering afar outside the circle of extinguished and malodorous torches, he fell on his face and wept hysterically.

The sun was up when Prophet John came down from the hill and passed through the village. In the fresh morning he seemed fantastically unkempt. The drying mud smeared his garments and his hands and face. The villagers, filtering along the single street to their tasks, followed him with curious gaze as he strode past and winked at each other significantly behind his back. Many followed him. They knew that Prophet John was on his way to the house of his father-in-law.

He halted at the closed gate, grasped in each hand the top of a white picket, and called in the stentorian tones of one given much to public speaking:—

"Elizabeth!"

The clattering of dishes in the kitchen of Selectman Shaw's house indicated that breakfast was laid.

In the motionless June air the mumbling diapason of the old man's voice could be heard through the open window.

"Elizabeth!" John Albee's tones were deeper and more vibrant with emotion.

Scrape-yeak! The sound was of a chair

pushed roughly back in the Shaw kitchen. The selectman came to the door, "tekking" his tongue against his teeth to remove a meat shred. He glowered angrily on the forlorn figure at the gate and scowled at the goggling neighbors.

"G'way from there you—you hobo!" he rasped. "You people ought to be 'shamed of yourselves proddin' an' torchin' on a lunatic to make a show of himself an' shame respectable citizens. G'way the whole of ye!"

"Elizabeth! Wife!" the voice of the young man thrilled his listeners. It throbbed with appeal.

Selectman Shaw clumped down the steps and came toward the gate, hunched like an angry bear. He brandished his hairy fist, hard and knotted with years of toil.

"Lemme tell ye, John Albee, that no wife of o' yours is in this house. Ye've dragged her through all the muck an' mire ye're ever goin' to. She's my daughter an' she's with her mother."

"Elizabeth!" The cry palpitated with heart-longing—the longing of a man who has failed, from whom the world and Heaven, too, have dropped away and who is alone in the dark.

A sudden crash drew all eyes to the house. A chair had been hurled through a window on the ground floor and now a young woman was endeavoring to struggle past the shattered sash. But an elderly woman seized her waist and dragged her back into the room.

"John, my husband, they are keeping me from you," the young woman shrieked, "I love you and I want to go with you."

She stood at the window holding out her arms to him. He drove his foot against the gate and it banged open.

"Constable," roared Shaw, "arrest that pauper for trespass! Arrest him!"

Denslow burst from the crowd of onlookers, but Prophet John turned and faced him. The young man threw up his bands with a gesture and mien that halted the officer.

"One moment where you are, Denslow!" he yelled, his face working in passion. "Listen to me—the whole of you listen! I, John Albee, am no pauper. My father and grandfather and great-grandfather lived and died in this town, and no better men than they! And you all know me, my neighbors. I have told you certain things in my religious zeal during the past two years. I was sincere. I believed that God spoke to me. I—I—" he choked. "I was mistaken! I lay all last night on that hill yonder, and I faced the rains and I looked into the deep sky and I saw the stars whirl overhead and go out and the morning come, and now I know that God's great mystery of beginnings and livings and endings is not for man—weak and sinful man. I have been mistaken all along, my friends. My faith in God is not weakened. It is strengthened. God is there!" He shook his quivering hand against the skies. "But He is attending to his own divine business, and I am ashamed of myself for growing so in my vain conceit that I sought to interfere. God forgive me! Hereafter I am going to attend to my own business. I am going to make a home for my wife, and with these two hands I can make a home for her. Denslow, I am just as good a man as you are—I am just as good a man as any of you!" He whirled on Shaw. "I am no more of a pauper than you, Jedediah, for I have grit and health and the determination to do. Now I want my wife, father-in-law."

"Ye shan't have my daughter to abuse ag'in," the old man bellowed. Then he added sarcastically: "Ye can't bluff me one mite, John Albee. Ye're a nice man for a woman to cling to—a man that gits down and prays for lightning to strike, instead of protecting his wife! Nice, enterprising man you be!"

The young man's face was purple. "Jedediah Shaw," he cried, "when I depended on God last night I forgot that He had given me two strong hands for the purposes of this life. God is attending to his own affairs to-day, as I have said. I am attending to mine, and unless you release my wife—." His anger overmastered him; he ran to Shaw, caught him behind the head with his left hand, clutched his throat with the right and choked him and shook him until the old man's tongue lolled. The selectman's cadaverous face took on a fearful look of rage and astonishment. As the constable came thundering up, Albee threw his father-in-law on his back and stood over him.

"You let my wife go," he gasped, "or

I'll shake your old head off your shoulders. Stand away, Denslow! This is a matter, man to man."

Shaw sat up and fingered his aching throat.

"Shan't I take him to the lockup?" the constable inquired.

"Say, Denslow, you and the rest keep out of here and quit interfering in family matters or I'll lick the whole villageful," valiantly declared Albee.

"Ye don't seem to be pruphetizin' quite so much as us'yal t'-day," mumbled the selectman gazing on his son-in-law with untranslatable expression.

"The man who says 'prophet' to me again does so at his peril," roared Albee, his eyes flaming.

Shaw sat on the ground and stared at him. Then he grunted to his feet, turned to the gaping crowd and snarled:—

"Wal, ye see, all o' ye, that John Albee hain't quite so religion-cracked and speritless as ye thought he was. If ye want to feel a man's muscle let him chok' ye a little while. Now if ye've got any bus'ness, you folks, git along an' tend to it. We can settle our fam'ly diff'runces without gittin' up a bee. The' won't be no more exhibitions of any kind by the Shaw and Albee fam'lies."

He put his hand on the young man's shoulder and gently pushed him towards the house.

"Ye look's if ye needed a good, hearty breakfas', bub," he said kindly, and then he called loud enough for the villagers at the gate to hear:—

"Set on another plate for Johnny, 'Liz'buth!"

THE SALVATION OF WILLIAM

By Frederick Walworth

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. W. RENNELL

THE United States Regular Army is the most highly efficient little body of troops this planet can boast at the present day. Man for man and regiment for regiment, it would waltz through the cohorts of the bellicose Kaiser exactly as it waltzed through the veterans of Spain. In numbers it is almost contemptible, but in efficiency it is without a peer.

This result is brought about partly through the material out of which it is made, partly through the method used in the making, and partly through the caliber and training of its officers. *But* it follows that the United States Army is a hard school for one unaccustomed to discipline.

That brings us to Willie Carhart—William Montgomery Ormison Carhart, to give him his due. Willie was the pampered only son of a wealthy father, so he started life with a ball and chain. Private tutors of varied nationality formed an unhealthy environment for his early youth and to Harvard was intrusted the discouraging task of making a man of him.

No doubt Harvard was doing its best but along in the spring of sophomore year Willie grew tired. Finally, just before the term examinations, a physician was found who really knew his business. A trip to Europe was prescribed as the only remedy for Willie's shattered health.

So he went to Europe and spent several years and many thousands trying to remove from his person the stigma of having been born in America. He succeeded so well that his compatriots would have been ashamed to admit his original nationality. He came home for a month when his mother died, but was unable to stand

the "degraded commercialism"—to use his own term—of his native land, and returned to Paris at the earliest possible moment. At this time he was a well set-up young man, tall, broad-shouldered, fairly good looking, and with quite effeminate manners. In a rough way it might be said that so much of him as came by blood was good, while so much of him as came by training was almost hopelessly bad.

I suppose there was not a more conceited snob in the two hemispheres. He seemed to feel himself in all sincerity the Nadir of the Universe. At twenty-five his ideas were as brash and raw as those of the average school boy, and were asserted with the steel-clad assurance of a first-class battle ship. He was as utterly worthless a parasite as modern civilization in its most effete mood has ever developed. But William Montgomery Ormison Carhart never dreamed of such a thing.

What turned him toward the east cannot be determined. Possibly he yearned to place a still wider separation between himself and the land of his nativity. Possibly the mood struck him in a moment of ennui. At any rate and whatever the cause he started for the far East.

It was at Yokohama that the blow fell. His allowance failed and he wired his father for funds. Four days went by and then came a cable reading as follows: "Carhart senior died eighteenth May. Estate involved. Letter follows. Matthews, Yeoman & Matthews."

It is distasteful to record that William's first thought was not of his deceased parent, but of the involved estate. Yet such is the fact, a signal commentary upon William's character.

The situation was desperate enough however to warrant thought. William spent a bad afternoon, a painful evening and a sleepless night, and at the end of it all sent this cable to the lawyers: "Must have funds *immediately*." He even underscored the last word on the blank form, not realizing that all words arrive with equal emphasis at the end of ten thousand miles of wire.

"That really ought to bring 'em to time, you know," said William confidently. Therefore he was shocked exceedingly next day to get the laconic reply, "No funds."

It was a full month before the letter came, and with its perusal William Montgomery Ormison Carhart descended into the depths.

Matthews, Yeoman & Matthews regretted exceedingly their inability to cable a draft. They also regretted the necessity of informing him that his father had become involved in very unfortunate speculations prior to his death. William gathered hazily that from present indications it seemed certain the liabilities would more than swallow all available assets. Under the circumstances Matthews, Yeoman & Matthews found themselves so placed as to be unable to forward him anything at the present time, and begged to remain his most sincerely.

William struggled bravely through the legal phraseology and when the truth came plunging home to his long-coddled sensibilities, broke down and wept. One could find it in his heart to pity even William. It was a situation to shake a nerve of firmer fiber than his. Yokohama is not an encouraging place to "go broke" in. There are so many little Asiatic gentlemen ready to do anything for next door to nothing that a white man and his abilities are at a discount.

By the time William had parted with his watch and most of his wardrobe he had found this out, and, quickened by imminent starvation, his mind evolved a plan. He recalled that the Philippines were now American. He would go to Manila. There no doubt he could find some friend of his father's who would help him out. He remembered hearing that American capital was pouring into the islands. This was a blatant falsehood, but William lacked means of verification.

So he parted with cuff-links, shirt-studs, stick-pins and all like impedimenta and thus secured the price of a second-class passage to Hongkong, and thence of another and a worse to the islands of his hopes.

It was hot when he was dumped on the wharf at Manila, and the divers odors of the town rose up in his nostrils. Somehow it did not look hopeful and William's spirits sank. He was acutely conscious that he was nearer absolute destitution than he had ever been in the whole of his twenty-five years.

I would willingly draw a veil over the humiliations that followed. By the end of the week William was wildly searching for something, anything, to do to put bread between his teeth. With the terror born of conscious weakness he became a fawning, lean-jowled beggar in his desperation, and despite his hungry eagerness he was so utterly inefficient that he got nothing. Twice he found a place where a white man was needed, twice he was tried, found wanting and discharged within the day.

Ultimately he came to thoughts of suicide. He even sat on the wharf and looked down at evening on the black waters of the bay, dreaming hungrily of peace and quiet. But he lacked the courage for the actual plunge. There were sharks in the blackness of the bay and that is a death one would hardly choose even before starvation.

It was after such an evening on the water front that he stumbled, weak, sick and trembling, back into the town. Here he ran upon an army officer and abjectly begged the price of food. The erect, clean-jawed officer looked him over with a cold eye. Beggars are somewhat numerous in Manila.

"Why don't you get work?" he asked, and William poured out his remarkable tale.

Dumped on the wharf at Manila.

"I don't believe you, of course," said the officer, and handed him a quarter, which William accepted with almost tearful thanks. "But if you are actually starving you can enlist, you know—provided you are sound," and he passed on with a stiff back.

Next morning discovered William standing before the recruiting office long before the place was opened. He was feverishly anxious. What if it should turn out he was not "sound"? Why hadn't he gone in for athlethics and physical culture and that sort of thing when he could? You see the Nadir of the Universe was shrunk to solemnly diminutive proportions.

When he stripped for examination his body was a sight for a dime museum, and the surgeon's brows contracted.

"What's the matter," he demanded, "starved?"

"Yes, sir," said William meekly.

Luckily that was the worst that ailed him despite his coddled youth, and an hour later he was clad in khaki, and with a stomach full of hot food was dreamily listening to the admonitions of an elderly sergeant who was openly disgusted with his job. William Montgomery Ormison Carhart had put his hand to a three-year contract with the government and was now a "rookie" in the United States Army. He had sold what was left of his birthright for a badly needed mess of pottage. It remained to be seen whether the army could do for him what parents, tutors, university and Paris had failed to do—make a man of him.

For a time he had little leisure for thought upon his misfortunes. He was drilled, and drilled, and drilled till the rifle on his shoulder weighed like a ten-inch gun, and his back and legs ached with a healthy fatigue. His appetite was a marvel to himself and his sleep was dreamless oblivion.

At the end of a week of this he was herded on a transport with a dozen others under command of the recruiting sergeant, and South they went to join the regiment on the island of Negros.

Strange things happened to William then. His comrades in D Company were like men of another planet. Tough, in the specialized sense of the term, is perhaps the best way of describing them.

Their sole connecting link with the civilization William was used to, seemed to be the toothbrush which each man carried and regularly used.

William's first night in camp was an experience to be remembered. He awoke dripping from head to foot from a pail of water some one had distributed impartially over his extended person. In this sopped and bewildered condition he was seized roughly and, before he knew what had happened, was hurtling skyward from a taut blanket. He came down, a whirling windmill of arms and legs, struck the blanket on his head and shoulders, and rose again like an uncommonly resilient rubber ball.

Time and again he went up and came down till he knew he was dying, and when at last his boisterous tormentors loosed him from the coil he sank to the ground weeping like a baby. A face bent down close to his and a rough voice said tauntingly:—

"There, there, mamma's pet. Don't cry."

Now in these circumstances there was but one thing for William to do. If he had struck out in a blind rage at the taunting face, if he had rushed his tormentor with the barbaric passion of a breech-clouted savage, he would undoubtedly have been soundly thrashed, but he would have gained men's respect. Instead, William sat in the grass and softly blubbered, till the man left him in disgust.

Such was William's introduction to D Company and it was not auspicious. The days and nights that followed were a continuing torment edged with fear. The men treated him with unmitigated contempt. He was held unworthy of the least consideration. He was kicked like a dog for purely accidental faults. Indignities which should have roused him to elemental passion, he suffered with such abject meekness that it seemed as if his spirit must be broken.

The truth was merely that the spurious self-respect bred of countless dollars, had fled along with the dollars, and William lacked as yet anything to take its place. He was like a cat shorn of its claws and dropped in a strange alley.

With the hard out door work and the three square meals of heavy, gristle-making food *per diem* William's inherited constitution at last got a chance to assert itself and he developed into a strapping six-footer. He was only two generations removed from a country grocer who had rolled his own barrels of flour and sugar, and with the least exertion on his part might always have been a muscular man. Now, he was made to stand straight till in time he got a healthy forty inch chest; he was driven to exercise till his legs and arms were full-muscled and hard.

Now a rookie in the U. S. Army.

But his spirit sickened as his body grew. There came a time then when the coarse, monotonous food nauseated him, when constant contact with brutal privates was nothing short of hell, when the soul of William Montgomery Ormison Carhart, tormented beyond endurance, cried to high heaven for aid.

In this meekly receptive condition the spirit of the army, embodied for the time being in the person of Sergeant Jarvey Hook, laid hands upon him and pointed out the way. Jarvey being orderly sergeant had the efficiency of D Company close to his heart. It was inevitable therefore that Private Carhart should draw his attention, for a more colossal example of military inefficiency in the matter of *morale* were hard to find.

"Eleazar," he said to Corporal Toplatch, "what the devil will I do with the pup?"

"Drown him," advised Eleazar.

"I reckon you're about right," said Jarvey. "The trouble is his spirit's broke, same as an overworked horse."

"Never had any to break, you mean," said the corporal with contempt.

"He's so big he could lick most any of the boys if he only thought so," mused Jarvey; "an' Chislett says he's got to be made to think so. But I'm a Cochin China coolie if I know how it's goin' to be done."

"Did the cap'n tell you that?" asked Eleazar.

"On the side," returned Jarvey.

"Say, by thunderation, the cap'n's all right, ain't he?" exclaimed the corporal with admiration. "It's agin the regulations but it's the dose for what ails him. It's up to you, Jarvey."

"No, sir," said Jarvey with sudden inspiration. "It's up to you, Eleazar," and he outlined a plan.

That afternoon the corporal approached William where he sat apart in dejected solitude.

"Willie," he said, for so had the company named him, "I have been detailed to learn you the manly art o' self-defense. Come on."

"Sir?" said William meekly.

"Don't you 'sir' me, you cub. How many times you been told that? You save 'sirs' for the officers. Come on."

Eleazar led away into the jungle beyond the lines and William followed with apprehension. The corporal chose a level spot, adjusted the gloves on William's hands and his own, and proceeded with the instruction. It soon transpired that what William didn't know about the manly art would burden the stacks of the Congressional Library.

Eleazar sweated, swore and despaired. He arranged William's hands to block a lead for the face. Then leading slowly, he fiercely admonished William to block him, but William's hands stayed precisely where they were put while William backed hastily out of range. After an hour's futile endeavor they returned to camp and the corporal sought Jarvey.

"Say, "he said in disgust, "I pass it up. I ain't the man for the job. I couldn't learn that dub to box, not in a thousand years."

"You got to do it, son," returned Jarvey cheerfully.

"Oh, but say, Jarvey," cried Eleazar, "you don't know what it is. It's like learnin' a Rooshian to tell the truth. It ain't possible."

"You got to do it, Eleazar," repeated Jarvey, and next day he again drove the reluctant corporal forth.

This time Eleazar tried a different method.

"See here, you," he remarked darkly to William, "I've fooled with you long enough. I'm goin' to show you how to block me. Then I'm goin' to let drive at ye with that identical blow, an', by all the angels, if ye don't block it, it 'll knock the head clean off ye, see?"

This plan worked better, for in terror of his life, William strove valiantly, and to his surprise found the thing really could be done. It was an heroic method, but, all honor unto Eleazar, it worked. Day after day the two sought the secluded jungle together. The sessions grew longer, and at the end of two weeks the corporal was becoming interested in his pupil and, wonder of wonders, William went eagerly to the place of combat.

Perhaps he found it a pleasant diversion after the eternal drilling; perhaps, unconsciously, he welcomed anything that took his mind off his environments for even an hour; perhaps, and this is the most likely, the blows and kicks of the past weeks still rankled and he nourished hopes of revenge.

"Say, Jarvey," said Eleazar one day, "you give me time an' I'll learn that kid how to lick *you*."

At the end of a month William walked the barracks with a straight eye, which is ever a sign of conscious power of one sort or another.

"'Bout time to pull off the coop, ain't it?" Sergeant Hook asked Eleazar. "Little more an' he'll be pickin' a fight with somebody else, an' if he gets licked the first time it's all off."

"Gimme one more week, Jarvey," begged the corporal, and the time was granted. "An' I warn you, old man, it ain't goin' to be any puddin'. He's took to it like a dog to your breeches, once he got started. If he ever gets to you, you'll take the count. He cut me one to the

jaw yesterday, an' if I hadn't been goin' away when it landed 't would 'a' done the business."

The following week was a hard one for both Eleazar and William. Early and late they put in every idle minute away by themselves, till the matter became a subject for discussion at the mess.

Eleazar used the time to instruct his pupil in the mysteries of a peculiarly vicious left hook which was his own private property. In an historic encounter with Jarvey in the beginnings of their acquaintanceship, it was this blow alone which had saved the big corporal from crushing defeat, and it was a signal proof of his interest in William that he now shared with him the precious knowledge of its delivery. It started at the hip, came up with a singular twisting motion, which made it most difficult to evade or block, and if it landed fair it was a certain knockout.

"Well," said Jarvey at the end of the week, "is he goin' to lick me very bad?"

"Say, you," returned Eleazar, "you keep right on with your big-headedness. I don't ask nothing better."

"How about this afternoon then?" said Jarvey. "We'll let it go six rounds, an' then you'll declare it a draw, an' pile the compliments on Willie. Understand?"

At noon Jarvey blundered in front of William so that the private bumped into him.

"H—l!" snapped the sergeant, "you frowsy little pup. Can't you keep clear?"

"Keep out of my road then, sergeant," returned William without a tremor.

"Why, you measly, little, soft-shell crab," snarled Jarvey, "if it wasn't for my stripes I'd jam your face in."

"And if it wasn't for your stripes I'd

Square on the point of the jaw.

jam yours in," replied William belligerently. Truly Eleazar had wrought well.

"I'll lay 'em off then to accommodate you," says the sergeant nastily.

"Any time," drawled William.

Five minutes later the two made off into the jungle with Eleazar, who had been agreed upon for referee. They stripped to the waist, the corporal tied on their gloves, and the two squared off.

"Queensbury rules," cried Eleazar, "an' no hittin' in clinches or on the breakaway. Let her go."

William was white and evidently nervous. Jarvey led with an easy confidence for the private's face. The blow was blocked and a smashing clip came home on his own chest. He glanced at Eleazar with a surprised look, and Eleazar's reply was a grin of triumph. Then Jarvey braced up and without difficulty held his own. He was the seasoned veteran of a hundred fights, the regimental champion. It is probable that at any moment of the following battle up to the very end he could have sent home a blow that would have settled William's aspirations then and there. But Jarvey was fighting not for glory now, and for the most part stood strictly on the defensive.

The first round ended with William bleeding from a cut lip and Jarvey untouched. Eleazar assumed the position of William's second, and though this was palpably unfair, Jarvey entered no protest.

In the second round William clearly gained confidence, and before its close sent in a malicious right swing which landed on Jarvey's eye and beautifully blacked the same. Eleazar cheered wildly and William was encouraged.

The third and fourth rounds passed quite as per the original programme, neither combatant landing an effective blow. Jarvey came up for the fifth somewhat winded, being out of condition. Eleazar had found opportunity to put a word in William's ear between the rounds.

"He's all in," he whispered. "Give him the corkscrew an' you'll have him asleep."

The round opened with a vigorous exchange of blows. Jarvey landed on William's split lip and the pain enraged the private. He rushed like a madman, and the big sergeant, in self-defense, fought him off with body blows.

"Easy, easy," yelled Eleazar in alarm. "Don't lose your head, Billy," and William, obedient to his instructor, ceased his rushing and wild swings and for a moment fell back on the defensive.

Jarvey may have thought this ended the real fighting for the round. It would have been different, of course, if he had been pushing matters, but he was fighting this battle for the good of William. It was sheer carelessness that had brought him his discolored eye, and it was sheer carelessness that caused what followed.

William feinted with his right and Jarvey nonchalantly side-stepped and walked squarely into the trap. Eleazar, watching, held his breath in agonized suspense.

He saw the left hook start, he saw it cork-screw viciously up through Jarvey's careless guard, he saw it catch the sergeant square on the point of the jaw, and he prayed that it have the proper force.

The big sergeant groaned, went limp all over, and dropped like a wet rag. Trembling with excitement, Eleazar tolled off the seconds, and when the fatal tenth was past and Jarvey still lay inanimate, the referee gave open throttle to a yell that may have traveled round the island. He seized William's gloved hand and pumped it vigorously and, to use Jarvey's own phrase, piled on the compliments, till even William was embarrassed.

Ten minutes later the sergeant was on his feet and shaking hands with the victor.

"I'd like another try some time," he said. "You knocked me out clean an' I haven't a word to say. You're a wonder," and the three returned to camp, where Eleazar immediately spread the news with both lungs and a dramatic right arm.

"Say," he cried to a circle of the men, "don't you go foolin' with that kid. Say, you know what Jarvey is. Well, that Billy stood up to him for four rounds an' never took a mark, barrin' a cut lip. An' in the fifth, if he didn't just pick his chance an' whip one up to old Jarvey's jaw that lifted him clean off'n his feet! Oh, you ought to seen it! It was a peach! That kid'll be a champeen an' don't you forget it."

So it came about that Chislett happened one evening upon a knot of his men alternately smoking and wildly cheering, while William, answering to their calls for "Billy," sang them indecorous songs of the Parisian boulevards with improvised translations. Whereupon Chislett questioned Jarvey, and Jarvey cheerfully explained.

"You picked a fight with him and let him whip you?" laughed Chislett.

"No, sir," said Jarvey. "I picked a fight and got whipped."

"I wondered at the time where you acquired that eye, sergeant," said the captain grimly. "You understand it was a gross breach of the regulations and I don't officially countenance it for a moment," —and Jarvey says that Chislett winked— "but it certainly has worked wonders in this case, and, well, we'll let it pass."

It was some eighteen months later that Chislett one day sent for Corporal Carhart and handed him a letter. It appeared that Matthews, Yeoman & Matthews, Attorneys-at-Law, were endeavoring to ascertain the present whereabouts of one William M. O. Carhart. When last heard from he was in Yokohama. The matter was of importance as an inheritance of over ten thousand dollars awaited him.

"Are you the man?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal. "I suppose that's all that was saved from the wreck," and he told Chislett the tale.

"Well, corporal," said the captain, "you're to be congratulated. Under the circumstances you can probably get your discharge if you apply for it."

William thought a moment and then smiled.

"Captain," he said, "there was a time when I spent all of ten thousand every year, and wasn't worth the powder to blow me up. The army was the making of me, sir, and—well, I hope I've got a commission coming some day. I think I'll serve out my term at any rate before I quit."

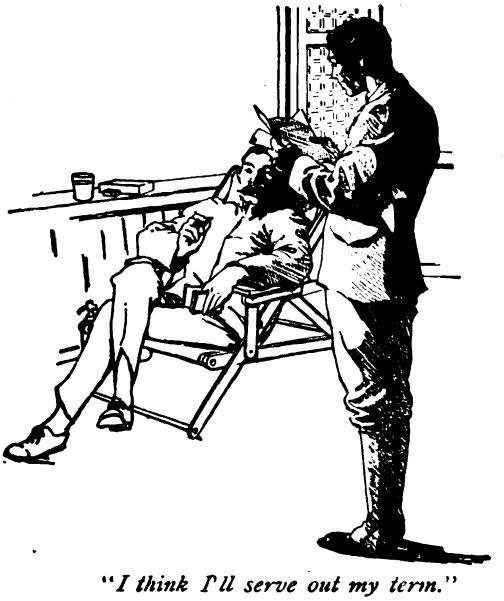
The Army had turned the trick.

Sergeant Hook encountered corporal Toplatch tenderly smoking a silver-mounted meerschaum and amber pipe.

"Billy give me that for learnin' him to box," the corporal replied to Jarvey's startled questionings.

"Well, wouldn't that turn a nigger white," growled Jarvey. "I let him pound me to a pulp for the good of his soul, an' he up an' gives *you* a pipe. I'm goin' to tell him how that fight was fixed."

"Fixed, your grandmother!" puffed Eleazar. "But cheer up. I'll let you smoke it some if you hold it with both hands so's not to drop it."



"I think I'll serve out my term."

MORE THAN A STORY

By Lynn D. Follett

THE telegraph editor sat in his little coop on the third floor of the News Building. There was the constant click of the telegraph instruments at either side of him, where sat the Associated Press and special wire operators so near that when the sheets came out of the typewriters he could reach over and take them.

Messenger boys kept running in, sometimes three in a bunch, sometimes ten minutes apart, threw down yellow envelopes on his desk and unceremoniously shoved their books on top of his copy with the peremptory adjuration, "Sign."

To one unused to the place it would have seemed a mild pandemonium, forbidding concentration of effort, but the telegraph editor sat there totally unaffected by the turmoil, sorting out the stories as they came over the two wires or were brought in by messenger, discarding, cutting and editing. A green man would have been utterly distracted by the way copy piled up on that desk, all in the course of the night to be jammed into thirteen columns of print, but it was routine to him. It didn't even keep him busy all the time. He occasionally sat back in his chair for a moment's relaxation, and the pleasant way in which he swore at the cockroaches as they climbed in and out of his paste pot told the operators old Ben was in a pleasant mood that night.

"Got anything you can force for a slug single, Ben? Something that will stand page one?"

It was Carroll, the news editor who had charge of the make-up of the paper. "I'm shy one first page flash and the first edition goes in twenty minutes," he added.

"Bulletin here; wreck on the B. L. & W. near Anderson; passenger train; several people reported killed. That's not much though, and you know what usually happens to those bulletins."

"Yes, I know," answered Carroll, "but if it doesn't stand up we can kill it in the next edition. Force a head on it now, anyhow."

Carroll started for the composing-room to make up for the first, and old Ben with the four line bulletin before him wrote a five-deck head with the celerity born of long practice, pasted the little bulletin on a sheet of paper, drew the two lines through it that mean "double lead," put head and story in the copy pipe and it was in the composing-room almost as soon as Carroll.

It was one o'clock in the morning now and the best of the news was in. Messenger boys were fifteen or twenty minutes apart, the special wire worked only at intervals, and while the A. P. operator kept pounding along as industriously as he had at seven in the evening, the stuff that came out of his typewriter was mostly the kind the telegraph editor looked at and threw on the floor. When the last form of the first edition had gone into the stereotyping room Carroll came back up stairs.

"Anything doing with that wreck?" he asked.

"No, but there's time yet," replied Ben. "We can wait till two o'clock and if it doesn't make good then I'll raise on one of those Washington stories."

It would probably be slack with Carroll for half an hour now and he sat down on one end of the telegraph editor's desk.

"How does it seem to be a single man again, Ben?" he asked.

"It doesn't seem, and, thank God, this is the end of it. The wife and the babies will be home to-morrow."

"Ben, I believe yours is a case of real domestication, and five years ago I wouldn't have thought it possible."

Old Ben reached back in his desk, back of the paste pot, and took out a photograph. He handed it to Carroll.

"They're pretty kids," commented

the news editor. "How old is the biggest one now, Ben?"

"He's almost four and the little chap's two years and three months. I want to tell you Carroll," and the telegraph editor banged his fist on the desk for emphasis, "that when you go home and meet gents like these it makes a man of you. If it wasn't for these fellows and their mother I wouldn't even be respectable!"

Carroll got down off the desk and handed back the picture. The A. P. man pulled a new sheet out of his typewriter. Ben picked it up.

"Guess that slug single can stand," he said. "New bulletin says make the first one regular and make the number of deaths read sixteen; story coming."

"Story's coming now," called the operator.

Carroll went over by the operator and watched the story as it turned up line by line out of the typewriter.

"This is the best story of the night, Ben," he cried enthusiastically when a dozen lines had come into view. "Train jumps the track, catches fire—"

"Lots of trains do that, Carroll. If a train should stay on the track, catch fire and burn while running forty miles an hour, now THAT would be a story."

"Yes, but listen," interrupted Carroll, and he read:—

"'In the third coach the rescuers came upon the burned body of a woman. She was lying prone in the aisle of the car, and when they lifted the body up two little children were found beneath her. They were dead, but evidently from suffocation. Their bodies had been protected from the flames by that of the mother, who had given her own life in the futile endeavor to save her children.'"

"It's a good feature," admitted Ben. "Sort of braces up the yarn."

"It's human interest," returned Carroll, "and that always makes a story. Feed the thing out as fast as you get it and raise the head to a double column. Play the feature. Something on the 'Gave Her Life for Her Children's Sake' idea."

Carroll had got as far as the door of the telegraph coop, then he stopped and suddenly turned around.

"Say, Ben," he said, "did you ever think that this story, and every one of them, means something to somebody? Means more than just something they read in the paper?"

Ben looked up from the first sheet of the substitute story which the A. P. man had handed him.

"Don't know that it ever struck me just that way," he said, "but everybody's got to die sometime and leave relatives to mourn, and this is a rattling good story."

Without any further comment Carroll went out. The story ran for another sheet and part of a third. Ben kept dropping it down the pipe almost in paragraphs.

"Now ask those ignoramuses on the other end of that wire for the death list," said Ben to the operator when the story had come. "Tell them I can dream those nice little human interest details, but I can't dream the names. Tell them it's after two o'clock in the morning, and ask them if they think this is a weekly," he added with considerable heat.

Having thus stirred up the sending end of the press wire he wrote on a sheet of paper, "Turn rule after first paragraph Anderson wreck for list of dead to come," and sent it down the pipe.

It was a waiting game now. The telegraph instrument still clicked, and there was the steady pound of the typewriter, but nothing came over the wire but digests of department reports from Washington and other stuff similarly dead.

"Ben!"

It was Carroll yelling up the copy pipe from the composing-room three floors below.

"Tell the A. P. we've got to have that death list. Quick, too!"

The renewed demand for the death list had hardly been made over the wire when the operator announced, "They're going to start it now."

It doesn't take long to get sixteen names, even with a partial list of addresses and a catalogue of injuries. The instant he got the last name the operator tore the sheet from the machine, threw it to Ben, then put a new sheet in his typewriter and was ready when the telegraph instrument began clicking off dry rot from Washington, beginning right in the middle of a sentence, where it had left off when the break was made to send the death list.

Ben seized the sheet as it fell on his desk, wrote the head line, "Death list, insert Anderson wreck," and so quickly you could hardly see the pencil travel, put in the paragraph marks at the head of the first three names on the list and drew the two lines under them, indicating that the names were to be set in caps.

He put in the fourth paragraph mark just as quickly, then the pencil dropped, his hand palsied on the sheet of copy before him, and when it convulsively contracted there was a wrinkled piece of paper in his grasp. His head fell forward on the table.

"Ben! Ben!"

It was Carroll again at the pipe.

"Where IS that death list? Only four minutes to go. I've GOT to have it!"

No answer.

"Ben!"

The operator turned around now. He saw Ben forward on his desk, his head in his arms. The telegraph editor breathed, but for that he might be dead. The operator went to the pipe.

"Mr. Carroll," he called. "That list is here, but something's the matter with Ben. You'd better come up."

Up the stairs came Carroll, three at a bound, and burst into the telegraph room. He gave just one glance at Ben.

"Where's that list?" he cried to the operator.

"He's got it."

Carroll pulled the crumpled sheet from the now relaxed fingers. Where the fourth paragraph sign was marked he read:—

"MRS. BENJAMIN SAUNDERS and two children—"

He didn't need to read the rest, and he didn't stop to, but, with the death list in hand, bolted for the stairs.

THE GRAFT OF HONESTY

A sketch of Martin Murphy, of Buffalo, a type of the labor boss who rules through the saloon

By John D. Wells

A LINE of men reaching from the free lunch to the committee room breasted Murphy's bar without a break in the rank. Quite as varied as the notes on a bar of popular music were the various degrees of intoxication. Rough, uncouth tradesmen, unionists, tongues none too glib in sobriety and now thickened in liquor flung coarse gibes at the "bar keeps" or their elbow neighbors.

The whole merged into a babel of curses, snatches of songs and laughter. Presently one out-shouted the others.

"Shut up you fellows."

Instantly silence came. A few, far gone in drink or strangers perhaps, protested. They were quickly pulled and hauled into a state of respectful quiet.

"Here's a note from Al Roach—he says Tim Hanrahan of Six fell on th' Potts job to-day and his light flicked. Lives in Schenectady, single, and his body's got to go there. Let's bury him like a white man—I'll start 'er with thirty dollars," and Murphy rolled three gold coins out on the polished bar.

"Come, dig up, you guys—a case note from every one of you," commanded Murphy.

And they dug up until, when the last man had contributed, greenbacks, silver and gold was heaped in a generous pile on the bar.

"Fifty-six dollars an' a half," said Murphy counting it hastily, "an' here's enough t' make it an even sixty and a fiver thrown in for flowers." Thus was Tim Hanrahan assured of a white man's burial with all the extra trimmings.

A little man with a schoppen jumped up on a chair.

"Three cheers fer Murf—he's a d——

good feller," he shouted. The cheers were given with undeniable sincerity.

This incident and one thousand and one like it have been the most valuable assets in Martin Murphy's business—that of an "honest grafter."

In these days of inquiry into and light on great combinations of capital and labor by which both have suffered much and profited little or none, it discloses a new menace to American brawn.

Labor has had its Parks, its McCarthy and its Carvill and, seeing the error of maintaining such fixtures has laid them aside. But the new factor that threatens will not be so easily disposed of. Yet labor, sooner or later, must put it aside also as an adjunct far too costly to continue.

It is the "good fellow" who now holds the rod over unionism, quite as rigid, quite as exacting in his tribute and every whit as dangerous as Parks, Carvill or McCarthy. You would characterize him as a decent chap or a popular man, but in the vernacular of the labor world he is a "d—— good fellow," and as such must be fought by his own followers.

Martin Murphy is the best specimen of his class I have ever found—the best because he is honest—because he is in truth a good friend to labor at all times—because he is in all an "honest grafter."

But who is Martin Murphy?

He is the man of whom Roosevelt, the Governor, when he heard him plead the cause of labor before the State Legislature, spoke:—

"Who is this man?"

"Saloon-keeper, business agent of the molders' union, president of the State Workingmen's Federation and the most prominent up-State labor leader," he was informed.

"Labor is safe in such hands," muttered the Governor, lost in admiration for the brawny orator.

Roosevelt the President has not forgotten the saloon-keeper-business-agent and now, as in the old days, the close friendship is maintained.

He is the man of whom Samuel Gompers said:—

"With a Murphy leading, labor has nothing to fear in the war of trust against trust."

He is one of the very few men to whom Mitchell the Silent turned in the darkest days of the miners' strike—took his counsel and profited therefrom.

Such a man is Martin Murphy, saloon-keeper, business agent, Federation President and—"honest grafter."

Ten years ago he was working at the molder's bench in the Pitts Agricultural Works at wages not to exceed two dollars a day. To-day he is worth—well, I will not attempt to tell. Should you ask Murphy or one of his followers they would say "not a dollar." That answer best serves his business. But he has exercised this "honest graft" for ten years, and if he has "not a dollar" great fault is his. He should be worth many thousands. And perhaps he is.

How has he made it?

There is but one answer—by being honest, by carrying on a systematic campaign for the betterment of the laboring man, by treating employers and men fairly and squarely, and taking his return over the bar.

The blacklist, and the exercise of the same by his former employers, really proved Murphy's blessing. Particulary aggressive during a strike, his employers decided, when the trouble was settled, that Murphy was not a desirable man to have about. He was not reinstated with the other workmen. Subsequently this blacklist barred him from many of the leading shops of his trade. So effective was it that Murphy faced a crisis in his career—he was positively unable to secure work in shops where the founders had influence, which included practically all metal-working establishments in the city and surrounding country. He was driven from his trade entirely, and for some time gained a livelihood by writing for trade papers and union organs. This proved a losing venture, and through financial reverses, suffered by the publishers, even this income was cut off.

At this time trade organizations had just begun to flourish. Mysteriously little locals were fostered and nursed until they expanded and became big locals. New locals were started. To-day Buffalo is one of the strongest union cities in the United States.

What mysterious power propagated these institutions of labor? Murphy's.

Whose diplomacy and tact was it that united the many locals under one central body with such skill and perfection of constitution that from that day to this there has never been a serious split? Murphy's.

After giving up his search for work as hopeless, Murphy inaugurated what is to-day recognized as one of the most unique features of organized labor—the council hall. It stands at the corner of Huron and Ellicott streets, a fitting monument to an "honest grafter." It started, in a small way, with a saloon on the ground floor and less than a dozen leased rooms above. Struggling locals were offered quarters there, sometimes for nothing and again for a nominal sum. Now fifty locals meet there nightly, and a thousand men spend their evenings there—to their detriment and Murphy's profit—a greater part of the time in the saloon.

In the daytime? Why, bless you, it is as lively as in the evening. In a city of fifty thousand unionists petty strikes are continuous and strikers' conferences assure steady patronage at Murphy's and prevent the interruption of the Golden Stream.

What peculiar magnetism has this fellow that he can control his fellows? The magnetism the "d— good fellow" must possess. More than this, Murphy is a diplomat in his way and is always looking after the interests of those who look to him.

In all the years of his service as business agent for the molders, during which he has represented six thousand seven hundred men directly and thirty thousand dependent workmen indirectly, he has never had a strike of magnitude. In five years, in spite of this conservative policy and without the use of the strike and the boycott—the strongest weapons of unionism—he has almost doubled the wages of the molders.

As wages increased so grew the Golden Stream.

He was the pioneer in the arbitration plan for settling labor disputes. Now less time is spent in idleness because of strikes.

Another tributary to the Golden Stream.

He framed the Employers Liability Act and fought it to victory. This holds the employer responsible for the acts of an employee. For this he is thrice blessed by his constituency.

Another drop in the Bucket of Gold.

But the "honest grafter" of to-day must stoop sometimes to less important things. The night does not come too dark or too disagreeable but that "Murf" will answer the summons of the union man—rescue him from the police perhaps, stand responsible for the doctor's bill, save this one from eviction and that one from detention.

These services are freely given, without recompense, "for the good of the cause."

But it all comes back—over the bar.

The "good fellow" thus exemplified is a menace to American industry. His works and influence instead of elevating the toiler do precisely the opposite. All the corruption of a Parks, the damnable methods of a Carvill or a McCarthy cannot, in the end, have the disastrous effect on labor as a whole of this "d— good fellow" who taps the human vein for the Golden Stream, and under the cloak of good-fellowship takes from the bone and sinew the strength and skill and energy that has given it world supremacy.

Recently I visited a gigantic steel-working plant wherein the machine shop is rated among workmen as the most complete in the world.

"That man, bending over his lathe, is a good specimen of our best workmen," said the foreman. "He can grasp any mechanical idea, make his own blue-print and, following it, produce the finished article."

Presently I saw the workman take from his lathe a finished plate of brass and fit it into a pocket of hard rubber. A smile of satisfaction overran his features as the brass plate settled slowly into the pocket, sustained for several minutes by the air under it. The fit was exact. "Perfection," I involuntarily exclaimed.

That same night I saw this man paying his tribute to "the d— good fellow," adding to the Shower of Gold from the earnings of his superlative mechanical skill.

Some day Martin Murphy will leave Council Hall and the modest little home for the Avenue. Ten years after the world will cease to wonder where Mr. Murphy made his money and will not have the curiosity to ask. But the molder, the smithy, the shipwright—those who have contributed from the harvest of their lives to the Golden Stream—what of them?

A WEDDING CONTRACT

By Jeannette Dickson Candlish

WITH DRAWINGS BY VIRGINIA KEEP

NEW YORK, July 1, 19—

MY DEAREST VERA:—

Did you ever observe the similarity between those letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and mine? Probably not—but there is, nevertheless, one strong point in common. She usually began hers with an apology, and so do I!

Really you must forgive me for not writing earlier, but I have been physically and mentally a wreck since our return from the National Convention.

It was a great fight, and it's needless to say we are overjoyed at the nomination of Governor Trevor for President. Of course the nomination by no means assures the certainty of an election, but I won't admit even the possibility of failure.

Our acquaintance, which began so romantically last year at Mrs. Black's, has ripened into the warmest friendship. He is a man of rare graciousness of manner, *sans peur et sans reproche*, but then, you know, Tom would never champion his cause were he otherwise. Tom has thrown himself head and heart into this campaign. He considers Governor Trevor the soul of honor and fair dealing, and a man who would never allow any petty consideration of self-advancement to influence him or his decisions. Oh, my dear, I love this life and am such a happy woman! Once politics gets in the blood it's like old wine, and those thrilling days in the convention intoxicate me yet.

Tom has made for himself a distinctly national reputation. When he rose in the midst of that vast multitude to present the name of Carlton D. Trevor to the delegates it was an intensely dramatic moment.

The interests were vital and national, yet withal there was the personal element which a woman can never quite disregard.

You have read his speech—everybody has read it. Politicians consider it the greatest oratorical triumph of this decade. He was truly magnificent in his appeal to honor and loyalty, but, oh, if you could have heard him as he swept all before him with a sublimely mad enthusiasm!

As he finished the convention rose as one man—the excitement was indescribable—but you know the thrilling *dénouement*, and how Governor Trevor was nominated by acclamation.

There was, of course, much that led up to all this, and one incident in which I was the chief spoke in the wheel will amuse you vastly. Tom says that I, not figuratively but literally, "saved the country," though I didn't realize it fully at the time, and perhaps it's just as well I didn't.

I must go back several months and explain that if a plurality of the delegates were to be secured in advance for Governor Trevor, it was imperatively necessary to have the support of "the boss," Senator Paulding, and his forces to prevent any break in the party. But the point was that while there was no open rupture between the Governor and the Senator, to put it mildly, their relations were somewhat *strained*. The Governor had openly defied "the boss." He had dared to give the State a clean administration—refused absolutely to be "run by the machine," and as a result the Senator would do anything in his power to oppose his election.

The Senator has the reputation of being somewhat unscrupulous—a man utterly without feeling—and underneath a manner suave and polite is a nature bitter and relentless, but by a queer chain of circumstance I found the road that led to his heart and won over the enemy. You know, Vera, dear, there isn't a man living

who hasn't a soft spot somewhere—the rub is to find it. I was glad to prove for my own satisfaction and Tom's that, though the Senator may not be exactly a saint, he's not as black as his enemies paint him. He only needs developing!

To go back again to the time of which I write. Tom was persistently urging the name of Governor Trevor as the available candidate, and the party leaders were turning heaven and earth to bring about a better understanding between the Governor and the Senator. The situation was becoming decidedly "acute," as the convention was not six weeks away—but just at this crucial moment the unexpected happened. I know you will be deeply interested in the whole affair so to-morrow I'll try and relate as nearly as possible the circumstances and conversations.

Yours,

CORINNE.

NEW YORK, July 2, 19—

BELOVED VERA.

I'll begin my letter like a novel—just forget it is I who am writing and fancy yourself immersed in the latest publication on political intrigue!

It was the 24th of April—the day before Easter—late in the afternoon, and I had just returned from a round of shopping. I found Tom at home and in the library writing. The moment I appeared he abruptly asked, "Corinne, my dear, who is Mrs. Spaulding?"

"Mrs. who?" I questioned, with more curiosity than elegance.

"Mrs. Spaulding!"

"Why, I don't know! Who is she?"

"That's just what I should like to know," exclaimed Tom. "She just telephoned. She knows me, it seems—in fact, was quite facetious and referred to some love affair in our past."

"I suppose she telephoned to remind you of it," I returned as icily as possible.

He laughed. "No, she telephoned you. I'll quote verbatim. 'Mrs. Spaulding would be delighted to see Mrs. Norris at an informal luncheon on Monday at Woodcrest. Come early. Take 10.30 train from Grand Central—carriage will meet you at Woodcrest station.'"

I thought it the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. Neither of us knew her, and I racked my brain to remember where I had ever met her. Later on we were dressing to go out to dinner, when suddenly during that ceremonious process an idea came to me. I called to Tom:—

"Why, I know. It's your friend Molly Holt, to whom you were engaged before you met me. Isn't her name Mrs. Spaulding? It's something like that."

"By Jove," he called back, "I believe you're right," and he appeared in the door bristling with interest, one side of his face unshaven and covered with lather. "Mrs. Richard Spaulding! I recall now! They have a fine place at Woodcrest, though they travel almost constantly. You are a wonderful woman to remember her."

"Umph!" I said. "I remember that night we dined at Sherry's shortly after our marriage; and the next morning she telephoned you at your office on some flimsy pretext, and said I was not at all the kind of woman she thought you would have married. It's singular that she should invite me so informally after all this silence. She seems fond of the telephone."

"I hope you'll go," he answered seriously, "and show her the kind of woman I've married. If I had married her I dare say I should have settled back on my oars like Dick Spaulding and the world would have lost a brilliant lawyer and politician," and with a delighted grin he disappeared into his dressing-room.

This was Saturday. The luncheon was to be Monday—Easter Monday—and rather full of curiosity to see my hostess I took the 10:30 train as directed. I wore a new gown of pale heliotrope cloth, trimmed with yards and yards of Cluny lace, and embroidered with wistarias—a picture hat with drooping ostrich plumes shading into all these colors—and I'm sure that I looked a "perfect dream."

When the train reached Woodcrest it was about eleven o'clock. There seemed to be dozens of carriages waiting, and I was wondering how I should find Mrs. Spaulding's man, when a smart pair came prancing up to the side of the platform where I was standing. The men on the box appeared to be on the lookout for some one, and, seeing me, the footman jumped down and touched his hat.

"Are you from Mrs. Spaulding's?" I asked.

"Yes, madam," came the unhesitating reply.

Just as unhesitatingly I allowed him to put me in the carriage, and with a flourish we dashed away. Finally we turned into a gateway with huge statues surmounting each side, and drove up a formal avenue of evergreens. On reaching the open space at the end of the drive I gave a gasp of delight, the view was so unexpected and charming. A stately villa surrounded by a glorious Italian garden that stretched away quite down to the pines which bordered the river.

The villa was of yellow stone, terraced high, with imposing flights of marble steps leading up to the portico, and far handsomer than I had expected, from Tom's description. As the carriage drew up I was received with almost continental ceremony. There were evidences of festivity on all sides—but even this did not quite prepare me for the magnificence which greeted me upon entering. I had not dreamed that it was to be such an elaborate affair, and concluded that my invitation over the telephone must decidedly have been an afterthought.

"I'm sure I looked a 'perfect dream.'"

The great reception hall and staircase were gorgeously decorated, and through charming vistas one caught glimpses of the spacious drawing-rooms equally festive. It was all as beautiful as "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," and an orchestra in some hidden nook playing divinely added the touch of enchantment.

Flunkies, in chocolate-colored livery, were hurrying about, and the very air seemed charged with joyous expectancy. I thought if this were an "informal luncheon," what would a formal luncheon be like!

As I passed the gallery where the orchestra was playing, I saw my dear old Herr Mühler conducting. I threw him a kiss and he fairly beamed with delight. Though I see him but rarely, we are the best of friends, and he assures me always that the world lost its greatest prima donna when I left the stage to marry Tom!

Upon reaching the dressing-room I found myself the first guest, but soon several others arrived in wonderful creations, and I was inclined to resent not having known that it was to be such a smart affair. They all seemed to know each other and were excitedly discussing some "bride," "his mother," "her father," "the jewels" and "the presents." It was quite like a fairy tale, and deeply interesting.

I was listening and leisurely wrestling with a refractory glove button, hoping that perhaps an acquaintance might arrive, when one of the maids whispered, "Pardon me, madam, some one wishes to speak to you."

I supposed, of course, that it was Mrs. Spaulding, but I was mistaken. It was Herr Mühler, who looked as if he were on the verge of apoplexy, and with him a gentleman whom later I found to be very distinguished in appearance, but at that moment he seemed even more apoplectic than Herr Mühler.

"Mein Herr," with German impetuosity was about to explode into speech, when the gentleman warningly said :—

"One moment, please," and taking us into a room near by, politely waved me to a seat, closed the door, and began hesitatingly—"This lady—" But Herr Mühler interrupted excitedly :—

"*This* is my Mademoiselle Du Pré, the great opera singer, famous on two continents!"

The gentleman bowed—I was too bewildered to say a word—"Mademoiselle," he continued, "we are in great trouble and perplexity. I had engaged Madame Marcella Guerrini to sing to-day at my daughter's wedding. I wished my daughter to feel that everything had been done that money and affection could do, and I have just received this telegram"—reading from a paper he held in his hand :—

"Madame Guerrini badly injured in carriage accident on way to station. Taken to hospital.

"The disappointment to my daughter I can scarcely estimate—she herself has chosen the bridal songs. Immediately on reading the message I went in great perturbation to Herr Mühler, who informed me that among my guests was one who could far outshine any effort of Madame Guerrini's, and that my daughter might yet be spared an unhappy moment on her wedding day. Mademoiselle, though your name is vaguely familiar, I have not the pleasure of knowing you. Perhaps in my eagerness my hospitality may appear selfish, but I beseech you to sing for us!—If money be any object, no amount that you may name, however great, will be too much."

As he finished, I struggled to my feet. Simple stupefaction had kept me silent, or I should have interrupted him long before.

"I don't quite comprehend," I stammered. "I did not know there was to be a wedding, only an informal luncheon." He looked puzzled—then folding his arms across his breast, majestically he said—"To-day, at noon, my daughter is to marry his Grace, the Duke of Ashborough."

I sank back in my chair, overwhelmed with confusion, and murmured brokenly—"I think there must be some monstrous blunder—then you are not Mr. Richard Spaulding, you are Senator ———?"

"I am Senator Paulding, Mademoiselle."

In that instant I saw it all—the frightful mistake—Paulding,—Spaulding,—the confusion of names,—and "The Ducal Wedding!" I had entirely forgotten it, though every separate detail had been published for days—in fact, for weeks New York had been agog over this wedding, and for the privilege of seeing Miss Paulding made the Duchess of Ashborough many women would have gone—well, to almost any lengths, in order to be present. What must he think of me! I began hurriedly to apologize.

"I beg a thousand pardons for my presence in your house. I am 'an unbidden guest at the wedding feast.' On Saturday my husband received a telephone message from Mrs. Spaulding asking me to be her guest at an informal luncheon on Monday, and saying that her carriage would meet me at the 10.30 train from New York. At the station your coachman confused the names, and thus the mistake occurred."

"But there must be some further error," said he, "the Spaulding place is closed and they are in Europe."

Surely I must have looked ready to join the gentlemen on the brink of apoplexy, or something worse! I wanted to weep with vexation, and shriek with laughter—all in the same breath. Did you ever find yourself in a position so humiliating? I'm positive you never did—and believe me, I anathematized poor Tom for placing me in such an awkward situation.

"I know I am expected somewhere," I said tremulously, "but as I have no idea where, I will thank you for your courtesy and slip quietly away."

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" he cried in alarm, holding up both hands as if to detain me as I rose, "I am selfishly glad this mistake has occurred. I beg of you to consider my request. You could not refuse my daughter this pleasure in her extremity."

Now I dare say, my dear, that I wouldn't have refused to sing in any case, as Madame Guerrini's non-appearance seemed to them such an awful calamity, and there was no real reason why I shouldn't help them in their dilemma, but as the Senator finished a daring idea crept into my brain—in fact so daring that it made my heart pound until I was sure he must hear it.

Then I almost laughed aloud in my joy for thinking of anything so clever. This was my opportunity. I would place him under such deep, deep obligation that it would be difficult—yes, impossible to do other than pay my price. You never dreamed I could be such a Shylock, did you? And I am sure the dear Senator didn't dream how dearly he was buying my songs.

As I saw the great beads of perspiration on his forehead and the look of anxiety in his eyes, I thought swiftly. I'm sure you cannot be hard and unyielding if you love that daughter so dearly, so tenderly and so devotedly.

In a far shorter time, my dear Vera, than it has taken me to write it all this transpired, and I had graciously(?) consented to sing. The details were quickly arranged.

I was to sing before the ceremony—after the bridal party entered—and softly during the responses.

Glancing hurriedly over the numbers selected by the prospective Duchess, I found them quite familiar. I felt strangely nervous, but Herr Mühler's sublime faith and confidence and the tremendous issue at stake spurred me on to rise to the height of my opportunity.

All was ready and, hidden behind a bower festooned with roses, lilies and smilax, I began the lovely dream song from "Lohengrin." As the song proceeded the guests grouped themselves on either side of the flower-lined aisle in hushed expectancy. The silence as I finished was intense, but suddenly the orchestra burst forth with the glorious measures of the wedding march, and down the garlanded staircase came the bridal party.

It was like some splendid pageant—the soft lights, the flashing jewels, the music and the flowers—all combining to make it indescribably beautiful.

There were twelve bridesmaids—a perfect rainbow as they floated by in their quaint, fluffy gowns. The Maid of Honor, the Lady Isabel Hope-Kirby, a sister of the Duke, came next, and lastly the little flower girls—dainty little fairies—tossing out their blossoms before the bride, star-eyed and stately, in her shimmering bridal robes. A more exquisite vision of loveliness I have yet to see, and I could well understand her father's adoration.

As the bride reached the altar and stood by the side of her future husband, he took her hand and they knelt together.

The orchestra ceased and the organ, harp, violin and voice (my voice) took up the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." It was truly a moment of exaltation! As the last note died away they rose from their knees and the Archbishop began in a low voice to repeat the marriage service. When the time came for the responses—

"I, Edward Arthur, take thee, Josephine, to my wedded wife—"

"I, Josephine, take thee, Edward Arthur, to my wedded husband—"
—softly I chanted a "Hymn of Love," arranged by Herr Mühler, and finished it just as the Archbishop repeated:—

"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The significance and solemnity of that scene I shall not soon forget. It was a representative union of the beauty and wealth of America with a noble house whose lineage was almost as ancient as Britain itself.

It was soon over and the guests crowded forward with congratulations. For a few moments I was obliged to listen to Herr Mühler's praises and thanks—he's such an old dear!—but my thoughts were wandering to Senator Paulding and how I should reveal my identity to him. He remembered me, however, for soon he sent a message begging permission to present the bridal party. As I reached the foot of the staircase the Senator came forward smiling, and for the moment we chanced to be standing quite alone.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he said enthusiastically, "Herr Mühler did not tell us the half when he sang your praises. We have all been enraptured—the sweetest voice I ever heard! It was ravishing! Mademoiselle du Pré you have made my daughter very happy," and the tears actually came into his eyes—and then he added gaily—"like King Herod of old I promise to give you whatever you may ask—even to the half of my kingdom."

He couldn't have paved the way more smoothly, so with a demure smile I replied—"Are you not very rash? Remember Salome and the fate of John the Baptist."

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. "I'm not intimidated; I shall be only too happy to grant any request in my power," he added graciously.

"Very well Senator," I answered smilingly, then my heart stopped beating and felt like a lump of ice. "I'm going to hold you to your word. It's only a little thing I desire—but I must have it—and it *is* in your power. *I want your word that you will support Governor Trevor in the Convention and Campaign.*"

My dear—if I had asked him for a slice of the moon he couldn't have been more astounded. He staggered back and said almost roughly: "Mademoiselle—what do you know about Governor Trevor and the Campaign?"

I stoutly held my ground and answered sweetly. "I know a great deal—but first I must tell you I am Mrs. Tom Norris. I don't believe you understand that I am no longer Mademoiselle du Pré.

That completely finished him. The poor Senator! In his chagrin he turned a beautiful shade of rhubarb green that wasn't at all becoming. His hand crushed the flowers on the bronze newel and a steely, inflexible look came into his eyes. He glanced uncertainly toward his daughter, and just at that moment she turned and smiled at him. In an instant his expression softened and he was another man. Then it was with an effort, he pulled himself together and rose to the occasion like a Lord Chesterfield.

"Mrs. Norris," he said gallantly, holding out both hands, "I'm very glad to know you. I shall always be your debtor—nothing can cancel your service of today. 'To the Victor belong the spoils,'" he added whimsically, and offering his arm he presented me first to Mrs. Paulding and in turn to the bridal party and titled guests. The newly made duchess even begged leave to kiss me—and you may be sure I responded warmly.

Of course no one except the initiated knew the secret of my presence—and the afternoon was a delight. I should like to tell you of the presents, but it's impossible.

Tom could scarcely believe me when I told him where I had been and what had happened. It seemed incredible indeed. In the course of a day or two, however, he received a communication from the Senator that proved beyond a doubt his sincerity. It was a masterly letter—no purely formal acknowledgement, and it gave me a keen insight into the character of the man who inspired such blind devotion from his friends and such intense hatred from his enemies.

There is really little more to tell. It soon leaked out that all differences had been pleasantly arranged, and that the name of Governor Trevor as the reform nominee was very agreeable to the "boss." Though I don't dare speak it above a

whisper, isn't it a singular thing that the Presidential prize can be snatched away or awarded to humor a mere whim? So trivial a matter sometimes influences the choice.

The Senator and I have become fast friends. He says I am a very "resourceful young woman," and slyly calls me Mrs. Norris of the Diplomatic Corps. He told Tom that though he may have loaded the Presidential boom it was I who fired it!

Wouldn't the reporters have reaped a harvest if they had known what brought about the Senator's change of heart? I think I have forever silenced the calumny that a woman can't keep a secret.

The next four months will be full of excitement. Tom is chairman of the Campaign Executive Committee, and will be away a great part of the time. Possibly I may join you later, if not I'll surely write you of any interesting episodes.

Meanwhile think of me, dearest Vera, as ever your devoted

CORINNE.

P. S.—I had closed my letter and quite forgotten to tell you where I was really expected on that eventful Easter Monday. If you remember, Tom understood that telephone message this way: "Mrs. Spaulding would be delighted to see Mrs. Norris, et cetera." I know you will think it wildly improbable, but his little cousin, Agnes Hamel, to whom he has made love since she wore pinafores, was recently married, and neither of us remembered her new name. It is *Mrs. Spaulding Wood!*

NANCY'S GONE TO BOSTON TOWN

By Henry C. Carter

NANCY'S gone to Boston town,
Ho, lads, for Nancy!
Boston lads of Boston town,
'Rah! 'Rah! for Nancy;
'Tis the reason, 'tis the why,
Your stars go twinkling all the night,
Nancy lights them with her eye;
It's a flash 'twixt night and light;

Hear the clinkle of her shoon,
That's a song (her eyes are brown);
Listen, lads, and catch the tune,
Nancy's gone to Boston town.

Ring your bells in Boston town,
Ho, lads, for Nancy,
Boston lads of Boston town.
Hip! Hip! for Nancy;
'Tis the why and reason, too,
Your birds wake up and sing for fun,
Nancy smiles, they think it's dew,
Dropping, dropping in the sun.

Hear the clinkle of her shoon,
Hear the swish of her new gown,
That's a song, just catch the tune,
Nancy's gone to Boston town.

Toss your caps in Boston town,
Ho, lads, for Nancy!
Boston lads of Boston town,
A rat'ling cup for Nancy;
'Tis the reason, 'tis the why,
No star is seen nor bird at South,
To woo the flashes of her eye
And win the smiles about her mouth;

Miss the clinkle of her shoon,
Miss the swish of her new gown;
That's a song, we miss the tune,
Nancy's up to Boston town.

Hold your hearts in Boston town,
Ho, lads, for Nancy!
Boston lads of Boston town,
She's bespoke, is Nancy.
That's the clinkle in her shoon,
That's the swish in her new gown,
That's the song and that's the tune,
Listen, lads of Boston town,
She's bespoke, is Nancy.

IMPORTED AMERICANS

By Broughton Brandenburg

VI. THE HARVEST

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE car our party took after landing at the Battery was entirely empty but for ourselves, and when we were inside with our luggage it looked like a baggage car. Weary as our people were, their eyes were wide with wonder at all they saw, and as we swung around into Broadway and started uptown I saw in Concetta's eyes that wild look of the startled fawn as she contemplated the great cañon flanked by buildings into which we were rushing. She shrank from each sudden accentuation of the noise of the street.

People began to get on the car. They stared at us and made audible comments, little thinking that some of us understood.

"Oh, what dirty, dirty wretches," said a woman with a worn seal plush sack as she looked at our women.

"I don't see why they let these lousy dagoes ride on the same cars other people have to use," observed a stout gentleman with gold framed glasses as he shrank back from Gaetano Mullura, who had tried to change his seat and was plunging down the aisle owing to a sudden jerk of the car.

Ere long we came to Bleecker Street, and knowing there were several hotels in the vicinity below middle class, the only sort at which we stood a chance of being admitted, we alighted and I went in to one of them to see if I could get a half-dozen rooms. Three times I was met with the excuse "We are all full," though I could plainly see that the room board was but half covered with slips. At each of the hotels we created a stir. As I turned away from the last desk the clerk observed to the cashier.

"Well, what do you think of that for nerve?"

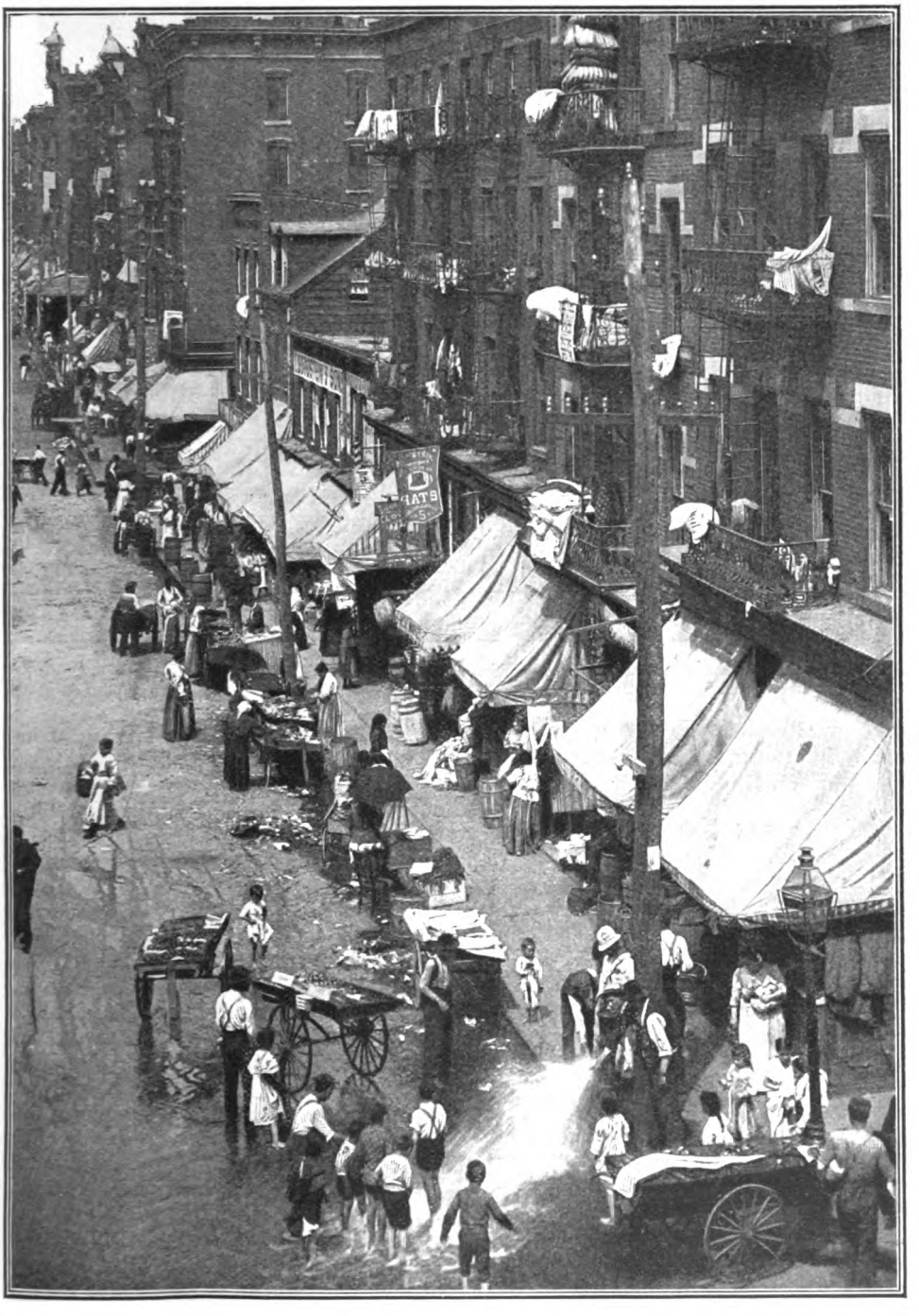
"What's that?" said the cashier who had been busy.

"Why that dago coming in here with a push like that trying to get rooms."

Beginning to get a little exasperated, I led the way west into the Italian quarter and we successively tried the Italian hotels, Hotel di Campidoglio, Hotel de France and others. All refused us admittance. By this time there was not a member of the party who was not exhausted, so gathering them together in the shelter of a building in the course of construction, and leaving my wife in charge, Antonio and I went hunting a roof for the heads of all of us. It was an hour later before we mounted the steps at the same house in which my wife and I had lived. It seemed ages since we had left the portal, but the good Signora Tonnela was there looking just the same, and when she found out who it was under the dirt and the Italian clothes, she offered the three small rooms she had, and having no other chance we accepted.

We managed to get a meal at a near-by restaurant and then with full stomachs once more, we took up the last stage of the journey and shouldering our baggage made our way to 147 West Houston Street.

Not one of the three rooms had a full-sized bed in it, and but one space enough to spread a bed on the floor, yet after a distressing half hour I got the fifteen persons still with us parceled out, all except Giuseppe Rota, who was number sixteen. Try as I would, I was unable to find room for him to stretch his hulking frame, unless he took the doorsteps, so I escorted him over to the branch of the Society for the Protection of the Emigrants, a few doors west, and put him up there. When he found he was to be left alone he burst out



The Promised Land.

The Italian quarter in New York at 100 degrees in the shade.

Giuseppe Rota and his friends, though born and bred in Avellino, are quite at home in Newark, New Jersey.

crying and vowed he would never see his uncle in Newark again. I reassured him and told him I would come and get him on the morrow.

We slept until nearly noon the next day and then began the process of assembling all the baggage, clearing it from the customs, and of dispersing the remnant of our party to their various destinations.

A part of the baggage had already been sent to the pier of the Stonington Line, but several trunks had heavy customs charges against them, and the owners, Concetta, Nastasia and Pulejo must sign the papers in Boston. We contrived to get through in time to catch the last boat back and only emerged from the tangle of checking, expressing and receipting at the Barge Office by the kindly aid of the officials there.

By using great haste we got the party assembled and down to the Stonington Line pier in time to catch the night boat. I had intended to go with the Squadritos to Stonington to see them entirely through to their destination, but an unforeseen obstacle arose in the form of Giuseppe Rota. Because he refused to be left alone to look after himself, I had been lugging him about all the latter end of the afternoon, and when we made our way down to the boat it suddenly occurred to me that if I went to Stonington I must either take him along, leave him standing in the darkness on the pier, or find some one to take care of him. It seemed easy enough to call a messenger boy, but when the uniformed mite arrived and I committed Giuseppe to his care to be taken back to 147 West Houston Street, Giuseppe raised his voice to heaven and bellowed like a bull, clinging about my shoulders and protesting that he was afraid I was sending him away to lose him so that he might never see his uncle or any of his "compadres" from Avellino again, and if I did he vowed he would end all his suspense and suffering by plunging off into the dark river then and there, so I dismissed the messenger and took the party aboard, bade them good-by for a short time, and took Giuseppe home again.

There were many other Italians aboard in the forward steerage compartments, all bound to the New England manufacturing towns, and they made merry on the way

and related the wonders which they had seen so far in the great, new country.

At last the big whistle sounded in a long blast and the boat slowed down. Soon she was bumping against the pier and an officer was routing out the immigrants and getting them ashore.

Antonio and Giovanni Pulejo were the first on deck, and as they appeared at the end of the plank a wild shout went up from a black group in the shadow, and they heard the familiar voices of Giuseppe, Tomaso and Carlino calling their names through the darkness.

Soon all were ashore and mingling in a wild scene of embracing and kissing, men and women, men and men, women and women. When Camela had Giuseppe's arms about her at last all she could do was lay her tired head on his shoulder and weep, while Ina stood at one side gazing with wonder on the strange, handsome man who was her father. She was having her first sight of him that she could remember, and preferred to take as good a survey as she could get in the dim light, from a point *outside* of the zone of embraces. When she had a chance she said to Concetta:—

"I thought he was three times bigger than that, but he is nice."

At last the party formed a procession with Antonio and his happy wife in the lead and marched up from the dock to the substantial old house on Water Street, on the first floor of which, fronting on the street, Antonio had his barber shop. Carlino's welcome, while warm enough, had a certain bitter tang in it. He has pronounced himself as All-American, and says he will never go back to Italy, no matter what happens, not even for a visit. Just before these words have gone to type Vincenzo Squadrito has arrived, the forerunner of others of the family, and says that, in March, Nicola was conscripted, taken out of his prosperous smithy and sent to five years in the cavalry at Milan.

It was some hours yet before the final separation of the last of the family party, when Concetta, Nastasia, Giovanni and Felicia Pulejo and Gaetano Mullura should take the train for Boston, and it was passed in excited chatter concerning all that had

The golden vision of America materializes in the shape of a prosperous barber shop.

happened since they last met. Shortly after daybreak the Boston party, weary beyond expression, got aboard the coaches provided for immigrants at the dock and departed. There was another joyful reception at South Station.

Concetta is now living in the home of her uncle, 37 Harrison Street, and six months have served to make a great change in her. She has a new spirit, a new gaiety and independence, and at my last news from her there are about forty young Italians in and about Harrison Street who are madly in love with her.

Giovanni Pulejo is working as a barber in one of the South Boston shops, and Felicia is in the great shoe factories at Lynn, Massachusetts.

Nastasia is helping his uncle and is going to have a better education than he has. All have melted into the life of the Italian colony in Boston with an ease and adaptability that are truly remarkable, and now that they have learned enough English to understand what is said to them and to make some answer, they are beginning to enjoy life.

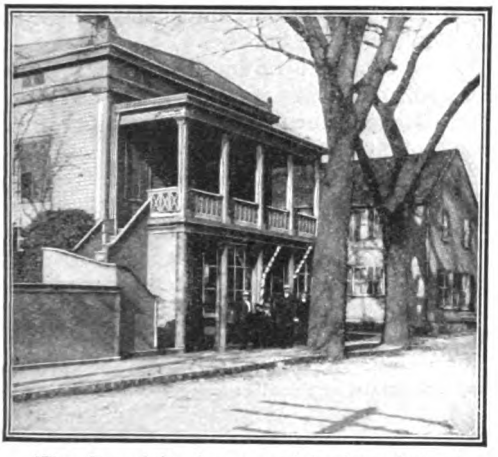
There is very little of the Italian in the second generation.

The next Monday, being greatly pressed for time, I endeavored to persuade Guiseppe Rota to go alone on the train to Newark, and in the Jersey City station, even found a Newark man who kindly volunteered to pilot him to his uncle's house, but once again he flung his arms about me and to quiet him I bought another ticket and went along.

As we got off the car in Newark and turned into the Italian district the strains of bands fell on our ears and soon we saw decorated arches spanning the streets, crowds of people in holiday dress thronging the way and later a procession came by in which scores of little girls marching in white preceded a half-dozen strong men bearing a platform on which was a saint's figure. The people were celebrating the feast day of the patron saint of Avellino and the figure was covered with purses, medals and watches, while gifts lay heaped up at its feet. Rota was a native of Avellino, and pretty soon one of the young men from the crowd recognized him, whereupon there was a great amount of embracing and shouting. When I left him an hour or two later, he was seated in the midst of his friends and relatives, feeling safe and happy at last.

Few immigrants come to America these days who have not some relative already here who has prepared some sort of a foothold for them, and all have friends who will look out for their interests to a certain extent. This explains nicely the mystery of why immigrants will mass in the four States of the East which lie nearest New York, when the South is offering inducements for Italian and Austrian labor, and the West never has enough farm hands. I am in receipt of letters from large land holders in several parts of the West who want immigrants to come and settle on their lands, and do not understand why, no matter how much publicity is given to the advantages in the West, the immigrants persist in clinging to the East. The reason is that they wish to stay where their friends and relatives are, and their friends and relatives are already situated in the industrial centers of the East.

The two Gualtieri boys had come "recommended" to Ferruchio Vazzana and Tomaso Figaro, neither of them relatives but merely friends, and both with enough



The Squadrito house and barber shop at Stonington, Conn.

to do in looking after their own family interests, so that the two were thrown very largely on their own resources, and their adventures in New York, on which I have kept a very careful eye, form a very typical story of what befalls the "greenhorn."

Both had a small amount of money, and if necessary, Nunzio could have sent home for more, but his pride forbade. With Nicola, it was different, the entire family fortunes depended on this venture, though I did not know it for some months; the bit of property his father owns is worth about three hundred dollars and represents the toil of a life time. This had been mortgaged for sixty dollars at twenty per cent. for six months, in order that Nicola might come to America. The family consists of his father and mother, his wife, a girl not yet eighteen and their year old baby. To make up for the lack of this, the three adults all engaged in work of some sort, until the time when Nicola could begin to send home the splendid earnings to which he looked forward in America.

He had received a good education in the academic and technical schools of Messina, and in addition to being a first-class cabinet maker, is an excellent trombonist. He had served his term in the *Guardia di Finanza* and had at one time been awarded a prize of one hundred lire for bravery and efficiency in trapping some west coast smugglers.

With Nunzio, the case was different. Though big and strong he had no technical training whatever, the five years of his life which he had spent in the Caribineers, precluding all opportunities for that. He could be only an unskilled laborer.

The first thing to do was to find them living quarters, and this was done by their friends. Nicola got a room which he shared with four other men, and his board and washing for three dollars and twenty cents per week, and Nunzio got a tiny single room in another house, with board for three dollars and fifty cents per week. A part of Nicola's slender store went at once to buy him a cheap overcoat.

The very next day after being settled they began the hunt for work, accompanied by Tomaso or Ferruchio. Wherever Nunzio went, bosses, superintendents and managers, looked at his massive frame and seemed inclined to hire him until they found he could speak no English and then they turned away, saying they had no time to bother in teaching him how to take orders. All of the contractors for gangs of Italians seemed to have all the winter men they wished and as day after day went by, tramping the city, going to as many as forty places in one afternoon, and meeting with a refusal everywhere, Nunzio began to get very discouraged.

When things were the blackest he heard that a number of Italians were being employed to clean out a big store some place where the L trains ran by and reported it to Ferruchio who followed up this slender clew and found that Siegel & Cooper were taking on Italians for their night-porters staff, as they found them much better workmen than the mixed Germans, Irish and negroes they had had. In brief Nunzio secured a place in the big department store, going to work at seven in the evening and working until seven

Little Ina in her American dress.

in the morning for seven dollars and fifty cents per week and good pay for overtime. But misfortune came. He was detailed to work with a Calabrese who had charge of the day work in the room where the store's waste paper is baled. There was seventeen dollars profit for the company on the saving and selling of each day's waste paper. The Calabrese spoke English and took the orders from the superintendent, translating them to Nunzio and another "greenhorn." Shortly after Nunzio was promoted to day work and his pay raised a dollar, a cousin of the Calabrese arrived in New York and the Calabrese wanted Nunzio's place for the cousin, so he began to systematically undermine Nunzio. If the superintendent ordered one thing, the Calabrese told Nunzio it was another and when the superintendent kicked because the work was improperly done, the Calabrese laid the blame on Nunzio. At last one night the superintendent asked all hands to work a part of the night and the Calabrese informed him that Nunzio refused to do so, something which Nunzio had not the slightest idea of, and in ten more seconds Nunzio found himself being suddenly ushered outside.

For weeks he lived on the money which he had saved while working in the department store and then one day he accosted the superintendent of a Bazaar establishment in Thirty-first Street, and as it happened that a man was needed that very minute to handle the huge piles of printed matter in the shop, Nunzio was put to work at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day. I saw him the evening of the second day and he was unable to sit up straight from soreness caused by the heavy lifting and carrying he had to do, but he clung desperately to his employment and now his reward has come. All about him were English speaking people with the exception of a large group of Austrians, and so he is picking up the language rapidly and he has been promoted to the running of one of the big machines in the plant and is averaging ten dollars a week. His face shines with his prosperity and he wants to get married.

There were many opportunities for work for a skilled cabinet maker in October and

The Italians bring their customs with them, and the festival of the patron saint of Avellino is duly celebrated in Newark, New Jersey.

November, but there were three huge obstacles in the way of Nicola's embracing one of the many, lack of English, lack of tools and lack of a union card.

The matter of the tools was not insurmountable, but the others seemed to be. After a week's hunt for work in some small shop where he could have tools supplied him and a union card was not required, he seized a chance to go to work hustling boxes for a biscuit company at four dollars a week, which he calculated would pay his expenses while he was waiting an opportunity to engage in his trade. Four days of this work saw him exhausted physically, his hand mashed and his wrist strained so that he was unfit for work of any kind. Before he was well again he was in debt so deeply that he was nearly distracted.

He got two or three days' work for an Italian carpenter who was doing some roof repairing, and the four dollars he made paid one week's expenses at least, then he was commissioned to make a cabinet for filing papers and Tomaso arranged with an Irish carpenter for Nicola to work there while making the cabinet, paying Delaney a dollar a day for the use of tools and shop. During this time Tomaso, acting on my advice, went with Nicola to the Carpenters' and Joiners' local and endeavored to get himself admitted to the Union. During several visits the difficulty seemed to be that there was no union man to sign Nicola's application, but this was obviated. Why the matter was delayed thereafter I do not know. Two excellent opportunities for employment at the union rate of eighteen dollars and fifty cents were offered to Nicola in the last week of January, but he could not begin work until he got his union card. He did not get it then, and at this writing it is still in the application stage.

On the first of March he had to send home the money to lift the mortgage on his father's property or the family's little all would go. He had not yet caught up with his own debts in this country, and so he abandoned all hope for the time being of trying to get employment at his trade and began to look for employment as an unskilled laborer. At the end of a black week he found this in a printing establishment, and to-day he is still laboring there, carrying bundles of paper from press to table, and such tasks. He is receiving about eight dollars a week, adding in his pay for extra time. When the first of March came he had just seven dollars instead of the needed sixty, and when every ray of hope seemed gone and he was nearly wild with worry, a way was opened and the debt was paid.

The night we landed in New York from Ellis Island there were signs everywhere of the bitter battle on between Low and McClellan and their respective supporters. I explained it all carefully to our people, and they were greatly interested, though they thoroughly understood the electoral form of government, as communal and legislative officials are elected by popular vote in Italy. Two days later Nunzio told me that an Italian friend of his had asked him if he did not want to make a couple of dollars voting at the election two weeks hence.

"Why, I cannot vote. I have not been here long enough," said Nunzio.

"Huh, you *are* a greenhorn. I have only been here two years and I have voted twice and belong to a political club. You come around to the club with me and I will introduce you to a man who will give you naturalization papers, we will register you, and you will never need think of it after that. You will be just as much of a citizen as any of us."

When I explained to the boys how illegal this procedure would have been, Nunzio said:—

"Well, if that is the sort of thing being a citizen is I don't believe I want to be one."

After long and careful study of all the many and complex phases of the immigration question, I have formed a clear and definite idea of what should be done with the immigrant. The first suggestion of it came to me when I saw how grossly I, in common with other Americans of the class that is informed on the average concerning these things, misunderstood the aliens who come to our shores, and when I perceived the first indications of the preparation of lies to be told at Naples and at Ellis Island, in order to evade the laws of the United States. Slowly it was demonstrated to me that any system which makes inspection dependent on the word of the immi-

grant or of his friends is radically wrong.

Immigration must be either controlled and directed or it must be abolished, and the last named alternative is eliminated by common sense and considerations of a humane nature. We need the immigrants. Our nation owes its strength to-day to those who have crossed the ocean in other years. Our great industries need their brawn, our undeveloped regions need their toil, and we can easily accept one hundred and fifty millions more human beings as raw material, but they must come as raw material, good, raw material. That given, our civic atmosphere, our conditions, our national spirit must do the rest, and patriots must look to the children of the immigrants for best results rather than to the immigrants themselves.

The true condition of all undesirable persons is readily ascertainable from the civic, police and military records in the commune of their residence, to which can be added the supplemental evidence of their neighbors and the local officials of the commune. In the commune of their nativity the truth is known and cannot be hidden. At the ports of embarkation combined influences can deceive the best officials. At the ports of arrival the hand of the inspector is still weaker, no matter how thorough the examination and no matter how excellent the system.

The conclusion is plain: seek the grounds on which to deny admission to immigrants who wish to come to the United States in the villages from which they emanate.

What seems to me to be the best plan to do this and to keep the expense below what it is at present, and to avoid the opportunities which are sure to be presented for wholesale corruption of American officials by the transportation interests and by the emigrants themselves is this:—

Select emigrants before itinerant boards of two, three or more native-born Americans, who speak fluently and understand thoroughly the language and dialects of the people who come before them, these boards to be on a civil service basis.

The long, diplomatic delays and ensuing red tape of incorporating the privileges of these boards in treaties with the several European governments can be avoided by temporary operation under the present consular system of the United States, and little objection would be met with from any of the governments from whose domains the emigrants come.

In districts from which emigration is profuse at present, a smaller number of communes and a more frequent visitation should be the regulation. The sittings of the board should be announced by advertisements a sufficient length of time in advance to allow all persons contemplating emigration to prepare for examination. Examiners should be prepared to furnish information as to destinations and opportunities, and could, with care, prevent an increase of the congestion in the cities of the East. In extremity, regulations could be made which would allow them to deny clearance and passage to persons desirous of going to districts already over-populated with aliens.

As to the requirements for admission to the United States, our present code of laws has them well defined, except in the matter of illiteracy, and my personal observation has been that illiteracy does not interfere either with the value of an immigrant to the civic body or with the rapidity of his absorption among us; in fact the educated class cling more tenaciously to all that is old-worldly.

When a party of immigrants has been passed and given papers, with photographic identification as well as detailed physical description, with the time limit of use of twenty days, they should be instructed as to baggage so as to minimize this aggravating feature, and should depart under the charge of a courier, going to the nearest port of trans-Atlantic departure. This would work a great change in immigrant-carrying lines, but is plainly the most convenient and economical procedure for all concerned. The party could be delivered directly on board the day of sailing, and thus all the frauds and grafting schemes would be avoided. The saving to immigrants by this method would more than pay for the expenses of the examination.

It is easy to see how these visiting boards could promote emigration among the classes which are most desirable in northern and central Europe and are now so chary of coming. Families which have something to lose by being turned back from the United States are loath to dis-

pose of their property and make the venture. If they knew they were certain of admission before they left their homes a year's time would see the level of the grade of immigrants greatly elevated.

Of reforms in transportation, little need be said. Closed cabins and service of food for groups of six or eight, with an American Marine Hospital Service surgeon in charge of each ship, would bring about all that is needed, with a few minor regulations.

Ellis Island and the smaller immigrant stations should continue their functions much as they are now, only that little hospital room would be needed, the registry feature would be decreased to an examination of papers for admittance and to maintaining the card index system. The distribution and detention features would necessarily be continued.

To the card index system should be added a regulation compelling all aliens reporting at regular intervals their whereabouts and pursuits, to federal officials in federal judicial districts, until such time as they become citizens of the country or are ready to depart. A most important feature of this should be the indexing and tabulation of the hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men who have had the excellent military training of the armies of Europe and would, if properly organized, constitute a fine reserve force in America of at least two million men.

Deportation is the severest punishment which can fall on an alien in comparison with anything less than several years imprisonment, and all admissions to the country should be made probationary, the commission of any crime or crimes and conviction therefor, to be followed by punishment and then by deportation. Many of the minor crimes committed by aliens are done with the intention of getting two or three years in prison in which to learn to read and write English and acquire a trade.

The practical statesman will at once object to this programme on the ground of the terrific expense of maintaining thousands of men in Europe to constitute these boards of examiners. By careful computation I have ascertained that it would cost approximately four dollars per head to examine and admit each immigrant, whereas at this time it costs each immigrant nearly five dollars to be examined, inasmuch as the extra expense to which the steamship company goes is added to the price of his ticket. Over and above this, the money he relinquishes to grafters, sub-agents, advisers, etc., totals a sum that is beyond reckoning.

Summing up, this plan would achieve in simple fashion the following things :—

Undesirable emigrants would be prevented from leaving their homes.

Desirable emigration would be wonderfully stimulated.

Practices of officials of foreign governments in dumping criminals, foundlings, agitators, etc., would be ended.

Emigrants would be protected and great economy in travel would be effected.

Smuggling and underground methods would be disconcerted and contract labor frauds prevented.

Naturalization frauds would cease to avail and legal naturalization would be greatly increased.

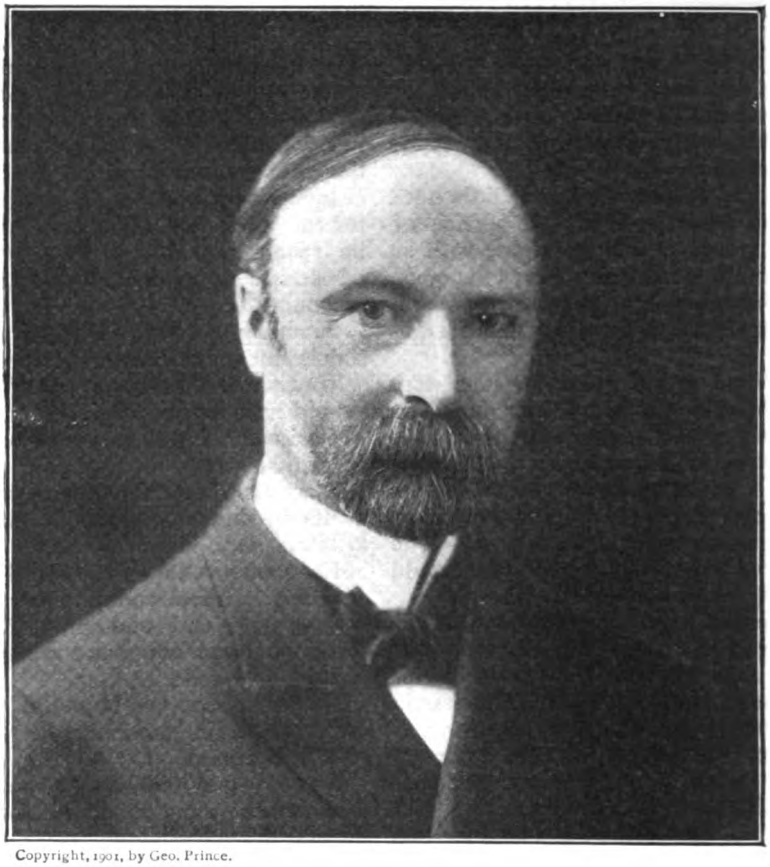
The proper distribution of the flood of immigration would be at all times under the control of the American government.

Immigration would cease to be affected to its detriment by the business competition of transportation companies interested solely in conveying as many aliens to America and back and forth again as often as possible, without any regard whatsoever as to the class of the people carried so long as they have the money to pay the fares and swell the enormous profits that emigrant carriers realize at present.

When these things are achieved, there is no one to deny that the immigration problem will have been solved.

As we announced last month, Mr. Brandenburg's plan has been submitted to the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Cortelyou, and to the Commissioner of Immigration, Mr. F. B. Sargent. The project met with such approval at the hands of those gentlemen that it is to be made an administration measure, and at this writing the machinery of the government has been started in its support—THE EDITORS.

THE END



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CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Senior Senator from Indiana and a Vice-Presidential Probability

By E. I. Lewis

FOUR years ago it was whispered everywhere that the political legatee of William McKinley was to be Marcus A. Hanna. Politicians believed it, the public credited it, but there was one group of men in the country which thought very differently and that was a little cluster of influential business men out in Indiana who were very close in the councils of Charles W. Fairbanks. These men believed that the Presidential mantle would fall on the shoulders of their leader, and they believed it so fervently that they scarcely questioned it until the shot was fired at Buffalo which silenced for seven years all Republican aspirations for the Presidency save those of Theodore Roosevelt alone. Ever since then Fairbanks, of Indiana, has sat very quietly and done much thinking.

And among other things he has thought with knitted brows how the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on William McKinley's ticket was offered to him and refused. That refusal makes Fairbanks very cautious about refusing it again now that his boom for the Roosevelt ticket seems in a fair way to be carried to a consummation. But lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place, and on the whole Fairbanks had

rather bide his time and wait for the supreme leadership in 1908.

To-day Fairbanks' political position is complicated. Beyond question he is the most powerful man in Indiana to-day, dear to the farmer's heart for his rural delivery enthusiasm, dear to the laboring man by the quiet advocacy of labor bills, and doubly dear to his friends through looking out for them. But he has enemies. Governor Durbin is ambitious, and Fairbanks is in the way. Senator Beveridge is ambitious, and Fairbanks blocks the passage. So it behooves the senior Senator from Indiana to be twice careful now.

Who is this man Fairbanks anyway? What he is to-day and what he will be in the future depends largely on what he was in the making. In the latter half of 1852, and in the year or two following, a plain countrywoman, the wife of a farmer and wagon maker of little worldly store, rocked a queer-looking cradle in a little log cabin back in the woods of Union County, Ohio. It was one of those modest little cabins, such as those in which were builded such sturdy characters as Lincoln, Grant and Garfield. The cradle was a queer-looking contrivance—a sugar trough skilfully mounted on homemade rockers.

The parents were poor, and the boy was put to work early. First it was the chores that he was delegated to do, then he gave assistance in the harvest fields, and was later advanced to work behind the plow and to serving as an assistant to his father in wagon making. The parents—the elder Fairbanks—were God-fearing Methodists, who, having endowed their son with massive physical frame and force, sought early to make him mentally and morally sound. The district school and the circuit church were the facilities at hand, and though the term of school was less than five months and the preacher came at irregular intervals, these facilities, supplementing wholesome home training, were effective in laying the foundation of sterling character and a strong, moral backbone.

Young Fairbanks, by farm work and wagon making, had saved forty-one dollars by the time he reached the age of fifteen years. With it and one suit of clothes he traveled to Delaware, Ohio, where he entered Ohio Wesleyan University. The necessity of closely guarding his forty-one dollars lead to a rooming and "batching" alliance with another ambitious young man. Their culinary education was limited to the preparation of baked potatoes, mush, bread and batter cakes. On this —mainly batter cakes—they lived. He turned to account his rudimentary knowledge of carpentery by working on Saturdays for a local contractor for one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. His employer was a colored man and all of his co-workers were colored.

A few weeks after young Fairbanks arrived at college he fell and split his only trousers beyond immediate repair. It was necessary for him to borrow a pair from a fellow student, and the loan had to be continued because he was denied credit for a new pair at the stores in the town. He had to send home for his mother to make him another pair.

Working in college during the college year and in the harvest fields in vacation, he was graduated from the college and its law course at twenty and went to Pittsburg, where he began reading law while supporting himself by serving the Associated Press. Later he entered a law school at Cleveland, supporting himself in the same manner. At twenty-two he was admitted to the Supreme Court of Ohio, and later he went to Indianapolis. There he rose steadily until he became one of the best railroad lawyers in the country.

Fairbanks has always had two distinctive characteristics. First, he has always been a Methodist. Second, he has always been a Republican politician. It is a combination hard to beat and Fairbanks knows it.

It was Fairbanks who succeeded Daniel W. Voorhees, "the tall Sycamore of the Wabash," in the Senate in 1897. Since that time he has been one of the conspicuous members of Congress. He was recognized as one of President McKinley's closest friends and ablest advisers. He has the reputation of being a millionaire. As a matter of fact he does not come in that classification. By capitalists he is known to be conservative, and by them is favored as Roosevelt's running mate on that account. Among the labor element he probably stands even better than Roosevelt. S. N. Sexton, editor of the official *Journal of the United Mine Workers*—the John Mitchell organiza-

tion—sums up organized labor's estimate of Fairbanks. "Fairbanks," he said, "is one of the few men in public life who has never tried to pat us on the back. But labor knows how he votes, and he always votes for its best interests. He has exerted only wholesome influence against unjust legislation proposed by organized labor."

Among newspaper men Fairbanks is known as a man who is always ready to grant favors and glad to talk, but no man in public life understands better than he the delicate distinction between talking and saying something, and say something to a reporter he never does. Among those who do not know him he has the reputation of being cold. His nature is the opposite. To friends he is a true friend. To enemies he is not treacherous. In politics he is a boss in his own State without being known as a boss. He is a boss through bosses he creates, and he manages them and they bear the burden of publicity. Politically he deals with few men. In his own State few realize how absolute is his wish, for the word never comes direct from him. While he never has been charged with being a demagogue, he has the characteristic of agreeing with everybody and doing what he maps out himself. In the Senate, while others are wasting energy in talk, he accomplishes results by dealing directly with his task.

The Senator is of massive but well-proportioned stature, standing over six feet. He is a forcible speaker, but cannot be said to be a popular one with the masses, his addresses being far too solid. There are few men who can so clearly define issues and so ably defend or explain them.

Mrs. Fairbanks is the President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is a woman of grace and accomplishments, and her management of D. A. R. affairs has shown that she has strong executive ability.

THE HEROES OF THE YALU

By F. J. P.

WHETHER or no the fighting on the Yalu furnished a basis for fair military comparison of Russian and Japanese forces is a question with which military experts have not done struggling. But it was characteristic in commanders. Two Russian officers rose to world view on the heights of Kiu-Lien-Cheng. Lieutenant-General Michael John Zassulitch in command of the forces at the Yalu, and Major-General Kashtalinski, commanding the Third East Siberian Rifle Brigade, his chief lieutenant. Recalling the picture of Skobeleff, the great Russian general who led his men on foot to all his greatest victories and bearing in mind the tradition that calls the Emperor to the battle line, one builds up a lively expectation of Zassulitch and Kashtalinski at the Yalu, which they reward with every realization. General Zassuitch wears the Cross of St. George, awarded only for personal bravery on the field of battle, the Russian analogue of the Prussian Iron Cross and the British Victoria Cross. He was born in 1842, of noble family. In the Turkish war of '77-'78 he won the coveted decoration mentioned and he was twice wounded in battle. In the regular course of the service he was promoted to the grade of general in 1894, to lieutenant-general and the command of the Second Corps in 1903. With his first general field command of real importance not a year old, this general of sixty staked life, reputation and his army on his ability to hold back the whole Japanese advance with a comparative handful of men.

General Kashtalinski is a Pole, and his recent service has all been in Asia. Edu-

Admiral Kamimura.

Educated and trained entirely in his own country, he is now in command of a division of the Japanese fleet.

General Kuroki.

A splendid example of the scientific general of to-day, he proved his ability at the battle of the Yalu.

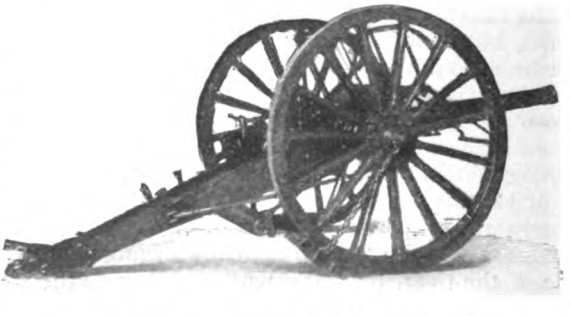
cated in the Polish military academy, he was stationed in the Caucasus region until his Asiatic service began. There was some rough police work to be done there. In the war of '77-'78 he was three times wounded. Made a colonel in 1888, a general in 1901, he was given the command of the Third Siberian Rifle Brigade in 1903. General Kashtalinski stands out of the battle picture in the rôle of Skobeleff. On foot, sword in hand, he made personally the desperate struggle to extricate the last Russian soldier from the trap in which the double flanking movement of the Japanese and the enfilading fire of their batteries had caught the Russian forces. Weary, weak from wounds, he waited to see the dramatic dash of his last regiment cutting its way through the encircling Japanese lines with the bayonet, band playing, soldiers singing and the bearded priest marching before them through fire and steel, holding aloft the cross. Then he collapsed in the hands of the ambulance corps, while his fellow crusader, Zassulitch, rallied the broken battallions of his army into some semblance of orderly retreat. "*Deus vult!*"

On the other side of the river, through that remarkable day, stood the Japanese prototype of Kitchener of Khartoum, General Kuroki. It is not on record that he broke his sword. It is not mentioned that he had one. Certainly he had no occasion to wave it, if he had. No charging Japanese regiment heard his encouraging voice lifted in hoarse shouts as they faced the Russian fire. It is probable that, had General Kuroki exposed himself on the firing line, shouted or waved his sword, a Japanese military court of inquiry would have been convened to pass upon his sanity. Certainly his little, brown soldiers would have looked upon the spectacle with wonder and amazement. But he handled them as one operates an electric current by pressing distant buttons. His unemotional brain had resolved the factors of the mathematical problem that the fighting on the Yalu was to him into the correct answer. After that it remained merely to write it down in his report. There was no spot light in the impedimenta of the Japanese army. The only two flags with the attacking columns were to mark the most advanced positions in order that Japanese batteries might not shell Japanese infantry.

The Japanese themselves hardly know Kuroki. Nor do they seem curious about him. He is little more than a name still, even to the Japanese attachés of foreign capitals.

They will tell you that he is an infantry officer, about sixty years of age; that he was educated in the military schools of Japan, and has traveled abroad but little; that he played his part in a subordinate rôle in the war with China. Do you ask if he distinguished himself they will tell you he did his duty. As a matter of course, he did. He is decorated? Yes, Japanese generals of his service and rank usually are decorated. Of the Samurai? And you learn that all Japanese officers are of the Samurai—at least all those in command in this war. If you dig a little deeper you can learn that General Kuroki is a stern disciplinarian and that he made a specialty of target shooting with the troops that he commanded as a subordinate officer. You will learn that he moved along the line of battle in the Chinese war correcting ranges and directing the adjustment of rifle sights. You will learn that he has had his service with the general staff and has helped to prepare the plans he is now helping to carry out in Manchuria.

But what will impress you most is that the winning of the Yalu by General Kuroki and a gun is but an incident, and that the Japanese are more interested in the gun. They will tell you all about that. It is a Japanese development, like Kuroki. It is a scientific, death dealing machine, like Kuroki. It throws shrapnel farther, and faster, and in larger quantities and with more devilish precision than the French and German guns with which the Russian batteries are armed. So Kuroki has proved himself better able to mass and hurl columns where they will be most destructive than are the Russian generals who have yet confronted him. This Japanese field piece is small, like the Japanese soldier, like the Japanese general. Its projectiles weigh but eleven pounds, as compared with fourteen and fifteen pound shells thrown from Canet and Krupp and Creusot guns. It has no recoil cylinder, but depends on brakes to keep the piece from jumping back. But at the Yalu it was demonstrated that the Japanese field-piece was expressly constructed to meet such conditions as would confront it in Korea and Manchuria. Military experts began to understand both the gun and General Kuroki, who has been expressly fitting himself for campaigning in Manchuria, for using the peculiar Japanese gun and the pigmy Japanese soldier.



The gun that won the battle of the Yalu.

Almost as little known as General Kuroki, before the crossing of the Yalu, Vice-Admiral Kamimura, commanding a division of the Japanese fleet, is promised a coming celebrity to the West by the East. In type he is a twin of Kuroki, as Kuroki is a twin of the Japanese gun. There is an impression that whatever of education for war Japan has, whatever of strategy, military or naval, whatever of engineering skill, whatever that is effective in the way of equipment, she owes to the West—to European and American army and naval schools, to the German army and the British navy, to foreign scientists and experts. But the West can claim small credit for Kuroki and the gun, or for Kamimura.

He was born in 1850. In 1871 he entered the Japanese naval college, not Annapolis. In 1880, as a midshipman, he saw real service in the Satsuma revolt and was singled out for distinction with a gift from the government of twenty yen. Kamimura was a sub-lieutenant in 1879, a lieutenant (junior grade) in 1881, senior grade in 1884, and in 1889 he was given his first decoration. A year later he was promoted to commander, four years later to the captaincy and the right to command battleships.

Kamimura saw rough service with the Japanese fleet in the war with China when modern warships were given their first real test. He was rewarded with the orders of the Golden Kite, of the Rising Sun, and a

pension. That comes not for disability but for service in Japan.

Now began Kamimura's real career—to assist his country in preparation for the war with Russia. He was made rear-admiral in 1899 and vice-admiral in 1903. Between he had plenty of bureau and staff work. He was superintendent of men-of-war and ordinance construction and chief of the central administration bureau. He has been chief of the education department of the navy.

When the fleet mobilized for the descent on Port Arthur, Admiral Kamimura left his desk for the quarter-deck again. From a cadet up to the captaincy of a battleship he had learned his business as a sailor. Then ashore he had helped prepare the means, the personnel, and the plans to combine both and make them useful in the fleet. He sailed to cut off the Vladivostock squadron when it sallied forth to sink Japanese transports, but it slipped by him in the fog. The chagrin of that failure will pile up damage to Russian warships if Kamimura gets his chance again.

There is a typical story of Kamimura in his younger days. With other officers he was sent to England to watch the building of a Japanese ship there and bring her home. A Russian ship had just been completed there. Russian officers had been stationed at the yard for months to study the construction of their ship. They were big, splendid, careless chaps, and the time they devoted to the dock yard depended on their other engagements. They took some experts with them to show them the ropes when their ship sailed away.

Then came Kamimura and his fellow officers. For months they haunted the dock yard where their ship was on the ways. There came invitations a-plenty, but these Japanese officers sent regrets. When the work was finished on their ship they took possession and no foreigner has been aboard of her since, except by invitation. The yards at Philadelphia have built warships for Russian and Japanese alike, and there the same story is told.

BY WAY OF COMMENT

ON the last day of the session, John Sharp Williams, leader of the Democratic minority in the National House of Representatives, had this to say in support of a resolution of thanks to Speaker Cannon :—

"Mr. Speaker, it is a great thing to be a Speaker of the House of Commons of the American Republic. It is a greater thing yet not to permit the fact of promotion to that place, one of the most exalted in the world, to turn one's head in the slightest degree or to deflect one from a course hitherto pursued—that of a plain, unassuming American citizen with extraordinary common sense and a remarkable fund of that most characteristic of all American qualities, a sense of humor.

"I once had a conversation with the Speaker, and in the course of it I said : 'I hope that I shall always think that you are as fair as I believe you will be,' and he replied in his inimitable way : 'Sharp, I am going to be as fair as I can consistently with the exigencies of American politics.' I think he did himself injustice when he put that limitation upon his statement, but it was characteristic of the frankness and candor of the man to put in the limitation."

And had the situation been reversed. Were John Sharp Williams in the Speaker's chair and Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, leader of a Republican minority, he would have seconded a vote of thanks to the Speaker in no less friendly and honorable terms. That such a scene could terminate the hardest fought session of recent years speaks well for the system of politics by which it has been obtained. It speaks still more for the men whom our great political parties are fortunate enough to have for their leaders in Congress.

In this issue the portraits of these two men, remarkable alike for whimsical humor, hard sense and homespun Americanism, are drawn by one who knows and loves them well. We congratulate our readers on the article contributed to this issue by J. Adam Bede, Congressman from Minnesota and Humorist to the United States.

If there is one fraud which cries to Heaven for exposure in these United States it is the fraud of Patent Medicines. The editors of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE have long had the intention of publishing a comprehensive article on this ingenious method of selling adulterated alcohol at extortionate rates; but thus far we have not secured precisely the facts we desire, and a recent number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* has done its readers and the public a service in talking out on the subject. Beer contains from two to four per cent. of alcohol, while the "vegetable compounds," "sarsaparillas," "tonics," "bitters," "Perunas," "Nervuras," and the various one-bottle-will-help-and-two-cure-you nostrums which are daily exploited in the advertising columns of the newspapers with endorsements from Congressmen's wives, statesmen and preachers, contain from twenty to forty per cent. of alcohol as pure as a due regard for profits will admit. As compared with the liquor trade driven under the respectable name of Lydia Pinkham or of the worthy doctors, Paine, Ayer, Hood, Schenck and their school of medicine, the wholesaler who nails the Wine and Liquor sign over his door does a reputable business. Alcohol tinctured with fraud is a pretty strong drink for teetotalers and others.

A few weeks ago a Wall Street bank clerk celebrated the completion of the fiftieth year of his service in the employ of a single bank and the papers singled it out as a matter of note that an American had been content to serve one master for fifty years. And it was a matter of note. We printed some little time ago a striking little article on "Americans as Quitters." Those were men of brains and energy who quit when their job was done in order to go higher up and do a better job better still. But most of us are more fitted to clerk it than to organize, and what is energy in abler men is often just plain restlessness among the rank and file. To serve one master well for fifty years is an achievement. It ought to be made distinctively an American one.

For all we know, the East may still be the center of culture, but certain it is that all the more stimulating suggestions for its sturdy development come from further inland. Here, for instance, is the Dean of Chicago University intimating that a woman's education cannot be made perfect without a pretty thoroughgoing course in flirting. Boston had never thought of this, and even in Philadelphia the study is in its rudimentary, aboriginal form. But for all this the idea has in it the vitality which makes for success. "Too long," as a Chicago lady says in commenting upon the Dean's suggestion, "far too long, has flirting been considered a luxury. It's a necessity." Of course it is. It is as reasonable to expect farmer boys to manœuver like veterans on the day of a battle as to look to girls to hold their own in the first skirmishes between waltz and polka. The only wonder is that they have done as well as they have. Just think of the added possibilities of training. Besides it would not be necessary to make the courses compulsory. Electives could be made sufficiently attractive and perhaps the younger professors might be persuaded to give oral examinations.

The cures which have not been tried for nervous people seem few enough, but we cannot remember to have heard before anything just like the "psycho-therapeutical" method which Dr. N. Laquer, of Weisbaden, Germany, is experimenting with. Being interpreted, this system means that nervous diseases, being largely mental, should be treated mentally. For unstable nerves Dr. Laquer prescribes a long course in light reading. Poetry, if not too exciting, he thinks would be beneficial. Magazine poetry would probably do. Now and then, too, a small dose of humor would have, he thinks, a sedative effect, and for English-speaking patients he specifically recommends systematic dieting on Dickens, Jerome K. Jerome and Mark Twain.

The idea is such a good one that it seems too bad not to dedicate some remote asylum exclusively to its practice. Whatever became of the inmates, the psychologist would revel in such opportunities for study. Imagine watching the effect of a dose or two of Cyrus Townsend Brady, even in ten parts water, upon a highly nervous patient, or a solution of Mrs. Wiggs given as a stimulant for excessive depression.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

VI. SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS may be truly defined as a person's inability to get out of his own way. There are, however, some people who are so entirely and absolutely self-conscious that everything they do, even though it may appear spontaneous and ingenuous, is observed and admired and approved of by themselves,—indeed they are supported and sustained by their self-consciousness. They are so completely in bondage to themselves that they have no glimpse of the possibility of freedom, and therefore this bondage is pleasant to them.

With these people we have, at present, nothing to do; it is only those who have begun to realize their bondage as such, or who suffer from it, that can take any steps toward freedom. The self-satisfied slaves must stay in prison until they see where they are—and it is curious and sad to see them rejoicing in bondage and miscalling it freedom. It makes one long to see them struck by an emergency, bringing a flash of inner light, which is often the beginning of an entire change of state. Sometimes the enlightenment comes through one kind of circumstance, sometimes through another; but, if the glimpse of clearer sight it brings is taken advantage of, it will be followed by a time of groping in the dark, and always by more or less suffering. When, however, we know that we are in the dark, there is hope of our coming to the light; and suffering is nothing whatever, after it is over and has brought its good results.

If we were to take away the prop of self-approval entirely and immediately from any one of the habitually self-satisfied people, the probable result would be an entire nervous collapse, or even a painful form of insanity; and, in all changes of state from bondage to freedom, the process is and must be exceedingly slow. No one ever strengthened his character with a wrench of impatience, although we are often given the opportunity for a firm and immediate use of the will which leaves lasting strength behind it. For the main growth of our lives, however, we must be steadily patient, content to aim in the true direction day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute. If we fall, we must pick ourselves up and go right on,—not stop to be discouraged for one instant after we have recognized our state as a temptation. Whatever the stone may be that we have tripped over, we have learned that it is there, and, while we may trip over the same stone many times, if we learn our lesson each time, it decreases the possible number of stumbles, and smoothes our path more than we know.

There is no exception to the necessity for this patient, steady plodding in the work required to gain our freedom from self-consciousness. It is when we are aware of our bondage that our opportunity to gain our freedom from it really begins. This bondage brings very real suffering, and we may often, without exaggeration, call it torture. It is sometimes even extreme torture, but may have to be endured for a life time unless the sufferer has the clear light by which to find his freedom; and, unfortunately, many who might have the light will not use it because they are unwilling to recognize the selfishness that is at the root of their trouble. Some women like to call it "shyness," because the name sounds well, and seems to exonerate them from any responsibility with regard to their defect. Men will rarely speak of their self-consciousness, but, when they do, they are apt to speak of it with more or less indignation and self-pity, as

if they were in the clutches of something extraneous to themselves, and over which they can never gain control. If, when a man is complaining of self-consciousness and of its interference with his work in life, you tell him in all kindness that all his suffering has its root in downright selfishness, he will, in most cases, appear not to hear, or he will beg the question, and, having avoided acknowledging the truth, will continue to complain and ask for help, and perhaps wonder whether hypnotism may not help him, or some other form of "cure." Anything rather than look the truth in the face and do the work in himself which is the only possible road to lasting freedom. Self-pity, and what may be called spiritual laziness, is at the root of most of the self-torment in the world.

How ridiculous it would seem if a man tried to produce an electric burner according to laws of his own devising, and then sat down and pitied himself because the light would not burn, instead of searching about until he had found the true laws of electricity whose application would make the light shine successfully. How ridiculous it would seem if a man tried to make water run up hill without providing that it should do so by reaching its own level, and then got indignant because he did not succeed, and wondered if there was not some "cure" by means of which his object might be accomplished. And yet it is no more strange for a man to disobey habitually the laws of character and then to suffer for his disobedience, and wonder why he suffers.

There is an external necessity for obeying social laws which must be respected, or society would go to pieces; and there is just as great an internal necessity for obeying spiritual laws to gain our proper self control and power for use; but we do not recognize that necessity because, while disregarding the laws of character, we can still live without the appearance of doing harm to the community. Social laws can be respected in the letter but not in the spirit, whereas spiritual laws must be accepted by the individual heart and practiced by the individual will in order to produce any results whatever. Each one of us must do the required work in himself. There is no "cure," no help from outside which can bring one to a lasting freedom.

If self-consciousness makes us blush, the more we are troubled the more it increases, until the blushing may become so unbearable that we are tempted to keep away from people altogether; and thus life, so far as human fellowship goes, would become more and more limited. But, when such a limitation is allowed to remain within us, and we make no effort of our own to find its root and to exterminate it, it warps us through and through. If self-consciousness excites us to talk, and we talk on and on to no end, simply allowing the selfish suffering to goad us, the habit weakens our brains so that in time they lose the power of strong consecutive thought and helpful brevity.

If self-consciousness causes us to wriggle, and strain, and stammer, and we do not recognize the root of the trouble and shun it, and learn to yield and quietly relax our nerves and muscles, of course the strain becomes worse, until rather than suffer from it any longer, we keep away from people, just as the blushing man is tempted to do; and, as in that case, the strain is still in us, in the back of our brains, so to speak—because we have not faced and overcome it.

Stage fright is an intense form of self-consciousness, but the man who is incapable of stage fright lacks the sensitive temperament required to achieve great power as an artist. The man who overcomes stage fright by getting out of his own way, and by letting the character he is playing, or the music he is interpreting work through him as a clear, unselfish channel, receives new power for his work in the proportion that he shuns his own interfering selfishness.

But it is with the self-consciousness of everyday life that we have especially to do now, and with the practical wisdom necessary to gain freedom from all its various discomforts; and, even more than that, to gain the new power for useful service which comes from the possession of that freedom. The remedy is to be found in obedience to the law of unselfishness, carried out into the field of nervous suffering.

Whatever one may think—however one may try to dodge the truth by this excuse or that, the conditions to be fulfilled in order to gain freedom from self-consciousness are *absolutely within the individual*

who suffers. When we once understand this and are faced toward the truth we are sure to find our way out, with more or less rapidity, according to the strength with which we use our wills in the true obedience.

First, we must be willing to accept the effects of self-consciousness. The more we resist these effects the more they force themselves upon us, and the more we suffer from them. We must be willing to blush, be willing to realize that we have talked too much, and perhaps made ourselves ridiculous. We must be willing to feel the discomforts of self-consciousness in whatever form they may appear. Then,—the central point of all,—we must know and understand, and not dodge in the very least the truth that the root of self-consciousness is selfishly caring what other people think of us,—and wanting to appear well before them.

Many readers of this article who suffer from self-consciousness will want to deny this; others will acknowledge it, but will declare their inability to live according to the truth; some,—perhaps more than a few,—will recognize the truth and set to work with a will to obey it, and how happily we may look forward to the freedom which will eventually be theirs!

A wise man has said that when people do not think well of us, the first thing to do is to look and see whether they are right. In most cases, even though they may have unkind feelings mingled with their criticism, there is an element of truth in it from which we may profit. In such cases we are much indebted to our critics, for, by taking their suggestions, we are helped toward strength of character and power for use. If there is no truth in the criticism we need not think of it at all, but live steadily on, knowing that the truth will take care of itself.

We should be willing that any one should think *anything* of us, so long as we have the strength of a good conscience. We should be willing to appear in any light if that appearance will enhance our use, or is a necessity of growth. If an awkward appearance is necessary in the process of our journey toward freedom, we must not resist the fact of its existence, and should only dwell on it long enough to shun its cause in so far as we can, and gain the good result of the greater freedom which will follow.

It is because the suffering from self-consciousness is often so intense that freedom from it brings, by contrast, so happy and so strong a sense of power.

There is a school for the treatment of stammerers in this country in which the pupils are initiated into the process of cure by being required to keep silence for a week. This would be a most helpful beginning in a training to overcome self-consciousness. We should recognize first that we must be willing to endure the effects of self-consciousness without resistance. Secondly, we should admit that the root of self-consciousness lies entirely in a selfish desire to appear well before others. If, while recognizing these two essential truths and confirming them until they are thoroughly implanted in our brains, we should quietly persist in going among people, the practice of silent attention to others would be of the greatest value in gaining real freedom. The practice of attentive and sympathetic silence might well be followed by people in general far more than it is. The protection of a loving, unselfish silence is very great; a silence which is the result of shunning all selfish, self-assertive, vain or affected speech; a silence which is never broken for the sake of "making conversation," "showing off," or covering selfish embarrassment; a silence which is full of sympathy and interest,—the power of such a silence cannot be over-estimated.

If we have the evil habit of talking for the sake of winning approval, we should practice this silence; or, if we talk for the sake of calling attention to ourselves, for the sake of winning sympathy for our selfish pains and sorrows, or for the sake of indulging in selfish emotions, nothing can help us more than the habit of loving and attentive silence.

Only when we know how to practice this—in an impersonal, free and quiet spirit, one which is not due to outward repression of any kind—are we able to talk with quiet, loving, helpful speech. Then may we tell the clean truth without giving unnecessary offence, and then may we soothe and rest, as well as stimulate in wholesome ways; then, also, will our minds open to receive the good that may come to us through the words and actions of others.

The next article will be on "Nervous Fears."

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MARGINALIA

AUNT CHLOE'S FO'TH O' JULY

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

COME, chillun, git up—all de eas' hit es bright
En' es pink es dat quilt on de company baid;
De hoe-cake it sizzlin', de coffee jes' right,
En' de rose by de winder poke in its gold haid
Lak it noddin' "Good mawnin'," en' look lak it say:
"Whut lazy folks, sleepin' dis time o' de day!"

Gawge Washinton, hump yo'sef—ain' you ershame'
Tuh be sleepin' en' sno'in away lak a cow
On de day dat gret Ginral whut you got 'is name,
Diskivered de lan' whar you livin' right now
En' wrote de 'claration we goin' tuh hear,
You triflin' young ragabone—dat all you keer?

Susannah Magnolia, roll outer dat cot—
You gittin' too lazy to draw yo' own breff.
Ef you don' come erlong while de vittles is hot
We eat 'em all up, en' you sholy git lef';
Yo' pappy en' me isn't gwine fer tuh wait—
We's gwine tuh de doins befo' it git late.

I 'lowed dat'd fetch y'all runnin' right fas'—
Jemimy en' Sam, git away fum dat cake.
Po' little Orlando, he comin' de las',
Wid his po' little eyes ony jes' half awake,
In 'is little blue night-shut en' ony one shoe!
Come, honey, tuh mammy—she waitin' fur you.

Whut dat? My good lan', how dat chile mek me jump!
He shoot off 's haid wid dem crackers, I know;
En' powder! I 'low he be daid es a stump
When de time come fer startin', en' den he kain't go.
You, Gawge, drap dat 'volver, you ornary tad,
You kill you'sef, den won't yo' pappy be mad?

Susannah Magnolia, run in de nex' room—
Come heah to me fus', tell I buttons yo' frock—
Git mammy her han'chuf, en' put on some 'fume
Fum de bottle dat stan' on de she'f by de clock.
Dar, yonder de team comin' clippetty-lick,
An' dem 'at ain't ready be lef', mighty slick.

Heah, Washinton, gimme a boost fum de back;
Come, 'Lando, en' set in he mammy own lap.
You, Sam, en' Jemimy, quit qua'llin', right smack—
Mek room dar fer Jinny, 'longside o' 'er pap.
Now let dem two mules kick dey heels up en' fly—
Hi, chillun, we gwine tuh de Fo'th o' July!

TOW-HEAD

By Mary Talbot Campbell

A YOUNG woman, awaiting the opening of the Juvenile Court, threw her fur coat over the back of a chair, behind which sat a row of little probationers. Small hands stroked the jacket's soft smoothness, while low-toned bets were exchanged as to the kind of animal it had once adorned. Finally emboldened by the smiling face turned partially toward them, one youngster ask :—

"Say, what's it made outer?"

"Seal."

"Gee! Real or play?"

A rosy flush mounted to her brow, as feigning deafness she lifted merry eyes to the round reflections dancing in wild gyrations of light over the ceiling of the great room. A majority of the lads came armed with circular little mirrors which they flashed in the sun, as well as in the eyes of the court officials, their natural prey.

"There's the old Tramway cop, the fat phoenix! Give it 'im in the eye!"

The good-natured officer blinked in more senses than one at the dazzling glare, as with a knowing leer at the boys he turned out of range.

At Judge Findley's entrance the glasses were pocketed as by a common impulse. His brief address to the boys, couched in a language intelligible to the most benighted, was followed by the taking of reports and a partial clearing of the room, as the first case on the crowded docket was called. At two-thirty Eddie Collins' name was called, bringing forward a white headed, weazen-faced bony child, with eyes too big for his odd little phiz.

"Tow-head!" was heard from some of the waiting boys, as the little fellow stepped before the Judge. His Honor smiled, a genial warmth lighting his tired face, as he passed a hand over his own thinning hair.

"It's better to be tow-headed than bald-headed any day! Isn't it Eddy?"

An old, automatic smile wrinkled the thin little face, but no humor lit the solemn eyes, —and the Judge sighed with renewed weariness as he demanded the charge against the child. Eddie stood, toeing in and out with an absent-minded monotony.

"Drunkenness and frequenting saloons your Honor," answered the probation officer.

A heavy frown lowered between Judge Findley's clear dark eyes, which despite all still held some message of faith and hope for every little chap who sought it there.

"Can it be true, Eddy, after all my talk about this most serious offense?"

The tow-head nodded, while the downcast, hungry eyes remained fixed, in vague concentration upon his shoes, through which bare toes poked.

"Did your father send you to buy liquor?"

Again the silently bowed head.

"He committed a grave crime, but was that any reason why you should drink the whiskey even if you had to buy it?"

No answer.

"Look at me, my boy!"

Eyes of dumb pain gazed unwinkingly from the stolid, changeless face.

"Aren't you one of the boys that promised to help me hold down my job, by playing square, after I gave you another chance?"

A mute assent was given.

"Well, I've done my part, haven't I? Answer me!"

"Yes, Jedge."

"But how about *you*, Ed? Have you any farther claim on my patience and faith?"

"No, Jedge."

"You know what this means, Eddy?"

"Yes, Jedge!"—and a slight quiver of life stirred the little stoic's face.

"Have you no excuse, my boy, for breaking your word and going back on the man who has been your friend?"

Hope died hard with Judge Findley.

"No, less'n—" the great eyes burned in hot scrutiny over the intent, listening faces of the other boys.

"Baliff, take those children farther back. Come close, my boy."

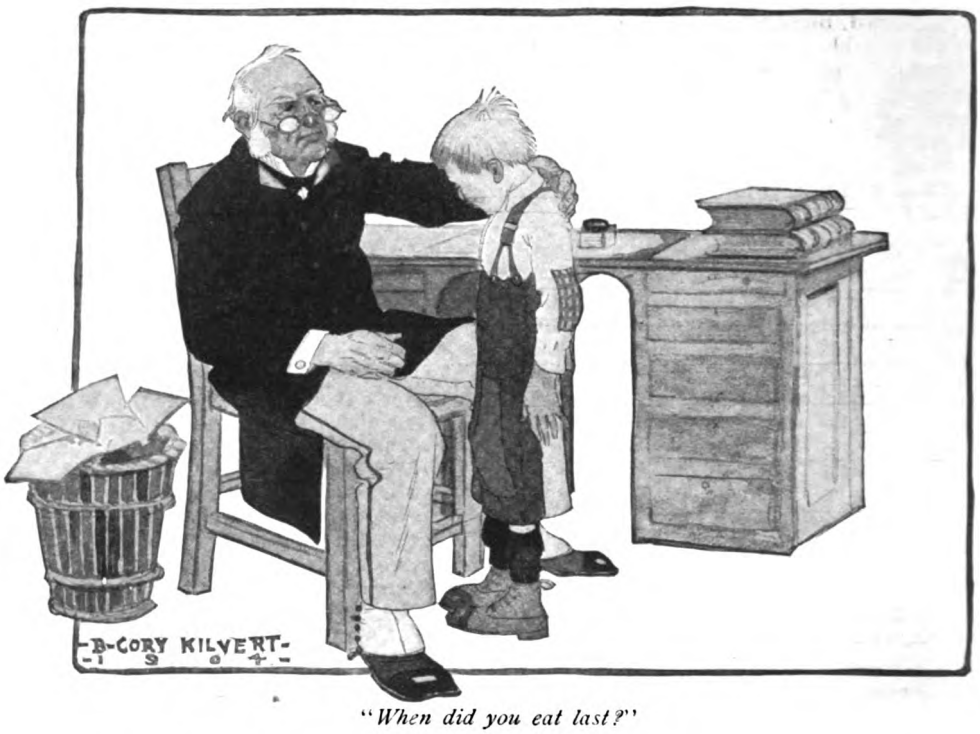
She of the fur coat was thankful for keen hearing and nearness to the Judge, as alert, with downcast eyes, she waited, engulfed in waves of pity for the boy.

"Unless what, Eddy?" The Judge's arm encircled the child's shoulders.

"Less'n being cold 'n' hungry 'n' druv wid blows to the s'loons goes for somepen—I thought I'd fergit fer a spell—like Pa—'n' it felt warm—then I run up agin the cop—"

"Did your mother try and prevent your going to the saloon?"

"No, Jedge."



"When did you eat last?"

"When did you eat last?"

The question was almost inaudible.

"Yisteddy mornin'."

Every trace of gentleness fled from the Judge's face as he leaned eagerly toward the officer :—

"Swear out a warrant for the father and mother of this boy, charging them with contributing to a delinquency. I hold them more guilty than their son. You will also get the name and address of that saloon keeper who dares break the juvenile laws of this State."

"Pa's skipped, Jedge."

The boy started to his feet as he spoke, to be again thrust back.

"When, Eddy?"

"Soon's he'd licked me fer swipin' the whiskey!"

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Jus any old place clear o' women 'n' kids!"

"We'll find him, never you fear! How does your mother treat you?"

"She haint got no time fer me, what wid diggin' 'n' cryin' 'n' workin' wid the little kids. She says all she wants o' me is ter keep out o' her way."

A long silence followed, Judge Findley's eyes wide and unseeing, as troubled thought went on behind the fixed inner absorption of his glance.

"Eddie, my heart goes out to you, my poor boy, and I feel that you're not to blame for much of your wrongdoing. But you've got to be corrected and helped. If they hadn't got after me when I was a kid, I'd have got into bigger troubles, troubles that I want to keep you out of too."

Eddie perched on the very edge of his chair with eyes devouring his Honor's face, but ears closed to the pity of the firm voice, because of a great roaring. A faint grayness tinged the wan, unchildlike face.

"Because I believe it for your good I shall send you to the School of Detention, here in Denver, for one month. It is under the charge of a very kind woman who will see that you are kept warm, well fed and cared for. There'll be no chance to get into any trouble, and in this way I hope to keep you out of the Industrial School at Golden. When the month is up we'll see what is best."

The child pushed close to the court, his cheeks hot with a fleeting glow, the eyes big with excitement, while eager, pleading little hands were outstretched.

"Oh! Jedge! Please, Jedge—"

"Brace up, Ed, and take it like the man I know you can be! Don't beg!"

"But, Jedge, please, won't yer *please* to make it a year? I'd ruther—"

The Judge started, leaning toward the child

as he paused, but Eddie went white, clutching at the table for support. Swinging the reeling little figure into a chair, Judge Findley held water to the boy's lips. Low voiced, gentle words sought to penetrate the giddy whirl of Eddie's thoughts, but these alone made any impression :—

"You need not go back to your home, my boy at the end of the month, if you still feel as you do. We'll find you a better home, little chap!"

The child closed his eyes and never knew that his head rested against Judge Findley's arm or that the potent power of a patient, virile tenderness upbore his stumbling little life, never to be withdrawn while great heart or clever brain throbbed within this man who remembered his own boyhood.

Then the world cleared and steadied as something hot and beefy was forced upon him by a tender, womanly hand. He dimly heard the next case called and wondered dreamily why the "Jedge" sat with eyes covered by his hand.

"We'll be going now Eddie. Can you walk to the car, dear boy?" asked Mrs. Bright of the Detention Home, bending over her new charge with motherly gentleness.

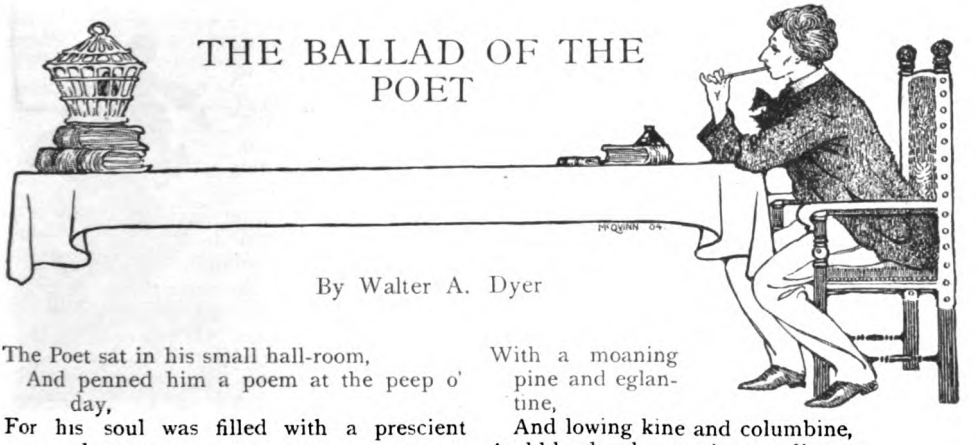
"Sure!" with plucky cheer.

She held him so tight under one arm while leading him past his Honor, that the boy looked up with a feeble attempt at "joshin'."

"On the square ma'am. I won't work no bluff an' give ye the slip!"

He thought the whirling must be returning as he cast a look of farewell at Judge Findley, for the blurred smile in the shadowed eyes of his Honor was not the clear one he knew.

THE BALLAD OF THE POET



By Walter A. Dyer

The Poet sat in his small hall-room,
And penned him a poem at the peep o' day,
For his soul was filled with a prescient gloom,—
There were sundry troublesome bills to pay.

Oh, the world was gay in the month o' May,
And the wind in the woods played a harper's tune,
So the poet constructed this ravishing lay
Of a man and a maid and a melting moon.

The sun-kissed mist was all amethyst,
And the maid was a rose of Hesperides;
He selected the mellowest words from his list,
For he had a book full of rhymes like these:

A soul-glance mute, and a lilting lute,
In a bosky dell, with Philomel,—
He felt he was writing a regular beaut,
A poem that was morally certain to sell.

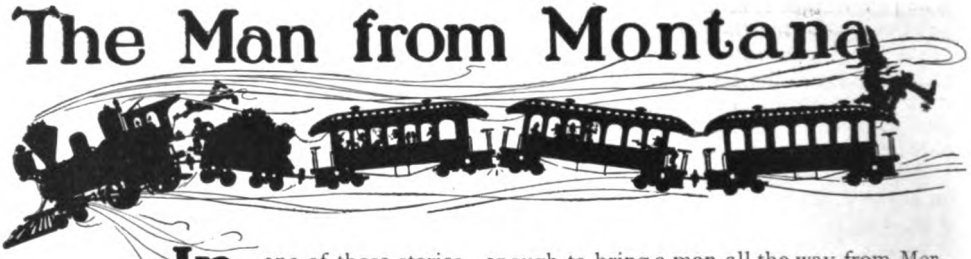
With a moaning pine and eglantine,
And lowing kine and columbine,
And blood-red wine, incarnadine,—
A thing he would sell for a dollar a line.

But the poet's ideas got tied in a knot,
And the rhymes came wrong and went to the bad;
The whole thing sounded like infamous rot,
And the poet knew well he was going mad.

For the lingering lights lay long o'er the lea,
And the mute, mild moon was made Queen o' the May,
And the soft, sad sobs sang sweet from the sea
To the dismal dusk of the dim, dark day.

The sky-lark kissed the melodious herds,
While the musing mermaids were shyly revealed;—
And the poet, he died in a spasm of words,
And they buried him out in the Potter's Field.

The Man from Montana



In one of those stories which shows Richard Harding Davis in his most delightful vein there is a hero with a long-distance purpose. This young man follows a girl's face from New York to Paris. The hero falls in love at first sight, on a mere passing glimpse, without any previous acquaintance. To a friend he shows the girl's picture.

"Do you wonder that I went four thousand miles to see that face?"

There is a certain character known affectionately in the advertising department of this office as "The Man from Montana." His name and fame have even traveled into the editorial rooms. "The Man from Montana" read an advertisement of an automobile in LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and came all the way from Montana to Cleveland, Ohio, to buy that car, which happened to be the "Peerless."

Leslie's Long Arm.

There is an interesting little string of correspondence on file in this office between the various people concerned, which proves that it was the ad. in LESLIE'S that brought the "Man from Montana," and that the "Peerless" people know that it was LESLIE'S that did it.

A background for a business announcement.

All advertising people, and probably a great many of the readers of LESLIE'S, who only know advertising in a general way, would really be interested in seeing the particular ad. which was potent enough to bring a man all the way from Montana to Ohio. Doubtless if they should see this particular ad. they would feel something of the same disappointment they felt when they gazed upon the features of the woman who was beautiful enough to make a man drop everything and cross two continents to find her. They would miss the particular charm which appealed to the man in question. They would look at the features coldly and critically, apart from other surroundings, study them and decide that they were not strong enough. Possibly they would feel the same thing about the "Peerless" ad. if they looked at it that way. Such people should not forget that it was the "Peerless" ad. in LESLIE'S MAGAZINE that did this thing. It was that particular ad. in this particular publication.

"Follows a girl's face."

This is a thing that is very easily lost sight of, and yet it is something of great importance. It is important to the men who are responsible for giving to LESLIE'S a certain character, which character is a background for a business announcement long enough and strong enough to reach half across the continent. It is important to you, the reader,

because it is your collaboration that helps to make LESLIE'S what it is; but it is even more important to the advertiser who is sitting up nights scratching his head to put his advertising appropriation into the magazines which will pay him best.

Back to Montana.

We could easily have more circulation than we have if we made a different magazine, but it is circulation for a magazine like LESLIE'S for which we are striving. The "Man from Montana" is a type of the two hundred and fifty thousand people who regularly buy LESLIE'S. This magazine has a personal acquaintance with the kind of men who will hop on a train and go to Cleveland to get just the car they want when they see it advertised in LESLIE'S.

This is not a business article, and we are not discussing business. It is not an editorial article, and we are not discussing literature. It is a plain, common, every-day stamping ground upon which the advertiser, the magazine-maker and the reader can get together and look from a different standpoint at those things which have made LESLIE'S what it is. It is with this in mind that we mention the instance of the "Man from Montana."

The advertiser considers.

LESLIE'S is read by two hundred and fifty thousand "Men from Montana." The "Man from Montana" is the type of man for whom LESLIE'S is being made and who is helping to make LESLIE'S what it is. The man who has a want, the man who has the means to gratify that want, the man who has the energy to go where that want can be gratified, and the man who has the fairness and the courage to give the credit to the publication which enables him to gratify that want, is just the sort of man that LESLIE'S has sought and is seeking, and this is one of the instances to prove that LESLIE'S is getting him.

Every reader should know that the advertising pages of LESLIE'S have a message for him just as fully as the reading pages. There should be no sharply defined line where the reading matter leaves off and the advertising begins. The modern man reads his magazine as a whole. He reads it from cover to cover. The advertising is a part of what he buys it for. The stories in the magazine proper are no more interesting, no more important to his welfare, his happiness, his pleasure and his convenience than are the stories told in the advertising pages.

The advertiser, the publisher and the reader get together.

We are moving forward. The public is becoming educated up to, or at least into the spirit of the magazine which it reads. If it can be shown that there is a close relation between the advertising and the magazine itself; that the name of the magazine means something—means a certain constituency, a certain kind of people who can be talked to in this way—just as the words "Methodist," "Odd Fellow," "Christian Scientist," "Democrat," all mean something—all mean a certain constituency which can only be appealed to in certain ways—you will understand what we are working toward with our magazine.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"He That Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell Keyes.

The whole repulsive problem of divorce is the subject of this novel of a man who leaves one wife for another to find at the end that those whom God hath joined cannot be put asunder. It is an emotional story on a topic which stirs emotions. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"High Noon," by Alice Brown.

A volume of stories exemplifying woman's view of women. They are excellent tales, intimately, almost personally sentimental, quite beyond the reach of man. The author is an artist; from her stories one may infer that she is not a wife. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin.

The tragedy of the man of big ideals and small nature; the triumph of the man of broad vision and moral strength—that might be one characterization of Mrs. Goodwin's admirable novel. It is a society novel of the best type, dealing with refined, clever people —too clever, most of them, for real life, but all worth knowing. (The Century Co.)

"The American Prisoner," by Eden Phillpotts.

The war of 1812, from the point of view of the American prisoners at Dartmoor, England, with love, murder, ambition and greed in plenty, make a story of very moderate quality and interest. Mr. Phillpotts' speciality of Dartmoor and its people is less attractive than usual. (Macmillan & Co.)

"Cap'n Eri," by Joseph C. Lincoln.

An unpretentious, interesting story of three old Cape Cod Captains and their neighbors. One can't read a dozen pages without thinking of David Harum, Eben Holden, and others known to fame. But this has independent merit as a well told and amusing story, with characters who suggest actual life rather than a novelist's old-clothes room. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"The Test," by Mary Tappan Wright.

A vividly painful story of a good woman's slip and the consequences. The great skill used in drawing unpleasant characters compels the admiration we should more gladly give to more cheerful work. There are some delightful bits that illuminate the general gloominess of the book. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Darrow Enigma," by Melvin L. Severy.

The modern detective story maker is not satisfied with one solution of his mystery. In "The Darrow Enigma," three ingenious theories of the crime are carefully worked out and even the detective is detected. Newest touch of all, the villain confined in a Boston prison, kills himself with the indirect aid of his baked bean diet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"The Great Adventurer," by Robert Schackelton.

A business story of the maker of a trust of trusts, a safe cracker, a clergyman who becomes a labor leader, and a colorless heroine. As a study of the trust problem the book lacks reality, and as a story hardly justifies its existence. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Colonel's Opera Cloak," by Christine C. Brush.

The republication of a delightful old friend whose memory for many years has, as Pomp the old darkey says, "flourished like a green baize tree." It is as pretty a little love story as one could want in the summer. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.

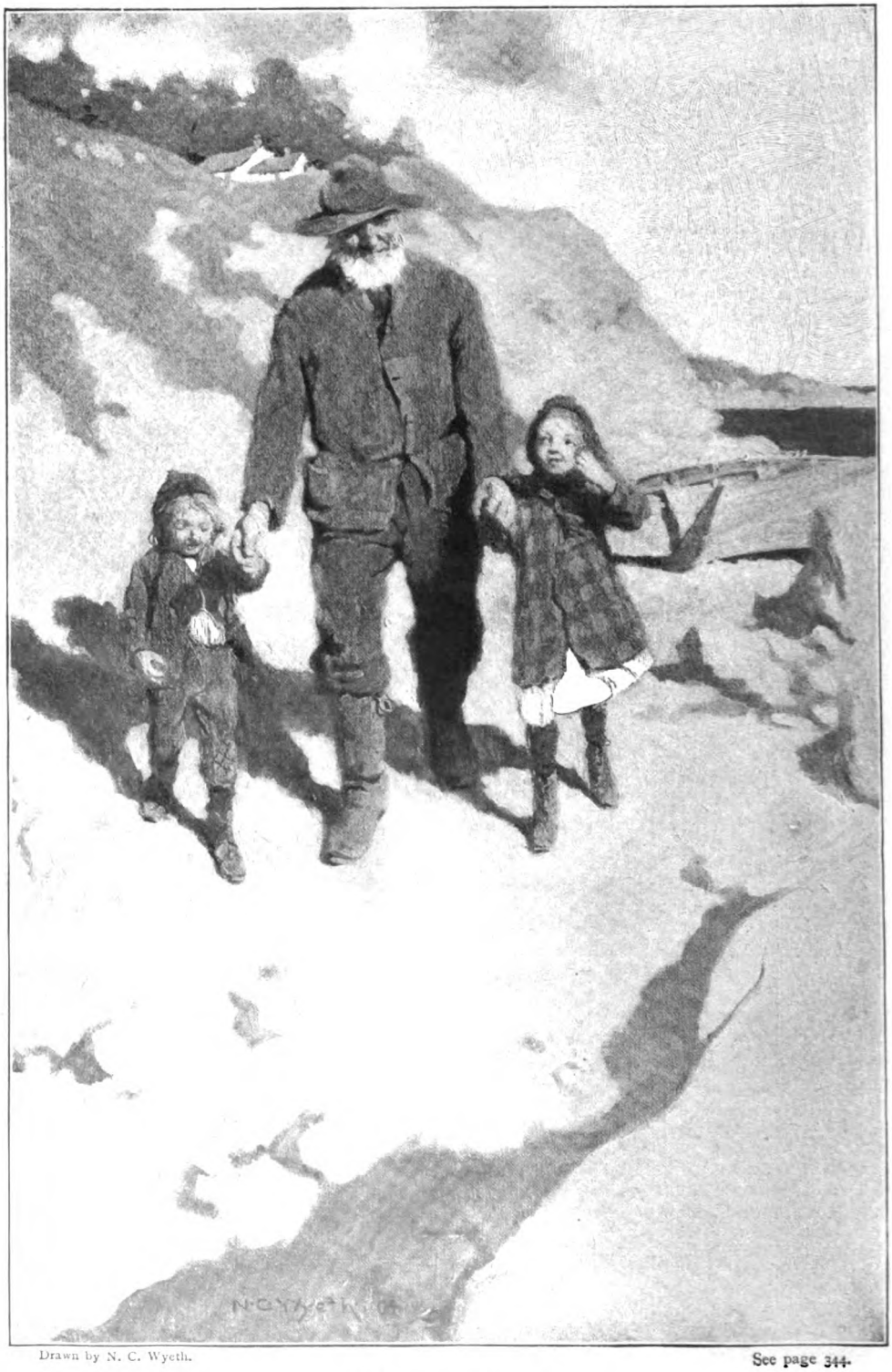
There is very little about the Bishop in this book but a great deal about Nance Olden, thief, comedienne, and one of the brightest and most original characters that have enlivened the literary world for some time. A breezy, clever story, or series of stories, with much that is really good beneath the froth on top. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SINCERITY

By Maurice Smiley

TO be sincere. To look life in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always to mean
The high and truthful thing. Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise
Of cunning; never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose, between
The true and small, the true and large, serene
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.—

The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light, tho' rocks
And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-shocks
It shall not veer from any righteous ways.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

See page 344.

Merely three children.

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE TROUBLE AT BISHOP'S HOUSE

By Holman F. Day

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE HOWARD PYLE SCHOOL

UNCLE Bela Trufant was baiting ganging hooks beside the cook-stove. One by one in his hollowed hand he cracked the gritty clams against his patched knee, dug out the meats with his scooping thumb-nail and looped on the bait with the deftness born of long experience.

"I reckin," he boasted frequently, "I've baited enough gangin' to reach from here in Pottses' Cove, Harpswell, clean to Calcutty in Injy, where I was pressed into the British army that time."

Whenever it was possible Uncle Trufant led artistically up to that chapter in his life's history, for once at Calcutta he opened inexhaustible fund for narration.

Now he bent a scowling gaze on the pine door that was closed upon the little sitting-room. For some time the voices in there had been growing louder and harsher.

"Turrible for the children to hear 'em!" he muttered.

One was the mumbling diapason of a man's voice, its tones long ago rendered raucous by the siftings of sea fogs and the stingings of brine. The other was a woman's thin, querulous, insistent monotone of reproach.

The children were helping Uncle Trufant.

"—An', as I was tellin' ye," he went on swelling his voice to drown the wranglings on the other side of the door, "them el'funts that we took along that time when we marched up to Dellypoor, they was old swing-a-lingers, now ye can bate on that. They—"

"If ye want a bill, then why don't ye pitch in an' git it?" rasped the man's voice in the sitting-room. "They're grindin' out divoses now the same 's ever."

Both of the children stopped in their handling of the lines and looked at the closed door with troubled faces. Uncle Trufant's features squizzled into a still more ominous frown.

"Pay a heed to what I'm a-tellin' ye," he thundered with a sudden assumption of resentment. "I'm goin' to tell this story al'gether diff'runt this time. 'Tain't goin' to be the same story 's usyal, 't all! Ye'll be mortally dis'pinted if ye miss a word on it." He kept his voice at the elevated pitch. The children went back to their task, but there was not the wonted rapt attention that greeted the rendering of Uncle Trufant's tales of India.

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"Now listen, leetle shavers, sharp! Them el'funts each kerried a full-sized cannon on their backs—stropped right on. An' they trodged—an' they trodged—an' they trodged"—the old man thunked his rubber boot on the floor resoundingly to represent the elephantine tread of the artillery—and with the ulterior motive of deadening the sound of the wrangling voices.

"We whirled them el'funts in front of Dellypoor," went on Uncle Trufant in a voice suited to the hustings, "an' teched off them cannons an' they went boom!—they went *boom!*—they went BOOM!—they went—"

"Set there an' yaw an' yow at me like a Chessy cat, will yeh?" stormed the man. "I'm a good mind to smack your—"

Uncle Trufant discontinued his masterly artillery attack and, gripping a cracked clam so tightly that the juice dripped on the floor as he walked, he thudded across to the closed door and rapped brusquely.

"What is it?" asked the man and the woman in unison.

The old man opened the door enough to let his head in.

"Nephy," he growled in low tones, "this here ain't nice talk for a father an' mother to have over before their poor leetle young 'uns. I've done what *I* could to keep 'em from hearin', but if ye're goin' to shout from the housetops, I giv' it up."

"We've got our own bus'ness to talk over. You go 'long mind yours," said the man sourly.

"Better come down along o' me, Wes, an' overhaul the tackle an' let the wind blow through ye for a while," advised the old man gently.

"Ye've heered this talk so much the last year that ye think I'm yellin' 'Wolf!' now," sneered the man. "But listen to me—Myry Bishop an' you, Bela Trufant—'Fore God as I stand here, if that woman don't apply for a bill at this next term of court ever was, I shall."

The old man stepped in and closed the door.

"A leetle softer," he pleaded.

"Ye'll never have that chance, Wes Bishop!" cried the woman harshly. "It shan't be said ever that ye left *me* on the chips. I'll giv' ye all the divosin' ye're askin' for."

"Ye see!" the man grated. "As I told ye, Uncle Trufant, ye may jest 's well hunt a new hole to crawl into."

"That sounds kind o' like a slur, Wes," protested the old man with a quaver in his tones. "'Course I hain't done so much as a younger man could 'a' done, but I've been willin' an' stiddy at it, an' seems 's if I've earn't my keep—an' I hain't asked no more!"

"Oh, there's no need of goin' all over that," snapped the man impatiently. "You've done well enough, I s'pose. All I say now is, you'll have to git located some 'ers else."

"Eighty-tew is pritty old to start out home-huntin'," said Uncle Trufant wistfully, yet with a glint of humor. "I'm afraid I hain't got fur enough into my second childhood to fit a orphant asylum, an' they're pickin chore boys a leetle greener and nearer the sap this year."

"Wal, ye don't imagine we're goin' to keep on this way—keep this home along jest for your sake an' convenience, I reckin?" The sneer in the man's tones was bitter.

The taunt stung. The sturdy old world-wanderer's spirit flamed in his eyes.

"Look here, Wes Bishop!" He threw up his hands as he spoke and quivered them edgewise at the other. "No twits! Them callous marks which ye can see on my hands tells the story of whuther I've earn't my keep or not sence I've set at your board. If ye break up, as ye say ye're goin' to, I can dig clams till my back an' arm riggin' giv's out an' then if I die on the town the' can't nobody say Bele Trufant didn't wrussel it clean to the end. I ain't whinin' baby for myself. But if ye go to sneerin' an' askin' for whose sake ye should keep this home together, I'm jest the man that dasts stand here an' tell ye."

He leaned forward, one gnarled and labor-stained hand propped on his knee, as he stooped to project his indignant face at them, the other hand, palm up, brandishing its emphasis behind him at the closed door.

"It's them *childern!*" he gritted. "Ye've brung 'em into the world, ye've started immortil souls sailin' on to'ards Heaven on board a home an' now if ye leggo the helm an' cut the riggin' an' leave them childern to go into the break-

"They trodged, an' they trodged, an' they trodged."

Drawn by Allen True.

ers, I say damn ye for mis'abler sneaks than them as sent schooner 'Tishy Ann onto Mark Island. Ye'll be wrackers an' wrackers of the wust kind!"

The rude comparison brought a sniff of indignation from the woman and the husband's scowl deepened.

"When we need advice 'bout bringin' up young 'uns we'll go buy that book that you an' a few other old baches round here is writin' on childern an' how to manage ' em," said Bishop with grim satire. "Now if they's any doubt about our bein' able to run our own home an' handle our own childern you can take this word from me for yourself an' pass it around to the rest of the old picked noses in this place: Me'n Myry Bishop is goin' to sep'rate an' the reasons is good an' sufficient, as the lawyers say, an' for meddlers the's that—an' that!" He brought first one fist and then the other under Uncle Trufant's apprehensive nose and then he took him by the shoulders, backed him to the door, opened it and pushed him out so vengefully that the old man reeled to the opposite wall of the little kitchen. The door was then slammed violently behind the ejected peace-maker.

Uncle Trufant blinked a moment at the portal through which he had been cast and then brought his gaze to the faces of the children. There were pitiful worry and woe on their countenances.

Uncle Trufant, with the alertness of the true diplomat, saw that he must act quickly if he were not to abandon now the pathetic little shield he was holding between

these children and the ruin of a home.

"Ho! ho!" he quavered with pitiful affectation of mirth. "Haw! haw!" His laugh at the second attempt was a bit more assured.

"That, childern, is what in the drammy, meanin' stage plays as I've seen 'em many a time, they call 'exyit villun.' That is to say, the bad man gits out—zoosh! Ye see, your dad an' marm is mixed up into some play-actin' idee they're goin' to have up to the grange hall some night, an' what ye see them doin' is practicin' their parts. I goes in jest to let 'em practice on me. I comes out, as ye've jest seen, simply bein' the part of villun. Now they have to jaw it like sin an' Sancho in that piece an' 'tain't northin' leetle folks keers much to listen to. So if ye'll come along down to the cove with me I'll show ye that skate-fish that got throwed up last so'easter."

He tied on the little girl's worn hood, tucked her hair around her forehead with fingers trembling with haste and agitation, twisted the peak of the little boy's cap more firmly down on his curls and pushed the two before him down the rickety steps. They danced ahead along the tortuous, rocky path and he followed, walking with shoulders wearily hunched under the burden of something heavier than the weight of years.

"Teched me, that did, when he said it!" he muttered. "Thinks all I mind is 'count o' selfishness. Mebbe I am selfish. Mebbe it is because I know I shall hanker so for 'em, to see 'em, to love 'em, to listen to 'em, to think up ways to giv' 'em the fun that b'longs to leetle shavers by good rights. Mebbe it's all 'cause I'm so selfish. But the good Lord knows, seems 's if I should giv' up complete for good an' all when I think of that leetle home being broke up an' them childern strung off to God knows where."

"Why, ye're cryin', Uncle Bele! Tommy, Uncle Bele's cryin'!" chirped the little girl in utter amazement.

"Scat on ye," scoffed the old man, rasping his rough palm across his cheeks. "'F ye don't know the diff'runce 'tween sun-weepin's an' reel, boo-hoo cryin' then that leetle school mistis up yender where ye go ought to have a new withe, an' I'll see to it that she does."

And then they disappeared over the rocks, their feet snapping the oozy sacs of the seaweed—three children, merely three children.

A half hour later, as they sat about the defunct skate-fish listening to a biography of the deceased as extemporized by the inventive Uncle Trufant, a pebble deftly thrown struck that absorbed raconteur on the shoulder. He looked up suddenly. On the rocks above stood Nelson Willis, a tall Harpswell lobster catcher. Willis hooked his finger with significant gesture and, looking meaningly at the children, shook his head.

"Ye keep your settin' here, leetle folks," advised Uncle Trufant, "the whilst I go up there an' dicker with Nelse 'bout lobster pots."

The old man scrambled up the weed-strewn slope of the rocks, an anxious, foreboding shivering within his breast. He did not ask questions when he stood beside Willis. The latter stroked Uncle Trufant's arm with rough sympathy.

"Hav' to tell ye there's been trouble up to the house," said the man.

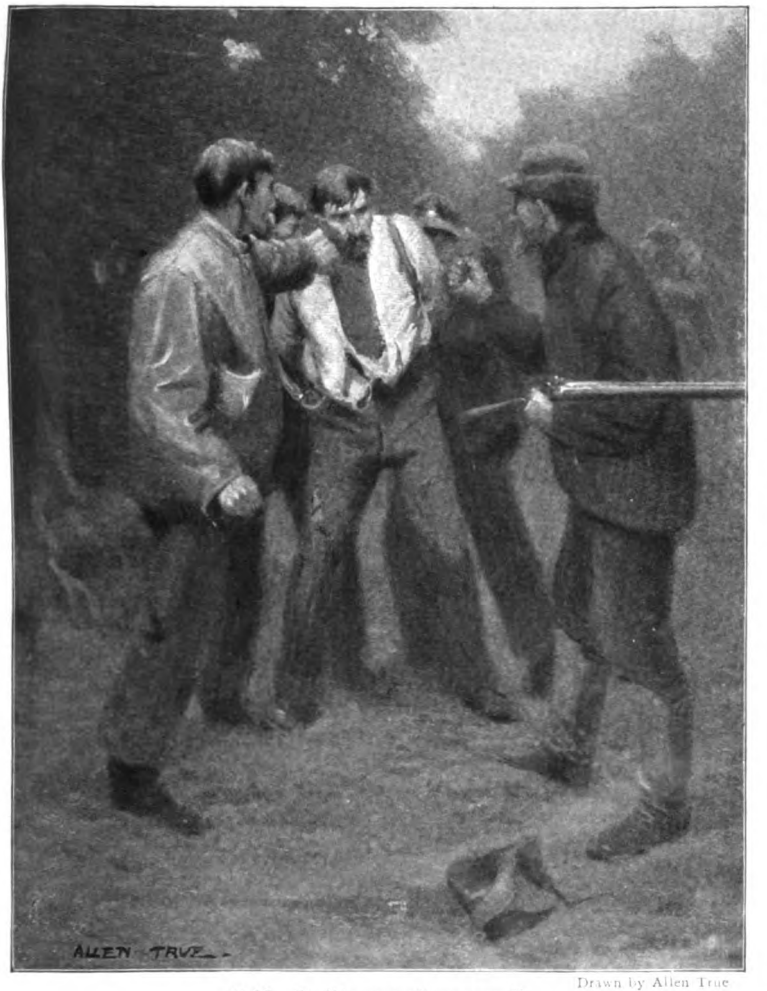
Uncle Bela threw a swift glance down upon the children and gazed anew at the tidings-bringer, his heart in his eyes and silent.

"'Tain't so bad as it might be," said Willis. "Wes an' Myry, so I reckin', got to havin' it out in the usyal way—ye und'stand—an' Wes must 'a' hit her with a cheer or sunthin'—donno jest what. She's kind of in a sog now—don't reck'nize no one, an' Wes has took to the Hossback undergrowth, an' Const'ble Riggs is out with a possy after him. That's all, so fur."

The old man clinched his wavering fingers crackingly together and gazed down again on the children prattling at their play and digging the sand over the dead fish in an effort to afford him decent sepulture.

"Them of us as is at the house 'tendin' out an' doin'," Willis went on, "has thought ye'd better jest take the children right off into the woods f'r the rest of the day where they won't hear no gossip. They're used to bein' with ye without sayin' aye, yis nor no. Here's a basket of grub that my wife picked up in a hurry, an' if things hain't quieted down by night you can all come over to my house."

Willis went away leaving the basket in



Drawn by Allen True

"He fit like a cattymaran."

Uncle Trufant's unconscious clutch. The old man had not spoken a word. The children were looking up at him curiously.

"Dot him prippy nigh all tovered op, Uncle Be-wa!" cried the little boy, pointing to the entombed skate-fish.

"So's your home, poor leetle folks—poor leetle folks," gasped the old man under his breath. He looked up at the heavens blinkingly and shyly.

"Oh, Lord God," he muttered, "if Ye've got any use for leetle children an' old men, jest giv' me a hand with the tackle to-day. I wisht—"

On the top of a distant hill his lifted eyes caught the gleam of the spire of the Harpswell Center Church, three miles or so away.

Then his gaze, traveling farther 'longshore picked out a dotting of white that marked the dwelling place of the patron saint of Harpswell, their pastor, the guide, the friend, the father, the wise and loving counselor of the plain fisher-folk to whom he had devoted his life. A sudden inspiration glowed in Uncle Bela's face.

"It's too deep for me," he murmured; "it's deep—too deep, for them folks up there!" He looked sorrowfully at the roof of Bishop's little home. "The only man that 'tain't too deep for is Pas'son Kellogg, him as married Wes Bishop's father an' mother an' married Wes Bishop an' Myry Pray an' preached the fun'ral sermons over their parents, as he has for most of the fam'lies in this town. It's for Pas'son Kellogg to know of this trouble an' it's for me to git the word to him best way I can."

Pulled upon the beach a little way off

was the dory that Bishop used as tender for his smack from which he had come ashore that morning after a glowering, ireful, pondering week off-coast.

"Childern," called Uncle Trufant as cheerfully as he could muster, "what say to a leetle sail 'longshore?"

The proposition was hailed with unanimous approval, the work of interment was abandoned with alacrity and in a little while the expedition was away. The old man rowed with the monotonous, sagging thud-thud of the veteran doryman, setting a modest pace for the long pull up the shore. The children, nestled in the stern, munched the contents of the basket.

He could have walked to Parson Kellogg's with ease. But the children were not able to trudge so far and he could not leave them to wander about alone and stray back to that pitiful home. He set his teeth and rowed on.

It was necessary to make a wide detour into the bay, even with a dory, to avoid the "Corn-popper shoals," whose frothings spread shallowly for miles. And at the tip of the reef the tide racings were like the rush of wild horses. His heart seemed cracking. Once around that point it would be an easy pull to Elijah Kellogg's white beach. And he must hurry for the dusk was already shading the pine slopes. The wind was coming, too, and with it the fog and the glowering rack of rain clouds. But as he fought at the oars, splashing and straining, one of them snapped over the wet thole pin, for he had pulled wildly in his fatigue.

He fell backward, his head struck a thwart and he lay motionless. One oar fell far out. The other hung a moment between the pins and then at the next lurch of the dory slipped away from the unclosing clutch of the brown hand. The children cuddled in fright.

"Wakey op, Uncle Be-wa, wakey op!" pleaded the boy shrilly. But the old man sprawled there unheedful for the first time in his life of the piteous call of a frightened child.

His eyes were closed and a red stain spread into the water that slapped in the dory's bottom and soaked into the patched coat. The craft sidled to the waves and then went swinging down the sea, its passengers a silent old man in the bow and in the stern two little children who peered into the dusk with terror-rounded eyes.

"That's how it's been ever since she come to," said Mrs. Arad Tolman with a jab of her head toward the inner room. Ranged about the kitchen walls sat men and women, the newer arrivals soggy with dampness.

"She don't seem to mind the tunk a mite. That hain't what her lamentations is for," continued Mrs. Tolman. "But the way she's takin' on 'bout them childern is enough to melt a heart of stone. An' then it's whiff over an' all of a to-do 'bout Wes, 'poor darlin' Wes,' she calls him, 'out there in the cold an' the rain.' I'd poor darlin' a man o' mine that fetched me a clip like that an' then run."

"Quite a nagger Myry is, quite a nagger at usyal times," volunteered a man in the corner. "She's prob'ly realizes now that a man can't be hectored only 'bout so fur.

"What's been told her 'bout the childern?" asked another.

"Only that they've been took care of all right till mornin'. But ye can't stuff that talk down a mother's thro't." Mrs. Tolman stirred the brew despondently.

"She's jest as sartin as the rest of us that Uncle Bela an' the childern 's gone to kingdom come in that old dory. Mothers hain't to be fooled when their hearts are a-talkin' an' a-tellin'."

There was a beating of wet feet on the stoop and a man came into the kitchen, the blast throwing one last fistful of rain at him.

"They've got Wes," he announced. "How's the woman?"

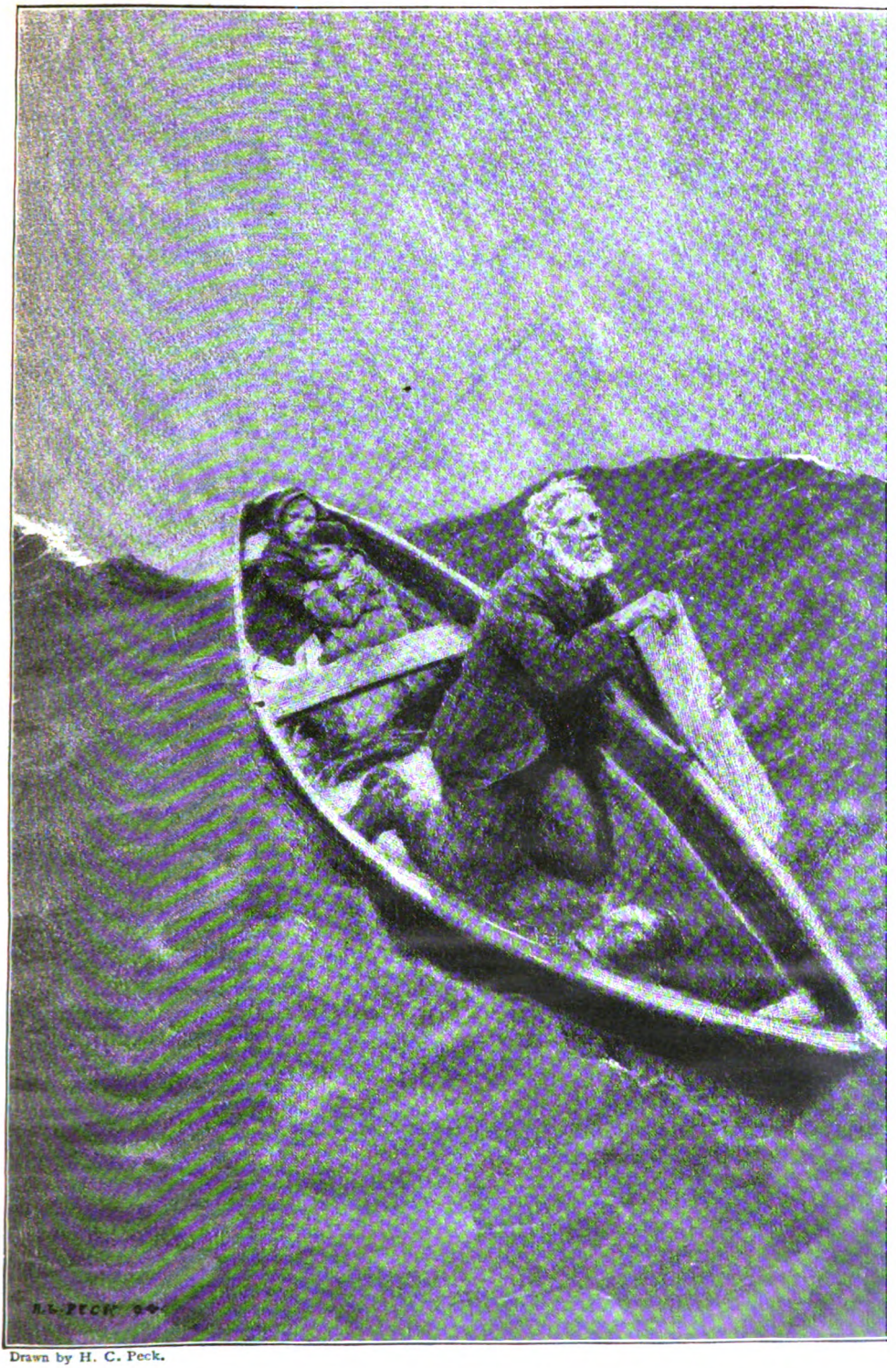
"'Tain't the outside of her head now—it's the inside of her heart that's ailin'," said Mrs. Tolman. "She wants her childern an' her husband."

"They caught him 'way up in the Bunganuck woods," explained the man answering further questions. "An' he was draggleder'n a wet muskrat. They're dryin' him down t' the store an' I notion they'll keep him there to-night."

"Did they tell him 'bout the childern?"

"Yas; had to. He fit like a cattymaran when they cornered him, an' then they told him to break his sperit an' make him giv' in. It done it quick, now I can tell ye."

"Northin' from outside?" The ques-



Drawn by H. C. Peck.

With grit and a boat seat doing all he could to save two little children.

tion was put with mournful inflection of certainty of the worst.

"Northin'."

The little group lowered their heads and sat in silence as at a funeral.

In the hush a woman came out from the inner room and stood among them. A cloth was wrapped about her forehead, her lips were swollen with grief. Her cheeks were puffed, her eyes sunken and glazed with woe.

"Bring me my childern!" she cried. "Where's Wes? Send him off after the childern. There's sunthin' happened. What is it? Don't drive me mad, neighbors. What is it?"

Her voice rose to a shriek. She clutched her thin hands about the arms of first one neighbor and then another, going along the embarrassed and unresponsive line. Hysteria was upon her. The people gaped at each other helplessly.

But at the moment there was a grinding of wheels without. A man leaped from the silent circle and opened the door.

A little, old man came up the steps. When he was within the circle of the mellow glare of the kitchen lamp he drew off his sou'wester and opened his oilskin coat. His brown, thin, smoothly shaven face was placid and his gray eyes beamed benignantly from under their puckered lids.

"Pas'son Kellogg," said the man who had opened the door, "ye've come jest in time. I reckin we've done the best we knowed, but Myry needs sunthin' more'n the yarbs we've been givin' her. We all thank ye for comin' down in this rack an' rout of weather to comfort her."

The woman went on her knees and seized the hand her pastor outstretched to give her greeting.

"Oh, Father Kellogg," she sobbed, "tell me where my babies are!"

"Myra," he said gently, with the softness of one who is partially deaf, "your little children are in God's tender care wherever they are, make sure of that. Be quiet, be patient in your sorrow, dear woman! A moment, now—be patient!" He caressed her bended head and turned to one of the men.

"I have heard on the road that Wesley Bishop is at the store. Is that true?"

"He's been caught. He's there, pas'son," said the man.

"Go down and bring him here."

The man hesitated, cast an embarrassed glance at the wife and then whispered hoarsely behind his shielding palm:—

"Const'ble Riggs 's got him, an'—"

"Tell them I wan't him," interrupted Parson Kellogg mildly, "and want him for an especial purpose. I think they will bring him here."

The man hastened away and the minister continued to smooth the woman's hair and soothe her, talking calmly with this one and that in the little throng concerning other affairs until gradually his placid personality diffused itself over all and dominated them. And then outside there sounded the shuffle of feet that marked the approach of several men.

Bishop came ahead into the kitchen and three men jostled after him—the constable and his three helpers.

"Good evening, Wesley!" Parson Kellogg's even, kindly tones dissolved the initial restraint that bound these simple people unused to tragedies.

The wife raised her head and when her husband bent on her a look where shame, self-reproach and a mighty secret grief mingled, she ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

"Where are the children, Wes? Where are our babies? They won't tell me—they won't tell me!"

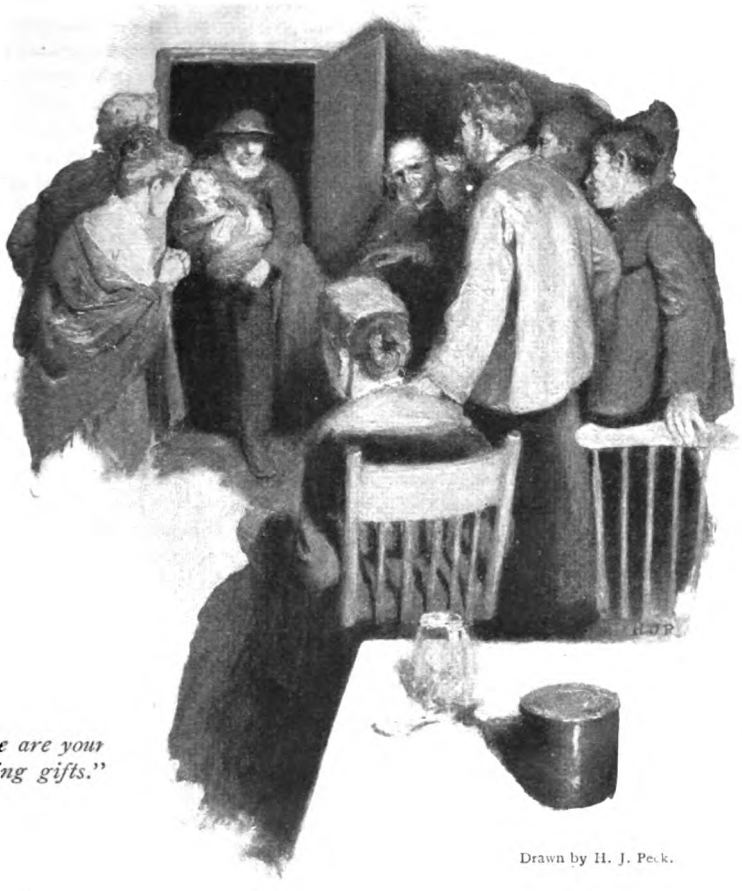
The man's eyes, his face above her shoulder, ran from countenance to countenance in the room. The solemn regard of his neighbors shifted to the worn floor. They had no consolation for him. His face began to pucker with the strong man's grimace before the tears. She clutched him with more frenzied grasp.

"Where are our little ones, Wes?"—It was the only cry her mother heart held, the only question her lips could frame.

Bishop was grinding his beard between his teeth, striving to master his emotion but his grief burst from him at last.

"Father Kellogg—for God's sake, Father Kellogg, tell her—" but his further speech was choked in his throat.

With his arm about his wife he stumbled to a corner, dragging her with him, and while the neighbors sat silent and sympathetic, the women sobbing softly, the men grinding their rough knuckles into their trawl-gouged palms, the husband and the wife, their foreheads against the wall, washed away in the first tears they had



"Here are your wedding gifts."

Drawn by H. J. Peck.

ever shed in a common woe, all the wrack of the petty quarrels, the little heart-burnings, the frettings and misunderstandings —all so mean and small in the shadow of this mightiest tragedy of their lives.

And when, after many, many minutes, they were quiet and clung each to each, like people alone in the dark and frightened, the pastor gently drew them out from the corner and spoke :—

"Wesley and Myra, a few years ago I stood before you here in this house in the presence of almost the same people who are here about you to-night and I joined your hearts and hands in loving wedlock, even as I joined your parents before you. I have watched with sorrow and disappointment the wretched troubles that have come into your home life—needless troubles, foolish troubles.

"There has been much that I could have said to you. But I have realized that your hearts were stubborn and froward, never having been touched into the softness of true love and forbearance by the chastening hand of the Lord God. There is much that I could say to you now, but, Wesley and Myra, I know and understand when at last hearts are swept clean of anger and pride and selfishness and the little vices that ruin homes. The lesson has been bitter and no words of man—no words of mine, much as I love you both, can point this moral more sharply. Therefore I simply am going to marry once again the regenerated hearts and souls that I know are before me now.

"But first, listen now to me, Myra and Wesley! To-night as the dark deepened on the waters these old eyes saw a little boat go helplessly down the sea into the night. These old hands—they always could row a boat, my good people, as you know—sent my own dory in pursuit.

And down the sea I found an old man, with blood on his brow, kneeling in a dory, praying to God for succor and at the same time with grit and a boat-seat doing all he could to help himself and save two shivering little children."

He smiled into the staring eyes and went and opened the kitchen door.

"Come in old man," he called. Uncle Trufant staggered through the door, coming from the dim shadow of the old chaise in the yard. In his arms, rolled in a blanket, were two sleeping children.

The mother screamed and would have dashed herself upon them, but Pastor Kellogg checked her,

"Wait, this is a wedding," he smiled. "Hands together—this way! God bless and keep you and yours!

"And here are your wedding gifts—two of them. One from me—one from Uncle Bela, for he and I saved your children, Wesley and Myra—and more than that, this old man, though blindly, perhaps, has saved your happiness, serving as a simple and unwitting instrument in the hands of God to show unto you the depths of your own hearts."

He placed the sleeping babes in the locked hands of the re-united couple.

"Come, friends," he said gently. "Come away with me now. The wedding is over. The night is late and the stars are out again." He pushed the people with jocular pokings toward the door.

"But look-a-here, pas'son," hoarsely and protestingly whispered Constable Riggs, "Wes is reely, ye know, under arrest an' as ye und'stand, the law—"

"Constable," said the pastor solemnly, "God's law is higher than man's law, and God's law is"—he pointed at the father and mother who stood holding their little ones between them—"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

THE EXCLUSIONIST

A Tale of Garden Avenue

By Marion Hill

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALICE BEACH WINTER

IT was all the fault of a pin-headed philanthropist in the first place. Holding rampant ideas about the civilizing effect of flowers and plants upon the working classes, he had taken in hand a wretched alley of dwellings and had sown lawns, set out shade trees, planted flowers, and had re-christened the frowsy thoroughfare "Garden Avenue." Then he had died; and it was time.

Of course, in less than a year, resolute hens and unfaltering goats had destroyed the grass, obliterating even its confines; children had pulled up the plants, leaving not even the holes which had held them; and the adults with rare foresight had guarded against winter scarcity of fuel by chopping down the shade trees, leaving not even the roots. The new name unfortunately remained.

Garden Avenue was a world in itself. Almost every house bore the sign "Lodgers Taken." The terrific number of these signs was outdone only by the more terrific number of streaky children tumbling about. The alley teemed with them. They were all of about the same age,—that age when they seem happiest under the feet of something, horse or human. Apparently, they belonged to no one. All day long they played about, falling off of things with howls and into things with splashes, without disturbing the serenity of a soul, in sight or out. Oh, the hordes of them.

Children and lodgers were the recreation of Garden Avenue; its burden of sorrow was Miss Galloway's house.

Miss Galloway, of temper even more uncertain than her age, had kept her grass. Her house was so clean that it virtually slapped the avenue in the face. She had sweet peas in her back yard and a geranium bush in her front yard, and she refused to harbor hens, goats or children in either. Also, she had a fat cat. The cat proper to the Avenue was skinny, moth-eaten as to fur, tattered as to ears, was confined strictly to the fence tops, and was always in madly accelerated flight at that. Miss Galloway conformed to the vicinity solely in the circumstance of displaying the usual little encouragement—"Lodgers Taken."

"Ah, the long day *that's* been up," once viciously sighed a neighbor. She had come out upon her front step to shake a piece of rag carpet and Miss Galloway had come out upon her front step to shake a rug. Perhaps the rug hurt the feelings of the rag carpet. "I sh'd think you'd be takin' down that sign be now?"

"And why?" asked Miss Galloway, bitingly. She shoved up her spectacles. She always did when she needed to see.

"On account, sure, of its bein' unlikely you'll ever git a lodger to your taste. An' your room that pleasant too!"

"Why unlikely?" The glasses went a notch higher on her forehead. When they reached hair, war was always on.

"Well, Mam, you say you wunt take married folk—"

"Always quarreling. And they have children. I hate children. Won't tolerate them. Particularly on my back fence."

This shot was aimed directly at the neighbor, and hit; for, among her other jewels, that neighbor owned a small pair of blue jean pants (named Bartholomew) with sandy hair on one end and sandy feet on the other, and oftener than not the pants were dangling on Miss Galloway's forbidden fence whence they were prone to tumble, head-end first, into Miss Galloway's sweet peas.

Bartholomew.

The mother of the blue jeans hurried with her arraignment:—

"—and you wunt take single men—"

"Always going to bed drunk with their boots on the quilt."

"—nor single women—"

"Always ironing out shirt waists in your kitchen and having beaux in your parlor."

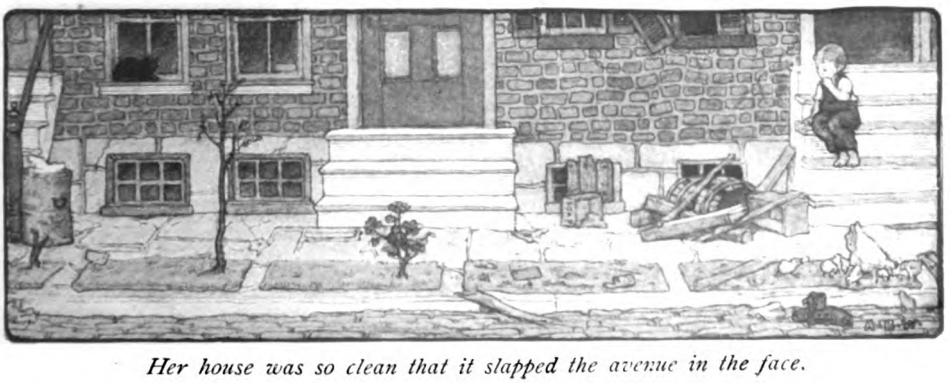
"Then what's left? Tell me that?"

"Widows!" Miss Galloway closed the discussion by banging her door.

"Of all th' quare divils she is," commented Mrs. Riordan mournfully, retreating with the rag carpet.

Faith in the ideal lodger went long unrewarded, but not forever so. Miss Galloway was visited one morning by a Committee from the District Dorcas Society. Miss Galloway knew them well.

"We should like to rent one of your vacant rooms," explained the spokeswoman.



Her house was so clean that it slapped the avenue in the face.

"I've but the one."

"We should like to rent it, then."

"I'd like you to, too, but I don't take married—"

"We have heard all about that from a Mrs. What's-her-name down the street, and we think we have a person who will be unobjectionable to you—"

"—people because they quarrel, nor bachelors because they drink, nor girls because they think of nothing but flirting and fellers," continued Miss Galloway triumphantly. It would need more than three women to side-track *her*. "I take only widows."

"This is one,—a Mrs. Smink."

"I don't like the name. It makes me think of skunk."

"Oh, how silly, Miss Galloway! It can do nothing of the kind! And a name makes no difference anyway."

"Makes me think of skunk," repeated Miss Galloway, shoving her glasses pretty high. The two principals looked daggers at each other. A young and giddy slummer, a recent member of the committee, threw herself into the breach.

"Can't you think of skunk and rent your room, too?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, and be glad to."

"Well, for pity's sake, let's call this settled! You will take Mrs. Smink then?"

"One moment. Has this Mrs. Skunk (Smink) any children?"

"Oh, dear no. Better if she had. She would be less lonely."

"I differ, Miss. She'd be lonelier. She'd have to stay in with them, while

A Committee from the District Dorcas Society.

Her own room and her sewing.

without them she can gad about and get comforted. Don't say children to me. Fussy, shrieking, smeary-mouthed nuisances! This Mrs. Skunk (Smink) ought to thank her stars for what she's missed."

"Fight it out between you," said the young slummer, cheerfully, "but be nice to her, Miss Galloway. We are going to bring her right here from the funeral."

"Whose funeral?"

"Her husband's. She is a very new widow indeed. And very sad. I'm sure she would like it if you had a cup of tea ready for her when she comes."

"I'm sure she would, too, miss, but I can't think of it. It would be a bad start. Ever after, she would be wanting something hot every pang that struck her."

"I am sorry you won't; but—a little bunch of sweet peas in her room—"

"Can't think of that either, miss. And it would only remind her of the dead. No, when I rent a room, the lodger lives her life and I live mine, separate and unsocial. Where there's no familiarity there's no frictions. We'll drop the sweet pea idea right here."

"Don't do anything you are not paid for," said the young woman indignantly. "But I wish you could see the room she is in now. You would not talk of 'sweet peas reminding her of the dead.' Why, there is not a bud or blossom in sight. They are so poor, and their friends, if they have any, are so poor—" Genuine emotion mastered her and she hid her face in her handkerchief. Miss Galloway got emotional, too, and asked anxiously:—

"If this Mrs. Skunk (Smink) is as poor as you say, how am I to make sure of my rent?"

"We guarantee it. Mrs. Smink sews beautifully and has many patrons."

"I want a dollar a week."

"You'll get it," promised the committee, rising wearily as one.

"I'll need to," said Miss Galloway grimly, showing them from the door.

"Needn't think they can lord it over me just because they have lace on their petticoats," she muttered.

Before going indoors, she glanced at the houses on both sides of the street, noticing with ever new jealousy the ever old scene of general neighborliness in which she had no share. From the groups of babies in the gutter to the groups of women at washtubs in back yards, all but herself had comrades to idle with, cronies to talk to.

"Gossipping trollops!" she commented.

Her tone was bitter, but there was also heartache in it as she shut out the world and went back into her empty house. Yet at that very moment had a neighbor run in and attempted to be neighborly, Sally Galloway would have resented it so sincerely and aggressively as to have discouraged further advances from that quarter for all time.

"And if Mrs. Skunk (Smink) thinks she rents my whole house for a dollar a

week, I'll show her she's mistaken the moment she pokes her nose into my privacy," she muttered at the conclusion of her work of putting to rights the room intended for her widow. "And I'll pick every last flower from my garden and put them in my own room straight off." Which she did, with quieting effect upon her nerves.

In the afternoon, when a carriage bowled down the honored and delighted avenue, Miss Galloway was quite ready for it in a boarder-repelling gown of stiff alpaca. The carriage let out its one occupant, a black-robed, grief-stricken girl —not much more than a child—widowed at seventeen. She groped her way into the house and ran unasked into Miss Galloway's outraged, unready arms.

"Why, where's Mrs. Smink?" demanded the spinster. But she knew, and tried to shove away the hands which clung to her.

"Oh, Miss Galloway," sobbed the girl, pressing against Miss Sally's stony bosom, and there pouring out her agony of loss, "it is so good of you to befriend me, to give me a home! Oh, how could I have borne to go back to the place they took him from, where he has lain three days dead, three days—"

"It's over. Don't harp on it," advised Miss Galloway, still nervously pushing at the young fingers. She objected to tears on her dress and on her carpet.

"—three days, without a word to me, without a look, without a movement of his dear arms, so cold, so still,—and we were always talking and laughing. Why couldn't I die, too?"

"You will, if you go on like this. It does no good."

"—We used to go everywhere together, why not down to death together? My only heaven was in the light of my dear one's eyes, and my only possible home was in his heart—and where is he now? In the dreadful earth!"

Miss Sally shivered. She, too, had once stood beside a new grave.

"There is a tree near him and it rustles all the time. He never could bear the sound of a tree rustling in the wind. He said it had a lonely sound. And now he'll have to listen to it forever and forever. He can't get out. Oh, I'm going back to him! I left him too soon. He will think, dead though he is, that I might have stayed a little longer. Do you hear me? Let go!"

Not tenderly, but instinctively, Miss Galloway tightened her hold.

"Be quiet," she gasped. "Stop carrying on. You'll make yourself sick. Let me show you to your room, Mrs. Smink."

"Don't call me that! Ever! *He* used to. In fun. My name is Esther. Call me that."

"All right. Now you quit crying. It's bad for you."

"But I *want* to die!" She was again clinging to her unresponsive companion.

"Not in *my* house,—I'll have no such thing," fumed Miss Galloway striving to free herself. "Better go to your room and lie down a bit."

"I'd rather stay with you," sobbed the girl.

"Of all the leeches!" muttered Miss Galloway in despairing recognition of the fact that sympathy was imperatively required of her. "Lie here then." She dumped her charge upon the lounge and patted her several times, woodenly, as if she were thumping a sofa cushion. "Don't

The odd pair of friends.

you budge one budge till I bring you a cup of tea."

Leaving the room, she muttered: "Since I've started at tea I might 's well do the other thing, too," therefore she transferred the sweet peas to her lodger's bureau and strode on angrily to the kitchen.

In this fashion did Esther become a member of the Galloway establishment. As a lodger she proved desirable, for she minded her own business, was quiet and neat, and, by the Dorcas Society, was kept supplied with so many patrons that she not only paid her rent but began to put aside a little money. She persisted in loving Miss Sally as her truest, frankest friend. All that Miss Sally could do in return was merely to tolerate her,—not much more,—and even this toleration would not stand a strain, as Esther soon discovered. It was on the day that she found Bartholomew in the garden hanging on a fence-nail (Miss Sally's side) and had brought him into the house to roll him upon the floor and generally to enjoy his babyship. Hearing his shrieks of anguished mirth, Miss Sally descended in a fury.

"Take that nuisance out of here," she commanded.

"*S'e says oo 's noosance*," gurgled Esther in Bartholomew's tiny ear.

Miss Sally went white with anger and said shakingly:—

"Is it possible you do not understand me?"

Esther looked up frightened at the unmistakable hatred in her landlady's face, and lost no time carrying Bartholomew to the door.

"I found him in the garden," she stammered, "and just brought him in for a frolic. He looked like a bit of sunshine."

"Then put him where sunshine belongs—out doors," said Miss Galloway, grimly regaining her composure.

This incident troubled Esther, and she brooded over it until Sally Galloway felt forced to justify herself.

"All my life I've been the victim of children and their selfishness," she burst out suddenly. "A child—that is, the bearing of one—cost my mother her life. *My* childhood was squandered tending the thankless brood she left; then my father married again; the second batch of squallers eventually drove us first ones from home to earn our living; I became a nursery maid. It was all I knew. My girlhood went as my childhood did—wasted—stunted—crushed! I saved a little money. Now that I am old they keep on badgering me! Do you wonder that I hate them?"

"Poor Miss Sally!" whispered Esther, slipping away to her own room and her sewing.

In the evening Miss Sally joined her there and they sewed together in their usual silence. Miss Sally's one weakness was a love for sewing and she took it as a privilege to be allowed to help on the exquisite materials that Esther had entrusted to her. Some times she went further with her help, and when an order was completed would say "Now let's take them where they belong," and side by side the odd pair of friends would trudge on the errand. Esther took these journeys always at night and the money she received she hoarded jealously. Curiosity got the better of Miss Sally's reserve.

"Saving to buy yourself new gowns?"

"No."

"You ought. This old black wrapper of yours is not much for looks!"

"No."

The girl radiated a suggestion of stubborness which but inflamed her questioner's ingenuity.

"If it's a monniment to your husband you're going to raise, I call it sheer extravagance. He's got a neat headstun a'ready."

The girl lifted a radiant face.

"It *is* a monument to my husband I intend to raise, if the good God will let me."

Shocked at the irreverent introduction of a holy name, Miss Sally lapsed back into discreet silence. It was broken by Esther who presently went into an irrepressible fit of quiet laughter.

"What's funny about a monniment?" asked Miss Sally, severely shoving up her glasses.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said the girl, sobering at once. "I was just thinking of something else."

"Might as well out with it after such a to do."

"I was thinking that I won't get any help from you on my next order."

"Why not?"

"You'll see." And the incomprehensible mirth came on again.

"Don't try to be more of a fool than you are. Let's take these things where they belong."

Esther obediently put on her hat and the two started out, but not before Miss Sally had set their chairs primly back against the wall. It might be Esther's room, but it was Miss Sally's house, and in that house unswervable, awful tidiness reigned. Its orderliness was tomb-like.

"I can't draw an easy breath if so much as a pin 's awry," she would say; and it was easily believable. If ever a woman was cursed with neatness it was Sally Galloway. She was too neat to be affectionate, — affection, properly demonstrated, is apt to disorder the hair and make an apron set "wapple-jawed." She did not believe that "cleanliness is next to Godliness." She turned the words around.

Her one objection to sewing was its temporary "messiness." Perhaps that is why she went to Esther's room instead of inviting Esther to hers for their nightly industry.

"Is this the order that I won't help you on?" she soon had occasion to ask.

"This is it."

"What's the scrap in your hand?"

"A sleeve."

"Great king. Doll's clothes?"

"You may call them so, if you like," and Esther laughed, "but no, Miss Sally, it's a baby's layette."

"And do you really think that because I detest nasty, meddling infants, I won't admire to sew on such soft white goods as this? Pshaw. Give me a needle."

She enjoyed the work immensely.

"I never had a childhood and never had a doll, Esther," she said one evening while the tiny garments progressed, "and do you know what I am thinking as I sew? I pretend I am a child, and sewing for my big, blue-eyed wax doll. Oh, how I wanted one, how I wanted one."

Her voice was rapturously sad and gentle, and quick tears sprang to Esther's eyes. She put out her small hand and stroked Miss Sally's horny one.

"What are you pawing for?" Miss Sally jerked her hand out of reach and scratched the offended place.

But she became all tenderness again as she hemmed tiny ruffles, or fashioned wee button-holes. The work lasted for weeks.

"Esther, wouldn't you kind of like to see these things when they are put on? Don't you think a little face right here, and little hands right here would look sort of cunning?"

"We'll see," said Esther, and proceeded to coax a dress upon the cat. Thomas was too lazy and too confiding to object and he was soon garbed and lolling complacently in Esther's arms. She laughed, but Miss Sally looked troubled.

"Don't, Esther, the mother mightn't like it."

"I won't mention it to her."

"I quite hate to see them finished. They are, though, aren't they?"

"Yes." Esther was grave again.

"Well," and Miss Sally pulled herself together with a snort, "let's take them where they belong."

Esther slowly heaped the little garments. Her very touch was a caress. She put her lips to the bundle and kissed it. Then she stood unsteadily and gathered the things passionately into her arms and held them against her heart.

"They *are* where they belong!" she cried.

Miss Sally stood too and looked as angry as she felt. Then she stalked to the door. Esther clung to her arm.

"Miss Sally, do you want me to leave your house?"

"*Yes.*"

"To-night?"

"No! not until—until—" Esther flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

It was along towards fall when a cyclone struck Miss Sally's house. It was upset from top to bottom. Not a chair was where it ought to be. Bottles and dishes reclined upon the sofa. The outraged furniture became mere clothes horses to hold weird wee garments. "God Bless Our Home" supported several socks. Neighbors, cheerfully chatting, flocked in and out all hours of the twenty-four. Peppermint and paregoric fought for the atmosphere by turns. And in the midst of the chaos, worn-out but happy, Miss Sally tramped patiently up and down holding in her weary arms a squirming, squealing, fighting bundle of a baby boy. She had walked him almost incessantly for a fort-

night. The upstairs bed held Esther, weak and contented as a kitten.

In the baby, Miss Sally met an expansionist of the most virulent type. All her barriers were down. And she was glad of it. Mrs. Riordan came freely in; she brought broths. The Jarvis girls were prodigal with jelly. Jim's Jessie,—turned twelve, —ran over nights and did up the washing. There was no one not anxious to do a neighborly turn, and Miss Sally's hard heart melted away beneath the kindly sunshine of good deeds. All this time the baby incessantly yelled.

"He must be named 'Galloway,'" insisted Miss Sally. "'Smink' is an ugly name, but 'Galloway Smink' is refined and distinguished. What say?"

"It's a long name—for my pretty dear," said Esther, timidly.

"Pretty? He's homelier than a toad. Homely as two."

"The doctor says I can get up tomorrow."

"If I rub his hair the wrong way, it will come in curly," observed Miss Sally, *not* of the medical man.

"When I am able to work again," questioned Esther, "must I leave you?"

Miss Sally was too busy to listen. "I think I'll knock a board out of my fence."

"What for, Miss Sally?"

"So's Bartholomew can get over easy to play with Galloway."

Esther turned her face to the wall and cried, softly, happily. But Miss Sally did not hear that, either. Miss Sally, with terrific, whirlwind sweeps of her calloused hand was rubbing 'Galloway's' purely imaginary hair the wrong way.

AN UNSEASONABLE RHAPSODY

By Kennett Harris

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THE poet may sing of the spotless snowflakes
And of wintry scenery chirrup,
But it's hey! and it's ho! for the hot buckwheat cakes
And the ruddy and sweet maple syrup.

The snowflake's very well in its cold way
And spread about the landscape looks enticing—
In pictures—and it's useful for the sleigh;
But at this season I don't care for icing.
I like my frigid delicacies when
My system seems to need a little chilling,
But in the fall I exercise my pen
In favor of the good old buckwheat filling.

When the air grows shrewd and nipping,
When the days are drawing in
Evelina goes a-tripping
To the little buckwheat bin.

Mixes up a batch of batter
Swiftly. She makes no mistakes
And I tell you what's the matter,
You should taste her buckwheat cakes.

Light as thistle tuft that over
Hill and dale, wind-driven, flies,
Fragrant as a field of clover,
Brown as Evelina's eyes!

At the true poetic rapture
I, perhaps, am no great shakes,
But it isn't hard to capture
Me with Evelina's cakes.

Place the maple's extract sappy
Near me, and the butter pass.
Now I am supremely happy,
And dull care may go to grass.
When my appetite is keen a
Large sized pile for me she bakes.
Truly I love Evelina
When she bakes me buckwheat cakes.

Jeer not at this as crude and commonplace,
A pretty woman's never better looking
Than when she moves about with easy grace
Engaged in the prosaic task of cooking.

Upon her rosy cheeks an added glow,
Her sleeves upturned, white, rounded arms disclosing—
And that reminds me of a girl I know
Who didn't go to Delsarte's to learn posing.

Her supinator longus and
Her biceps flexor cubiti
Were just the finest in the land,
And, if you'd know the reason why,
She exercised them day by day
By briskly sweeping every room
About the house. There was, she'd say,
No "apparatus" like a broom.

The washboard her latissimus
Dorsi developed very well;
Her tibialis anticus
One's admiration would compel—
Her gastrocnemeus likewise
(The truth is always best, I've found,)
Attained its perfect shape and size
Because the damsel "hustled round."

No Delsarte movements did she know
And the piano never played,
But she could scrub and she could sew,
And scrumptious were the pies she made.
In some ways she was quite unique
And made a most decided hit.
We gladly paid her six per week,
And we were sorry when she quit.

She married, sad to say, the grocery man,
A kitchen of her own was her ambition.
Our own, unquestioned, she completely ran.
We held a quite subordinate position.

And now a surly husband is her boss,
  Pays her no wages and is always kicking—
About the worst you ever ran across.
  And to that place, contented, she is sticking.

Some men would pass the pearly gates
  And seek the place below,
Whose climate sort of indicates
  A striking dearth of snow,
Because in mansions fair above
  The skies they would be sick
For want of what they dearly love,
  A decent chance to kick.

And yet it's human nature to complain.
  A protest made with fluency and vigor
When anything occurs to cause us pain
  Abates to quite a large extent its rigor.
As dear old Uncle Ephum used to say—
  (A colored gentleman—you may have guessed it)
He had a Frank L. Stanton sort of way
  Of talking, Well, Unc' Ephum this expressed it:

Kain't he'p kickin'! It's no good a-fussin'
  Know dat well, but den it's all de same.
W'en things seems lak dey's jest a mussin'
  Up I jest starts cussin' twel it's jest a shame.
Never he'ped none—don't I sho'ly know it?
  Know it well, but when de triles come thick
I'd jest bus' up ef I didn't show it,
  En dar's heaps en piles o' comfort in a right good kick.

Jest as nachul! It's de Adam in me—
  Know dat well, but dat ol' Adam's strong.
Pahson Johnson 'tother day he gin me
  Fits bekase mah langwitch wus mos' wrong.
Sho! I know dat! I's er misble sinner.
  Don't need tellin' how bad habits stick,
But w'en Dinah bu'n dat possom dinner
  Dar's heaps an piles o' comfort in a right good kick.

Mus' be kickin'! W'en de mewl balks on me,
W'en de meal runs out, w'en craps is po',
  W'en things goes wrong en it's out, doggone me!
But yo' Uncle Ephum's gotter talk some sho!
No use talkin'. Know dar's no sense in it;
  It's er mean, bad way, a low down trick,
But I's gotter, ef I died nex' minit,
  Fer dar's heaps en piles o' comfort in er right good kick.

There are few animals that you will meet
Who beat the "mewl" in point of aggravation.
Perhaps you've heard—I don't like to repeat,
But that yarn's good enough for re-relation.

A man there was once who was badly addicted
To language not bad, but far worse.

His verbal perversions were quite unrestricted;—
To put it quite plainly he'd curse
With richness of diction and great animation
At any old place and on slight provocation.

One day something happened, annoying extremely—
The limit in short it appeared—
A mule very likely—and language unseemly
By all the spectators was feared.
But there stood the man open mouthed and blank gazing,
His silence was eloquent, also amazing.

Some moments he stood there and no word he uttered.
Expectancy stood on tiptoe,
And one to another the people they muttered,
"Just wait; it's a comin', I know."

Another short pause and the silence was broken
And these were the words by that reprobate spoken;
"I can't do it justice," he said with a sigh,
Then added, alas! "But — it, I'll try."

And he made a fairly good attempt.

THE CHLORIDE HOLD-UP

By Harry Irving Greene

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. R. GRUGER

WE met through one of the misdeals of Chance, and for two months thereafter could never rid ourselves of each other's presence. Then Alfalfa's lady acquaintance, who dispensed tickets at the dance pavilion, sent him a clock-spring saw in the crust of a prune pie and at once we began to lead a new life. Alfalfa insisted that inasmuch as he had furnished the working capital it was up to us captains of industry to do the manual hustling, so he retired to his boudoir and lay down on the iron girt divan. Cheyenne Red said that all tired out as he was he could warble camp-meeting refrains to drown the noise as I sawed off the bars, so there was nothing left for me to do but be gentlemanly and strenuous. I made a lovely opening, and then we decided who would go through first by a game of freeze-out. Red said it would have been more appropriate to call it squeeze-out.

Alfalfa cheated and won, and soon had himself reduced to first principles. He was slenderly and beautifully made, and the way he went through that twelve-inch aperture was a delightful exposé of Delsarte self-taught. It was my turn next, but I measure up two cubic yards any way you figure me, and when I looked at that little puncture in the wall I felt like tackling something not so near my size. But I didn't like to stay behind either.

About half way through I stuck. Alfalfa got hold of me from the outside and began to haul, but the only result was to stretch me like a rubber band and finally he got disgusted and quit. Then Red, who was still within, got scared for fear that I had permanently plugged the opening and started to push.

"No use talking you have got to make room for your betters. If you don't act decent about it and clear the right of way I'll take a slat out of the bed and drive you through like a nail," said he. He would have done it too, if Alfalfa hadn't become suddenly inspired.

"Grease him, Red," he chuckled, and before the words were well out of his mouth Cheyenne was smearing me with oil from the lamp and rubbing it in with the stub end of the jail broom. I let out a holler, but Alfalfa said:—

"Shut up. What will Carmencita O'Hagan say when she comes by on her way to early mass if she gazes upon you as I do now?"

"Put on the rest of the oil, Red," said I with a shudder. He did, and a moment later had braced his shoulder against me while Alfalfa took a fresh hold on his particular terminus. "Push, Red," he whispered, beginning to strain.

"You bet," grunted Red from the jail. What I said will never be published in this or any other language.

Cheyenne's feet slipped on the stones and he began to get mad. "Now you wriggle harder or I'll touch a match to you," he swore, and a moment later I left that hole with a pop like a champagne cork. Red came through without touching the sides, dragging our clothes after him, and we stood free and unhampered upon the bosom of the United States. The dawn blushed.

Ten minutes later Red came back to our arms from over the transom of a hardware store dangling with Colt thirty-eights and bulging with cartridges like an ammunition train. Then we hit the trail suddenly and hard, and for the next few days everything came our way. First it was the sheriff's posse, next it was the Citizens' Independent Conglomeration for the Upboosting of the Law. But at the end of a week there was nothing much in sight but the horizon.

Poker is a grand science, but, like astron-

omy, it has its limitations. After we had each lost and won back his gun six hundred times in four days our mental appetites craved something less exhilarating. We were at the ford of the Santos and said Red, "Let's hold up the Chloride stage."

Alfalfa began to meditate. "It's been so long since the passengers infesting the old bus have been cleaned up that they ought to be middling dusty," he remarked. "What's your senile opinion of it, Cupid?"

"All right," said I. "I'm your party of the third part."

Alfalfa began to grow pessimistic. "Just imagine," said he scornfully, "just imaagine an infinitesimal, scrubby, carrot-headed, flamboyant son of a scarlet fever germ like him holding up a stage with real humans on it." He pointed a derisive finger at Red.

"That so?" said Cheyenne with a snap of his teeth. "I'll show you." He ripped a slice of black alpaca out of his coat lining and disappeared behind the scenery. Presently he came back bristling up to us like an insulted hedgehog. "Elevate your grub hooks," said he tersely, training his ordnance our way.

"Listen to him," sighed Alfalfa. "Thinks he's an elevating spectacle, don't he?" Red's gun went off casually and a spoonful of dirt hopped up from between Alfalfa's knees and plumped fair into his mouth. "All right, Red," he yelled. "You'll do." Cheyenne sat down beside us looking proud and pleased.

"But that hair of yours," mused Alfalfa. "Once seen, never forgot. And as for that mask you might as well stick a postage stamp on your shoulder blade for all the disguise it would be. Yet hold." He snatched Cheyenne's gun out of his hand and the next second had him by both ears from behind. When we had been in durance, Alfalfa had squandered his last dime for an acre of wrapping paper and a bottle of ink so that he could write letters to himself, and no sooner did he get Red's head clamped between his knees than he got the ink bottle out and began to shampoo him conscientiously. You could have heard Red holler for a mile and a half.

"Shut up and think how happy you are," chided Alfalfa. "Sing for him Cupid while I cure his scalp." Up the trail we heard the rumble of wheels and Red got on his feet with his mouth full of ink and serious language. But there was no time to waste so Cheyenne scuttled off behind a boulder while Alfalfa and I cut out a couple of face screens and took our positions.

Red had agreed to take care of the driver and Alfalfa contracted to amuse the passengers while I passed the hat. Choctaw Pete, the Chloride driver, had been held up so long and so persistently that he had become domesticated and tame and usually ended up an episode like the forthcoming by borrowing a chew of tobacco from the man behind the gun on the strength of his good conduct. So at Red's first yelp up went his hands and he merely leaned back on the box and gazed at us with an air of resignation and onwe. Then out of pure good nature Alfalfa put a couple of bullets through the lid of the coach and inside they began to stampede around like a bunch of steers in a box car. I threw open the door.

"Kindly emerge one at a time meek and respectful as befits those about to perish," said I, and out staggered the first victim. He was a little Israelite with flowing black whiskers, and immediately his feet touched the trail down he flopped on his benders and began to beg with both paws like an educated poodle.

"Get up," said I disgustedly. "What are you making all this fuss about? I ain't going to do anything but kill you." Superficially viewed he looked promising enough but when I came to prospect him I thought I was searching a newsboy. Nothing but dimes and nickles and for a moment he had me guessing, then I did some lightning thinking and as the result a moment later was combing out his whiskers with my fingers. At about the third rake I pulled out a little box and in it were three sparklers as bright as the eyes of a Spanish girl and each one about the size of a nutmeg.

"Now you go over against that rock and stand on your head until the order is countermanded," said I pressing the gun gently against the back of his thinking plant. He was scared into jibbering idiocy and I'll be hanged if he didn't trot off and try to do it. "Now, next gentleman," I hollered into the interior.

Next gentleman was short and plump

and wheezing like an accordeon with the hay fever. By diligence and singleness of purpose I at last subtracted a handful of coarse bills from him and then led him a few yards away by the proboscis. "Now you run rapid circles around this coach a hundred and twenty times and every time you pass me beg my pardon," I counseled. He entered an awful protest but I was firm and eventually got him started auspiciously. "Now you come out, next person," I hollered into the coach. "I'm going to make *you* climb a tree."

The next second I was staggering back as if I had been hit in the face with a mallet, for down the steps came the prettiest girl I had seen since the night I vanished over the western horizon. Tall and Gibson, snapping black eyes and lips like the heart of a watermelon, she was a thoroughbred from the bottoms of her French heels to the pearl shells at the tips of her white fingers. My mask fell off but I was too rattled to care, so I just stood there with my mouth open and stared like a reub. "Oh!" said she gathering her skirts and settling before me as if I had been the Punjab of Swat. "What a fine looking gentleman!" Red began to swear low and sweet but Alfalfa whinneyed outright.

"Ain't seen me with my blinders off yet, lady," he called, beginning to climb down. I had him covered before he made three steps.

"Now you whoa. You may stand there and stomp your feet and look wistful but that's all," I said in set tones. Alfalfa stopped and appeared to meditate.

"Sorry to rob you without an introduction, miss, but I'll have to trouble you for that lovely solitaire," I began, clearing my throat and beginning to turn hot in spots. She flashed me a smile that made my hair pull and commenced twisting the band off. "Where is the tree?" she asked, looking around.

"Now you stop it. That ain't fair," I blurted, turning as red as a diamond flush. Then before I remembered the guile of female kind she got the ring off and dropped it plump down her neck. "There," said she satisfied like. "I guess that is safe anyway."

I leaned up against the wheel and looked at her as she stood there laughing in my face. I knew that Alfalfa and Red would have shot me so full of lead that my corpse would have weighed a ton if I had laid a finger on her, and of course I would have done as much for them with equal pleasure. She knew it too and she kept on laughing.

Red and Alfalfa had sneaked down and were on either side of me ready for quick movements. She looked from one to the

"Where is the tree?" she asked, looking around.

Strangling, drowning, delirious with joy.

other of us. "I had thought that highwaymen were always coarse, brutal men and not at all like—"

"Me," chipped in Red stripping off his mask and bending over like a hinge. His face was streaked and blotched until it looked like an ink blotter and at the sight she laughed like the tinkle of a silver bell.

"No, not at all like you. But I am so glad you gave me an opportunity to get out of that dusty old coach. It is *such* a relief." She gave her skirts a flirt and then frowned a little. "Mr. Robber, please make that poor man stop running around the coach. He is making himself positively ridiculous."

"You stop that running," I yelled at him, raising my gun. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Climb that bank and lie down and pant yourself to death." So up he went while I apologized for him.

"And that poor little Hebrew trying to stand on his head and tumbling over all the time. Really it has ceased to be amusing." In a second Alfalfa had him by the neck and was kicking him after the other man. "That is much better. I thank you very much, Mr. Bandit," she went on as sweet as a jug of rock and rye. Immediately Alfalfa began to strut.

What happened next came as suddenly as the telling. There was a roar from behind and down the gulch came a bank of water ten feet high while back of it the gorge was a seething millrace. "Cloudburst!" I yelled grabbing her by the arm

and making for the side. Choctaw snatched up the reins and larruped the horses into a run and the next second I was going down stream on that tide like a chip, my arm around her waist and hers around my neck, waterlogged to my throat, strangling, drowning, delirious with joy. But about five minutes later we drifted into a landing place and I lifted her out. Then Red came crawling up all one smear of ink and soon afterwards Alfalfa went by on a log with all sails set. But of course with his usual luck he found a port further down and came back to us overland.

We built a couple of fires, one for us and about a hundred yards away another for her, while Red fished a Navajo blanket out of the burst. Then we fixed up a screen for her and drew a dead line. In a couple of hours we were as dry as the State of Kansas and the darkness was falling thick and fast. We hadn't caught a glimpse of our prisoner since the blanket went up, nor heard from her either, but now that silver bell voice came through the gloom. "Won't you come over to my fire, gentlemen?"

Would we come? It was a stampede with a heartbreaking finish, I first, Alfalfa a neat second with Red hanging on to his coat tail like a bull pup with the lockjaw. She was perched on a big rock beside the blaze with the Navajo around her. And sweet and tempting? Well I would have picked my soul out with a sharp stick and toasted it before the fire if she had asked me to. There was another rock close alongside the one she was sitting on and the moment Red and Alfalfa snatched me off of it I had a presentment that there might be trouble. But she settled it easily enough.

"Please don't quarrel, gentlemen," she said, and we saw the tips of her white, even teeth. "Now if you all really desire to sit where there is room for only one we will decide it this way. I presume such gallant gentlemen have all made some woman love you in the course of your adventurous careers, have you not?"

"I have," lied Red. "Lots of them."

"Each of you shall tell me how you won your first sweetheart and then I will decide who is the most worthy to sit beside me. Since you have admitted such affairs you may have the first chance, Mr. Red."

Cheyenne began to bloat. "It was down at Tegucigulpa," he began, "years ago. I was at a fandango one night and a masked lady came into the room and I danced with her. She said that she trotted in the most aristocratic circles and that her name was Mercedes Maduro. It seems that her principal admirer—"

"Whose name was Colorado Claro," chipped in Alfalfa.

Cheyenne only looked cold at him and went on—"was the swellest guy in that section. On the way home he fell upon us and him and me fought a desperate duel in the dark. I laid him low and afterwards I used to go beneath her window evenings and play a mouth organ and sing."

"At the same time?" asked Alfalfa.

"Of course," I broke in, defending Cheyenne. "Red always sings through his nose."

Red turned his back on me, too. "Then she fell in love with me and we eloped."

"The dear thing," said the girl. "And where is she now?"

Red made a noise like he does when he is eating soup. He thought it was a sigh. "Don't know for sure. Heard she was dead. You see her male parent overtook us, roped me and carried her back. I have heard that she pined away and died."

"It is all very romantic and if you interested her as much as you have me I don't know as I can blame the poor creature for what she did," said the prisoner sweetly.

"For dying, you mean," interrupted Alfalfa. "I don't either. The way I won out was this. Sabbaths we both sang in the choir of the main Quaker cathedral of Philadelphia and our voices blended beautifully. She had a pint bottle full of jewels and one night a burglar got in and took them. Suspicion pointed to her own brother whom she loved and he was arrested. He confessed to her and me in secret and told us where he had hidden the spoil. She was nearly heartbroken and begged me to save him, so I went and got the gems and when he was brought up for trial I walked into court and laid them before the judge and said: "Hold. I am the thief."

The girl on the rock clasped her hands and I caught a glimpse of a gleaming patch of throat by the firelight. "You self

"No, never before," said I, and I took the seat.

sacrificing, noble man! And what happened next?"

"She came to visit me in prison and I escaped in some of her clothes which she smuggled me. She wanted to come with me."

"In your clothes?" asked Red.

The silence fell with a dull thud and for a spell we sat looking into the fire. Then the girl turned to me with that ripply laugh of hers. "You will have to do well to earn the seat against such Othellos, Mr. Cupid. I suppose you have been in love, too."

"No, never before," said I. And I took the seat.

Alfalfa and Red sat there scowling and glum while she and I chatted and got real confidential. But after a couple of hours she said that she was sleepy and then what do you suppose that innocent child did? Pulled a roll of wet greenbacks big enough to choke an elephant from under the blanket and spread it out beside the fire.

"I want to dry them. And whoever stands guard must watch them carefully to see that they don't get on fire," she said as trustfully as a gold brick man swaps satchels. Then she curled up in the Navajo and in a couple of minutes was sleeping like a kitten while we three sat there looking at each other and at that bundle of bills with our mouths watering.

"I'll stand watch," said Red.

"And I'll help you," chirped Alfalfa.

"And I'll watch the both of you," said I in firm, even tones. So we sat up all night playing freeze out.

When daylight broke she came to, smiling and cheerful and as fresh and sweet as a morning glory with the dew on. She was going to Telluride, about five miles further on, and when I told her that I should insist on escorting her to within sight of the town, of course nothing would appease those two maudlin, love sick degenerates but breaking into our set and trailing along with us. So off we went, Alfalfa on one side of her and I on the other, with that little runt of a Cheyenne in front walking backwards and jabbering up at her like a weak minded parrot. The trail was pretty disreputable and after a while she slipped her hand under my elbow, and for the next five minutes I felt as if I had been taking laughing gas. Then I noticed that she had Alfalfa's arm too and it sobered me up like a Turkish bath. But on we went, all talking at once, until about half a mile from Telluride where we reached a smashing big boulder beside the trail and there we stopped.

"You don't know how much I thank you gentlemen for your gallantry," said she, and to hear her voice any one would have thought that we had introduced her to the Court of St. James instead of half drowning her, making her hat look like a platter of scrambled eggs and forcing her to sleep in a blanket on one of nature's callouses. "I hope we may meet again

when I can keep you as thoroughly interested as you have me. Really I would not have missed your acquaintance for worlds." Up went that unmitigated Red to her and said something low in her ear, and I saw the pink come to her cheeks. But she nodded.

"This gentleman requests a private word with me before we part. I don't know why I should not hear him," said she looking at Alfalfa and me. So around the rock we two stomped, scowling and murderous, while Cheyenne stood grinning at her. Pretty soon he came strutting up to us with his cheeks puffed out and a disgusting look of satisfaction on his face. Then Alfalfa up and spoke.

"If a little red-headed hop-toad, like you, has got any perquisites around here that a full-grown man like me ain't there is going to be serious trouble," said he, mighty savage. And with that around the rock he went and was gone quite a time. Of course, I had been thinking for the last two hours that I would beg this very privilege at the parting, and now I would have died rather than not got it. My turn came next, and Alfalfa backed away leaving the queen and me standing face to face.

"Miss Raymore," I began—she had told us her name about an hour before. "I want to tell you how it hurts me to see you go, and for all the inconveniences and unpleasant things that we have made happen to you I humbly beg your pardon."

"Granted," said she, sweet as honey.

"Also, I am going to ask an immense favor of you. I am going to beg you to accept a little token of my respect and ask you if you will keep it and wear it sometimes." Her eyes grew as bright as Arizona sunlight, and she said "yes" very low as I handed it to her.

"It is lovely of you—very. Many, many thanks," she said softly and looking very pleased. "I wish you would write me some time at Telluride and reassure me that you are living a better life."

"Will you answer it?" I gasped.

"Try me and see," she laughed. "Now I must go." She held out her hand and before she knew what was going to happen I had bent over and touched it with my lips. Red and Alfalfa came around the rock and found us standing there silent and blushing.

Alfalfa, Cheyenne and I stood in the middle of the road waving our hats and cheering her until she was out of sight. Then Red sat down hard.

"There goes the prettiest, gamest, bulliest woman on the American continent and with her the biggest diamond I ever hope to have in my hands," said he with a groan. "But she is going to write me a letter and it is worth it."

"Same here," swore Alfalfa, grabbing him by the neck and shaking him. I whirled upon both of them.

"Do you two mush-headed, love-lorn, drooling idiots mean to say you gave her those diamonds I got off the Jew for a postal card?" I gasped, glaring and feeling for my gun.

"Sure thing," said Alfalfa. "Let's see your diamond."

That incident blighted our mutual affections and estranged us, and we dissolved the combine and went separate ways. The next day I wrote her saying that I was still leading an honest life. For a month I waited for her reply. Then it came, friendly enough, but with it an accursed piece of cardboard. It was an invitation to attend her marriage to the combined mayor, bank owner and Chairman of the Citizens' Independent Conglomeration for the Upboosting of the Law in Telluride.

Out into the pale moonlight I staggered, on and on, past the court house, the jail and the last policeman of the ultimate suburb, out to where the city ordinance against insane ravings extended not and where there was naught but the smothering silence of the wilderness. Then I found a badger hole, and sticking my head into it up to the shoulders said, "Oh, fudge!"

A SON OF ISRAEL

By Henry C. Rowland

WITH A DRAWING BY CLIFFORD ASHLEY

PERHAPS I was dense in not discovering the drift of the affair, but then I never play cards except upon an ocean voyage, so my experience was limited. There were four of us in the game; Powers, a fat Chicagoan who had gone to England to introduce a new chewing-gum which he called "Sal-Enzyme"; Morse, a New York merchant; a Dr. Mason, of Boston, who was returning with his daughter, and myself.

We had played together several times; whist at first, and then as I am a duffer at whist and hate to inflict myself upon an expert like Dr. Mason, I was silly enough to suggest poker. After that it was always poker and as we began to get better acquainted we raised the limit to a dollar.

Stein used to drop into the smoking-room once in a while, watch the game in a bored way for a few minutes and then go out again. I had talked with Stein at odd moments and found him very interesting. He was a striking man in appearance, being of the classic Grecian type; big, with light wavy hair, blue eyes set well apart, and a straight nose which made almost one line with the slant of his forehead; a sort of Hermes of Praxiteles.

He told me one day that he was a graduate of Eton and Oxford, also that he was part Greek and had been born in Salonica.

One day when we had finished playing, Powers, who was rather witty under his fat, began rapping the Jews. I don't remember what started him, but once off some of the others began to take a hand, probably to show that they were not Jews themselves. Dr. Mason sat listening for a while, chewing the end of an unlighted cigar and shooting a sharp look from under his bushy eye-brows as each man cut in to have his say. Finally he snapped out:—

"My best patients are Jews. They obey orders, get well and chalk up promptly when the goods are delivered. That's more than most Gentiles do."

Everybody laughed and took it as sort of a joke, but I could see that the old gentleman was serious.

Before long, Powers, who was doing most of the talking, turned to me.

"We haven't heard from you, Masters. What has your experience with the Jews taught you?"

"Just this," said I, "that there is nothing more rottenly unjust than a national or racial or sect prejudice. When I meet a good man I'm proud to call him a friend, whether he's white or black, Jew or Gentile." I said a good deal more and said it with some heat because I have had one or two good friends who were Jews. When I finished, they didn't know whether to laugh or get angry; so to get a reinforcement, Powers turned to Stein who was about as little Hebraic in appearance as any man I ever saw. He had been listening quietly from where he was sitting on the end of the transom with his big shoulders against the after bulkhead and his strong hands clasped around his knees.

"Let's have your verdict, Stein," said Powers.

Stein's clear blue eyes shot around the room and he smiled with a flash of his white teeth that had something wicked in it.

"Oh," says he in his deep, rich voice, "I'm not a proper witness because you see I'm a Jew myself!"

There was a shout of laughter, then Powers, who was a bit of a clown, said with a rich brogue :—

"Shure Oi hov mor-re har-rd luck than any poor divil av a Shpaniard on this ship!"

I glanced at Stein, for beneath his pleasant voice there had been a bite to

the words that had not escaped me.

"I don't believe you understand," he said quietly. "As a matter of fact I am a Jew of the most virulent type. My father was a Hebrew money lender in Salonica, where I was born, and I am even depraved enough to be rather proud that I am of the Faith." The chill of his voice froze the laughter in every man's throat. Powers saw that he had made a mess of things and like the mongrel that he was began to flounder. Instead of quietly apologizing and then letting the matter drop he began to tell Stein how little anyone would ever suspect him of being a Jew, and this mind you, after Stein's statement that he was proud of the fact. I suppose it was the fat animal's idea of an apology, and apparently Stein took it as such, for he simply nodded but with a look which I would not have exchanged for a blow in the face, and then got up and walked out on deck and I followed him.

Stein walked to the rail and glanced for a moment at the swash of the sea which was welling up under the run with a green, effervescent hiss. Suddenly he turned to me. His face was absolutely colorless and his voice was like the sound of the water.

"If I had stayed there another moment Mr. Masters," he said, "I think I would have strangled that fat swine in his chair."

"Don't mind them Stein," said I, "they are a low set of brutes. If they were gentlemen it would be different."

"Ah, but they should be taught," said he between his teeth. "Perhaps they will some day."

He went below and I did not see him again until dinner time. I walked to the waist and joined Miss Mason, in whom to be frank I had begun to take more than a casual interest. She was a beautiful girl of the heroic type that needs a background like the sea for its proper setting; one of those queenly women of the real American kind who are so often the offspring of rather dessicated parents.

The next morning while our usual foursome was at the poker table, Stein entered in his casual way and after idly watching the game for several minutes, asked if he might take a hand. Powers welcomed him with a rather indecent warmth, it seemed to me, but to my surprise Dr. Mason pushed back his chair and arose.

"Take my hand, Mr. Stein," he said rather gruffly, "I am square with the game now and it's a good place to quit."

Stein hesitated for a moment, then with a word of thanks took the proffered seat. His coming into the game certainly exercised a peculiar influence on my luck. Up to that time I had been a fairly steady loser and was perhaps a hundred dollars behind, but the luck appeared to have changed as far as Powers, who had formerly been the biggest winner, and myself were concerned, as from the day when Stein first took a hand the chewing-gum drummer began to lose to me.

We were a little more than half way across by this time. The steamer was an old Scandinavian scrap heap sailing from Christiania and commanded by a big, bluff Norwegian, who always put me in mind of one of the vikings from the early Norse sagas. We were very light, having I think but twenty cabin passengers.

One afternoon I had joined Miss Mason and her father, who were taking a sun-bath in the lee of the deck-house. Since he had left the poker game it seemed to me at times that there was an odd reticence in Dr. Mason's manner toward me which I uncomfortably felt to be due to my rather evident interest in his daughter. We talked for a while, and presently he asked:—

"How is the game going, Masters?"

"Pretty much my way," I replied, a little proud of my success.

His keen, gray eyes rested on me for a moment with a scrutiny that made me uncomfortable.

"Powers is the heavy loser, is he not?"

"Yes," said I, and for some reason that I could not understand I felt the blood creeping up into my face. At this time I had taken about a thousand dollars from Powers and felt curiously ashamed of it, although I could not have told just why. Alice Mason's blue eyes rested on me thoughtfully for a second, but as I looked up they caught mine, and she glanced quickly at the sea, while a tinge of color crept into her cheeks.

The atmosphere of the two was for the first time uncomfortable to me and before long I excused myself and walked forward. As I passed the smoking-room I glanced

in, and seeing Stein sitting alone, I stopped to speak with him.

"By the way, Stein," said I presently. "You don't want some small bills, do you? I've got such a wad that it's uncomfortable."

"I'll take a hundred dollars' worth if it will be any convenience," he replied with a peculiar smile.

I thanked him, and he gave me a hundred-dollar bill in exchange for a lot of ones and twos and fives. As we were making the exchange the captain happened to pass the door. When he caught sight of us he paused for an instant as if about to say something, then apparently changed his mind and went on, but I had time to notice that his expression was not a pleasant one.

That afternoon we sat down to play again, for we had gradually drifted into the habit of a game twice a day. Stein was dealing in his somewhat awkward way when Dr. Mason entered the door at his back. Just at that moment there came one of those unusually heavy rolls that often occurs with a big swell, as a sort of joke on the part of the ocean, and it took the Doctor unawares. To save himself from being shot out of the door again he instinctively grasped Stein by the shoulder, and the next instant they were both on the deck.

Morse jumped up and went to their aid. Suddenly his face hardened and, stooping quickly, he gripped Stein's left wrist.

"Aha!" he cried fiercely. "I've been waiting for this, you d——d sneak! I *thought* this was a phony game—how about it, gentlemen?" He twisted five cards from Stein's hand and held them in the air. We saw that they were the four aces and a king. The rest of the pack from which Stein was beginning to deal lay together on the table where he had dropped it.

There was a second of utter silence, then Powers leaped to his feet, his face purple.

"Palmed, eh?" said he with an ugly rasp in his voice. "Oh, we've been a soft lot of marks! That's the hand *you* were waiting for, eh, Mr. Masters?"

"You lie, you hound!" I cried leaping to my feet. For answer he grabbed up the pack and threw it into my face so that the corner of the pack struck me in the eye.

Mad from the pain, I lurched at him across the table when, quick as a flash, the fourth man, Shaler, a Texan, whipped a revolver from his pocket and covered my chest.

"None o' that now," said he, but in the same second Stein, who had scrambled to his feet, wrenched the weapon out of his hand and threw it out of the door and overboard.

"Stop!" he cried, and there was a ring in his rich voice that carried obedience with it. "I'm the only one to blame here!"

"Shentlemen!" said a gruff voice from the doorway, "you vill ohl come at vonce to my cabin!"

We turned and saw the great figure of the captain, a burly Swedish quartermaster at his elbow.

In silence we followed him to his quarters. When the door was closed, Stein stepped forward.

"Captain Ohlsen," he said, "I wish to state that I am the only one here who has been—dishonest," he winced slightly as he pronounced the word, "and I am willing to take the consequences."

The captain produced a pad and pencil.

"Mr. Powers," he said, "how much haf you lost at cards since you haf been aboard this sheep?"

Powers wrinkled his forehead.

"Eight hundred dollars," he answered sullenly. The captain made a note of the amount.

"And you, Dr. Mason?" he asked.

"I am not sure—not much—five dollars will cover it."

"Mr. Morse?" said the captain.

"Two hundred and ten."

"And you, Mr. Shaler?" asked the captain of the last man who had taken a hand.

"I won one hundred and forty-five dollars," growled Shaler. "And I won it straight—*see?*"

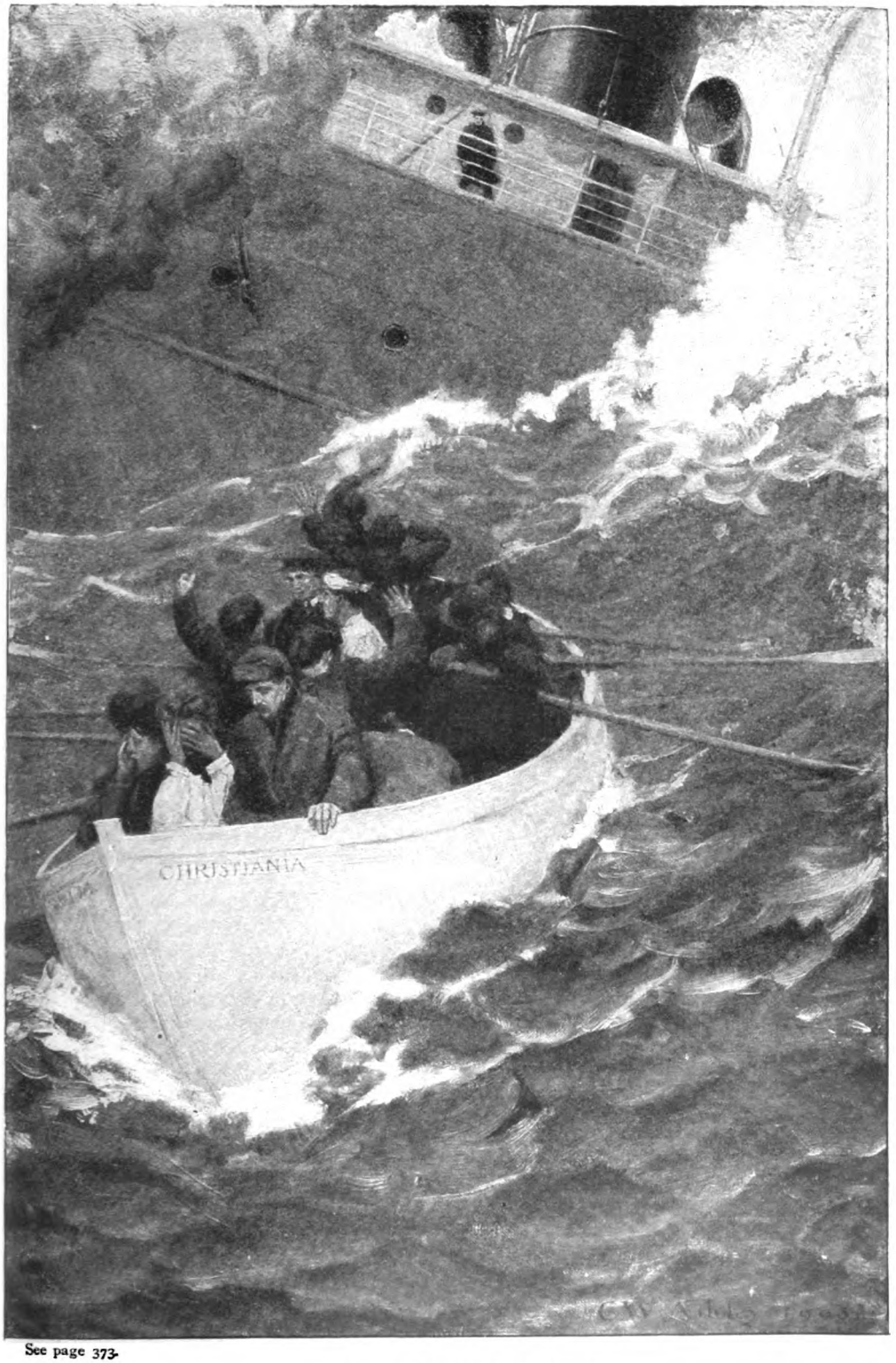
"Confine yourself to my question, sir!" said the captain sternly. "How mooch haf *you* von, Mr. Masters?"

"Eight hundred and eighty dollars," said I angrily.

"Haf any others blayed in this game?" asked the captain.

There was a negative murmur. The captain made a rapid calculation.

"There is a disgrepancy of forty dollars



See page 373.

"Pull away—the ship is sinking!"

on the debit side," he announced. "Are you ohl sure of your figures?"

There was a short pause. Then Powers said sulkily:—

"I won't swear to mine to the dollar. Eight hundred dollars is as near as I can figure it. It may be a little more or less."

"Vy did you not say so?" said the captain sharply. "It is vell to be exagt in a gase like this. No more, if you blease—" he added quickly, holding up his hand, for Powers was about to retort angrily. "Now, Mr. Masters and Mr. Shaler, I will asg you to hand me that money vich you haf von."

We paid over the money, Shaler with an oath, for which he was curtly rebuked by the captain. The losers were then reimbursed, Powers grumbling slightly but afraid to make any demur.

"Now, shentlemens, there will be no more gambling on this sheep. Mr. Stein and Mr. Masters will blease remain. To the rest of you I make me my apologies for vat has occurred aboard my vessel."

There was a murmur of acknowledgment and the others filed out. When they had gone the captain turned to Stein and me.

I will not repeat what he said, for even to-day the thought of it makes my face burn. When he had quite finished Stein asked and obtained permission to speak.

"Captain Ohlsen," he said calmly, "for what you have said to me there is no answer, but you have done Mr. Masters a cruel injustice. Less than a week ago I was grossly insulted by Messrs. Morse and Powers, especially by the latter. Since I would have been prevented from thrashing them, as I would have liked, I deliberately went to work to swindle them out of their money, purely out of revenge. As I did not want their filthy money myself, and as I felt a friendship for Mr. Masters, I stacked the cards to favor his game—"

"*What!*" I cried, turning on him furiously. "Is that your beastly idea of a friendly act, you low hound!—to make me a party to your sneaking—" I paused, breathless with astonishment and rage.

"But, Masters," he interrupted with an odd note of injury in his voice. "I meant it kindly—and since you knew nothing about it—"

"That vill do, sir!" roared the captain springing to his feet, his face crimson with rage. "That is too mooch of this playacting! I saw you mit my own eyes dividing those stolen—"

"Captain Ohlsen!" I cried desperately, "I give you my word that I was only changing some small bills—"

"Vill you he still!" He snarled. "You are a pair of black-legs! You haf disgraced my vessel! You are a—"

I flew at his throat, striking at the big, sneering face. The door was wrenched open, something fell with crushing force on the side of my head and down I went in a pale gray mist of oblivion.

Thin voices talking a long way off, yet reaching my ears with sharp distinctness, moved me to open my eyes and stare at the white enameled bulkhead which was so close that I was only conscious of a light blurr. This brought a feeling of nausea so I closed my eyes and lay still.

The captain's voice, monotonous, yet rough, stirred my numbed senses.

"The quartermaster hit him mit his fist. He vas yust like a vild cat. I dink ve leave him here until he vakes up. If ve carry him down it upsets dose passengers."

"He'll soon come around," said a careless voice which I recognized as the ship's surgeon's. "These mean devils are hard to kill."

"Yes, he vas a bad von; vorse as the oder. I vill gonvine both in dere staterooms for the rest of the voyage."

I rolled over on my bunk and the doctor started as if he had been shot.

"Oh!" he said, "so you're around again. How do you feel?"

"Well enough," I answered shortly. "What next?"

"The captain orders you to go to your room and remain there until further instructed," said he. "Hold on,—are you able to walk? Don't you want some help?"

I staggered past him without answering. Perhaps something that he saw in my face kept him from interfering. Down the deck I went, lurching heavily with the heave of the ship, not noticing the furtive glances that were thrown at me from here and there. I passed Miss Mason and her father and stared at them defiantly. Dr. Mason returned the stare coldly but the girl was very pale and her eyes were downcast. On I went until I reached my [illegible]

where I threw myself on the bunk and sunk at once into a sleep so profound that it was like a coma.

For hours I slept, then awakened refreshed and with full consciousness, to find Stein tugging at my shoulder. A dim gray light was glimmering through the port.

"You here—!" I cried angrily.

"Get up, Masters!" he said, "the ship is going down!"

"What?" I cried.

"Come!" he said, "there is no time to lose. Our shaft buckled in the night and tore the bottom out of her. The after water-tight bulkhead may go at any moment and when it does she'll go down like a cracked pot! They're leaving her, —hurry!"

I got on my feet and gathered up some of my clothes automatically. Together we went on deck and there we saw a strange sight. The ship was lying broadside to the great swell and under her lee was a flotilla of boats, rising and falling silently.

In the waist a small group of passengers were quietly awaiting their turn to embark. There was no noise, no confusion, no running hither and thither. The great figure of the captain towered at a little distance and as we drew near his bloodshot eyes rolled at us sullenly. In his hand he held a list of the ship's complement, and as he called the names those answering to them stepped forward and went over the side and down the sea ladder, the nervous ones with their arms through a bowline. Among the group on deck were Dr. Mason and his daughter and Powers.

The captain looked up from his list. "Stein," he said, "and you Masters, you haf come too late. You did not answer to your names and the boat where you vas assigned is gone."

Stein made a gesture of impatience. "Let it go," he answered curtly. "I don't know that I care much; do you Masters?"

"No," said I bitterly. "I'd rather drown decently than drift about with those cattle." We leaned on the rail and watched the disembarking idly.

Dr. Mason was the last of the passengers to be called.

"Captain!" he called waving his hand to us, "surely you don't intend to leave these men on the ship?"

Captain Ohlsen glared at us, hesitated for an instant, then leaned over the rail.

"Mr. Montague!" he called to an officer in the boat, "can you take von extra mit safety?"

"I think so, sir," came the answer.

"What are you talking about?" snarled Powers angrily, "don't you see we're overcrowded already."

"All right Doctor," said the captain in a dull voice, "dey can go."

Dr. Mason went over the side.

"Stein!" called the captain, "get in the boat."

"Not I," said Stein, "go on Masters, and good luck to you."

"Hanged if I do," said I, "I don't like the crowd. Go yourself."

With a snarl the captain whipped a revolver from his pocket and leveled it at Stein.

"Get in the boat, both of you," he growled.

"Come on, Masters," said Stein, throwing out his chin, "that fool Dutchman will shoot if we don't."

I followed him over the side. As we got in the boat, the mate looked up at the captain.

"Come on sir!" he cried, "we can make room for another."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when suddenly a great swell lifted the ship's stern high in the air. There came from the laboring hull the sound of a terrific explosion, followed by an appalling crash and clatter.

"Lord love us!" cried the mate, "there goes that after bulk-head! Come on sir!" he screamed, "there's time. Quick sir!"

"Shove off!" roared the captain, "pull avay, you d— Englisher! Do you vish to lose dose passengers! Pull avay I tell you—*the ship is sinking!*"

"Give way together!" cried the mate hoarsely and I saw him drop the tiller line and dash his hands to his eyes. The boat crept forward under the bend of the feeble oars. We heard the rush of many waters from the staggering monster astern and she rolled toward us until her scuppers were awash. Two explosions followed quickly and a mass of splinters flew high in the air. Her bows buried deep and she strove forward in an agony of sound; then seemed to rise bodily as she rolled

away from us. Back she came in a smother of foam, lashing as it seemed like some great leviathan in its death throes. We almost fouled another boat, then the rush of the next sea flung us wide. Roaring seemed to swell up from the abyss as it wrestled with the ship, then our awe-stricken eyes followed upwards a spouting sea astern that fell back into swirling eddies for the *ship was gone!*

Stein raised his haggard face above the thwart, stared at me for a moment with lusterless eyes, then turned his head to look at the lurid sun that was dropping behind streaky wind clouds in the Western sky. He prodded my knee with his foot.

"Here," he said, "give it to her—quickly, before I lose my nerve."

I took the biscuit and pannikin of water from his hand, then turned to nudge Dr. Mason with my elbow. A drop of the precious water spilled on his wrist.

"Eh—what?" he said, rousing suddenly. "Rain?—ah—God—I dreamed about a summer shower. I thought that I was lying on my back with the rain beating—"

"Don't," I begged, swallowing with a cracked throat. "This is for your daughter. It is Stein's ration for the day. He saved it until the others were asleep."

Dr. Mason raised his wet wrist to his lips. Then he looked down and his eyes fell on the tin with a wolfish glare. Slowly the intelligence struggled back to displace the torrid lethargy.

"Ah, yes—poor child—a good chap, Stein. And you, Masters, you gave her yours before you went to sleep."

"I drank a swallow myself," said I with a dry sob. "I was half asleep, and didn't think until I felt it in my throat." I wept with tearless grief.

"I drank half of mine," he whimpered. "I might have drunk it all if she hadn't begged for some. I thought I was drinking from the well-bucket on the farm where I was born." He cackled in foolish laughter.

"Wake her up and give it to her," said I. "She can go to sleep again."

He gently roused the girl, who struggled to open her eyes.

"Here, Alice dear—don't spill it, daughter."

She sucked it thirstily, then fully awoke. Her father took the empty cup from her hand and stared into it wistfully.

"She's left a drop!" he whispered. "Give it to him—Stein."

Stein was sleeping again, his head thrown back. I poured the trickle between his parted lips, he awoke with a gasp.

"Rain?" he gasped aloud, so that it woke the others.

"Rain?" croaked the mate. "Who said rain?" He glared around ferociously. "If 'ere a man of you says rain I'll bash his head with a stretcher. Oh, ain't it *never* goin' to rain! How many days is it without rain—seven?—eight?—and in the North Atlantic, too. Who ever heard of such a thing—a week without rain, and that in the North Atlantic?" he whined querulously.

"Rain—rain—rain," came here and there in mutterings from the semi-conscious wretches in the boat. The murmurs died away again.

Stein thrust at me with his foot.

"Tell her to lean over here," he said. "I want to speak to her. I want her to know before it is too late."

I stared at him and hesitated.

"You love her, don't you?" said he.

"Yes," I whimpered, "but I took a swallow of the water—"

"Tell her I want to speak to her," he snapped.

I roused the girl and she leaned to him over the unconscious figure of her father. Stein put his great, tawny head close to hers.

"Listen," he said, "do you know that I have given you all of my water?"

"No—have you?" said she, and began to sob.

"Yes, and Masters has given you his—"

"I took a swallow myself," I whined. She looked at me and her big eyes softened.

"I am sorry," she began.

"Wait," said Stein, "I am telling you because then perhaps you will believe what I have to say. It is the truth that Masters did not know there was anything dishonest about that game of cards. You see I—" his voice weakened. "Oh, never mind all that, but Masters was not in any way to blame—" his head fell back against the gunwale with a thud, but his blue eyes were still fixed on her face.

"Oh!" said she, "but I knew that all the time."

"Did you?" he said, "I am glad of it. I wasn't sure—." His eyes closed.

Ah, the blessed, blessed rain! My thirsty skin was drinking it in like a sponge —but it came too fast. It was wasteful, we were losing it, I thought that I must struggle up and save some for the girl, and then I opened my eyes and looked up and saw a deck over me, men standing round about and felt the throb of engines. Water trickled down my throat but not very much and I wept because they were so stingy with it and then fell asleep.

When I next awoke I was conscious of infinite peace and comfort and all well-being. A steward came to the side of my bunk and I asked for *her* and pretty soon she came and stood beside me when I told her many foolish things. Before she went out she kissed me.

Later Dr. Mason came. He broke down when he told me that Stein was dead when they picked us up. Dr. Mason told me other things but these it is not necessary to repeat. He is now my father-in-law and some times when I go to see him I find in his waiting-room some wretched waif of humanity at whom his stylish patients glare in disdain.

"If they do not like it," says the doctor, "they can go somewhere else. That patient is a Jew."

And then I understand.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I. A SOCIAL IMPOSSIBILITY

IT was one of November's rare days. The kindly air, vital with the breath of the north wind and mellow with the genial sun, was full of a purple haze; the grass, still vividly green, gave no hint of the coming winter; the trees, bony and bare but for a few rags of summer dress, russet, brown and gold, stood softened of all their harshness in the purple haze and slanting, yellow light of the autumn afternoon. Nature wore a face of content. She had fulfilled her course for another year, and, satisfied with her achievement, was obviously thinking of settling herself into her winter's sleep.

It was a good day to be alive. The tingle in the air somehow got into the blood.

So it felt to a young girl who danced out from under the trees on the west boundary of the University campus.

"Oh!" she cried to her statelier, taller sister, who with a young man followed more sedately into the open. "Oh, what a day! What a picture!"

She was a bonny maid, just out of her teens, and, with her brown gown, brown hair and eyes, red cheeks, and wholesome, happy face, she fitted well into the picture she herself looked upon.

"Dear old 'Varsity," said her sister in a voice quiet, but thrilling with intense feeling. "There is nothing so lovely in all this city of Toronto."

"And this lawn!" continued the older girl, "the trees! the gray stone buildings looking through them! the whole thing!— Oh! somehow this place gives me a queer

feeling of longing. It is so shut off by the park from the city, so quiet, so restful, and so lovely beyond words—if I were a student here I would just break my heart to leave it."

"Some of us do," said the young man quietly.

"But what about Knox?" said the girl with the brown eyes. "You will feel just the same again."

"Never. Knox has a grip, too, but not that kind. 'Varsity is a living thing, a whole world of itself, varied, still one,—a single life touching you at many points. It gets all round you, into you, somehow. Knox—I don't know. Knox has only a single point of contact. That must be it. The life is not wide enough, not varied enough. Too much the one kind of thing, or rather, too little of many kinds. Then, too, I was three years younger in my 'Varsity days, and besides, 'Varsity was my first love, and," looking into the brown eyes of the younger girl, "first love, you know, is best love."

"No, I don't know a bit, and don't want to know," replied the girl saucily. "Come along. Oh! here's the team," she added ecstatically. "Are they going to play?"

"No, I think not. Campbell would not risk any scrimmaging or tackling this evening, with McGill men even now in town thirsting for their blood. He's just got them out for a run to limber up their wind and things for to-morrow."

The girls were football enthusiasts. For the past four years the beautiful Rosedale home of the Fairbanks had been a rendezvous for students. The two young ladies had become as enthusiastic over the game, and almost as expert in its fine points as any of its champions. They were very different in appearance and in disposition, and showed their enthusiasm in different ways.

Helen Fairbanks, the older, was tall, strong, finely developed, with clear olive skin which in moments of intense feeling took on the pallor of ivory, and eyes of dark gray that grew large and lustrous under deep excitement.

The younger sister, Elizabeth, or Betty, as her friends who dared to use her first name, called her, was a plump, brown-haired, brown-eyed little maid, whose round cheeks burned with color, and whose eyes flashed or danced according to her passing emotions. In the critical moments of a great match Betty would dance and shriek and exclaim, in a manner inexpressibly bewitching to all the men in her neighborhood, while Helen would grow more and more still, till she stood impassive and motionless as marble.

The young theologue, Harry Lloyd, in his 'Varsity days had played Rugby in a mildly enthusiastic manner, but though fleet and strong enough he had never attained distinction in the game and in his last year had dropped it; why, it would be difficult to say. His ambition was of a kind that forbade his taking second place in anything to which he gave his heart. He was a hard reader, Scholar in his class, and it may be that he felt he could not hold his place in the class lists and at the same time attain eminence on the campus.

"Don't they look well and fit?" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes, and fit they are, every man," replied Lloyd. "There's Campbell! He's a truly great captain. Knows his men, and gets out of them all that is possible."

"Yes, and there's Brown, and McNab, isn't it? Aren't they the quarters?" asked Betty excitedly.

Lloyd nodded. "And yonder goes 'Shock.'"

"Oh, where?" cried Betty. "Yes, yes. Now do you know I think he is just as mean as he can be. Here I have been bowing and smiling my best and sweetest for four years, and though he knows a lot of the men we know he is just as much a stranger as ever," and Betty pouted in a manner that would have brought deep satisfaction to Shock had he seen her.

"Here are the three halves, aren't they?" inquired Helen.

"Yes," replied Lloyd. "There's Martin and Bate—fine fellow, Bate—and—"

"Oh!" broke in Betty, "there's 'the Don.' I do wish they would look. They needn't pretend they don't see us, the horrid things."

But the Don did not even glance toward the group.

"I wonder why they call him 'the Don'," said Betty. "I will ask Brown to-night. He's coming over after tea. You are coming, too, are you not?" Lloyd bowed. "I shall be delighted."

"They needn't pretend they don't see us, horrid things."

True to her word, Betty greeted Brown on his appearance in the cosy, homelike parlor of the Fairbanks' that evening with the question, "How did the Don come by his nickname?"

"Oh, did you never know that? Most fellows put it down to his style, but it is not that. He got it from his blood. You know his father was one of those West India sea captains that one used to find strewn thick through Halifax society, who made fortunes in rum and lost them pretty much the same way. Well, the old captain married a Spanish girl. I have seen her portrait, and she was a beauty, a 'high bred Spanish lady,' sure enough. Lived somewhere in the islands. Came home with the captain, and died in Halifax, leaving her seven-year-old boy in charge of an aunt. Father died soon afterwards. Grief, I believe, and drink. Even then his people called the boy 'the little Don.' He had a little money left him to start with, but that has long since vanished. At any rate, for the last five or six years he has had to fend for himself."

"Now, then, tell us about Shock," continued Betty.

"Hair," said Brown laconically. "You have seen him come out of a scrimmage like a crab?"

"Yes. Isn't he just lovely then!" exclaimed Betty.

"Lovely? Oh, woman, woman! A ghastly, bloody, fearsome spectacle. Lovely! But it was ever thus. 'Butchered to make a Roman holiday,' you know," replied Lloyd.

"Well, he is rather bloody. Bleeds easily, you know, but it doesn't hurt at all," said Brown. "He never really enjoys himself till the blood flows."

"Why does every one say 'poor old Shock'?" asked Betty impatiently.

"Well, he is neither fat nor wealthy, to begin with," replied Brown.

Betty looked curious.

"He has never had a dollar from a soul," explained Brown, "and when he leaves Knox next spring he will have the proud satisfaction that he did it all himself. And more, he has meantime been the sole support of his old mother."

Helen's eyes began to glow.

"Tell me about her," she said.

Brown hesitated and replied indifferently. "Oh, there's nothing to tell. She lives in a quaint little house out on the Commons away behind Knox there, and lives for, in, with, by, around Shock, and he vice versa."

"And are they poor—struggling, I mean?" asked Helen hesitatingly.

"Why, no. Have all they want and some to spare. Shock is a worker, you must understand. Reports for *The Times*, for which he gets something; runs a mission, for which, till this year, he got nothing."

"A mission! Shock!" exclaimed both the girls.

"Oh, a night school affair in St. John's ward," said Lloyd rather disparagingly.

Brown looked at him for a moment, then he said quietly, "Well, he's not a swell of a preacher, like Lloyd here, but he handles that gang right."

"Yes, we hear all about it in college," laughed Lloyd. "He gives us great yarns of his encounters with Satan's various principalities and powers, and he generally comes out on top, too."

"That's all right, Lloyd." Brown was evidently nettled. "He does talk about his experiences, but you know as well as I that he has no idea of self glorification in his talk. He is simple as a child and is just full to the neck of that ward business, and it does run over some."

"Oh, Shock's all right," Lloyd hastened to reply. "Decent old chap. But—well—"

"Well what?" said Betty.

"I'll tell you what he means," burst out Brown. "Shock is no swell in city pulpits, does not shine at social routs, nor in the class lists, nor in the spouting society at Knox, nor any place, indeed where Lloyd is a great luminary, but all the same—" Brown shut suddenly up, while Lloyd hastened to say, "I am not saying a thing against Shock. He is an awfully good fellow. But—well, you know, he is rather slow, and a little uncouth. You must acknowledge that, Brown."

"Just what I have been telling you," said Brown. "He does not shine in certain situations and at certain functions. But there are spots where he does shine."

"Well, I am going to see his mother," exclaimed Betty.

Brown looked annoyed.

"What for?"

"Why, I am going to call."

Brown laughed a little scornfully. "Yes, and be sure to leave three cards,—is it?—and tell her your day."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Betty indignantly. "You are not very polite."

"Oh, I am sorry, really. But I imagined the old lady looking at you and wondering what was your particular business, and then I thought of your difficulty in making it quite clear to her."

"Why! does not she call on anyone?"

"No. She takes her knitting and visits."

and Shock's doings and goings. But now that I think of it, she is a keen sport. Football is her passion, Shock plays it you see. Never saw a game in her life, but Shock has a way of sharing things with her, and he diverts her with tales of the ward and descriptions of his football encounters. I venture to say the old lady knows the terms, points and good plays as well as Shock himself. You ought to hear her criticisms of the team's tactics when Shock lays out the field before her with plates, cups, salt cellars, knives, spoons, and so

"Shock has a way of sharing things with her."

"Well, I'm going anyway, somehow. I'll ask Shock to take me."

"Oh, Betty, you could not do that," said Helen. "No man would like exhibiting his home, much less his mother."

But Betty shook her head decidedly, saying, "I'll find some way. Tell me, what does she like?"

"Shock!"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Betty impatiently. "Has she no other interest in life than Shock?"

"None. Her church,—she would regard your prelacy with horror—and Shock, forth, and describes the game to her."

"And she has never seen a game? Has never seen Shock play?" inquired Helen.

"Never."

"Would she be frightened?"

"Would you insult the widow of a Sutherland Highlander, whose picture in full regalia regards her daily from her cottage wall!"

"Then I know what we will—" Helen paused.

"Yes?" inquired Brown. "You know?"

"Never mind what I know. Perhaps

I'll tell you later," added Helen as the door bell rang.

"That's the Don, I know," grumbled Brown. "He's after me, too."

In a few minutes Balfour entered the room. He was a young man of remarkable appearance, handsome, dark, well set up, with evidently his mother's foreign eyes, but the head and jaw of his Scotch sea captain father. While his manner was easy, there was a kind of shy, proud reserve about him, and he carried a grand air that set him apart from any company in which he might appear.

After saluting the young ladies with a somewhat elaborate bow, he announced, "I want you, Brown."

"Oh, sit down," cried Miss Betty. "Sit down, Mr. Balfour. We are not going to allow you to carry off our visitor in this abrupt manner."

"I really cannot," replied the Don. "I am on duty, you see."

"On duty?"

"Yes. Looking after men who would stay out to all hours, and regale themselves upon cake and all sorts of indigestible stuff. And more than that, Shock is outside waiting."

"Oh," cried Betty, "do bring him in. For years Helen and I have known him, and yet we don't know him. Bring him in."

"Can you not persuade him to come in," urged Helen.

"I am sure I can not. But if you were to try—" Helen hesitated as he spoke.

"Oh, he's awful, I know. He will hardly speak to me," cried Betty. "But if you will come with me I'll humble myself before him."

In a moment or two, sure enough, they returned with Shock following.

He was a big man, gaunt and bony, with a mighty pair of shoulders topped by a square, massive head on which bristled a veritable shock of coarse, yellow hair. But he had a strong, honest face, and good, deep blue eyes. He seemed too big for the room, and after shaking hands awkwardly with Helen, who had gone forward to meet him, he subsided into a deep arm-chair, struggling with his hands and feet.

"How is the match to go to-morrow?" Betty inquired, smiling brightly into Shock's red face.

But Shock merely shook his head, replying, "No one can tell."

"They are heavier men than our team, are they not?"

"So they say."

"Yes, and fast, too," cried Brown coming to his friend's assistance. "Old Black has seen them and he knows. And then," continued Brown, talking eagerly, "there's that half-back of their's, 'Bunch' Cameron. They say he's a daisy-cutter, a ten-seconds man, champion sprinter, and all that, and full of tricks as a dog is of hair. My Montreal cousin says 'if he once gets away with the ball you can all sit down till he is through with it.'"

"Well, we won't do that exactly," said the Don.

"Make *him* sit down," said Brown, "till we are through with him."

"Ha, ha! Very good." Shock went suddenly off into a huge, explosive laugh which startled everybody in the room; and then hastily glancing around in a shamefaced way he sank into silence.

"Will you not come again?" said Betty to Shock as she shook hands with him. "My mother would be glad to see you."

But Shock could only look at her blankly, evidently wondering what her mother might wish to see him for, and when Betty tried to extract a promise from him he muttered something about being "far behind in his work and very busy."

But Betty was not to be balked.

"I should like to call on your mother," she said. But again Shock looked blank, while Brown began to make faces at her from behind his back.

"When will your mother be in?" she persisted.

"Oh, she's in every day, except when she goes out for a walk, or—"

Brown kept up his signaling, and the Don began to look puzzled and annoyed.

"Well," said Betty desperately, "I would like to go and see her some day."

Shock hesitated, blushed, and then answered, "We have no friends in the city, and we do not visit much, and—"

"Oh, I'll tell you, Miss Betty," burst in Brown, "if you ever get sick Mrs. Macgregor will come and see you. She's a great nurse."

"That she is," said Shock enthusiastically. "She would be glad to come."

"Come along, Brown," broke in the

Don. "We are late now. Come along, Shock," and the three men went off together, leaving Lloyd behind.

"Isn't he awful?" said Betty. "And didn't I humiliate myself?"

"You certainly deserved humiliation," said her sister indignantly. "You might have seen he was dreadfully shy, and you ought to have left him alone."

"But doesn't he go out at all?" asked Betty of Lloyd. "Does he work as hard as all that?"

"Well," said Lloyd. "I fancy he has to work for all he gets, you know. I mean he's not very bright."

"Doesn't everybody have to work for what he gets?" exclaimed Helen a little indignantly.

"Well, not exactly," said Lloyd. "Take the Don, for instance. No one ever saw him read, yet he is easily first man in his year, and he finished his medical work while teaching, but nobody ever saw him work. He's a wonder, I assure you. They are a great trio, those three. Brown adores Shock, Shock adores the Don, and they all adore each other. They are always together."

"What is the link?" asked Helen. "Football?"

"Partly. Brown's is an old tale. Got sick in his boarding-house, was like to die. Shock found him, took him to his own home, and there he and his mother nursed him back to life. That settled it for Brown. Thenceforth Shock's cottage was heaven's vestibule, and Shock's mother an angel upon earth."

"Do you know what I am going to do!" said Helen. "I'll take you both into my confidence. I'm going to drive the old lady to the match to-morrow."

"Oh, splendid!" exclaimed Betty. "And I will come with you."

"And will you let me go, too?" humbly asked Lloyd. "Or is there somebody else?"

"Oh, we need somebody," said Betty, "and you will do as well as anybody. But how to get her, that's the question."

"I have thought that over," said Helen. "We'll ask Brown to drive around with us just before, and I am sure she will come."

So it turned out that the most enthusiastic, and certainly the most picturesque of all the groups that surrounded the campus next day was that which filled the Fairbanks' carriage, consisting of two young ladies, an elegantly attired young man, and a quaint, plainly dressed, but undeniable dignified old lady.

II. 'VARSITY vs. McGILL

It is a glorious autumn day. The smoky air with just a nip of the coming frost in it, hangs still over the trees, through whose bare tops and interlacing boughs the genial sunlight falls in a golden glory upon the grass below. The nip in the air, the golden light, the thrilling uncertainty of the coming match, the magnitude of the issue at stake, combine to raise the ardor of football enthusiasts to the highest pitch.

The record of each team is unique. Each has gone through the championship series without a single reverse. Perhaps never in their history have both universities been more worthily represented than by the teams that are to contest to-day the championship of the Dominion.

The McGill men are the first to appear on the campus and are welcomed with loud and generous cheers, which are, however, redoubled upon the appearance of the 'Varsity champions.

Many eyes are turned upon the Fairbanks' carriage.

"Do you see Hamish, my dear?" inquires the old lady. "They are so much alike I cannot distinguish him."

"Go and bring him," cries Betty, and Lloyd returns in a moment with Shock and little Brown.

"Mother! mother! This is awful! You won't like it a bit. You'll think I'm getting killed many a time."

But the old lady only smiles placidly. "Indeed, and I'm not afraid for you. Run away, Hamish, and be careful of the laddies!"

"Don't tell him that, Mrs. Macgregor," pleads Brown. "He's far too gentle as it is."

* Some few minutes are spent in arranging for the kick-off.

"Oh, I do wish they would start," exclaims Betty, standing up in the carriage. "If they would only start!" she repeats. "I want to have a chance to shriek."

"There they go!" exclaims Lloyd.

It is McGill's kick. Huntingdon, the big captain and center forward takes it

* Canadian football is obviously different from the game played in American colleges.—THE EDITORS.

magnificently, following up hard with his whole team. Pepper, the 'Varsity full-back, however, is at the spot and returns into touch.

It is a very slow game for the crowds that line every side of the field. Inch by inch towards the 'Varsity goal the McGill forwards fight their way.

Suddenly something happens. The McGill scrimmage weakens and breaks up. Their quarter seizes the ball, passes it low and swift to Bunch, who is off like the wind across the field, dodges through the quarters, knocks off Martin and Bate, and with the Don coming hard upon his flank, sets off for the 'Varsity line with only Pepper between him and a touch-down.

But Pepper is waiting for him, cool and steady. As Bunch nears him he crouches like a cat, creeping slowly to meet his coming foe. Ten feet from the line straight at the full-back goes Bunch. At two paces distance he changes his mind and swerves to the left with the hope of dodging past.

But he has ventured too far. Pepper takes two short steps and, like a tiger, springs at his foe, winds his arms round his hips and drags him down, while the Don from the side leaps fiercely on him and holds the ball safe, five feet from the line.

'Varsity goes wild with relief.

"Pepper! Pepper! Red-hot Pepper!" they chant rapturously in enthusiastic groups here and there, as Pepper's red head emerges from the crowd piled upon him and the prostrate Bunch. Again and again rises the chant as the full-back returns at a slow trot to his place behind the line.

"Indeed, it is Pepper is the grand laddie," says the old lady approvingly. "Many's the game he has saved, Hamish will be telling me."

"Now, McGill!" calls out a Montreal man, leading his fellows. "Stone wall! Stone wall! Shove 'em in! Shove 'em in!"

Campbell perceives that something must be done. He moves Shock from the center to the left wing of the scrimmage and calls in Martin and Bate from half.

By this time every 'Varsity man is on his feet, for he knows that Shock is about to lead the "screw," and before the scrimmage is well formed the McGill stone wall is broken and Campbell is boring through it with the ball, gaining a good ten feet, and by a quick reform ten more.

The 'Varsity team breathe freely again and go in with new vim, while McGill settles down on the ball to recover steadiness.

But the 'Varsity captain has seen the screw work and resolves to try it again. Once more he moves Shock to the wing, signals to the quarters, and again the Montreal stone wall is demoralized. But instead of Campbell boring over the prostrate form of his big center with the ball, the McGill captain, securing it, passes to Carroll, his quarter, who, dashing off as a feint to the right, passes far across the field to Bunch on the left.

Bunch as usual is in his place, catches beautifully and is off down the field like a whirlwind, dodging one, knocking off another, running round a third, till between him and the goal line he has only the half-back, Martin, and the full.

The McGill people go wild again. "Bunch! Bunch!" they yell frantically, crowding down the line after him. "He's in! He's in!"

But not yet. Red Pepper is swiftly bearing down upon him, and as he comes within reach springs at him. But the wily Bunch has learned to measure that long reach, and dodging back sharply, he slips round Pepper and makes for the line, ten yards away.

A long groan goes up from the 'Varsity support, while from a hundred McGill throats rises the cry again, "He's in! He's in! A touch! A touch!"

But close upon him, and gaining at every foot, is the Don, the fleetest man in the 'Varsity team. For half a second it looks as if Bunch must make the line, but within three yards of the goal, and just as he is about to throw himself toward it, Balfour shoots out his arm, grasps his enemy by the back of the neck and, turning round, hurls him back with terrific force to the ground and clambers on top of him. It is a fierce tackle, giving great satisfaction to all the 'Varsity supporters, but to none more than Mrs. Macgregor, who, as she sees the unfortunate Bunch hurled to earth, exclaims with quiet satisfaction, "That will set ye, I'm thinking."

"Isn't she a great old warrior?" says Lloyd aside.

Gradually it grows more evident that McGill is heavier in the scrimmage, but this advantage is offset by the remarkable

boring quality of the 'Varsity captain who, upon the break up of a scrimmage generally succeeds in making a few feet, frequently over Shock's huge body.

"Hello, there goes half time," he said, "and no score yet. This is truly a great game."

Eagerly the men are taken charge of by their respective attendants, stripped, rubbed, slapped and sponged.

Up come Shock and Brown. The blood on Shock's face gives him a terrifying appearance.

"Oh!" cries Helen anxiously, "you are hurt."

"Not a bit," he replies cheerily, glancing in surprise at her.

"How do you like it, Mrs. Macgregor?" inquires Brown.

"Man, laddie, they are a grand team, and it will be no easy matter to wheep them."

"Don't you think now that Shock is a little too gentle with them?" asked Brown wickedly.

"Well, it will not do to allow them to have their own way altogether," she replies cautiously. "But run away, Hamish, and get yourself put right. There is much before you yet."

"Say, old man," says Brown as they trot off, "it's no credit to you to be a great center. You'd disgrace your blood if you were anything else."

Into the 'Varsity dressing-room strolls old Black, the greatest captain of the greatest team 'Varsity has ever seen.

"Well, old chap," he calls out cheerfully to Campbell, "how goes it?"

"All right," says Campbell. "They are a great team, but I think we are holding them."

"They are the greatest team McGill ever sent here," replies Black.

"Have you anything to suggest?" asks Campbell, with the reverence which a man in the struggle feels for one who has achieved. The men are all quiet, listening. But Black knows his place.

"Not in the least. You have a great team, and you are handling them perfectly."

"All right," said the captain. "We'll feel 'em first, boys. Keep at the old game. Close and steady."

It is upon the passing of his back line that Campbell has in previous matches depended for winning, and with ordinary opponents he would have adopted long ago this style of play, but these McGill men are so hard upon the ball, so deadly in tackling and so sure in their catch that he hesitates to give them the opportunities that open play affords.

A moment later something happens, no one knows how. A high punt from behind sends the ball far up into the 'Varsity territory, and far before all others Bunch, who seems to have a kind of uncanny instinct for what is going to happen, catches the ball on the bound and makes for the 'Varsity line with a comparatively open field before him. Fifteen yards from the line he is tackled by Martin, but ere he falls passes to Huntingdon, his captain, who, catching neatly and dodging between Campbell and another 'Varsity man, hurls his huge weight upon Pepper, who is waiting for him, crouched low, after his usual style.

The full-back catches him fairly and throws him over his shoulder. As both come heavily to the ground there is a sickening crack heard all over the field. The McGill captain, with Pepper hanging desperately to his hips, drags himself over the line and secures a touch-down for McGill.

At once there rises a wild tumult of triumph from the McGill contingent, but after a minute or two the noise is followed by an anxious hush, and when the crowd about the prostrate players is dispersed Pepper is seen lying on his face tearing up the grass. Two or three doctors rush in from the crowd, and before long Pepper is carried off the field. His leg is broken.

A number of people begin to leave the field.

"Oh, isn't it horrible?" groans Betty turning very pale. "Shall we go home, Mrs. Macgregor?"

Helen looks at the old lady anxiously.

"Here is Hamish," she replies quickly. "We will wait."

Shock runs up much disturbed.

"Awful, is it not?" he says to Helen, who is the first to meet him. "I am sorry, mother, you are here."

"Will they be stopping, think you, Hamish?" asks his mother. There is a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"No, mother, we must play it out."

"Then I will just be waiting for the end," says the old lady calmly. "Poor

laddie—but he was bravely defending his post. And you must just be going, Hamish man."

As Shock moved off the young ladies and Lloyd look at her in amazement. It was in some such spirit that she had sent her husband to his last fight twenty years ago.

Bate is moved from half to full, a man is taken from the scrimmage to supply his place, McGill makes a similar shift, and the game proceeds.

Huntingdon fails to convert the touchdown into a goal. Bate kicks back into touch, and with desperate determination 'Varsity goes in to even the score.

Campbell resolves now to abandon the close game. He has everything to win, and to lose by four points is as much a loss as by a dozen.

"Play to your halves every time," he orders the quarters, and no sooner is play begun than the wisdom of the plan is seen. With a brilliant series of passes the 'Varsity quarters and halves work the ball through the McGill twenty-five line, and by following hard a high punt, force the enemy to a safety touch. No sooner has the McGill captain kicked off than the ball is returned and again McGill is forced to *rouge*.

The score now stands four to two in favor of McGill, but the 'Varsity men have come to their strongest and are playing with an aggressiveness that cannot be denied. Again and again they press their opponents behind their twenty-five line.

"Oh," exclaims Betty, "if there is only time they can win yet. Do find out," she says to Lloyd, "what time there is left." And Lloyd comes back to announce that there are only six minutes to play.

"Hamish will be telling me that a game is often won in the last minute," remarks the old lady encouragingly.

As Campbell perceives his desperate case he begins to swear low, fierce oaths at his quarters. In all their experience of their captain the 'Varsity men have never heard him swear, and they awake to the fact that they are face to face with a situation entirely unparalleled in their history.

A new spirit seizes his men. Savagely they press the enemy. They are never off the ball, but follow it as hounds a hare, and they hurl themselves so fiercely at their foe that in every tackle a McGill man goes down to earth.

At length, however, the opportunity comes. By a low, swift pass from Brown, Martin receives the ball and immediately transfers it to the Don. Straight into the midst of a crowd of McGill men he plunges, knocking off the hands reaching for him, slipping through impossible apertures, till he emerges at the McGill line with little Carroll hanging on to his shoulders, and staggering across falls fairly into the arms of big Mooney.

Down they go all three together, with hands on the ball.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" shrieks Betty, springing upon the box.

"I am thinking it what they will be calling a *maul in goal*, and it is a peety we cannot be seeing it," replies the dauntless old lady.

"Oh, it's the Don," exclaims Betty anxiously. "What are they doing to him? Run, oh, run and see!" and Lloyd runs off.

"It's a *maul* sure enough. Two of them have the Don down," he announces. "But he'll hold all right," he adds quickly, glancing keenly at Betty.

"Let me go," cries Betty. "I must go."

"Betty," says Helen in a low voice, "be quiet."

"Oh, I don't care," cries Betty passionately, "I want to go."

"He'll hold all right," says Lloyd confidently, and Betty grows suddenly quiet.

"Ay, that he will, yon chap," agrees Mrs. Macgregor, standing up and trying to see what is going on.

If the Don can hold for three minutes it will count two for his side; if Mooney and Carroll can get the ball away it will only count one.

About the three players struggling on the ground the crowd pours itself, yelling, urging, imploring, shrieking directions. Campbell stoops down over the Don and shouts into his ear, "Hold on, Don. It means the game," and the Don, lying on his back, winds his arms round the ball and sets himself to resist the efforts of Mooney and Carroll to get it away.

In vain the police and field censors try to keep back the crowd. They are swept helpless into the center. Madder and wilder grows the tumult, while the referee stands, watch in hand, over the struggling three.

"Stop that choking, Carroll," says Shock to the little quarter, who is gripping the Don hard about the throat.

"Get off, Mooney," cries Campbell. "Get off his chest with your knees. Get off, I say, or I'll knock your head off."

But Mooney persists in boring into the Don's stomach with his knees, tugging viciously at the ball. With a curse Campbell springs at him. But as he springs a dozen hands reach for him. There is a wild rush of twenty men for each other's throats. Too close to strike they can only choke and scrag and hack each other fiercely. The policemen push in, threatening with their batons and there is a prospect of a general fight when the Referee's whistle goes. Time is up. The *maul* is over. 'Varsity has its two points. The score now stands even, four to four, with two minutes to play.

They lift the Don from the ground. His breath is coming in gasps and he is trembling with the tremendous exertions of the last three minutes.

"Time there!" calls out Shock, who has Balfour in his arms.

The smile fades from Shock's face as he watches the Don struggling in deep gasps to recover his breath. Suddenly he hands his friend to a couple of men standing near, and striding over to Mooney, catches him by the throat and begins to shove him back through the crowd.

"You brute, you!" he roars. "What kind of a game do you call that! Jumping on a man when he is down with your knees! For very little," he continues, struggling to get his arm free from the men who are hanging on it, "I would knock your face off."

Men from both sides throw themselves upon Shock and his foe and tear them apart.

"That's all right, Shock," cries the Don, laughing between his gasps, and Shock, suddenly coming to himself, slinks shamefacedly into the crowd.

"It is not often Hamish forgets himself in yon fashion," says his mother shaking her head. "He must be sorely tried indeed," she adds confidently.

"I am quite sure of it," replies Helen. "He always comes out smiling." And the old lady looks at her approvingly a moment, and says, "Indeed, and you are right, lassie."

McGill kicks from the twenty-five line, but before the scrimmage that follows is over time is called, with an even score.

The crowd streams on the field tumultuously enthusiastic over a game such as has never been seen on that campus. Both sides are eager to go on, and it is arranged that the time be extended half an hour.

Old Black gets Campbell aside and urges, "Take ten minutes off and get your men into quarters." Campbell takes his advice and the rubbers get vigorously to work at legs and loins, rubbing, sponging, slapping, until the men declare themselves fresh as ever.

Battered and bloody as to features, torn and dishevelled as to attire, but all eager and resolved, the teams again line up, knowing well that they have before them a half hour such as they have never yet faced in all their football career.

It is 'Varsity's kick. Campbell takes it carefully, and places it in touch well within the McGill twenty-five. After the throw in, the teams settle down to scrimmage as steady as at the first, with this difference, however, that 'Varsity shows perceptibly weaker. Back, step by step, their scrimmage is forced toward the center, the retreat counterbalanced somewhat by the splendid individual boring of Campbell and Shock. But both teams are alert and swift at the quarters, fierce in tackle, and playing with amazing steadiness.

Suddenly Carroll nips up the ball and passes hard and swift to the half-back immediately behind him, who in turn passes far out to Bunch on the left wing. With a beautiful catch Bunch, never slacking speed, runs round the crowd, dodges the quarters, knocks off Martin, and with a crowd of men of both teams close upon his heels, makes for the line.

Before him stands Bate alone. From his tall, lank make one might easily think him none too secure on his legs. Bunch determines to charge, and like a little bull rushes full at him.

But Bate's whole football life has been one long series of deceptions, and so he is quite prepared for this kind of attack. As Bunch comes at him he steps lightly aside, catches the half-back about the neck, swings him round and lands him prone with such terrific impact that the ball flies out of his grasp.

Immediately little Brown has it, passes to Martin, who, on being tackled, passes to the Don. The field before him is full of the enemy, but the Don never hesitates. Doubling, twisting, knocking off, he eludes man after man, while the crowds on the line grow more and more frantic, and at length, clearing them in a body, he sets off across the field to more open country on the 'Varsity left. Behind him come Campbell, Shock, Martin and others, following hard; before him stand three of the McGill defense, Dorion, McDonnell and Mooney. He has already made a great run, and it looks as if he cannot possibly make through.

First Dorion springs at him, but the Don's open hand at the end of a rigid arm catches him full in the neck and Dorion goes down like a stick.

Big McDonnell bears swiftly down upon him and leaps high at him, but the Don lowers his shoulder, catches McDonnell below the wind and slides him over his back; but before he can get up speed again little Carroll is clutching at his hips, and Mooney, the McGill full-back, comes rushing at him. Swinging round, the Don shakes Carroll partly off, and with that fierce, downward cut of his arm, which is his special trick, sends the little quarter flying, and, just as Mooney tackles, passes the ball over his shoulder to Shock, who is immediately pounced upon by half a dozen McGill men, but who, ere he is held, passes to Campbell, who in turn works forward a few yards and again, on being tackled, passes to the Don. It is a magnificent bit of play.

The spectators have long since passed all bounds of control, and are pouring on the field yelling like mad people. Even the imperturbable old lady loses her calm for a moment, and gripping Helen's arm, exclaims, "Look at that, now! Man, man, yon is a grand laddie."

There is no chance for the Don to run, for a swarm of McGill men stand between him and the line only a few yards off. Then he does the only possible thing. Putting his head down he plunges into the crowd in front of him.

"Come on, Shock," yells Campbell. Instantly a dozen 'Varsity men respond to the cry and fall in behind Campbell and Shock, who, locking arms about the Don, are shoving him through for dear life.

There are two minutes of fierce struggle. Twenty men in a mass, kicking, scragging, fighting, but slowly moving toward the McGill line, while behind them and around them the excited spectators, wildly, madly yelling, leaping, imploring, adjuring by all kinds of weird oaths to "shove" or to "hold." In vain the McGill men throw themselves in the way of the advancing mass. Steadily, irresistibly the movement goes on. They are being beaten, and they know it.

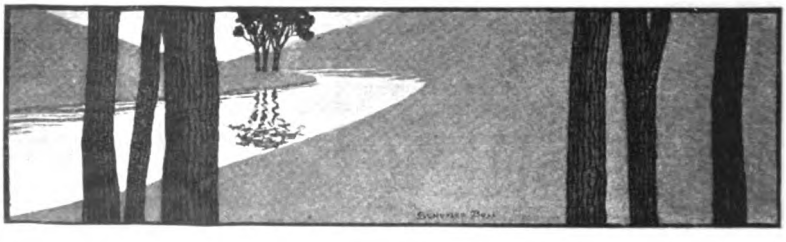
"Down! down!" yells big Huntingdon, dropping on his knees on the line in front of the tramping, kicking 'Varsity phalanx.

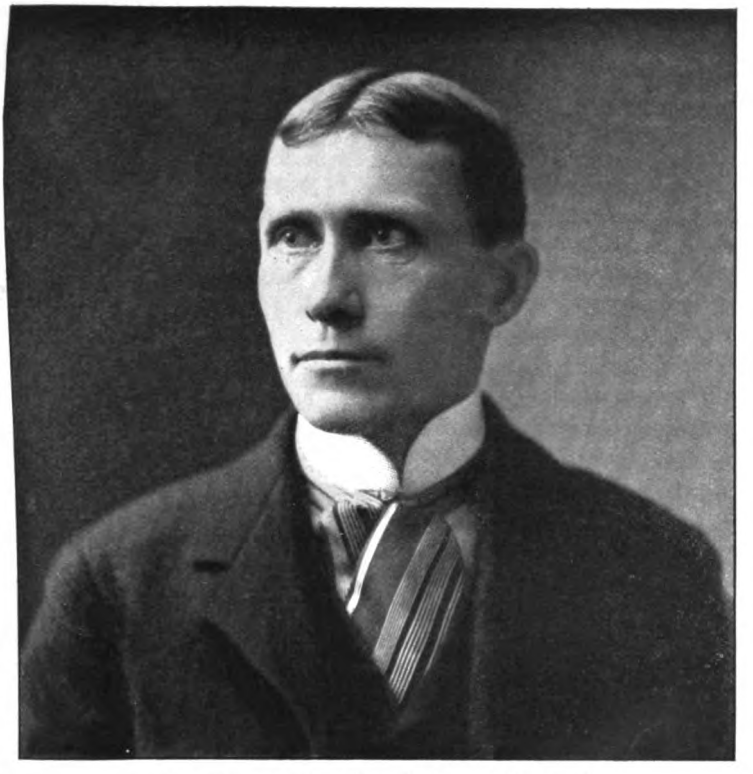
A moment's pause, and there is a mass of mingling arms, legs, heads and bodies piled on the goal line.

"Held! held!" yell the McGill men and their supporters.

For an instant all was confusion. Then something happened.

(To be continued.)





Congressman J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota.

SPELLBINDERS

The Men Who are Talking from Maine to California

By J. Adam Bede

THE leaves of the tree of liberty are for the healing of the nations. And this year a thousand Spellbinders will go forth to scatter these leaves to the four winds of heaven and to bind up the political wounds that afflict all peoples. For, though giving immediate concern to the wants and wounds of our own loved land, yet as America ranks first in the great galaxy of nations, whatever remedies reach our ills, must, in the natural course, permeate the political fabric of every country and prove a blessing to all mankind.

Nor is the Spellbinder an unknown or nebulous personage, but a real, present help in the hour of political trouble. He need not be profound, but what he says must be binding. He must hold his hearers under a spell, or at least for one, and if he is a binder of the very first magnitude the campaign committee may furnish him a special train which will help if he essays to carry his audience with him. If need be, he should save the best till the last, thus keeping the people with him to the finish, which method is delightfully illustrated in the incident of the two gentlemen who had listened for half an hour to a German speaker, and when one wished to leave, the other remonstrated with him, saying, "No, let us wait and hear the verb."

In a country possessed of such a vast domain as ours, there are often local conditions that make differences of opinion,

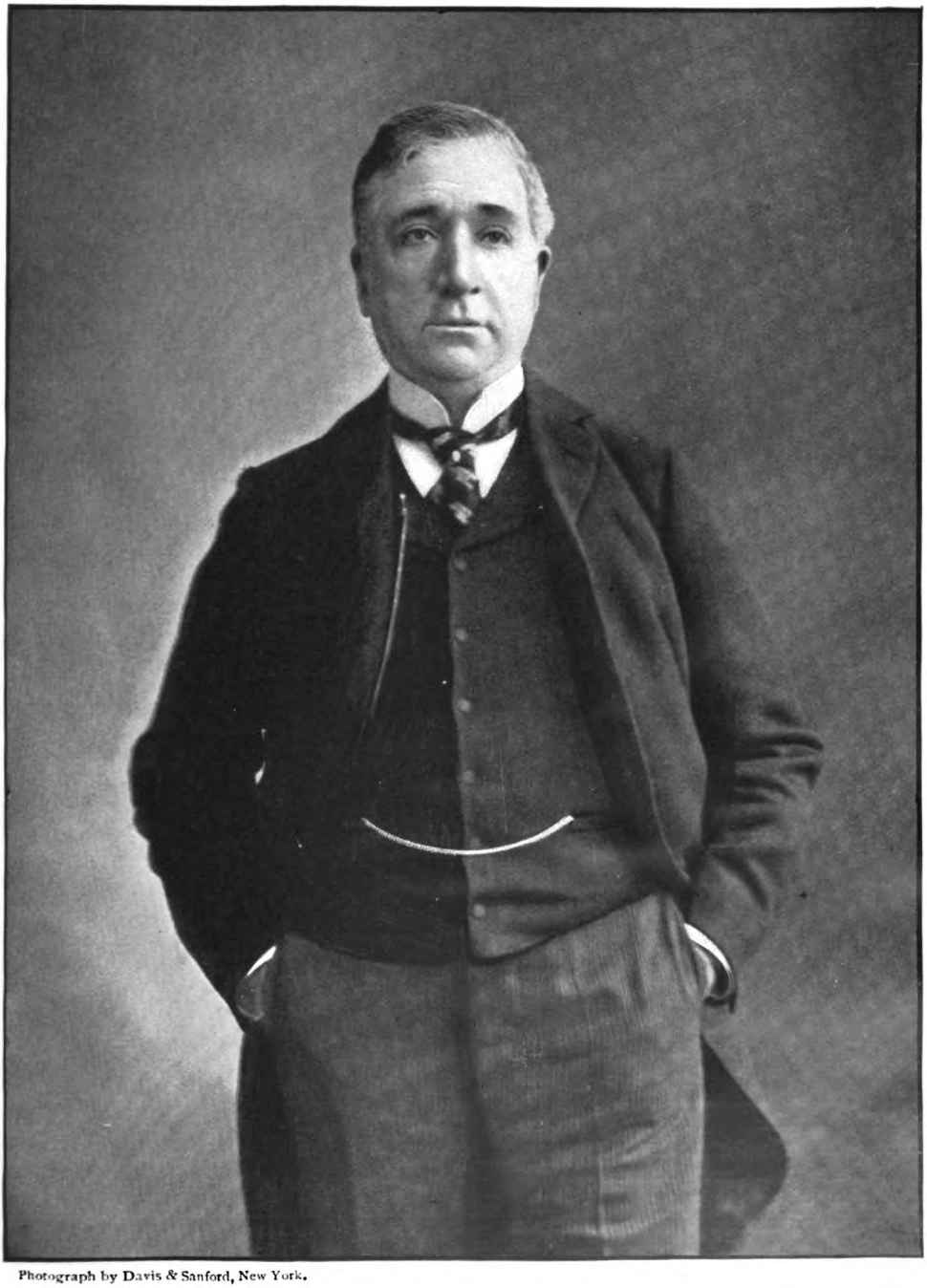
even among members of the same party, and the Spellbinder sometimes finds himself where he has to stand pat on one foot while he beats time with the other, thus to avoid friction among the faithful. For example, the Democracy of New England and Nebraska are not quite of the same brand, and the Spellbinder going from one part of the country to another must have a care that his remarks are not too far-fetched. This, however, is rather a matter of political diplomacy than a surrender of principle. For unless minor differences can be composed and paramount issues kept in view, all organization must be at an end and every party find itself in the position of the young miss who, when asked how she was getting along with her catechism, replied that she was beyond redemption.

Pompous language, however, is less in vogue to-day than ever before. The people want the Spellbinder to say something and to be spry about it, and to specify the charges if he have any. It is always well for him in the course of his remarks to let his audience know what he is talking about. Mark Twain, in his write-up of the South African war of 1881, has an illustration showing the British in double-quick retreat hotly pursued by the Boers, and he aptly styles it "tiring the enemy."

In selecting a limited number of Spellbinders for special mention, it is desired that they be viewed merely as representative types from the great body of their honorable fraternity. It would, indeed, be a delight to write up John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, or Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina, not only on account of their personal merits, but also because everybody likes a Southern exposure at this season of the year. Then there is John Jacob Lentz, of Ohio, who could beat almost anybody in joint debate with his tongue tied behind his back; John S. Wise, erstwhile of Virginia but now of New York, who avers that in public speaking, "a little more than a little is much too much"; Judge Martin J. Wade, the lone Democrat in Congress from Iowa and a native of Vermont, who, to use Whittier's lines, has:—

"A latent fire of soul which lacks
No breath of love to fan it;
And wit, that, like his native brooks,
Plays over solid granite."

And yet others of equal note in and out of public life, such as ex-Senator Tom Carter, of Montana, who closed his congressional career by talking a rivers and harbors bill to death, and is warranted to blight anything he barks at with his breath of scorn; the versatile Congressman Clarence Van Duzer, of Tonopah, Nevada, who is absolute master of his State delegation in the House, having gained its good will and esteem by little deeds of kindness and little words of love, and never, even in his moments of effervescent humor, forgetting its humblest member or losing his self-control; Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, who can spellbind in the afternoon and lecture on Hamlet or Othello in the evening; Governor Cummings, of Iowa, who got a new idea without going to Europe; ex-Governor Black, of New York, sententious and contentious, the official epigrammarian of the Grand Old Party; J. Sloat Fassett, also of the Empire State, who, though he once fell outside the breastworks, is now *en route* to Congress, and who made his own start in the world by arranging for twins in his family soon after his wealthy father-in-law had offered twenty thousand dollars for every grandchild; Senator Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota, who steps on every plank in the platform while thundering forth the reasons for the faith that is in him; Frank Nye, also of the North Star State, of whom Bill Nye had the honor to be a brother, a man who can paint a lily or illumine a sunset, and throw your hating-machine out of gear while he talks; Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, whose every hair of his head rises up in protest against Democratic policies, and collectively form an abatis work for the defense of the Constitution, which he so eloquently expounds; Congressman Bob Cousins, of Iowa, who can throw more stand pat terror into political innovations, from a Hawkeye viewpoint, than any newborn nation can endure; Charles Emery Smith, once postmaster-general, and more recently a fluent and untiring witness for his friends, logical, gracious and entertaining; Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who has just "stake-and-ridered" our Canadian boundary line to keep pauper fish out of Gloucester; Senator George Frisbee Hoar, who looks more like a saint and acts more like a sinner than any one that ever rode the elephant in a



Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

W. Bourke Cockran.

***Born** in Ireland, educated in France and perhaps the most brilliant orator in the United States.*

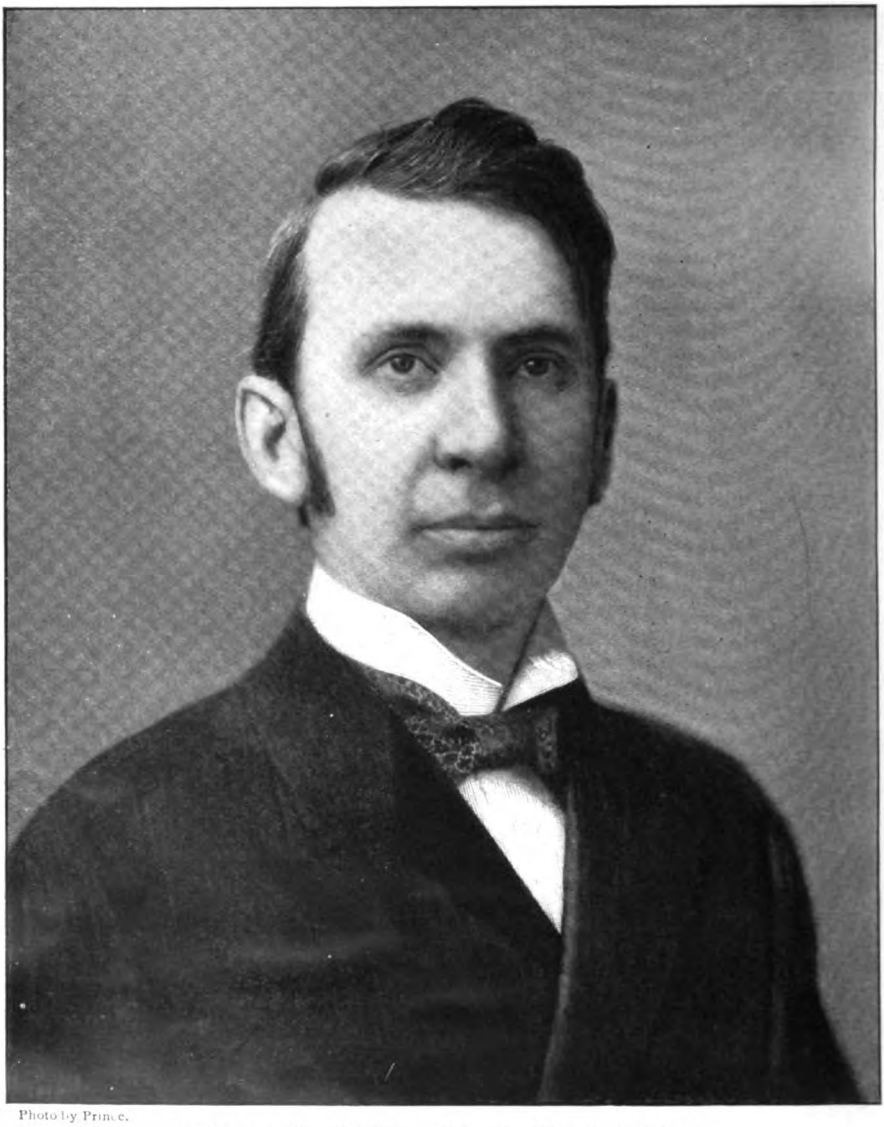


Photo by Prince.

Representative William Alden Smith, of Michigan.

One of his spellbinding speeches reads like an enabling act to let new States into the Union.

real tiger hunt before; Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, whose spellbinding is clearly shown in the election returns which gave him twelve thousand seven hundred and five votes to one hundred and eighteen for his benighted opponent in the congressional race. Just one more mouthful and it would have been unanimous.

But why attempt the impossible, for every State has a host of happy talkers. No single article could enumerate them all. Kentucky and Iowa alone have spellbinders enough for both sides of a national campaign, while Iowa could still leave plenty of talent at home to prevent a revision of the tariff, and Kentucky to try a lawsuit in case of the killing of a governor out of season, or any other infraction of the game laws.

One of the most notable incidents in the last session of Congress was the return of William Bourke Cockran, to take the seat made vacant by the resignation of George Brinton McClellan. He had served several terms in Congress in years past, but falling out with the old leaders of

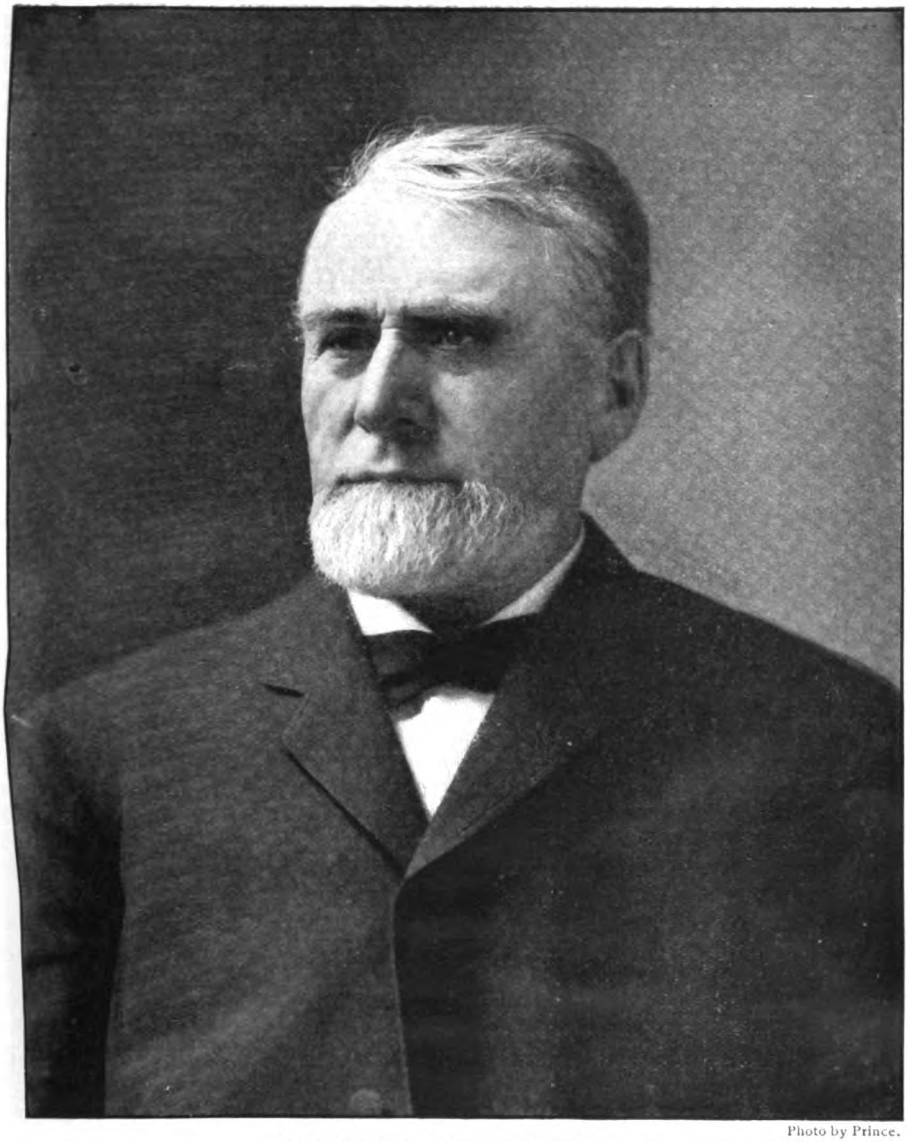


Photo by Prince.

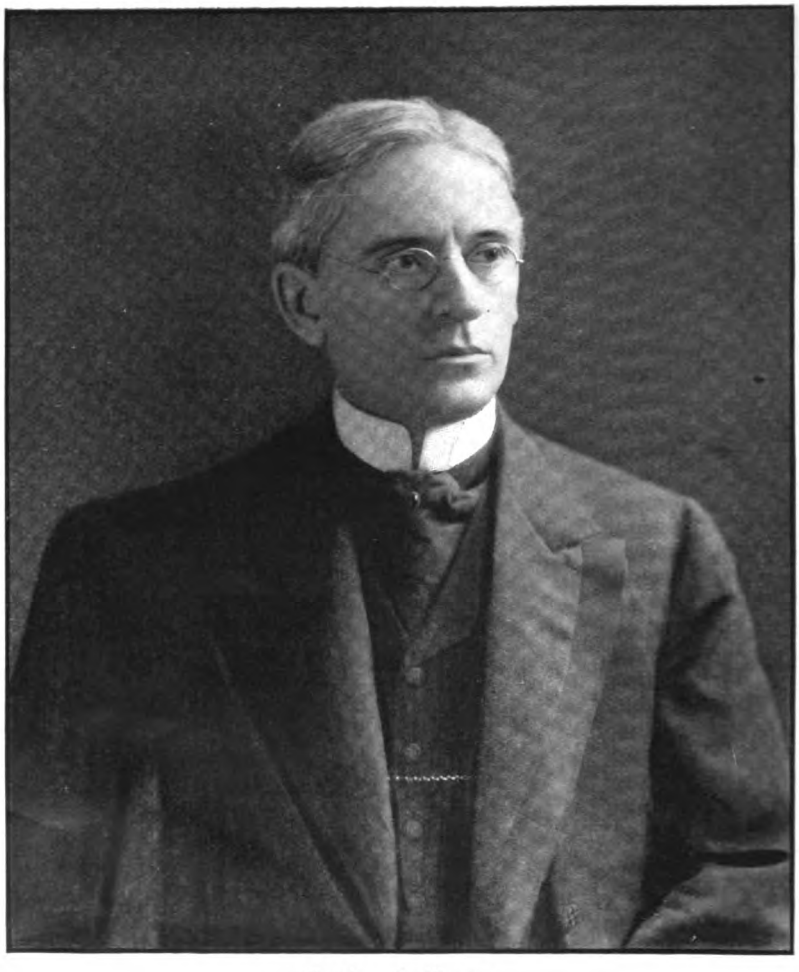
Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota.

From an emigrant ship to a Senatorship would be a comprehensive title for the story of his life.

Tammany, retired to private life. Thereafter he made an extended visit in Ireland, and it was rumored he had an eye on a seat in Parliament from his native land, but he voyaged again to our shores.

In the fulness of his intellectual powers as he crosses the half century mark, possessed of a striking personality, with a massive head and a large frame only a little less bulky than a decade ago, and a voice rich and sonorous, Mr. Cockran would attain distinction in any deliberative body. His first address in the House, after his recent advent, was made from the center aisle, but as his theme developed it was easy to see which side would adopt him, and his second effort was made from a fortified position among the Democratic hosts. Perhaps no better illustration of his thought and style can be given than the closing words of his address in the House on April 23, which is good English diction whether it be good American doctrine or not:—

"The whole Democratic faith is embraced



Charles A. Towne.

Once a Minnesota Republican, now a Tammany Democrat.

in one principle, which can be formulated in a single sentence. If I had my way I would make it the whole Democratic platform, for it embodies every principle of government which Democrats believe essential to the welfare and peace of a nation. It is the principle that government has no right to do anything for one man that it cannot do and does not do for all men. That Democratic principle of equal rights for all is the true principle of security, of glory, and of prosperity. Build your laws upon it and the foundation of your Government will be so firm that no convulsion can ever disturb it, and your flag will acquire a brighter glory than has ever entwined it. Make it the basis of your industrial system, and your prosperity will not be delusive or temporary, interrupted by recurring panics and long periods of industrial stagnation, but it will be permanent, uninterrupted, and real, for its source will not be the ever narrowing fountain of plunder, but the ever widening fountain of production, and its tide will be abundant, measureless, deepening, growing forever and forever."

Seventy years have already crowned the life of Pete Hepburn, of Iowa, yet his eye is not dimmed, nor has his hand or tongue forgot its cunning. He is big and brawny, strenuous in action, with a clarion voice, and is a real catapult in debate. He enters with warmth and herculean energy into the subject before him. When interrupted on the floor of the House he prances like the horse whose neck is clothed with thunder and utters a militant snort which both sides recognize as a call to battle. He has the gift of satire and sarcasm, and can spit venom when he tries, but is more frequently in playful mood

and often pricks a bubble with a point of humor. While addressing the House on April 23, he was good-naturedly interrupted by Champ Clark, of Missouri, and after some bandying the following climax was reached, which will suffice to show him in his usual form in the forum:—

Mr. HEPBURN. I would say to the gentleman from Missouri that I do not intend to answer it. I do not intend to have any part of his speech injected into mine. [Laughter.]

Mr. CLARK. It would better it. It would improve your speech a good deal. [Laughter on the Democratic side.]

Mr. HEPBURN. I have no doubt it would improve it a good deal. But now, Mr. Speaker, if I could model myself upon the gentleman, I could improve all of my speeches. I would make them in at least four languages. Look at the learning found in the gentleman's speeches—quotations from the Greek, quotations from the French, quotations from the Latin. The gentleman knows glibly the quotations. I do not know how familiar he is with the tongue. [Laughter.] But I know this, that if I could take him as my model I would go into the regions where Tacitus went. "I would roam," as the fellow from Wisconsin said, "I would roam with old Romulus [laughter]; I would cant with old Cantharides; I would rip with old Euripides [laughter]; but what in the H—l has that to do with the laws of Wisconsin?" [Prolonged laughter.]

Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, is like Lincoln in one thing—he was born in Kentucky,—but from that point differences began to crop out. Lincoln served only one term in Congress while Tom has served two, but Lincoln played even by accepting the presidency, which Tom has thus far steadfastly refrained from doing. Lincoln is said to have made his entire political fortune in U. S. common, while Tom has oftimes lapped over into the preferred. Then, too, Lincoln gave much of his thought to franchises for folks, while Tom has almost deplored his own success in securing franchises for things. Mayor Tom is the most distinguished living disciple of Henry George, and his political enemies, perhaps with malice aforethought, persistently charged in the last campaign that he was a consistent single-taxer, asserting that he possessed great wealth but paid taxes only on a single home. Tom is a rotund, curly-headed, rosy-cheeked cupid, looking youthful under his fifty years, and seems to have inherited a great deal of cupidity. He loves everybody, but bunches up a good deal of affection on himself. Years ago he made a trysting date with the Goddess of Liberty, and had a searchlight thrown on the White House, but if the lady kept the engagement she has been very reticent ever since. Tom is alert and versatile, princely in fortune, graceful and fluent in speech, resourceful and often revengeful in politics, witty and wily, wishful in his own behalf,—a unique national character and a political factor to be reckoned with by the party that wants to pasture a donkey in the White lot.

It is not easy to mention a Michigan Spellbinder without thinking of Don M. Dickinson, Edward La Rue Hamilton, Washington Gardner, Julius Caesar Burrows, and other czars of the rostrum, but William Alden Smith has asked me to say a few words about him. He escaped from Dowagiac in 1872 and located at Grand Rapids, where he has since resided and had part of his being. William Alden has a frank countenance, and a very open face when in action. He is a gifted speaker and fond of forensic eloquence. Patriotism is ever his central thought, and as he progresses with his theme he seems to revel in the eagle brand of glory. In the heat of his oratory he throws off stars like a Fourth of July celebration after sunset, and one of his Spellbinding speeches reads like an enabling act to let new States into the Union. He is well equipped for eating watermelons on the half shell, and in such a contest would defeat any one in the lower peninsula. His nomination of Uncle Joe Cannon for President in a speech last winter, without knowing it was loaded, exploded more enthusiasm on both sides of the House and up among the eavesdroppers in the gallery than had been heard since Dewey came sailing home again from Manila. He stood out against Cuban reciprocity, and stood up against it on the final vote. He knows what he thinks, and knowing dares maintain. He is aglow with earnestness. He is able.

From an emigrant ship to a Senatorship would be a comprehensive title for the story of the life of Knute Nelson, of Minnesota. Born in Norway, in 1843, he came to this country with his mother as steerage passenger when six years of age and after a short stay in Chicago located in Wisconsin. He saw much service as a

private in the Civil War and has since served the people of his State in almost every capacity, doing honor to each office as it was bestowed upon him.

Senator Nelson is not strictly in the Spellbinder class, as he is not given to flights of oratory, but is rather a heart-to-heart talker and can even do a spleen-to-spleen stunt when unjustly assaulted. No other man is so close to people in Minnesota, holds their confidence in such full and rounded measure or can make so many votes when he appeals to them from the stump. Senator Nelson is strenuous on occasions, and once when a candidate for Governor he left the platform and knocked down and silenced a big fellow who disturbed his meeting. But his natural manner is quiet and unobtrusive. When at home during recesses of Congress, he works on his farm with his men and eats his lunch with them in the field. Thus he maintains rugged health and doesn't forget the color of the soil nor the wants of those who delve therein.

Senator Nelson is forcible in speech, but it is not often that he brings up any swear bearing epithets from his rich well of English so undefiled. However, in urging some legislation for Alaska, deemed of very great merit, he shocked the dignity of the Senate last winter by inadvertently saying "damn." After being shocked long enough to maintain the virtue and decorum of that ancient and august body, the venerable Senators amended the thrill by substituting laughter. And in the immortal words of the author of Tristram Shandy, "the accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording Angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever," for it is not in the record.

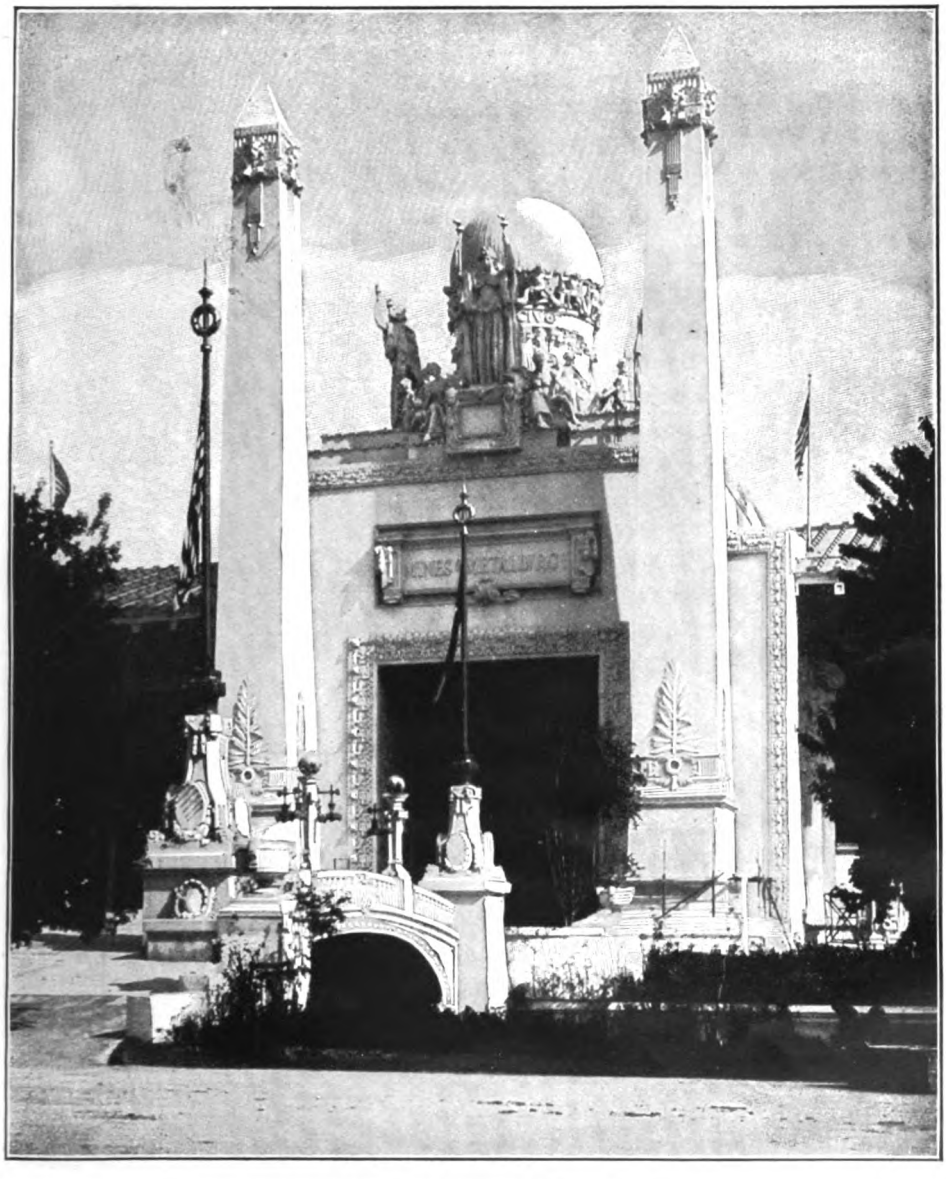
Charles A. Towne, Republican member of Congress from Minnesota for one term, beginning March 4, 1895, and by the grace of Governor John Lind Democratic Senator from the same State for six weeks during the Lenten season of 1901, was honored with the Populist nomination for Vice-President in the last campaign. He quit the Republican party in the sixteen to one prize-puzzle contest of 1896, and when Democratic hopes lost their silver lining after the second great battle four years ago, he went to New York to finance some Texas oil deals, joined Tammany, and is now held by the enemy, being a full member of the gabfest guild of that organization. Mr. Towne was intended by nature for a prince, but was unfortunate enough to be born in a republic. However, he has lots of grit and is making the best of it, but has little to fear even if the Republicans do turn our country into an empire. He is gifted in the use of mellifluous phrase and polysyllabic derivatives, and it is related that often in joint debate, when the chairman called time, he would be in the middle of a word and have to stop on a hyphen. Mr. Towne has a winning personality, a superb voice, and is easily in the first rank of public speakers. His old friends hope to see him back in the House.

Francis W. Cushman, of Washington, is serving his third term in Congress, but is so fresh that he still seems one of the very newest things in the House. He is a native of Iowa, and has therefore been good from his birth. In earlier life he was a chore-boy and a cowboy, and with such preparation he makes his constituents a very good errand-boy at the capital. Cushman, it is said, was discovered a few years ago by J. H. Schively, of his State. Himself a spellbinder and political manager, Schively knew a good thing when he saw it, and has ever since been pushing it along. No one would ever suspect he had been a cowboy, and indeed he seems so sweet and innocent as to be almost out of place among rough men with strange oaths. He has not quite so much lung capacity as a blacksmith shop, but has a voice with the carrying qualities of an anvil, a pleasing manner, a playful humor, and can paint words in oil, water color, or invective. He is one of the best dressers in the House, and delights in throwing about his simplest thoughts a rich exuberance of fancy. They love him most who know him best.

But the campaign will soon be over and its strife and bitterness forgot. Yet a few years and those whose names are here recorded will have been gathered to their fathers and another generation will have risen to take their places and to call them blessed.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT FAIR



The Palace of Mines.

From the architectural center, Festival Hall, which crowns Art Hill, the Exposition buildings radiate like the sticks of a fan. To the northeast, fronting on the east lagoon, is the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, enclosing more than nine acres of floor space. The principal distinction of the building is the striking portals, each flanked by a pair of mighty obelisks, as shown in the illustration.

The Central Cascade.

The very center of the Exposition is the great fountain, where the waters tumble from the base of Festival Hall, down Art Hill into the vast basin below. The water is pumped continuously from the lagoons, into which it falls again, so that all the water on the Exposition grounds is used again and again during the course of a day.

"The Spirit of the Pacific"

On either side of the central cascade is a water course To the left, as you face Art Hill, is the fountain surmounted by a figure symbolizing "The Spirit of the Pacific"; on the right is a corresponding fountain expressing "The Spirit of the Atlantic," while in the center is the "Central Cascade," which is shown on the opposite page.

Copyright, 1904, Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co.

The Palace of Varied

The soft but glowing radiance of the building is largely produced by rows of electric

Industries by night.

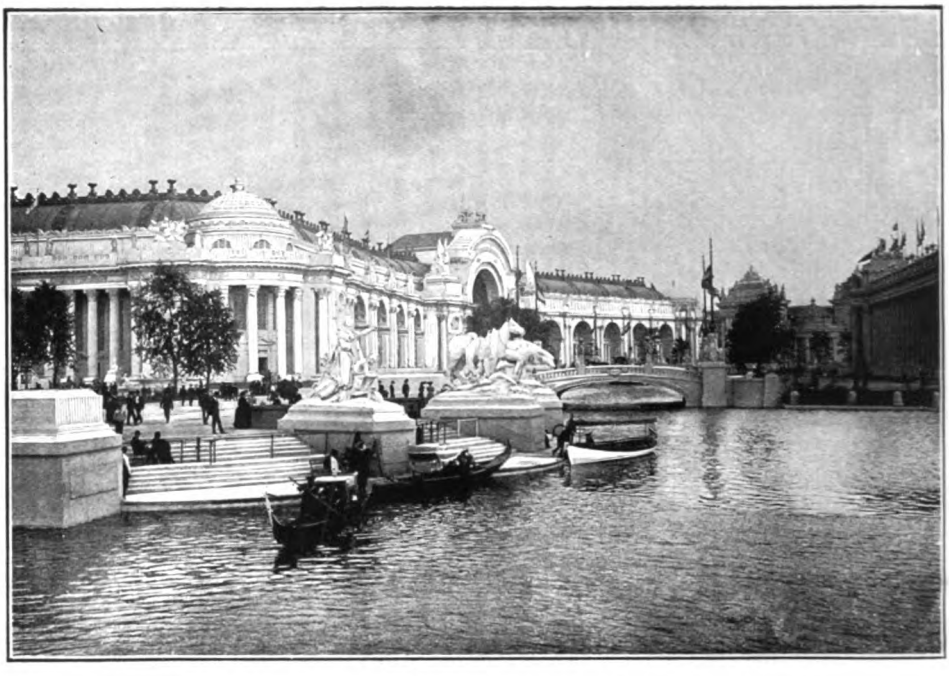
lights strung behind the columns and hidden from sight but reflected from the walls.

Copyright 1904, Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co.

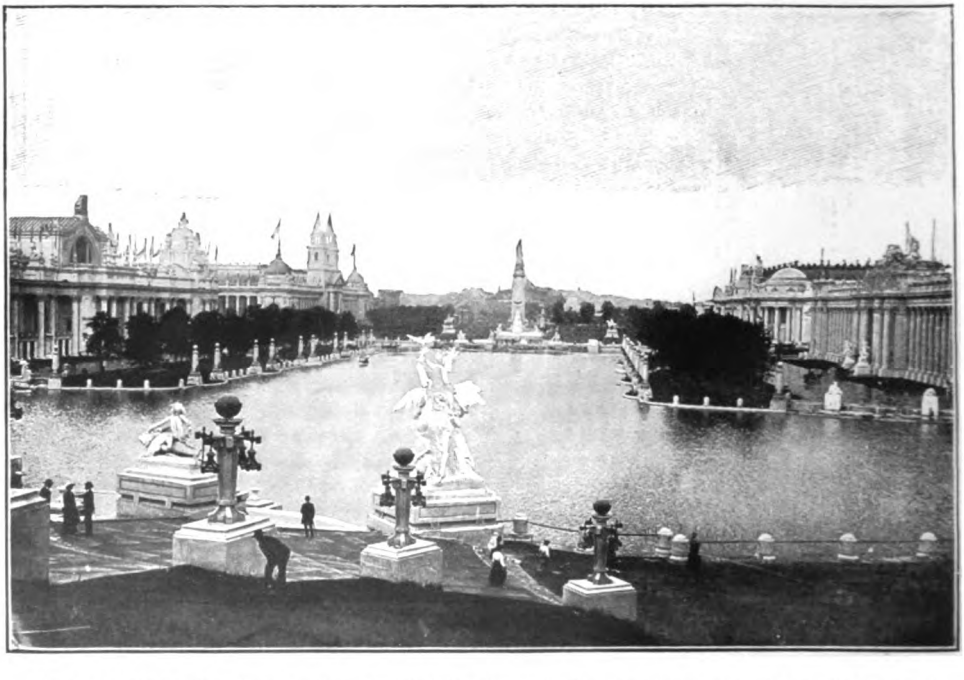
The Palace of Electricity, with the Palace of Varied Industries in the background.

Copyright, 1904, Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co.

Looking across the Grand Basin toward the Palace of Education.



One of the Lagoons, facing the Palace of Manufactures.



The Grand Basin, looking from Art Hill toward the Louisiana Purchase Monument.

Copyright, 1902, J. C. Strauss.

David R. Francis.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE FAIR

The Personalities which have Created the Greatest Exposition of the World

By Grant Richardson

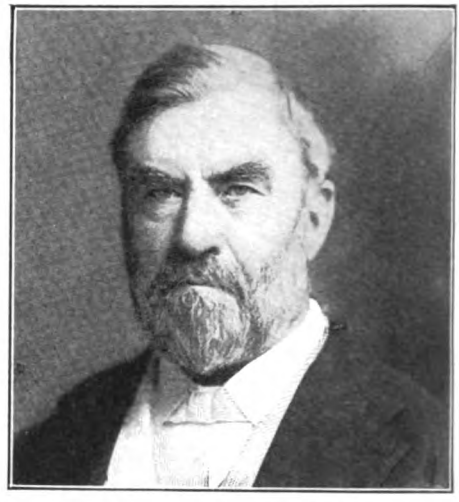
THE men who built the Louisiana Purchase Exposition are Western, and it took nerve and audacity to make it.

Seven men are directly responsible for its building, five of them bred in the West, and they typify the qualities necessary to create it—energy, power, economy, imagination and symbolism.

None of them was an "exposition man" in a professional sense in the beginning. Experience is a good thing, but often it breeds repetition. The occasion demanded new men and a new conception of the subject. Taking the old base upon which to build, that is, exhibits and buildings in which to house them, an entirely new superstructure was demanded, bigger and better, in fact the apotheosis of expositions.

Qualities of a high order were required to fulfill the demands made on men who were to exceed in every way former efforts in exposition building, but when the time came for the use of their several geniuses, their latent talents and intuitions were subordinated to the preconceived plan of action laid down by one man, David R. Francis.

Karl Bitter, Chief of Sculpture.



William H. Thompson, Treasurer.

But the builder of it in its bulk was Isaac S. Taylor. Francis is at the top of the list of officers and was the man who raised the money. Taylor made the buildings in the raw, and is responsible for the vastness of the scheme.

In the directories Taylor is an architect, but above all he is a driver and a man of tremendous animal force. He is not imaginative, but is big, burly and irate of temperament. He is of the type of Grover Cleveland in some ways—the sort that leans back on his bulk and resists when the pressure becomes great. He is officially responsible for the picture of the World's Fair and for everything that goes to make up the bulk of the exterior spectacle of it, but he is not its designer.

Before he took the exposition in hand he was a builder of warehouses, the biggest and best of their kind in the country, and the originator of slow combustion construction, His *chef d'oeuvre* was a mammoth tobacco factory, a model of solidity and economy, but he also built great hotels and office buildings.

The large part of Taylor's success in driving the fair to a finish is due to his ability as a bluffer, and to his imperturbability. His jaw is enormous, and when he swung his fist men moved. When affairs dragged he called contractors into his office and told them bluntly what they *must* do, dismissed them curtly, and they obeyed.

Taylor worked for glory in constructing the World's Fair, caring more for his reputation as master builder than for private gain. Several of his associates have accused him of having built that reputation at the expense of some of the more artistic of them. Architects, engineers and designers generally have complained that Taylor has been a glory robber.

Taylor said the World's Fair would be ready on time; the construction of the buildings, the removal of acres of earth, the laying of miles of roadways, the digging of lagoons and waterways and the vast amount of gardening. When opening day came and he had driven it to the end, he pointed out of his office window and said, "There it is!"

But Taylor's failure lay in his lack of ability or tact to deal with artists. He laid out the bulk of the exposition and called in more artistic architects to design the buildings. They say that when the beauty of the scheme was assured through their efforts he claimed it all. He quarreled with Cass Gilbert, of New York, and others. To Cass Gilbert is said to belong the conception of the Cascade Gardens, amplified by Taylor, made beautiful by Masqueray. Taylor has never been able to appreciate the artist in any field of endeavor. He belongs to the materialistic school.

As Taylor built the exposition, so Francis managed it. Everyone connected with the building of it worked in line with his policy. In business Francis is a grain broker, by nature he is a politician. He began his political career by capturing the presidency of the St. Louis Merchants

Exchange. Before his day presidents of the exchange had been selected sedately and by precedence. The office was passed as a matter of course from one distinguished member to another. Francis was not in line, but he desired the position. He organized the young men, and by pit methods won the place. He carried the politics of the pit into his later efforts, and "whooped" himself into the mayoralty, and later announced himself for governor, and won through sheer nerve. Afterwards he was Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's cabinet.

Francis is personified energy, and several sorts of man in one. He is a tiger or a kitten. He demands with a face of stone and a will of steel, or defers like a courtier. He bluffs his way through greatest odds, or wheedles like a woman. The main thing is—*get it*. In business he uses sanely directed energy, is a diplomatist of catholic mind, or an adventurer of superlative daring. But above all he is original in conception, whether in his business, in exposition matters, or in politics.

Back of his power is secretiveness. He makes no unnecessary announcements. During the stormy, pre-exposition days when inventors, statesmen, grafters, associates, newspapers, and the public generally desired to know where he stood on this or that proposition he worked everything out to his own satisfaction and made impersonal, broad proclamations which anyone was at liberty to take or leave. He never disclosed his policy.

Francis was and is of the St. Louis Exposition the official party, the cabinet, the commissioners—the whole thing. Of course he would deny this, but his acts stand, legalized by the ratifications of an executive committee selected by him from the ranks of hero worshippers.

The plan took form in Francis' mind long ago, but when the members of the Missouri Historical Society and other Western people took up the question of celebrating the event with a mere statue to Jefferson, Francis knew his time had come. He only asked an opportunity to build his ideal show, one that would stick in the public mind. He agreed to assume the burden of director-general without compensation. The directorate was glad to let him do it. Tersely, they put it "up to him."

During the years the exposition has been building all the responsibility has been his. Every move promulgated in the executive committee has been passed to him for decision. When it came to raising money they looked to him, and he got it. He went to Washington and wormed five million dollars out of Congress. He took State capitals by storm and "jollied" legislatures into appropriations. Already he had convinced his fellow townsmen of the necessity of raising ten million of dollars, half in bonds, the rest in subscriptions.

Emanuel L. Masqueray, Chief Architectural Designer.

George E. Kessler, Chief Gardener of the Grounds.

In the course of time the directors had to raise four million five hundred thousand dollars more, and they passed the word to Francis. He jumped on a train, went to Washington and hypothecated future gate receipts. He did it, too, in the face of the opposition of certain congressmen who had been disappointed when they sought to force him to grant exposition concessions to their friends. Just how he surrounded and brought them into camp probably never will be known, but certain it was a deft operation. He showed them that the country was a partner in the enterprise, and after other governments had been invited to participate the United States could not afford to tie up or cheapen the show.

But Francis did other things quite as useful. One of them was his spectacular raid on the crowned heads of Europe. Foreign governments were somewhat tepid toward the exposition and needed warming up. Secretary Stevens arranged through the exposition representative in London a banquet there for Francis. He worked his private secretary all the way to London, where he arrived a few hours before the banquet, ate it, and set off on a series of jumps among the capitals of Europe, and was back at his desk in St. Louis in nineteen days. Then, between whiles, he dictated a book about it. Is not that sufficiently Western for you?

His diplomatic triumphs have been many, yet no man ever was more successful in the art of bluffing. When it came to tiffs between heads of departments, with those who tried to push through their own policies, or with recalcitrant workmen, Francis was absolute and would permit no opposition. There were other good men to be had for the hiring if the balkers did not wish to follow his ideas.

Francis undertook the management of World's Fair matters without monetary compensation, but there has been other reward. The social prestige has been immense. His vanity has been inordinately gratified. He has been photographed hundreds of times in the center of groups of distinguished visitors, from Presidents

Walter B. Stevens, Secretary of the Exposition.

of the United States down to a Singalese midget and his trainer. On the opening day of the exposition he occupied the center of the stage in thirty-seven—count them—official group photographs.

Francis is a Kentuckian by birth. He is fifty-four years of age, more than six feet tall, handsome, alert in action, and with the habitual air of authority of the man who has done things. He married Miss Jennie Perry, of St. Louis, in 1876, and has six sons.

Walter B. Stevens, Secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, developed a marvelous system. He has been called, jocosely, "Francis' ten thousand-dollar office boy," but he is the president's right hand, chief advisor and counselor, and without him it is doubtful if Francis could have accomplished his enormous task. Stevens is immensely capable—and colorless.

Stevens has used his position in a broader sense than the term "secretary" implies. As an organizer and wielder of men he had developed a large capacity. In this he had used his experience as a newspaper man. He was a Washington correspondent when Francis went to the capital to get the five million dollars from the United States Treasury, and his wide acquaintance and influence among public men, and his word passed to them on the magnitude of the Exposition, were largely instrumental in getting the money.

He injected system into the work of the Exposition in the beginning, and planned the authority of each department and outlined their relations one to another. He runs his office as he would a great newspaper, and is a martinet. His instructions are given laconically, even harshly, and his written orders are signed simply "Stevens." In business relations he is absolutely of cold blood, but off the bench is quietly genial.

The advertising system of the Exposition came out of Stevens. He said "this is the people's show and they should be told, without cost to them, how their money is being spent." Not a cent has been paid, therefore, for advertising

in publications of any character. He used news features to advertise the fair, and made them where they were not. He moved his publicity commissioners abroad, like chessmen, by telegraphic cable. The airship competition, Francis' trip to Europe, W. E. Curtis's interview with Pope Pius X., the sending of a commissioner to Panama the moment the baby republic was born, the big Philippine human exhibit, the Olympic Games, invitations to crowned heads of the World to attend the fair, the assembling at St. Louis of conventions reflecting every line of human thought and endeavor, all these and many more were Stevens' exploitation ideas. Stevens is a keen, sharp-eyed newspaper man, who knows news in its biggest sense, and turns it into advertising.

The man who stood guard over the people's money in building the Exposition was William H. Thompson, a St. Louis banker and practical financier, Scotch of temperament, cold, canny and of impregnable rectitude, whose word stood good with the government for the collection of a subscription fund of five million dollars. When he took charge of the money his hand opened reluctantly to let it out. He was the personification of economy to the Exposition builders, curbed many an exuberant architectural fancy, and flagellated money out of delinquent subscribers.

It was characteristic of Treasurer Thompson that in the beginning he told the committee on grounds and buildings they would better build sheds and not waste money on ginger bread. He is the man who, probably, more than any other is responsible for whatever lack of art critics may find in any of the buildings. His voice ever was raised for the abridgement of the purely artistic features, and it is said he almost caused the sacrifice of the Cascade Gardens, the crowning triumph of the picture.

It is said of him that when first he saw the design of the Transportation building it had two enormous towers, one on each side of the great entrance.

"What are these good for?" asked he. "Are you going to put exhibits in them?"

He was told that they were designed to balance the proportions of the building and enhance its beauty.

"What will they cost?"

The designer said that their cost probably would be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but that they were necessary to complete the structure.

"Cut them down one half then," said the censor, "it's money wasted."

The Closure at the main entrance, a rarely beautiful conception, was abandoned at his suggestion.

Mr. Thompson is president of the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis. He was born in Huntington, Pennsylvania, in 1830, and moved to St. Louis when a young man. Originally a plumber he went into banking comparatively late in life, after a successful career as a merchant.

When Director Taylor's department had worked out his bald idea of the Cascade Gardens he perceived that it was distinguished for bulk rather than the artistic, airy effects the scheme demanded. He cast about for a man who could supply a temperament complementary to his own, and chose Emanuel L. Masqueray, who combined in the highest degree the artistry, the skill and technical education, the lightness of touch and the volatility to create the Cascade Gardens and Art hill and set atop a sort of filagree architectural jewel, the Festival hall and the Terrace of States.

He is an intense worker of the highly nervous type, with a mind full of the great idea always, evolving dazzling architectural schemes intuitively rather than by precept. He has a mental eye for effects that shall be great, yet not cumbersome, massive, yet not stolid, and all the while highly decorative in a graceful, Gallic way.

His graceful imagination is seen everywhere about the Exposition, in the Louisiana Purchase monument, shorn of a third of its height at the dictation of Thompson, but crowning the north end of the great lagoon, in the Plaza St. Louis, in the curve of the waterways and the ornamental bridges that span them, in the decorative bandstands and the monumental restaurant structures that terminate the Terrace of States. His solidity is shown in his designs of the Transportation, Agricultural, Horticultural and Forestry, Fish and Game buildings.

While Masqueray is not flippant, his sense of humor is not dead. One day a man was lamenting that in time the Cascades would disappear, the great buildings

be torn down, the Louisiana Purchase monument crumble, and trees would grow on their sites.

"Poor Masqueray!" cried the man, "all your beautiful conceptions will then be razed, wiped out!"

"Do not weep, *mon chere*," Masqueray replied. "They never have been altogether raised."

Masqueray was born in Dieppe, in the province of Normandy, France. In youth he achieved distinction in the Ecole des Beaux Arts by winning the Prix de Rome for a design for the restoration of the Castle of Urbino. After two years of study in Italy he returned to Paris and was frequently heard of in the Salon, from which he took a gold medal. He was made a member of the Government Commission of Historic Monuments of France for his designs for the restoration of the Cathedral of Amiens and the Castle of Pierrefonds. Then he came to New York and opened an atelier for the free treatment in this country of French architectural effects.

When F. W. Ruckstuhl fought his last fight for art with Builder Taylor and resigned his position as Chief of Sculpture, Karl Theodore Francis Bitter was appointed in his place. Bitter is the personification of symbolism. He sounded the keynote of the symbolic statuary placed in the center of the great picture created on Art hill. He made it speak jubilation and festivity, yet give expression to the graver ideals on which the Exposition is based.

Bitter combines the several apparently antagonistic qualities of poetic sensibility, executive ability, and those which enable him to see at the same time the largest feature of a thing and its smallest detail. There is a *bravura* quality about him, a rapidity of thought and speech, a touch of style that is not entirely American nor yet altogether French, and yet belong-

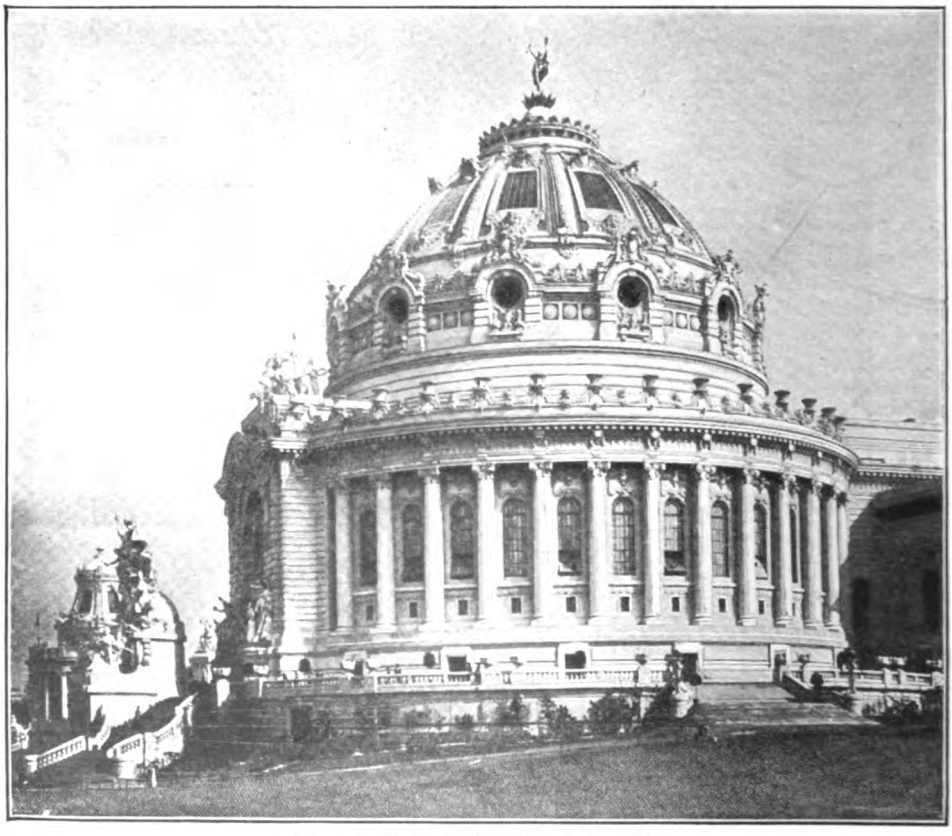
Isaac S. Taylor, Director of Works.

ing only partially to the Austrian type.

When the builder and sculptor had done their work there yet remained that touch of nature necessary to make the World's Fair a whole. Then came the gardener to lay the carpet of green, to weave the embroidery of flowers, to deck out hills and paths in their millinery of shrubs and trees, to tie the lines of architecture with color, to build a leafy screen which would disclose rather than conceal the beauty of the buildings. It was obvious that this work, which depended as much on taste as skill, must be given into a master gardener's hands, and George E. Kessler, the man who designed Kansas City's park system, was chosen.

He decided that to make the gardening of the World's Fair effective it must be held in a minor key, in order that the great buildings might dominate. And yet no exposition ever showed such wealth of foliage as this. Kessler's idea was that, as the great buildings stand, with broad avenues and waterways between, the prospect should be treated as if it were a royal city, its palaces surrounded with shade trees to produce distinctively street forms, with a succession of leafy shields to interrupt the lines of the buildings and break the monotony of straight façades. Then he introduced broad panels of green beside the waterways, and sunken gardens and a great base of green for Art hill. There the city effect terminates and villa grounds begin among the State buildings on the hills, ending at the background of forest.

Kessler had four years of training in the grand ducal gardens in Weimar, beginning when fifteen years old. He was practising his profession in New York when he was brought West by the president of a railroad to lay out his private park and beautify the station surroundings on his railroad. Later he laid out in Kansas City the most beautiful garden system in the West.



The great central dome of the fair.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SEE THE FAIR

A Practical Estimate for Practical People

By Charles F. Drayton

AT least seventy-five per cent. of the people who will visit the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis this summer earn the average American salary. What will the visit cost them? Can they afford it?

The first consideration is railroad fare. The railroad associations centering in St. Louis have established bases from which anyone may estimate this cost, after determining the distance they are from St. Louis and the regular one way railroad fare from the starting place to that city, as follows :—

A rate of one cent a mile from all points, good only for passage in day coaches, with stop-over of six days in St. Louis.

Round trip season tickets, including all passenger train privileges, eighty per cent. of the double fare.

Tickets good for sixty days, all train privileges, one and one-third of the West bound fare.

Ten to fifteen day excursions, one fare plus two dollars.

All round trip tickets to points beyond may be made good for stop-over at St. Louis on payment to the railroad of a fee of one dollar.

A man may live in St. Louis during the World's Fair as cheaply as in any city in the country where there is no such demand for lodging and board. St. Louis is prepared to take care of her guests. Her great hotels in the downtown section will not be patronized by our friend of the average salary, but there are innumerable lodgings awaiting him. There are almost a hundred minor hotels and boarding houses and several hundred residences in which he may live. The average price for this class of lodgings is one dollar a day for each person.

The visitor must calculate on five fixed daily expenses, viz: lodgings, meals, carfare, admission to the exposition, and incidentals. The latter is as elastic as the temperaments of men. Incidentals will include such extravagances as one may indulge in at home, smoking, etc., and those connected with seeing the exposition in a more or less luxurious manner, which of course, our man of average salary probably will not indulge in except on rare occasions.

There will be little deviation in the price of lodgings. In establishing the Inside Inn the exposition authorities put the lowest price of hotel lodgings at one dollar and fifty cents for each person, and no room of this class will cost any more. On the American plan such rooms will cost three dollars a day. In such hotels single meals will be charged for as follows : Breakfast, fifty cents; luncheon, fifty cents; evening dinner, seventy-five cents.

In the great commercial hotels, in which our average man is not likely to lodge, the maximum charge for a room is ten dollars a day. There are numerous small hotels in all parts of the city in which the visitor may obtain lodgings as low as fifty cents a day. Very comfortable rooms may be had in boarding houses and private dwellings not far from the World's Fair grounds at one dollar a day.

For the convenience of visitors many of the semi-public institutions of St. Louis have inaugurated free information bureaus. Any one of them will be glad to answer inquiries with regard to lodgings, directing the visitor to safe and comfortable quarters in advance of his arrival. The World's Fair Free Information Service is under the direction of the Exposition Company. In addition to this the visitor may make inquiry of any of the following institutions: The Business Men's League, Inter-state

Merchants' Association, National Educational Association, Knights of Columbus, Credit Mens' Association, Salvation Army, Women's Christian Temperance Union, King's Daughters and Queen's Daughters. All the wholesale business concerns are maintaining bureaus of information for the benefit of their customers and friends.

At no exposition has there been such extensive preparations for serving food. Within the World's Fair grounds alone are thirty-four restaurants with a capacity for 36,650 guests, and before the exposition term is half over they will be increased by a score more. In price and service they range from the most modest to the highest class. Hardly a city in the country is so well provided with restaurants.

Our average man will probably take lodgings and eat his meals wherever he may be. Therefore he probably will eat his breakfast outside the grounds and his luncheon and dinner within. A tabulation of his minimum daily actual expense will be as follows :—

Breakfast	$ 20
Carfare to grounds	05
Admission to grounds	50
Luncheon	30
Dinner	40
Carfare to lodgings	05
Lodgings	1.00
Total	$2.50

There are three classes of restaurants to be found downtown near the fair grounds and within the grounds. In the first you may get a decent, clean meal for from twenty cents for breakfast to fifty cents for dinner, the latter including meats, fish, vegetables, bread and butter and coffee. A higher grade of breakfast and supper may be had at from forty to sixty cents. The following items were taken at random from the breakfast and dinner bills of fare of one of the best restaurants: Oatmeal and cream, twenty-five cents ; eggs in any style, thirty cents ; sausage cakes, forty cents ; baked apples, twenty cents ; plain omelette, thirty cents ; red snapper, forty cents ; sirloin steak, fifty cents ; ribs of beef, fifty cents ; broiled squab, sixty cents ; French peas, twenty-five cents ; ice cream, fifteen cents.

Competition is so brisk among restaurants in St. Louis that likely there will not be any overcharging. The same applies to lodgings.

Could our friend afford to spend a little more money on his comfort than the foregoing table enumerates he can still keep his expenses within five dollars a day, and during a two week's visit see everything desirable, as follows :—

Breakfast	$ 40
Carfare to grounds	05
Admission to Fair	50
Incidental rides and souvenirs	85
On the Pike	50
Luncheon at Fair	50
Carfare downtown	05
Dinner	50
Hotel	1.50
Total	$4.85

But more than likely The Pike will tempt more money from visitors' pockets than any other feature of the Fair. There are forty-four attractions here, and the cost of seeing them all is about twenty dollars. The Pike attractions outnumber those on the famous Chicago Midway by a ratio of two to one, while the area covered is three times greater. The average general admission is twenty-five cents ; highest general admission, fifty cents ; lowest general admission, ten cents, while the greatest charge for seeing all the attractions in any of the concessions is one dollar. The charge on the Ferris wheel is fifty cents, rides in launches and gondolas, fifty cents, and roller chairs, accompanied by guide, sixty cents an hour. A complete tour of the grounds on the Intramural railroad costs ten cents. An automobile ride from the city to the World's Fair grounds costs fifty cents.

Outside the fair grounds are numerous summer gardens, a feature of summer life in St. Louis, at which good vaudeville and spectacular entertainments are in progress, and the theaters down town are open, presenting good attractions. Admission to these costs from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents.

Altogether a man on the average salary may do the World's Fair in a generous and enjoyable way for two weeks for from forty-five to seventy-five dollars. Perhaps a good average would be sixty dollars. This of course, does not include railroad fare, which cannot be averaged.

THE FEET OF THE DETWILERS

A Tale of Cousin Carrie and the Louisiana Exposition

By Ellis Parker Butler

WITH PICTURES BY E. D. STEVENS

"YOU just mind what I tell you," said Gramma Detwiler, from her seat of honor in the rickety willow rocking chair, "if you never sensed that you had legs in your life before, you'll sense it before you've been on them show grounds two days."

The Detwilers were going to St. Louis —"the hull kit and boodle of them," as Gramma said—Ma and Pa Detwiler, Willyum, who was twenty-two, Mary who was twelve, Jawn, aged ten, and the two babies, who were nine and seven. Only Gramma and Peter were to remain at home; Gramma because of her age and Peter because he reckoned he would go down a little later on.

"I wish you wouldn't say legs so often, Gramma," Ma Detwiler said. "It ain't proper. It don't sound nice."

Gramma laughed in her peculiar manner, which was much like a chuckle.

"Go 'long with you, Sally," she said, good-naturedly, "when a person gits to my age legs is legs, whatever they was once. And I don't know any better name for 'em."

"If I felt called on to mention them," said Mrs. Detwiler, "I'd say ankles."

"Well, Sally," Gramma said, "when you git to trottin' 'round them show grounds, if so be it's as big as the State Fair, I guess you'll git a notion you've got legs the same as anybody else."

"Above all," said Gramma Detwiler, when the "hull kit and boodle" of Detwilers, little and big, had kissed her goodby, "keep your eye out for Cousin Carrie from Oklahoma. I can't for the life of me remember who Aleck's second wife's oldest boy married, and it bothers me terrible not to remember, and Carrie would know, bein' as she lives in the same town. If you see her you ask her. She's most sure to go to St. Louis, she's teachin' school now, an' earnin' good wages. You'll know Cousin Carrie if you see her. She's just a year an' three months below Willyum."

"Now, above all," said Pa Detwiler,

when they were safely landed in the Union Depot at St. Louis, "I want you all to look out sharp for Cousin Carrie. Gramma's so set on us meeting her."

It was noon by the time they reached their hotel and washed up a little, and when the family had eaten a dinner made uncomfortable by the knowledge that a colored waiter was hovering over them, the men folks went out to have a look at the street, and Ma and the children found a quiet corner by the hotel parlor window.

On their return the men folks found Ma bursting with eagerness.

"Pa!" she exclaimed, "I'm just sure I saw Cousin Carrie! I was sittin' right here at the window lookin' out an' she passed right by carryin' a grip valise. I made a motion at her with my head. She didn't seem to notice, but I'm most sure it was her."

"What's she look like?" Pa asked, for none of the Detwilers had ever seen their Cousin Carrie.

"Well," said Ma, "she was sort of youngish lookin' an' neat."

"Shouldn't wonder if it was her," Pa said.

"Oh! I guess if it *was* her, we'll likely run across her out on the grounds," said Ma hopefully. "Will we go out today?"

"I reckon not," said Pa, "Me an' Willyum will take the two boys down to have a look at the river, an' you an' Mary might go an' look at the big stores."

"Well, I'm tired!" said Ma Detwiler, when the family met in the evening. "I'd ought to have broke in these new shoes before I left home. The stores are wonderful crowded."

"Didn't happen to see Cousin Carrie, did you?" asked Willyum.

"We saw one girl we was sure was her," Ma replied. "She was pricing hats. Mary was so sure it was Cousin Carrie that she asked her, but it turned out it wasn't. Seems she was from Kentucky."

The first glimpse of the fair was a surprise to the Detwilers. Their American habit of unmoved acceptance of whatever it might be their lot to see was shaken. The greatness of the buildings, the greenness of the lawns, the cumulative beauty of the whole, surprised them. As they stood before the Central cascade, Pa Detwiler even forgot how hot his new coat was.

"Sally," he said, "so long as I've lived on God's green earth I never looked to see nothin' like this! It's fine!"

Ma Detwiler, a baby on either side, was still a woman, and divided her attention between the scene and the other women. When the family moved on, she held her skirt in a manner quite unknown in Kilo. Such environments sanctioned style.

"All I wish," she said, "is that Gramma Detwiler could be here! She'd get the real good of it. I'm sort of afraid of it."

They spent their first day on the grounds wandering about in a rather aimless manner, viewing the exteriors of the buildings, and keeping an eye apiece for Cousin Carrie. Occasionally, Willyum would spread out a large folding map of the grounds and figure out where they were at the moment, and trace the way to the entrance. It gave them a sense of not being lost, although they were utterly lost most of the time, and as often as not Willyum was wrong in his idea of where they were.

Willyum and Mary were eager to see the Iowa building, and the family walked several miles as directed by Willyum from his map, but finally gave up the search, after having all but stumbled over it. They also sought the Oklahoma building, where they felt pretty sure they would find Cousin Carrie, but were unable to locate it.

"There!" exclaimed Ma Detwiler as they were making their way toward the exit, "Mary, see that girl just ahead? Don't that look like what you'd take your Cousin Carrie to resemble? Just run on and look back in her face. Maybe it's her."

"Ma, I've run after so many girls already, my feet are just dead," complained Mary. "I just won't run after this one."

"Willyum, you go," said Ma Detwiler, "*you'll* do that much for your Gramma."

Willyum overtook the girl, who was alone, and as he raised his hat, she stepped back, a little frightened, and Willyum blushed.

"Excuse me," he said, "are you my Cousin Carrie from Oklahoma?"

The girl shook her head and moved on hastily. Willyum perspired freely and felt

miserable. He stood awkwardly while the girl walked away.

"'Twasn't her," he said shortly, when the family came up.

The next day Mrs. Detwiler's feet were so sore she could not go to the grounds. Mary had made friends with two young girls at the supper table, and as she had freely anointed her feet with witch hazel, she was able to go with them. Pa Detwiler took the two babies, and Willyum went alone. Willyum went to the Pike. He began with the first show, visiting one after another and it was noon before he was aware of it, and his feet were so weary that he started for home. He wandered about until he reached the Art Palace, and to escape the heat and perhaps find a seat, he entered.

To Willyum, art was new. In the presence of these paintings he felt abashed and clumsy. As he passed from one picture to another, he knew he was enjoying himself, but he felt vaguely out of place. He edged up to the groups of sightseers and tried to catch what they said about the pictures. He was intensely lonely.

Once he paused before a picture of a rock-bound coast, on which waves were dashing, and the desire to speak overpowered him. Two kind looking ladies stopped beside him and eyed the painting critically, and Willyum said, "Great, ain't it?"

The ladies looked at him with surprise, and moved hastily away.

He was dying to have someone to talk to, and his legs were aching. He dropped into a seat before a huge historical scene, and eyed it languidly. Then a smaller canvas caught his eye—a group of peaches—and tired as he was he saw that they were real. He arose and walked over to have a close view. On one of the peaches a dew drop clung—you could see it sparkle. On another a bee lazily rested. Willyum was astounded. Never had he believed that art could so wonderfully mimic nature. He glanced around and, seeing he was unobserved by the guard, he touched the bee lightly with his finger. It was indeed painted. He went back to his seat, and found a young woman occupying part of it. She was the girl he had spoken to the previous afternoon. She made room for him.

"Say," he burst out, "do you mind if I speak to you? I've been trottin' 'round this place all afternoon and seems like I'd bust for some one to talk to."

"Yes," she replied, "I felt the same way. I was so glad to see somebody I'd seen before that I could have shouted. It tickled me to see you touchin' that bee with your finger. I done the same thing. Awful natural, ain't it?"

"Beats anything I ever saw," Willyum said. "I'm kind of stuck on this part of the show, I guess. First I ever saw of this sort of thing."

"Me too. I teach school out West, and I said the first thing I'd see would be the Palace of Education, but I haven't seen it yet, but somehow I always get in here every day."

"I've got to see most everything yet," said Willyum, "but I'd set my mind most on the Agriculture show. I'd like to come here often, but I guess I'll have to take in a different building every day."

"I set out that way, too," said the girl, "but my ankles get so tired I can't keep up to my programme, and when I get so's I can't walk, I just come in here and pick out a nice picture and sit and rest and look at it. I guess everybody's got tired feet here."

"Ma's ankles give out yesterday," said Willyum briefly. "She's at the hotel soakin' in witch hazel."

"I know," the girl said, "I feel every morning that I'd rather stay in bed than see anything on the grounds, no matter what, but I didn't save up my money all winter to pay for a nap, so I just pull myself out of bed and start out. Does your Ma's feet bother her bad?"

Willyum smiled.

"There ain't a foot in our whole family that ain't ready to be put out to soft pasture, I guess," he said. "Mine feel like they'd been stepped on by an elephant."

The girl glanced at him, half shyly and half archly.

"I came to St. Louis alone," she said, "but I have a brother-in-law out home who's a druggist, and before I left he gave me four boxes of salve for the feet. You don't know how it takes out the soreness. I'd like your mother to have a box of it."

"She'd be mighty pleased," Willyum said eagerly.

"I don't just know how to get it to

her," the girl remarked carelessly, "unless I send it by mail."

Willyum pondered the matter.

"Well, say," he said, "why can't you bring it along to-morrow and then I could get it? Say I meet you here at eleven o'clock. I guess Ma will be able to be out to-morrow. I'd like to have you meet Ma, anyway."

"I'd like to meet her," said the girl, and the conversation lagged.

"Goin' to look at any more pictures to-day?" asked Willyum presently.

"I'd like to, now I've got somebody to talk about them to," said the girl, "but I guess my ankles are too tired.

The next day Ma Detwiler was very stiff, and the whole family was footsore. They took a certain pride in their tiredness.

"I only wish your Gramma could be here," said Ma Detwiler. "We musn't let another day pass without finding Cousin Carrie. I thought of nothin' else all day yesterday."

The day was insufferably hot. Pa and Willyum stewed in their heavy black coats, and the white handkerchiefs tucked in their collars only partially preserved the starchiness. They wore their vests unbuttoned.

"To-day," said Pa Detwiler, "we'll all go down the Pike. I guess Cousin Carrie will likely take in some of the shows there."

Willyum had not mentioned the girl at the Art Palace. He said he had seen the Pike, and he wandered away from the others. He found the girl before the bee picture, but neither of them mentioned the magic salve. They spent the forenoon strolling through the Art Palace. Willyum did not think of Cousin Carrie once.

After lunch—of which the girl insisted on paying her share—they took a trip in a sun-baked gondola at a price that Willyum considered outrageous.

The Detwiler family, returning from the Pike, were lamely dragging the babies around the Grand Basin, which glared in the sunlight, when Mary stopped suddenly:—

"Ma!" she exclaimed with great excitement. "Look there! Willyum's found Cousin Carrie! They're ridin' in that boat."

"I declare if he ain't!" said Ma. "And to think of us speakin' to dozens we thought was her to-day, an' him with her all the time! Well, Willyum usually beats out this family. He takes more after Gramma than any of us does."

"She's good-lookin', ain't she?" said Mary, "but both of them looks as if they was scairt of bein' drowned. Let's hurry around to the next landin' an' meet them."

"It ain't no use doin' that Mary," Pa said, "we can't catch up with that skiff, an' I guess Willyum will bring her to our hotel this evenin'."

Willyum was rather late getting back to the hotel, and he went at once to the dining-room. He did not burst out with the news that he had found Cousin Carrie, although the family kindly waited that he might have that pleasure, reserving their knowledge as a further surprise.

"Well, Willyum," said Ma Detwiler, at length, "anything new to-day?"

William balanced a piece of potato on his knife blade while he shook his head.

"No, Ma," he said.

"Didn't you see Cousin Carrie?" his mother asked.

"I saw plenty that might have been her," he said carelessly.

One of the babies, finding it impossible to remain silent longer, interrupted.

"Willyum," he said, "how does it feel to ride in a gondoleer?"

Willyum's face turned crimson.

"That was one of the girls you thought was Cousin Carrie," he said. "I run across her yesterday, and she said she had some salve that would help Ma's feet. So I made out to meet her to-day and git it. I guess that's all right, ain't it?"

"If her salve will help my feet any," said Ma Detwiler, "I'm right glad you met her."

Willyum blushed again.

"I guess I forgot to git it," he said weakly.

"Willyum," said his mother sternly, "you want to be careful how you take up with strange women in a place like this."

"Now, Ma," said Willyum, "I don't call her strange. You took her for Cousin Carrie, yourself. An' she wants to meet you to-morrow. She's a nice girl."

"If she meets me to-morrow," Ma announced, positively, "she's got to come here. I don't stir out of this hotel. My legs have plumb give out."

"Ma," Pa Detwiler teased, "ain't it a little improper to say 'legs' in public?"

"No, it ain't," she replied, "ankles is ankles, and mine is sore; and feet is feet, and mine is frazzled; but them two things don't begin to give no idea how bruised and achy and worn out my legs is."

"Shaw, now! Sally!" said Pa, soothingly, "I'm as bad off as you are; my legs is sore clean up to my shoulder blades!"

The next day Willyum asked for the salve as soon as he met the girl.

"I guess we'll all be glad to use this," he said. "There ain't one good foot left in our family. This fair is the widest spread out and the hardest underfoot of anything I ever saw."

They wandered rather aimlessly, content to be together.

"Is it called polite where you came from," said the girl, "for a man to look after all the girls he passes when he's walkin' with another lady?"

"Don't mind me," Willyum pleaded, "it's a habit I've got into. I reckon I'll never git over lookin' at girls. I've got a third cousin, and she's likely to be here and the whole family's lookin' for her.

"I guess most everybody's sort of expectin' to meet folks they know," she replied, "everybody expects everybody else to be here. I kept lookin' for some of my folks the first week, but I'm over that now."

Willyum pointed to where a man was dragging two small boys along a walk.

"That's Pa," he said, "he's tryin' to ketch up with that girl ahead, who looks like she might be our cousin. He won't get her. He's too dead tired to walk fast enough."

"He's real handsome," the girl said. "Are them your brothers?"

Willyum started forward quickly.

"Wait!" he said.

He saw a girl ahead who might be Cousin Carrie, and he pushed his way after her. Once he smiled back to where his companion stood, and then he went on. The girl he was following must have been a new arrival for she walked briskly, and Willyum could just keep her hat in sight. The more he studied her hat, the more sure he was that she was Cousin Carrie. When, at length she stopped, she was not Cousin Carrie. When he reached the statue by which he had left his companion, she was gone.

He waited half an hour, and then wearily trudged to the Art Palace, where he took his seat before the peach picture and waited. When he went to the hotel that night, he realized how tired he was. He was cross and the whole family was cross.

"I don't believe we've got a Cousin Carrie," he said, "like as not she died and is buried out there in Oklahoma."

"Maybe she lost her position and couldn't save enough to come," said Mary.

"Might be she's come and gone again," Ma suggested. She did not like to think of unpleasant things.

"Well," said Willyum, "I say don't let's look for her any more. If she's here she's likely lookin' for us, an' she's got six chances to our one, bein' there's six of us an' only one of her."

The family heaved a great sigh of relief.

"It'll be like a different thing if we don't have to look for Cousin Carrie," said Ma. "That's what wore me out. I had to keep movin' for fear I'd miss her. If I can just go somewhere an' set down, I'll enjoy this fair myself. I won't say but it's been a task so far."

"I guess we've done our duty by Gramma," Pa said.

For several days thereafter Willyum went somewhere and sat down. He looked at the peach picture so long that he might have been taken for its partner, but the lost girl did not come. She had gone home.

The things the Detwilers did not see were more numerous than those they did. Every great exposition is like a three-ring circus—you can't see all of it—but they stored up a great deal to tell Gramma, and took back to her a trunk full of catalogues and free souvenirs.

At every meal Gramma said, "I'm so sorry you didn't see Cousin Carrie," and to every tale of the fair she said, "And you do tell me it is bigger than the State Fair! Well, land's sakes, I'm glad I staid home."

Willyum, on Sunday, put on his best coat, and putting one hand in a pocket felt a hard, round package. It was the box of salve.

"Ma," he said, "here's that salve

that girl gave me. I plum forgot it."

"Why, Willyum!" his mother exclaimed. "And my feet so bad all that time!"

She looked at the label.

"I declare!" she said. "Why, maybe that girl knew Cousin Carrie. This come from Farway, Oklahoma, and that's where Cousin Carrie's at. Who was that Cousin Carrie's sister Jo married, Gramma? Wasn't he a 'pothecary?"

"His name was Wilbur, Cornelius Wilbur. He kep' a drug store."

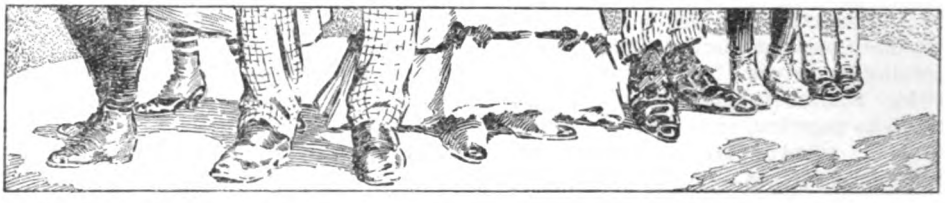
"Gosh!" Willyum cried, "I was with Cousin Carrie nearly a week and I didn't know it!"

"And to think," said Gramma sadly, "that you was right with her an' you didn't ask her who Aleck's second wife's oldest boy married. I dassay I'll go to my grave not knowin'."

Willyum's eyes gleamed.

"If you feel so eager about it, Gramma," he said with poorly feigned indifference, "I guess mebby I can scare up time to write to Cousin Carrie and ask her."

And then he blushed.



BITTER ROOT BILLINGS, STRIKE BREAKER

By Rex E. Beach

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

BILLINGS rode in from the Junction about dusk and ate his supper in silence. He'd been East for sixty days, and, although there lurked about him the hint of unwonted ventures, etiquette forbade its mention. You see, in our country, that which a man gives voluntarily is oftimes later dissected in smoky bunk-houses, or roughly handled round flickering camp fires, but the privacies he guards are inviolate. Curiosity isn't exactly a lost art, but its practice isn't popular nor hygenic.

Later, I found him meditatively whittling out on the porch, and, as the moment seemed propitious, I inquired adroitly:—

"Did you have a good time in Chicago, 'Bitter Root'?"

"Bully," said he, relapsing into weighty absorption.

"What'd you do?" I inquired with almost the certainty of appearing insistent.

"Don't you never read the papers?" he inquired, with such evident compassion that "Kink" Martin and the other boys snickered. This from "Bitter Root," who scorns literature outside of the "Arkansas Printing," as he terms the illustrations!

"Guess I'll have to show you my press notices," and from a hip pocket he produced a fat bundle of clippings in a rubber band. These he displayed jealously, and I stared agape, for they were front pages of great metropolitan dailies, marred with red and black scare heads, in which I glimpsed the words, "Billings, of Montana," "'Bitter Root' on Arbitration," "A Lochinvar Out of the West," and other things as puzzling.

"Press Notices!" echoed "Kink" scornfully. "Wouldn't that rope ye? He talks like Big Ike that went with the

Wild West Show. When a puncher gets so lazy he can't earn a livin' by the sweat of his pony, he grows his hair, goes on the stage bustin' glass balls with shot ca'tridges and talks about 'press notices.' Let's see 'em, Billings. You pinch 'em as close to your stummick as though you held cards in a strange poker game."

"Well, I *have* set in a strange game, amongst aliens," said Billings, disregarding the request, "and I've held the high cards, also I've drawed out with honors. I've sailed the medium high seas with mutiny in the stoke-hold; I've changed the laws of labor, politics and municipal economies. I went out of God's country right into the heart of the decayin' East, and by the application of a runnin' noose in a hemp rope I strangled oppression and put eight thousand men to work." He paused ponderously. "I'm an Arbitrator!"

"The deuce you are," indignantly cried "Reddy" the cook. "Who says so?"

"Reddy" isn't up in syntax, and his unreasoning loyalty to Billings is an established fact of such standing that his remarks afford no conjecture.

"Yes, I've cut into the 'Nation's Peril' and the 'Cryin' Evil' good an' strong—walkin' out from the stinks of the Union Stock Yards, of Chicago, into the limelight of publicity, via the 'drunk and disorderly' route.

"You see I got those ten carloads of steers into the city all right, but I was so blame busy splatterin' through the tracked-up wastes of the cow pens, an' inhalin' the sewer gas of the west side that I never got to see a newspaper. If I'd 'a' read one, here's what I'd 'a' found, namely: The greatest, stubbornest, riotin'est strike ever known, which means a heap for Chicago, she being the wet-nurse of labor trouble.

"The whole river front was tied up. Nary a steamer had whistled inside the six-mile crib for two weeks, and eight thousand men was out. There was hold-ups and blood-sheddin' and picketin', which last is an alias for assault with intents, and altogether it was a prime place for a cowman, on a quiet vacation—just homelike and natural.

"It was at this point that I enters, bustin' out of the smoke of the Stock Yards, all sweet and beautiful, like the gentle heeroine in the play as she walks through the curtains at the back of the stage.

"Now you know there's a heap of difference between the Stock Yards and Chicago—it's just like coming from Arkansas over into the United States.

"Well, soon as I sold the stock I hit for the lake front and began to ground sluice the coal dust off of my palate.

"I was busy working my booze hydraulic when I see an arid appearin' pilgrim 'longside lookin' thirsty as an alkali flat.

"'Get in,' says I, and the way he obeyed orders looked like he'd had military training. I felt sort of drawed to him from the way he handled his licker; took it straight and runnin' over; then sopped his hands on the bar and smelled of his fingers. He seemed to just soak it up both ways—reg'lar human blotter.

"'You lap it up like a man,' says I, 'like a cowman—full growed—ever been West?'

"'Nope,' says he, 'born here.'

"'Well I'm a stranger,' says I, 'out absorbin' such beauties of architecture and free lunch as offers along the line. If I ain't keepin' you up, I'd be glad of your company.'

"'I'm your assistant lunch buster,' says he, and in the course of things he further explained that he was a tug boat fireman, out on a strike, givin' me the follerin' information about the tie-up:—

"It all come up over a dose of dyspepsia—"

"Back up," interrupted "Kink" squirming, "are you plumb bug? Get together! You're certainly the Raving Kid. Ye must have stone bruised your heel and got concession of the brain."

"Yes sir! Indigestion," Billings continued. "Old man Badrich, of the Badrich Transportation Company has it terrible. It lands on his solar every morning about nine o'clock, gettin' worse steady, and reaches perihelion along about eleven. He can tell the time of day by taste. One morning when his mouth felt like about ten-forty-five in comes a committee from Firemen & Engineers Local No. 21, with a demand for more wages, proddin' him with the intimations that if he didn't ante they'd tie up all his boats."

"I 'spose a teaspoonful of bakin' soda, assimilated internally around the environ-

"I'm an arbitrator."

ments of his appendix would have spared the strike and cheated me out of bein' a hero. As the poet might have said—'Upon such slender pegs is this, our greatness hung.'"

"Oh Gawd!" exclaimed Mullins, piously.

"Anyhow, the bitterness in the old man's inner tubes showed in the bile of his answer, and he told 'em if they wanted more money he'd give 'em a chance to earn it—they could work nights as well as days. He intimated further that they'd ought to be satisfied with their wages as they'd undoubtedly foller the same line of business in the next world, and wouldn't get a cent for feedin' the fires neither.

"Next mornin' the strike was called, and the guy thet breathed treachery and walk-outs was one 'Oily' Heegan, further submerged under the titles of President of the Federation of Fresh Water Firemen; also Chairman of the United Water-front Workmen, which last takes in everything doin' business along the river except the wharf-rats and typhoid germs, and it's with the disreputableness of this party that I infected myself to the detriment of labor and the triumph of the law.

"D. O'Hara Heegan is an able man, you bet, and inside of a week he'd spread the strike 'till it was the cleanest, dirtiest tie-up ever known. The hospitals and morgues was full of non-union men, but the river was empty all right. Yes, he had a persuadin' method of arbitration quite convincing to the most calloused, involving the layin' on of the lead pipe.

"Things got to be pretty fierce by and by, for they had the police buffaloed, and disturbances got plentyer than the casualities at a butchers' picnic. The strikers got hungry, too, finally, because the principles of unionism is like a rash on your mechanic, skin deep—inside, his gastrics works three shifts a day even if his outsides is idle and steaming with Socialism.

"'Oily' fed 'em dray loads of eloquence, but it didn't seem to be real fillin'. They'd leave the lectures and rob a bakery.

"He was a wonder though; just sat in his office, and kept the ship owners waitin' in line, swearin' bitter and refined cuss-words about 'ignorant fiend' and 'cussed pedagogue,' which last, for 'Kink's' enlightenment, means a kind of Hebrew meetin'-house.

"These here details my new friend give me, ending with a eulogy on 'Oily' Heegan, the Idol of the Idle.

"'If he says starve, we starve,' says he, 'and if he says work, we work. See! Oh he's the goods, he is! Let's go down by the river—mebbe we'll see him.' So me and Murdock hiked down Water Street, where they keep blue mosquito netting over the bar fixtures and spit at the stove.

"We found him, a big mouthed, shifty, kind of man, 'bout as cynical lookin' in the face as a black bass, and full of wind as a toad fish. I exchanged drinks for principles of socialism, and doin' so happened to display my roll. Murdock slipped away and made talk with a friend, then, when Heegan had left, he steers me out the back way into an alley. 'Short cut,' says he 'to another and a better place.'

"I follers through a back room; then as I steps out the door I'm grabbed by this new friend, while Murdock bathes my head with a gas-pipe billy, one of the regulation, strike promotin' kind, like they use for decoyin' members into the glorious ranks of Labor.

"I saw a 'Burning of Rome' that was a dream, and whole cloudbursts of shootin' stars, but I yanked Mr. Enthusiastic

Stranger away from my surcingle and throwed him ag'in the wall. In the shuffle Murdock shifts my ballast through and steams up the alley with my greenbacks, convoyed by his friend.

"'Wow-ow,' says I, givin' the distress signal so that the windows rattled, and reachin' for my holster. I'd 'a' got them both, only the gun caught in my suspender. You see, not anticipatin' any live bird shoot I'd put it inside my pantsband, under my vest, for appearances. A forty-five is like fresh air to a drownding man—generally has to be drawed in haste—and neither one shouldn't be mislaid. I got her out at last and blazed away, just a second after they dodged around the corner. Then I hit the trail after 'em, lettin' go a few sky-shots and gettin' a ghost-dance holler off my stummick that had been troubling me. The wallop on the head made me dizzy though, and I zig-zagged awful, tackin' out of the alley right into a policeman.

"'Whee!' says I in joy, for he had Murdock safe by the bits, buckin' consid'rable.

"'Stan' aside and le'mme 'lectrocute 'im,' says I. I throwed the gun on him and the crowd dogged it into all the doorways and windows convenient, but I was so weak-minded in the knees I stumbled over the curb and fell down.

"Next thing I knew we was all bouncin' over the cobblestones in a patrol wagon.

"Well, in the morning I told my story to the Judge, plain and unvarnished. Then Murdock takes the stand and bursts into song, claiming that he was comin' through the alley toward Clark Street when I staggered back out of a saloon and commenced to shoot at him. He saw I was drunk, and fanned out, me shootin' at him with every jump. He had proof, he said, and he called for the president of his Union, Mr. Heegan. At the name all the loafers and stew-bums in the court-room stomped and said, 'Hear, hear,' while up steps this Napoleon of the Hoboes.

"Sure, he knew Mr. Murdock—had known him for years, and he was perfectly reliable and honest. As to his robbing me, it was preposterous, because he himself was at the other end of the alley and saw the whole thing, just as Mr. Murdock related it.

"I jumps up. 'You're a liar, Heegan. I was buyin' booze for the two of you;'

"A teaspoonful of bakin' soda would have spared the strike."

but a policeman nailed me, chokin' off my rhetorics. Mr. Heegan leans over and whispers to the Judge, while I got chill-blains along my spine.

"'Look here, kind Judge,' says I real winning and genteel, 'this man is so good at explainin' things away, ask him to talk off this bump over my ear. I surely didn't get a buggy spoke and laminate myself on the nut.'

"'That'll do,' says the Judge. 'Mr. Clerk, ten dollars and costs—charge, drunk and disorderly. Next!'

"'Hold on there,' says I, ignorant of the involutions of justice, 'I guess I've got the bulge on you this time. They beat you to me, Judge. I ain't got a cent. You can go through me and be welcome to half you find. I'll mail you ten when I get home though, honest.'

"At that the audience giggled, and the Judge says:—

"'Your humor doesn't appeal to me, Mr. Billings. Of course, you have the privilege of working it out.' Oh, Glory, the 'Privilege!'

"Heegan nodded at this, and I realized what I was against.

"'Your honor,' says I with sarcastic refinements, 'science tells us that a perfect vacuum ain't possible, but after watching you I know better, and for you, Mr. Workingman's Friend,—us to the floor,' and I run at Heegan.

"Pshaw! I never got started, nor I didn't rightfully come to till I rested in the workhouse, which last figger of speech is a pure and beautiful paradox.

"I ain't dwellin' with glee on the next twenty-six days—ten dollars and costs, at four bits a day, but I left there saturated with such hatreds for Heegan that my breath smelled of 'em.

"I wanders down the river front, hoping the fortunes of war would deliver him to me dead or alive, when the thought hit me that I'd need money. I was bound to take another ten and costs shortly after we met, and probably more, if I paid for what I got, for I figgered on distendin' myself with satisfaction and his features with uppercuts. Then I see a sign, 'Non-Union men wanted—Big wages.' In I goes, and strains my langwidge through a wire net at the cashier.

"'I want them big wages,' says I.

"'What can you do?'

"*Oily fed 'em dray loads of eloquence.*"

"'Anything to get the money,' says I, 'what does it take to liquidate an assault on a labor leader?'

"There was a white haired man in the cage who began to sit up and take notice.

"'What's your trouble?' says he, and I told him.

"'If we had a few more like you, we'd bust the strike,' says he, kind of sizin' me up. 'I've got a notion to try it anyhow,' and he smites the desk. 'Collins what d'ye say if we tow the *Detroit* out? Her crew has stayed with us so far, and they'll stick now if we'll say the word. The unions are hungry and scrapping among themselves, and the men want to go back to work. It's just that devil of a Heegan that holds 'em. If they see we've got a tug crew that'll go, they'll arbitrate, and we'll kill the strike.'

"'Yes sir!' says Collins, 'but where's the tug crew Mr. Badrich?'

"'Right here! We three, and Murphy, the bookkeeper. Blast this idleness! I want to fight.'

"'I'll take the same,' says I, 'when I get the price.'

"'That's all right. You've put the spirit into me, and I'll see you through. Can you run an engine? Good! I'll take the wheel, and the others'll fire. It's going to be risky work, though. You won't back out, eh?'"

Reddy interrupted Billings here loudly, with a snort of disgust, while "Bitter Root" ran his fingers through his hair before continuing. Martin was listening intently.

"The old man arranged to have a squad of cops on all the bridges, and I begin anticipatin' hilarities for next day.

"The news got out of course, through the secrecies of police headquarters, and when we ran up the river for our tow, it looked like every striker west of Pittsburg had his family on the docks to see the barbecue, accompanied by enough cobblestones and scrap iron to ballast a battleship. All we got goin' up was repartee, but I figgered we'd need armor gettin' back.

"We passed a hawser to the *Detroit*, and I turned the gas into the tug, blowin' for the Wells Street Bridge. Then war began. I leans out the door just in time to see the mob charge the bridge. The cops clubbed 'em back, while a roar went up from the docks and roof tops that was like a bad dream. I couldn't see her move none though, and old man Badrich blowed again expurgatin' himself of as nobby a line of cuss words as you'll muster outside the cattle belt.

"'Soak 'em,' I yells, 'give 'em all the arbitration you've got handy. If she don't open; we'll jump her,' and I lets out another notch, so that we went plowin' and boilin' towards the draw.

"It looked like we'd have to hurdle it sure enough, but the police beat the crowd back just in time. She wasn't clear open though, and our barge caromed off the spiles. It was like a nigger buttin' a persimmon tree—we rattled off a shower of missiles like an abnormal hail storm. Talk about your coast defense; they heaved everything at us from bad names to railroad iron, and we lost all our window glass the first clatter, while the smoke stack looked like a pretzel with cramps.

"When we'd scraped through I looked back with pity at the *Detroit's* crew. She hadn't any wheel house, and the helmsman was due to get all the attention that was comin' to him. They'd built up a barricade of potato sacks, chicken coops and bric-a-brac around the wheel that protected 'em somewhat, but even while I watched, some Polack filtered a brick through and laid out the quartermaster cold, and he was drug off. Oh! it was refined and esthetic.

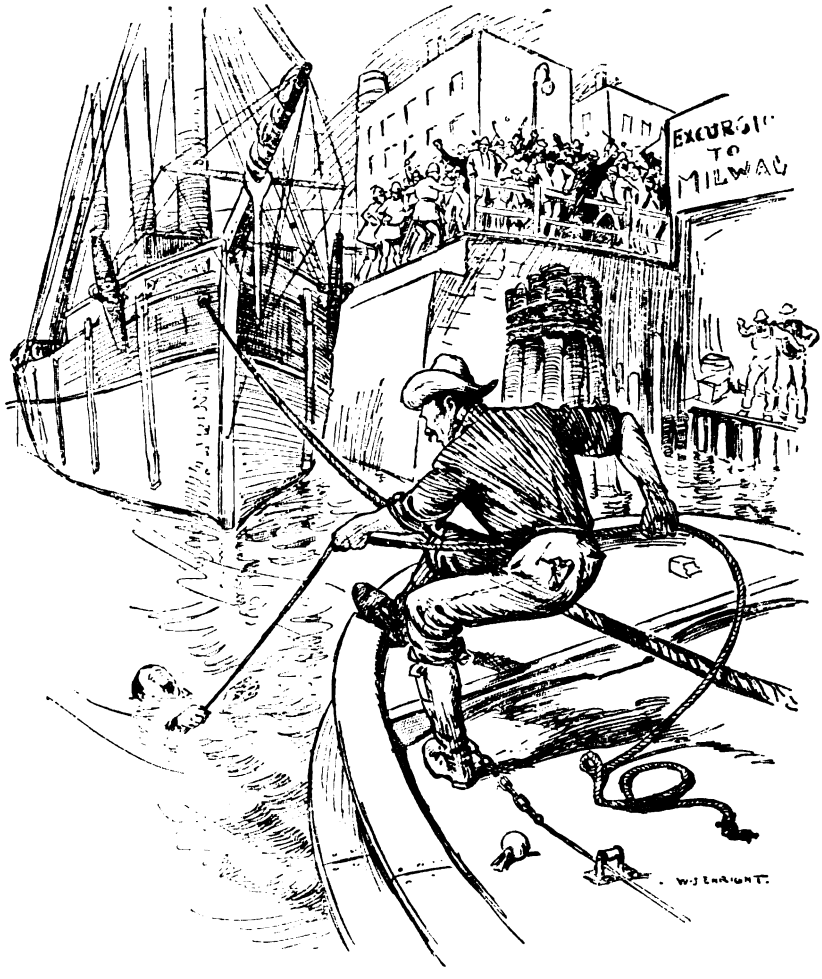
"Well, we run the gauntlet presented every block with stuff rangin' in tensile strength from insults to asphalt pavements, and noise!—say, all the racket in the world was a whisper. I caught a glimpse of the old man leanin' out of the pilot house, where a window had been, his white hair bristly, and his nostrils h'isted, embellishin' the air with surprisin' flight of gleeful profanity.

"'Hooray! this is livin' he yells, spyin' me shovelin' the deck out from under the junk. 'Best scrap I've had in years,' and just then some baseball player throwed in from center field, catching him in the neck with a tomato. Gee! that man's an honor to the faculty of speech.

"I was doin' bully till a cobble stone bounced into the engine room, makin' a billiard with my off knee, then I got kind of peevish.

"Rush Street Bridge is the last one, and they'd massed there on both sides, like fleas on a razorback. Thinks I, 'if we make it through here, we've busted the strike,' and I glances back at the *Detroit* just in time to see her crew pullin' their captain into the deck house, limp and bleedin'. The barricade was all knocked to pieces and they'd flunked absolute. Don't blame 'em much either, as it was sure death to stand out in the open under the rain of stuff that come from the bridges. Of course with no

"Lemme 'lectrocute 'im."



"It's tough on St. Louis to laundry you up stream."

steerin' she commenced to swing off.

"I jumps out the far side of the engine room and yells fit to bust my throat.

"'Grab that wheel! Grab it quick—we'll hit the bridge,' but it was like deef and dumb talk in a boiler shop, while a wilder howl went up from the water front as they seen what they'd done and smelled victory. There's an awfulness about the voice of a blood-maddened, club-swingin' mob; it lifts your scalp like a fright wig, particularly if you are the clubee.

"'We've got one chance,' thinks I, 'but if she strikes we're gone. They'll swamp us sure, and all the police in Cook County won't save enough for to hold services on.' Then I throwed a look at the opening ahead and the pessimisms froze in me.

"I forgot all about the resiliency of brickbats and the table manners of riots, for there, on top of a bunch of spiles, ca'm, masterful and bloated with perjuries, was 'Oily' Heegan dictatin' the disposition of his forces, the light of victory in his shifty, little eyes.

"'Ten dollars and costs,' I shrieks, seein' red. 'Lemme crawl up them spiles to you.'

"Then inspiration seized me. My soul riz up and grappled with the crisis, for right under my mit, coiled, suggestive and pleadin', was one of the tug's heavin' lines, 'bout a three-eighths size. I slips a runnin' knot in the end and divides the

coils, crouchin' behind the deck-house till we come abeam of him, then I straightened, give it a swinging heave, and the noose sailed up and settled over him fine and daisy.

"I jerked back, and 'Oily' Heegan did a high dive from Rush Street that was a geometrical joy. He hit kind of amateurish, doin' what we used to call a 'belly-buster' back home, but quite satisfyin' for a maiden effort, and I reeled him in astern.

"Your Chicago man ain't a gamey fish. He come up tame and squirting sewage like a dissolute porpoise, while I played him out where he'd get the thrash of the propeller.

"'Help,' he yells, 'I'm a drownding.'

"'Ten dollars and costs,' says I, lettin' him under again. 'Do you know who you're drinkin' with this time, hey?'

"I reckon the astonishment of the mob was equal to Heegan's; anyhow I'm told that we was favored with such quietness that my voice sounded four blocks, simply achin' with satisfactions. Then pandemonium tore loose, but I was so engorsed in sweet converse I never heard it or noticed that the *Detroit* had slid through the draw by a hair, and we was bound for the blue and smilin' lake.

"'For God's sake, lemme up,' says Heegan, splashin' along and lookin' strangely. I hauls him in where he wouldn't miss any of my ironies, and says:—

"'I just can't do it, "Oily"—it's wash day. You're plumb nasty with boycotts and picketin's and compulsory arbitrations. I'm goin' to clean you up,' and I sozzled him under like a wet shirt.

"I drug him out again and continues:—

"'This is Chinamen's work, "Oily," but I lost my pride in the Bridewell, thanks to you. It's tough on St. Louis to laundry you up stream this way, but maybe the worst of your heresies 'll be purified when they get that far.' You know the Chicago River runs up hill out of Lake Michigan through the drainage canal and into the St. Louis waterworks. Sure it does—most unnatural stream I ever see about direction and smells.

"I was gettin' a good deal of enjoyment and infections out of him when old man Badrich ran back enameled with blood and passé tomato juice, the red in his white hair makin' his top look like one of these fancy ice-cream drinks you get at a soda fountain.

"'Here! here! you'll kill him,' says he, so I hauled him aboard, drippin' and clingy, wringin' him out good and thorough—by the neck. He made a fine mop.

"These clippings," continued "Bitter Root," fishing into his pocket, "tell in beautiful figgers how the last seen of 'Oily' Heegan he was holystoning the deck of a sooty little tugboat under the admonishments and feet of 'Bitter Root' Billings of Montana, and they state how the strikers tried to get tugs for pursuit and couldn't, and how, all day long, from the housetops was visible a tugboat madly cruisin' about inside the outer cribs, bustin' the silence with joyful blasts of victory, and they'll further state that about dark she steamed up the river, tired and draggled, with a bony-lookin' cowboy inhalin' cigareets on the stern-bits, holding a three-foot knotted rope in his lap. When a delegation of strikers met her, inquirin' about one D. O'Hara Heegan, it says like this," and Billings read laboriously as follows:—

"'Then the bronzed and lanky man arose with a smile of rare contentment, threw overboard his cigarette, and approaching the boiler-room hatch, called loudly: "Come out of that," and the President of the Federation of Fresh-water Firemen dragged himself wearily out into the flickering lights. He was black and drenched and streaked with sweat; also, he shone with the grease and oils of the engines, while the palms of his hands were covered with painful blisters from unwonted, intimate contact with shovels and drawbars. It was seen that he winced fearfully as the cowboy twirled the rope end.

"'He's got the makin's of a fair fireman,' said the stranger, 'all he wants is practice.'

"'Then, as the delegation murmured angrily, he held up his hand and, in the ensuing silence, said:—

"'Boys, the strike's over. Mr. Heegan has arbitrated.'"

THE FUGITIVE

A Tale of a Woman Homesteader in the Southwest

By Alice MacGowan

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE W. LEE

"AND it's all mine — thank God! The last fee is paid."

She stood in the low door of the little shack in the cañon, a tall, girlish figure, and looked out over a sightly prospect of natural meadow and ultimate mountains. Near by the beautiful little garden patch smiled at her in all shades of loving green; for it was her hand that led the water in the irrigating ditches from the tiny spring above.

The shack was backed up against one of the cañon's walls to have advantage of the dugout feature. The friendly sod ran down over it for both roof and walls, and above that shelter nothing was between it and God but an occasional bird's wing; for no clouds ever came into the sky at Little Rest.

Lydia Danby had started for New Mexico three years before, with her husband and child, to take up a homestead claim. This journey was a sequence of failures, mistakes, calamities—a sequence which had had its beginning in her wedding itself, and had closed in that crude, sordid little Western railroad town where Danby had relaxed his feeble hold on life and left her a widow of twenty-three, alone, with almost no money, and the child.

Reason and common sense—as well as letters from home—advised widowed Lydia to turn back. But a mighty craving to own some spot on earth which she could call home, a sick revolt from the thought of bringing up the child in that surrounding where it had been born, these nerved her to persist. Thrift, industry, the honest, kindly help of good neighbors, the generous favor of a masculine and largely a bachelor community, had made her prosperity. To-day saw her with a little bunch of twenty-five cows, a patch of garden, which she tended, and whose produce she could sell without leaving the ranch, the child Norah in abounding health and well-being, and the prospect seemed to smile.

Lydia looked about upon it all, then glanced backward into the soft obscurity of the room behind her where the child lay sleeping.

"*For God's sake!*"

It was a hoarse, husky sound, scarce above a whisper, and it reached Lydia's ears seemingly from the back of the house. Not for nothing had she lived three years upon this edge—this debatable border land—of civilization. She neither screamed nor started wildly; but with a whitened face and eyes that questioned intently, drew inward from the doorway and moved slowly toward the little kitchen whence the voice had seemed to come.

As she went she was aware that a sound like heavy breathing grew more and more audible to her. When her eyes had become accustomed to the dim light of the little room she made out a face at the tiny side window—a young face it was, well featured, but haggard, drawn, marked with a long, red blaze athwart one temple, where a bullet had grazed but recently, and lit by a pair of hunted eyes which gleamed with dark intensity.

She saw instantly how the intruder had crept up to the little shack under cover of the rocks and irregularities that approached it on the side. "What—what is it?" she asked whisperingly.

"Water—a drink of water first!" came the quick answer. She moved to the water bucket, his famished eyes following her in a way that brought a lump into her throat.

She would have filled for him an ordinary cup; but, "That," he uttered, indicating with his eyes only a big tin measure,

and at the word and the look that went with it the tears sprang into her own blue eyes. She held the great cup to him, and as she watched him drink the heart in her tender breast utterly melted, and she wiped the piteous tears from her face.

"Thank you—thank you," he said as he put the cup back in her hand, and it was clear to her that it was not the water alone to which his gratitude answered. "Are you alone?" A sinister query, had there been anything in the desperate young face that could threaten; the question of a robber, a fugitive—a lover. Lydia felt instinctively that it was not the first, and though she knew it for the second, she answered with the quick, tremulous interest she might have given the third of these three.

"I'm alone. I live here alone, with my child. I am a widow."

"But may not somebody—?" he began.

She interrupted comprehendingly, "wait, I will look," and with eager caution she crept back to the door, stepped through it, and out into the brilliant sunlight, which made beaten gold of her thick-growing hair, scanning the cañon first up and then down, scrutinizing the upper line of its walls, where they lay sharp against the blue sky, searching every trail, interrogating every bit of shadow. In all that her eye commanded there was no sign of human life. She hurried back to the face at the little window.

"There is nobody in sight," she told him. "But stay there—I will come to you."

Again, as she turned from him to make good her word, he checked her, putting a hand forth to touch her shoulder, with, "Thank you"; and once more his look extended and illuminated the meaning of the words.

She came to him—showing plainly marks of sympathetic excitement, anxiety, alarm, yet moving slowly and loiteringly, carrying upon her arm some garments which she had taken from the line. In the instant of his rising to his feet and turning fully toward her, Lydia became aware how young and comely he was, despite his disarray, the fact that his left arm was in a sling, and the fresh, disfiguring wound on his temple. A brief feeling of embarrassment came to her; but was instantly swallowed up in the sense of something terrible impending. And so, as she might have done had he been her brother, she approached him swiftly, without a word passed her arm through his, and walking on the outside, covering his form with her own, moved slowly around to the door, and in through it.

Broughton had been fed and comforted, and his wounds dressed; he had lain down at peace to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion on little Norah's bed. The child—who had waked, and listened to her mother's explanation of the case with sweet, grave docility—was taking turns with the woman at keeping watch up on the big rock above the cabin, whence one could see, two miles below, the turn in the road that brought into clear view any one approaching up the trail.

While the fugitive slept, Lydia, with her own hands, unsaddled his weary pony and fed him bountifully from her little store of grain. Later she re-saddled and left him to graze in the dooryard. And ever, as she passed and repassed that inert figure, that sleeping face on little Norah's pillow, the strong woman's heart in her slight girlish body yearned over it.

John had slept four hours when suddenly, the child being at her post above and Lydia sitting near the door, he wakened rested and renewed, and called her name. She came instantly. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, and she would scarce have known the haggard, hunted, disheveled fugitive in the figure before her.

Pursued, famished, exhausted, almost desperate as he had been, with the elasticity of youth John Broughton's spirit sprang up within him once more. As he had sat at his food, waited upon, ministered to by the woman scarcely more than a girl, the silent, big-eyed, ingenuous child, the situation pulled hard at his lonely heart. Now, as he looked about, the little woman-made, woman-kept-home, its utter humbleness humanized at every point by the gracious feminine soul, made powerful appeal to John.

Briefly and simply he told his story. "It is Fetridge's crowd that is after me. I sold my ranch house and a bunch of J B cattle to them. When the day of payment came around they sent for me. That was yesterday afternoon. I rode over there, without a thought that there was anything amiss."

"The Fetridges—and you went alone? Surely you haven't lived in this part of New Mexico long!" Lydia said earnestly, leaning forward.

"No; I came in with my bunch of cattle only six months ago, and scripped this ranch I afterward sold the Fetridges. Well, when I stepped to the door—the door of my own house remember—and raised my hand to knock upon it, a bullet ripped past me, tore a piece from my hat-brim as it went, and buried itself in the wood. There were three people shooting at me before the thing was over, and how under heaven I managed to get out my gun, kill one of them, and get away with only these slight wounds, I can't imagine."

"And who is it that is on your trail now?" questioned Lydia.

"It's the Fetridges themselves, and Bill Forbes—you know he's a deputy sheriff."

"He is now; but he's been one of the Fetridge gang ever since I've been here," said Lydia. Then she went on solicitously, "and where shall you—do you think they will—what do you intend—?"

"They are after me not to take me, but to kill me. They know I'm disabled and without a weapon. I dropped my pistol as I got onto Blue Jim. Have you any sort of gun?" and he glanced about the peaceful little room.

She shook her head regretfully.

He sighed. "They don't want to see me in a court of law—nor in Sheriff Gaylord's hands—Gaylord is a straight man. They must have missed my trail where I turned up this cañon. But they certainly can't be long now. I must get Blue Jim and start on. Is there a trail out—"

Lydia's eyes were anxious. "It is a side cañon. There is no trail—" she began; but the child's voice interrupted.

"Mamma—mamma! They're coming—the men are coming."

Broughton was on his feet instantly. Lydia flew to the side window. "How many, dear?" she questioned softly.

"One—two—three; and—and—there's five. They're riding very slow, and going off sideways sometimes; but they're coming up the cañon!"

The two pale young faces confronted each other for a moment. "A *cul de sac!*" whispered Broughton. "No way out." His eyes traveled desperately about the room, the dooryard, all the nearer environment. "No possible way to hide me—and, my God! there's Blue Jim—he'd tell the story, even if you could hide me."

But Lydia's was that more stubborn courage which women evince. The look upon her face was strange, and held his eyes. Suddenly she turned to him.

"Is he your own pony? Will he mind you?" she demanded.

Instantly Broughton whistled softly, when the tough little blue roan—a typical cow-pony of the better sort—lifted his head and trotted up to his master standing in the doorway.

Broughton's dark eyes questioned Lydia from a very white face, as he paused with the pony's nose against his breast.

"In—take him in!" she panted, gesturing passionately with both uplifted hands. And she watched with suspended breath while he led the unresisting pony across her immaculate floor.

He had obeyed her instantly, unhesitatingly. Now again his glance inquired of her. She was past words. She only pointed to the tiny kitchen; and into it man and pony hastened, the small, unshod hoofs making a curious hollow clattering on the wooden floor.

Once more at the door Lydia called softly to the little girl, "Come down, darling; come down to mamma."

The child's wonder was great—but voiceless—at sight of the pony in the kitchen. Docile little soul that she was, bred amid those great silences, with no companionship but that of her mother, used to the strange thoughts of a child who is always alone with nature, she eyed him mutely, and having expressed her kindness and sympathy by patting Broughton's hand, and rubbing the little blue roan's nose, she came out—still without a word—to watch her mother, who with pale face and shaking hands, was carefully sweeping up the dust and gravel upon the white floor of the front room.

"No, you can't come into my house."

The declaration was made calmly, though Lydia's heart seemed tearing itself to pieces in her side, and her throat closed upon every word she tried to utter. She stood small and slim in her little doorway, one hand clutched on either side its facing.

"Have you traced any murderer to my place?" she demanded. "Or do you see anything here that looks as though I had a murderer concealed?"

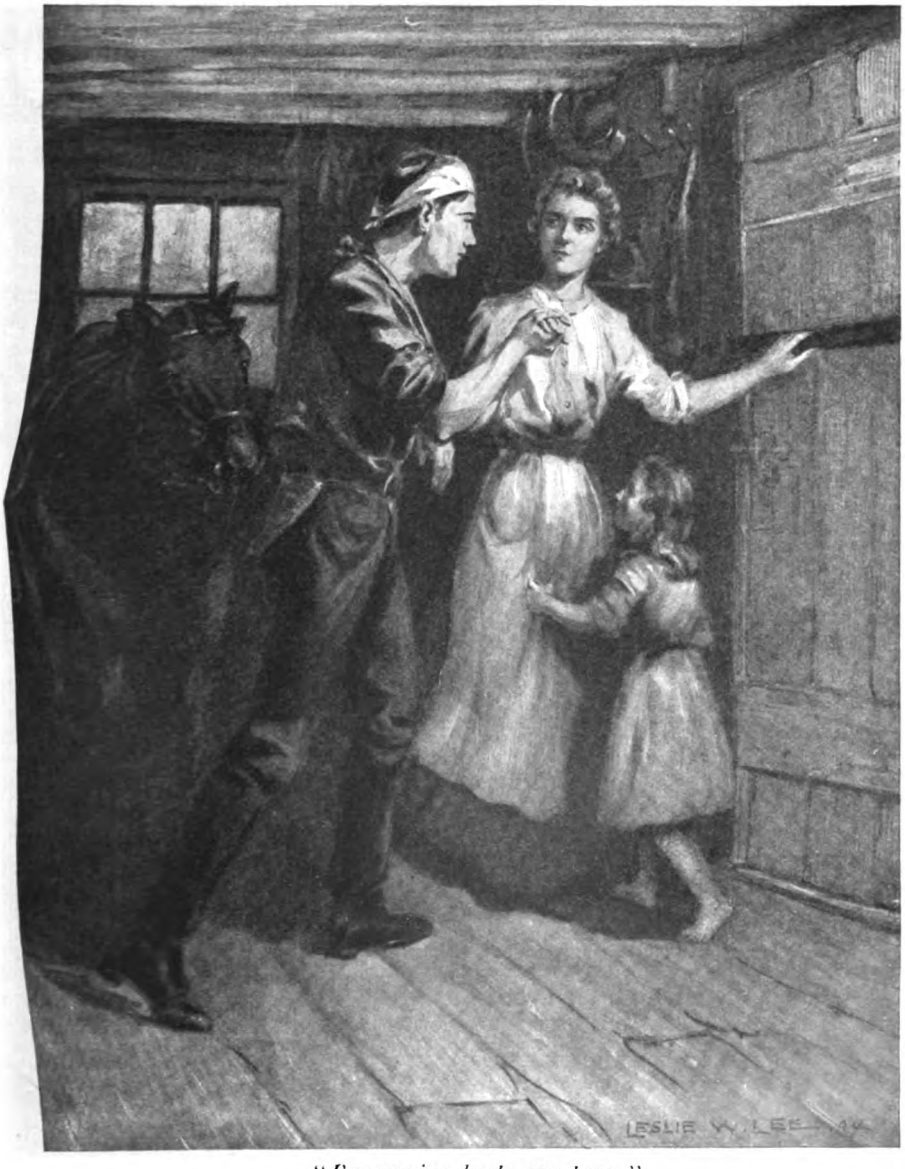
"No, we haven't—and we don't," began one man, but another cut him short.

"The law—" this fellow blustered. Thereupon Lydia fixed her eyes on him and made answer with the question :—

"The law, Mr. Clark? Are you men a sheriff's posse? Have you a warrant?"

They had no warrant; this she knew. Had she been a man her plan might have held good, and it might have failed. But she had counted—and the result justified her—upon their reluctance to lay forcible hands on an unprotected woman, to break into her house and search it, with no legal authority.

They drew back and consulted among themselves. Presently Clark rode forward to announce: "We take it you've got that



"I'm coming back, you know."

man here, hid, or—or as good as that. If a warrant's what's needed, why we'll get a warrant. It'll take six or seven hours to do it, and Grafton, he'll stay and stand guard till we get back. Mell!" he added, and the man who had first spoken stepped forward. "You set right here in plain sight of the door. Don't you let John Broughton pass you—not if you have to shoot him."

The emphasis upon the last clause was unmistakable. The intention would have been clear to a child. It was clear to the child clinging at Lydia's skirts.

When the pursuers had clattered down the trail the hours wore away strangely behind that locked, barred, little door, John standing at Blue Jim's head, his arm around the pony's neck, guarding against the possibility of a neigh or any impatient stamping, the child part of the time clinging to his hand, gazing at him, part of the time following her mother about, looking with great, unchildish eyes of comprehension from one face to the other.

Now Grafton had been left to keep guard because he was the lazy man of the crowd, who had no itch for riding forty miles in six hours—after having ridden hard all the night and all the forenoon. When he cried out plaintively that he was desperately hungry, and that the besieged would probably have no desire to give him food, Lydia, studying the relaxed lines of his bulky figure through the window, brightened with hope. She unbarred the door and spoke to the man. "I am perfectly willing to get you a meal," she said quietly. Grafton was profuse—he was almost pathetic—in his thanks, and Lydia, coming in, kindled her fire and with desperate eagerness set about cooking. She directed the child in low tones, and the small feet ran back and forth on willing errands. The humble little larder of a cabin in the plains cattle country was ransacked, it was entreated and cajoled and commanded by turns, it was conjured by skilled hands and a desperately resolute soul.

When, half an hour later, Lydia watched from her window Grafton putting away the savory dishes she had cooked, her breath came quick and uneven. Surely the man had not lied. Surely he was cavernously, all-embracing, titanically hungry. She had placed more in the big tray than she dared hope he could consume; but dish after dish melted beneath his ardent advances, and a wan smile struggled in Lydia's face, with the pale pity which shone in it every time she looked at John Broughton.

"Is there anything else you would like?" she questioned kindly as she stood beside Grafton, the tray—the blankly empty dishes—in her hands.

"If you have a swallow or so of—well, a dram of some sort of liquor," Grafton began rather sheepishly. "You see I'm sorter—"

He drew out and laid upon his fat thigh an empty flat bottle, about whose interior there coasted, as he moved it, the traditional last drop.

"Yes, of course," agreed Lydia hurriedly. "You would need it. I—I'll see," and she hurried in, fastened the door, and murmured her explanation in Broughton's ear. Without a word he brought from his pocket the usual flask, about one-third full of whiskey. She took it with trembling fingers and poured its contents into a glass, lifted it, moved toward the door, then paused suddenly, went back, and with hot water and sugar brewed a copious, steaming drink, over which the full-fed sentinel smacked his lips unctuously.

The moon was in its second quarter, making a dim radiance within the cañon. It was four hours since the self-constituted posse rode down the trail. Grafton, the watchman, the sentinel, the terrible Argus, had yielded inch by inch to the potency of Lydia's dinner, the drink which had followed it, and his weariness. He had at first nodded as he sat. Then, having well-nigh fallen over once or twice, he arose and, after a careful survey of his surroundings, stretched himself deliberately across the threshold. There he now lay snoring deeply, as he had snored for half an hour.

Within, the little garrison was preparing for a desperate sally. Broughton still stood at the pony's head, and Lydia, on her knees, was muffling the small hoofs one by one with pieces cut from a heavy bed-quilt.

"It isn't as though there was any choice," John was whispering to her. "They'll be back here in the course of an hour, and when they come they'll bring a warrant. They could get one from Tula-

rosa. If they don't shoot me on sight, it's all one; they'll never take me alive out of this cañon. It will be said afterward that I resisted arrest, fired on them, and they had to shoot me in self-defense. You heard what they said to Grafton. I'm to be shot—silenced."

Lydia nodded to him mutely. "I know," she murmured. "It's the only way."

And now the crucial moment was upon them. They had got the pony through the house and at the front door. Here they paused.

She raised her hand to the bar at the door. They could hear the long, loud, rasping snores of the man on the threshold. An instant Broughton checked her moving hand and bent to her ear with a whispered:—

"I'm coming back, you know, coming straight back here with Gaylord. God bless you," and, with a look that flooded her pale cheek with warm crimson, he brought the hand he held to his lips, lifted the little girl crouching at his knee, strained her against his heart and kissed her silently, whispering in her ear, "I'm coming back, dear—don't forget that."

Then, while their hearts stood still, Lydia slid back the bar and silently drew open the little door. The dim moonlight poured in, illuminating the strange group inside, the pale faces, the man with bandaged head and arm, the tall, slim, fair-haired woman, the little child clinging to them, and beyond the bright eyes and keenly-pricked ears of the bronco.

In heart-shaking silence Broughton stepped forward over the sprawled figure. Turning, he looked long in Lydia's face, grasped her hand and crushed it close in his, then, placing his own on the pony's nose, drew gently on the bridle-rein, which he held between his teeth.

The mother crouched down and clasped her child. The knowing little pony looked dubious for an instant; then, as the pressure on the bridle-rein increased a little he answered it, lifting high first one small, muffled foot and then another over the prostrate guard as only a clever, sagacious cow-pony could do.

They were out! They were clear of that sleeping figure. There was a long, shivering sigh from the doorway; then in the dim light they saw him struggle laboriously to the saddle (since Blue Jim's feet were muffled and John's were not) and move slowly down the trail, turning in his seat, to mutely wave his hand.

The fresh air blowing in Lydia's face seemed to revive her as from a swoon or from sleep. She strained her eyes, but there was nothing to be seen. She listened intently, but there was no sound save from the snoring man before her.

Then she turned her swimming eyes to the little one, and Norah, with her arms tight around her mother's neck and her lips close to her mother's ear, whispered:—

"He said he would come back, mamma. We weren't to forget that he would come back."

And Lydia smiled as she drew away into the shadow and softly barred the door.

SAILING

Wind and wave and gold-washed weather,
  Wind fling loose and wave set free;
She and I alone together
  Sailing on a sapphire sea.

Clang and clamor of the crowded
  City street is heard no more;
Only billows, foam enshrouded
  Freighting music to the shore!

Sail full blown and sloop prow flinging
  Floods of song on either side;
White gulls in the wide blue winging—
  Gipsies of the roving tide!

Peaks afar that know the splendor
  Of the sunset's waste of wine;
Twilight sky grown strangely tender
  Like the eyes that look in mine.

HERBERT BASHFORD

A SORT OF A SISTER

By Chester Firkins

WITH A DRAWING BY EVA M NAGLE

THE immensity of the fact that I was going away did not induce the direst depths of family gloom until the eve of my departure. Then the shadows fell.

My sister, who suspects me of mental stenography in my observance of her charming self, and shudderingly believes that she is ever on the verge of exposure through the press, had valiantly resolved to be brave, and we should have come out of it fairly well, had not a too fond mother and a too motherly aunt collapsed at the crucial moment into unanimous and ignominious tears.

But it was all over with somehow and everybody was properly kissed and dutifully comforted and my sister Marian was clinging to me as though I were about to lead the sortie from the starving fort.

"Good-by, dear thing," I said.

"Good-by," said Marian, trying to be gay—"and Dicky,—when—when it happens,—write me—everything—about her—first of all."

"Why—what—whom?" I gasped. But Marian had fled, the car was jangling down the street, so with gloom behind me and the great wide world before, I ran, and for the rest of the evening sat in the smoking-room of a Pullman car, divided between a youthful joy in independence and a desire to cry.

My new work was pleasant and, assisted by cheerful instruction from the facile pen of that same dominating sister, I soon became confident and happy.

That dear girl developed a perfect mania for the art epistolary. She wrote at all hours, from all places, in all moods and all sizes. And if I neglected to reply for one week, she forthwith began writing every day with threats to increase the dose in proportion to the increase of my silence. Naturally the offense was repeated. You ought to read Marian's letters. They are food for thought. Here is one:

"DICKY DEAR:

That beast of a Professor Klink is to dine with us. I have made him a dinner for Daddy's sake, such as none but a god deserves, and such as he will consider inferior to baked potatoes and doughnuts. I hope the forks scare him, but I know they won't. His sort doesn't scare.

"I have been through the magazines again—looking for you. 'Perversity' is charming. Awfully good story in the Odeon, but the girl lied.

"When you don't write for so long, I think it has happened, and am nearly worried to death. Dicky, when it does occur—remember—me!

"MARIAN."

I replied:

"MY RESPECTED CENSOR:—Don't say my heroines 'lie.' Fib, they may. Prevaricate—perhaps. But rudely to accuse one of my gentle, pink and white, poetry-reading darlings of a lie—it's unkind, and their nerves never were strong, at the best.

"Trex dragged me to a silly reception yesterday—met fifty girls and talked to one. Trex talked to the other forty-nine. I don't think I care for girls. I'm going to devote myself to my work.

"This girl was bright and frivolous. She refused to be drawn out on the subject of wafers and tea, so I asked her what the world would do, if the Equator broke. She became interested and suggested the grain belt. The topic was not fertile, so we discussed cottages. We agreed cordially that love in a cottage was all right, provided it was a summer cottage at Newport. Foolish, you say? Then I'll stop.

Yours (Lacking an original adverb.)

"DICK."

This came to me three days later. It was without date or address:—

"Richard, who is she? Write me her

name this minute, or I'll come straight to your door. I must know every single thing you know about her—that probably isn't much. What does she wear? What color are her eyes, hair, nose? Please excuse me—not that, but everything, everything, everything! And hurry.

"MARIAN."

I read in masculine amazement at this feminine precipitancy. What had I said, done, confessed, implied? What on earth had the dear girl heard about me?

Why, merely that I had met a girl. Had I said a pretty girl? No, merely "a girl"—at a silly reception; that I thought she was bright, but frivolous. Why, the picture had been a scathing arraignment.

I had avoided purposely writing one word of praise, for don't I know Marian's imagination? What could she mean? I wrote and asked. This was her reply:—

"DEAREST BOY:—

"You are a perfect man—an Adam sort of man, without any polish from the centuries.

"Of course, you said horrid things about her. That's how I knew, dear. Men always do it that way. Do you realize that you never—absolutely never—wrote five whole, harrowing lines about a girl, in a letter—to me—before in your life? That's how I know it has happened.

"And I know more than that. For instance, I know she's pretty, that she has a dozen men in love with her, etc., etc., etc.

"But I don't know what she wears, and

I had planned this scene to the last tint of limelight.

that's the crucial test. Dicky, does she know how to dress? I positively will not have a sister-in-law who wears colored glass hatpins.

"Your anxious,
"MARIAN."

I smiled as I laid aside the missive and decided I would not reveal to Marian the objective point of my afternoon's walk. Anyway I hadn't decided where I should go. I called on a girl.

The girl's name was a beautiful thing.

It was Felicity Farrison. I wondered with a sense of triumph what possible objection Marian could bring to bear against the alliterative perfection of "Felicity Farrison."

I did not wonder long. After I mentioned it in a letter, Marian remarked by return mail that "the girl must have a simpleton of a mother to have given her such a cheap stock company sort of a name as that." I began for the first time to doubt Marian's tact and taste. But I saw what she was up to—she wanted me to break off my friendship for Miss Farrison. Not much!

Miss Farrison's friends were my friends, so far as mine went. I did not approve of them entirely—they all had such a genius for being in the way—but I did approve of Felicity Farrison.

She said she was glad to see me. I believed her, but I said, "The pleasure is mine." (I think that a graceful expression. I learned it from Marian.)

"There is a hearth fire in the library," she said. "Won't you come in there?" She had been driving, and declared she was frozen into "little blue chunks."

I said, "Little blue chunks sounds uncomfortable, but I can't think of anything uncomfortable in relation to you. It might better be twisted into 'beautiful pink cheeks.'" She turned up her nose.

I asked her if she thought I was always as bold as that. She said she had heard I could be much worse.

"Pardon me, but I expected a compliment."

"What do you desire—the glaring truth, or something insinuating and delicious?"

"No, truth, if you please," I begged. "I like nice gushy compliments, all exclamations and rising and falling inflections—the fulsome flattery that makes a fellow afraid the girl is making game of him, but that shows she is willing to rave herself into an asylum for the sake of being agreeable. Those are the real thing. There's some sacrifice in them and they make me feel good. Truth doesn't."

Then I discovered that Felicity Farrison (I do like to repeat that name) was a siren when she laughed.

"I won't blunder again," said she. "But the kind of compliments you pay are shockingly commonplace. I like them subtle and ambiguous."

"That lets me out. The first time I found out I was an idiot was during an experiment with the subtle and ambiguous."

"Was it long ago you found it out?—Oh! I beg your pardon."

"I was about to remark," I blandly continued, "that with your sort of compliments I am not in it. But the good old-fashioned kind that my father used to make I can turn to a T. I can tell you plainly that you have the best taste in things to wear of all the women in New York. But if I were to ring in the subtle and ambiguous, I'd get mixed. It's purely a matter of technical ignorance. If I knew the difference between felt and pink organdie, I should be all right. Speaking of clothes, would you mind telling me the name of the stuff you're wearing?" (Now, I flattered myself that *that* was subtle and ambiguous!)

Felicity demurely lowered her eyes and passed her absurd little hand over the fabric of her gown. "That is broadcloth," she said—"Why?"

"My sister wants to know," I blurted.

I don't know how it slipped out. It was one of those moments of mental reversion to first principles which come at times to even the most enthusiastic liars. Felicity brought back my courage with forgiving laughter.

"Why didn't you bring her along to see for herself?" she asked.

"She is two hundred miles away from here."

"Oh! so you write about me. That is a compliment I nearly missed, didn't I?"

"Yes," said I. "I think I'd better go." But I stayed.

"Dicky, she is a frump. This may sound like a hasty and ill-considered judgment on a

person whom I have never seen. But it isn't I can consider a great deal in a short time.

"No girl could wear the sort of things you say she does and not be a frump. Now, don't, dear, ask me to explain. To be a frump is to be impossible. It's a symbol. And a woman who is any good can tell a frump from her clothes a thousand miles away. Take my word for this and drop the stupid little thing.

"Good-by,

"MARION."

When I had read it the second time, I spoke my feelings so loud and long that the society editor over the way ostentatiously closed her door.

What did she know about Felicity and her clothes? Had I walked in sleep, and, under hypnotic guidance, sent homeward messages concerning clothes which were to prove my undoing? Did my happiness depend on clothes anyhow? With an ice cloth to my brow, I read that sheet again. Then I rushed to the telegraph office and wired thus :—

"MARIAN DEMINBLACK, Boston, Mass.—You come down here quick—DICK."

And I didn't care a continental whether she thought I had the appendicitis and couldn't live till morning, or not.

But she didn't think it. You don't fool Marian. Two hours later I angrily opened this, delivered to me by a little, dirty, blue coated boy :—

"RICHARD DEMINBLACK, New York City—What for ?—MARIAN."

"Never mind—you come," I scrawled on a slip of paper and crushed into it the boy's murky paw.

And she came.

It was a sharp, bright, November morning. My luck was good, and I reached the gates just as the northern train was pulling in. Seventy seconds, perhaps, and Marian was in my arms.

How could I be angry for those first ten minutes of reunion after a lonely half year of separation? It was impossible, for Marian's a duck after all.

I put her in the carriage and followed blithely after—took her two darling hands in mine, and begged to know of home and dear ones like any first-year schoolboy who wants to see his mother.

"Are you fearfully mad?" asked Marian at last.

I came back to the present tense with a jerk. "No," I said curtly. "I merely want to show you the charming girl you've been slandering and make you see your error. Not that it makes any difference what you think," I added—Marian smiled—"but I'll take you to call."

Felicity met us at the very door. I'll not say how lovely she was, because Marian won't let me. She says about my heroines, "Make 'em beautiful. You'll get mixed if you go into details."

She met us at the door. There was a moment's pause.

"Felicity," I said, "this is my sister Marian. Marian, I want you to know my future wife."

I had planned this scene to the last tint of limelight. My words were to be followed by a moment of overwhelming surprise on the part of my little sister. Then her fine breeding was to come to the rescue and the curtain was to sink slowly on a polite but distant greeting between the feminine powers of the play, with the villain gloating in the rear over his glorious revenge.

I am a fool at planning scenes—and trust a woman not to follow her cue!

The last word hadn't passed my lips before the air was rent by two simultaneous shrieks—not of wrath, but of rapturous delight. The next instant those two girls were locked in each other's arms, laughing and talking and kissing each other and forgetting all about me.

"Felicity! Oh, I'm *so* glad!"

"Marian! You *dearest!*"

Over and over. It made me tired.

"Well, when you get good and through with that," I remarked icily, "may I suggest that there is something to be explained to me?"

"Why—what?" in wide-eyed chorus.

Then my wrath broke out. "Who's running this engagement, you or I?" I asked my sister.

"Why, Felicity, of course," replied Marian. Then she laughed.

"Dicky, dear," she cried, "did you think I'd neglect you enough to let you go out in the world and pick a wife all by yourself? Mercy, no! But it was nice of you to go and propose, when I abused her, wasn't it, Felicity?"

You needn't tell me girl's aren't deep. I have a sweetheart and—a sister.

A BORDER "SQUIRE"

By Harmon Stitt

It adds to the humor of this article to know that the portrait of Squire "Tompkins" (a name given for the sake of the proprieties) is drawn from life. The editors have substantially verified the incidents given below.

THE great cattle ranges of Northwest Texas have been divided and subdivided into farms. Towns, and even respectable cities, occupy the favorite "round-up" grounds. A great railway system traverses the track of the once celebrated "Chisholm trail." To-day is apt to treat Yesterday with scant courtesy—withholding praise through lack of appreciation. If the "bronco-buster" left nothing to commend him to the "goggle-bogie" of the red-devil, be it so; but the frontier "Squire" once established a prestige that the "Judge" of to-day would do well to follow. Clad in magisterial authority, he settled controversies with an even-handed justice that has little part in later "enlightenment." In statutory provisions he was admittedly deficient, but he was learned in that higher law which accommodates itself to individual cases, and, with supreme indifference, he committed to jail where the statutes said fine, and he fined where the statutes commanded imprisonment.

Of all "Squires" whose virtues should survive the past, Pat Tompkins stands pre-eminent. Back in the early 80's, and prior, "Squire" Pat Tompkins' Court was held at Red River Station, an outfitting post just forty-three miles from a railroad, in the heart of the cattle country. Thus circumstanced, the "Squire" was a law unto himself, and felt that he was responsible to the State and to Providence for the welfare of the wayward Knights of the Lasso. With a fatherly instinct he exercised a supervision over his constituents, and would, not infrequently, send an admonition to some high-spirited youth who gave evidence of a strong desire to get beyond the pale. "Officer of the court," he would remark to the constable, "tell Tom Scruggs I hear'n of him makin' Deacon Gill Davis cuss Parson Farmer at the p'int of a six-shooter, and I don't 'low to hold him guiltless at his next appearance."

While breaches of the peace committed along the outer edges of the "Squire's" district might be regarded with considerable leniency, woe betide the bold spirit that exhibited unwanton hilarity within the precincts of the "Squire's" office. Summoning the culprit before him, he would say: "Young man, you have sinned against God and man, and in my sight, God blast ye! Now give the constable ten dollars and go back to the ranch."

While "Squire" Tompkins was not versed in the law, he had unqualified respect for Judges of the superior courts, and was very fond of imitating them. Being told upon one occasion that Circuit Judge Piner had taken a certain case under advisement and would hand down his decision in writing, the "Squire" remarked: "Wall, that's a good idee. I'll do the same the next time Fance Bagby gets cotched up with."

Before many weeks had elapsed Mr. Bagby was brought in, charged with compelling a tenderfoot to wallow in a bed of cactus. The evidence was somewhat conflicting, for, although the prosecuting witness exhibited a coat and a pair of trousers thickly studded with needles, Bagby and his two witnesses swore positively that the prosecutor was drunk and fell off a bronco while coming through a mesquit flat. At the conclusion of the evidence his Honor observed: "I'll take this question under advisement and hand down my opinion after preparin' the same." On the next Saturday he had the prisoner brought in, and "handed down" the following, written upon a piece of manila wrapping paper:—

"I, the court Pat Tompkins squire, find the prisoner not gilty by a *tite* squeeze, so help me god."

It is well to remark, in passing, that "Squire" Tompkins did not often find them "Not Guilty." He possessed the faculty of penetration, and patched-up testimony was of little avail in his court. Often when two young fellows had engaged in combat, and, relenting, grown friendly again, and came into court declaring they were "just foolin'," or "it was all in fun," his Honor would confound them by giving a correct version of the affair. His jail sentences were unique. "Pris'ner at this here bar, take off yer spurs for thirty days." "I pronounce the sentence that you shan't throw a rope fer two months. Stand up, yer coyote. I the court Pat Tompkins, er Pat Tompkins the court, though thar's mighty little diff'rence between the two sayin's, do 'judge that the boss of the fall round-up 'll have to worry along without yer this year, fer I'm goin' to. send yer up to the county town 'til it's all over."

"Thar's two laws that's teetotally American, and the best thar is anywhars," observed the "Squire" to a crowd of loungers on one occasion. Them two 's the laws what hangs a hoss thief, and says a feller can give bail if he's able." During all the years that "Squire" Tompkins had lived in Texas, horse thieves had been hung when caught, and he imagined that it was the law. It was the *unwritten* law of that region, but, as such, it would have found no favor in the "Squire's" court, for, where he knew the law, he adhered to it, and no power nor agency could have taken a horse thief away from him to have been hung by a vigilance committee if he had been convinced that there was no written law permitting it. Having been for years accustomed to seeing horse thieves hanged, it is quite probable that he never stopped to inquire, but took it for granted that the law had been codified, and that the men who executed it deserved the praise of all good citizens. This mistake on the "Squire's" part led him into one of the most amusing judicial errors of record in the border States.

Among the cowboys of that section was Will Mann, a rollicking young fellow with a good education and affable manners. He could sing like a professional, and no doubt would have made a record upon the stage had he understood the trick of puffing himself by advertising subtleties. His many accomplishments and his genial disposition made him a general favorite. Still William was not above suspicion. It was noticed that he frequently took trips without the formality of saying good-by to his associates, and upon his return could give no satisfactory account of himself. After a while it was noticed, too, that one or more "range horses" disappeared about the same time that Mann did, but they failed to show up again upon his return. He was watched, and finally caught, dead to rights, with one of John Campbell's best cow-ponies.

Of course he was taken before "Squire" Tompkins, to be dealt with according to law. The "Squire's" authority was limited to acquitting the prisoner, or holding him over to await the action of the next Grand Jury. But, believing the law was either to acquit or hang, the "Squire" examined the witnesses closely, being of opinion that a man's life hung upon his decision! There were no lawyers present to cross-examine, brow-beat or squabble over technicalities. It was a simple inquiry into a vital fact, by a tender-hearted man who would rather have given up all he had than sentence a man to death, but who would just as assuredly give up all he had rather than not sentence to death, if he thought it was his duty to do so. Having finished with the prosecuting witnesses, he called upon the prisoner to testify. Mann could offer nothing in extenuation. Whereupon the "Squire" commanded: "William Mann, stand up." The prisoner arose. "William Mann, I have heard the testimony in this case and find you guilty. I do now, therefore, by the authority invested in me, sentence you to hang in thirty days. Have you anything to say why you shouldn't hang? and may God be merciful to you, a sinner." The defendant did not seem to be very much alarmed at his prospects. Still he was not defiant, nor did he, by word or act, exhibit to the court any signs of amusement. Presently, he arose, and in a subdued voice, said: "May it please the court, I have nothing to say, excepting it looks pretty tough that you will hang a fellow without giving him a chance to tell his old mother good-by."

"Pris'ner of the bar, give bond fer yer

appearance, and you can tell the old lady good-by."

The young man looked appealingly into the faces of those who crowded the dark, little court-room. There was not a man present that did not feel kindly towards him; none that did not hope the prisoner would be able to establish his innocence at the trial. He was so genial, so affable, and yet, with all, so manly, never shirking his part, either at work or frolic. There was no element of the bully about him, nor was there a shadow of the coward, and his associates looked upon him as somewhat of a leader by right of education and bearing. However, he had virtually admitted everything; had not only introduced no evidence in his behalf, but declined to question the witnesses against him. Nothing could be done—a horse thief must die, in Texas. The silence was becoming oppressive, when Burl Yarboro, a cattle king, and one of the shrewdest men along Red River, arose and said :—

"Squar', I'll go this young man's bond."

"I'm 'greeable, Burl. Take this here pencil and write it out."

Yarboro took the pencil and laboriously filled a sheet of paper with his writing. Then he tore the page to pieces and wrote another; then another, and another, but each page was destroyed as soon as written. Finally, he looked up and declared :

"Squar', I can't write a *bond*, but I'm h——l on promissory notes."

"Yer note is as good as this here court wants, Burl. Fill out a note."

Again the pencil scratched along the soiled paper. After a long wait the court was handed the following :—

"Red River Station, Texas,
"August 10, 1881.

"Thirty days after date we or either of us promise to return to Squar' Tompkins and be hung fer hoss stealin'. Negoshible and pay'ble at the fust national bank, Montague, Texas.

$ one hang. WILLIAM MANN,
BURL YARBORO."

"Squire" Tompkins closely scanned the paper for several minutes, and then remarked :—

"This is a good note; as good as this here court wants, Burl, but remember you're puttin' yer life in the hands of a hoss thief."

"That's a fact Squar', but I b'lieve in helpin' boys who remember their mammies."

"I'm of that mind, too. All of us have had mammies, but not all of us have remembered 'em. I wonder if mine is still livin' in Mercer County, Kaintucky! Court do now adj'urn."

The crowd filed out. Principal and surety mounted their horses and rode away together, disappearing in the mellow splendor of a far horizon, off on the westerly margin of the crisp, brown prairie. Coming to where the trail forked, they halted, and the surety asked :—

"Where does your mammy live, Bill?"

"Live? She died before I left Ohio, seven years ago."

"Which way do you go from here?

"To Ohio. I'm going to marry the day that note falls due. It was wrong to rustle horses, but I was broke, and Kate has written such pleading letters since her father died, and she was left alone. I have kept a list of owners, and how much each horse was worth, and will pay up some day. Meanwhile, they have plenty to use."

"Well, be good to her, and God bless you,—and, say, Bill, be awful pertickler about hosses and sich things as that, from this time on, fer you've got the makin' of a man in you, and it's time you wus about ther job."

"Squire" Pat Tompkins pasted the note in his docket, and it is there unto this day, although the "Squire" is too old to hold office or to remember very distinctly many things that occurred in those formative days. Burl Yarboro is still in Texas, but has never been asked to satisfy the claim. The "Squire" learned something before the paper matured. In speaking about it years after, he remarked: "Me an' Yarboro might have been mistaken about ther law, but we wus dead right about encouragin' boys to remember their mammies."

LOVE AND POLO

By George Hibbard

WITH DRAWINGS BY KARL ANDERSON

THE Westmead Team was not happy. Individually the members were in low spirits; collectively the organization presented a picture of despair. The blow had been sudden and unexpected. Without warning the shock had come and left the Club paralyzed. If an earthquake had upheaved the smooth level of the shorn polo field the surprise could not have been more complete, the consternation greater.

Yet none of the usual ills had befallen. No dire epizootic had spread through the stables disabling one pony after another until all were unfit for service. The finances of the institution were in a flourishing condition—as was naturally the case with the Westmead membership. The record already made in the summer's play needed no excuse, and indeed was decidedly encouraging. In fact the Club had never known a more successful and prosperous season. The animals bought in the spring had all turned out unusually well. Most unprecedented, several players had been heard to speak well of their mounts. The line of cups on the smoking-room mantelpiece had received important additions. Even Brownlee, who played substitute, had apparently become convinced that obstinacy was not the best policy. When thundered at by the Captain to do a thing he had often done it. At least no one had called him a "mule" for at least ten days, which had materially added to the general serenity.

A cloud, however, had arisen and dulled the bright September sunshine. That no apprehension had been felt was only natural. Miss Winifred Norris could only be considered a radiant vision, and at her appearance to have regarded her as anything else would have been manifestly absurd. Still no larger than her little hand neglected warnings had shown upon the Club horizon.

"One might have known it," grumbled Lathom, who played No. 2, "when he was seen at the Lindsays in the morning."

"And he was late for the game because he was riding with her," complained Willoughby, No. 3.

"Sherwin of all men," groaned Raikes, No. 1.

"It catches the best and I believe takes 'em the worst."

"See the change."

"No man can fall in love and play polo," announced Brownlee axiomatically.

Indeed the fortnight during which Miss Norris had been in Westmead had worked a wondrous alteration in "Dick" Sherwin, No. 4 and Captain. Both in habits and manners was he different. The evening hardly ever found him at the Country Club, unless something was going on at which Miss Norris was present. An unnatural silence, not to say moroseness, was too readily discoverable in his every-day behavior. At polo his conduct was even more remarkable. To be sure each game was marked by desperate rushes—and spectacular plays on his part. But there was not the solid, consistent work to which the others were accustomed. The steadiest player had become the most erratic. He appeared to have lost interest in team work altogether. Constantly, instead of calling his directions inconspicuously from "back," he had ridden in to take the ball himself. Without regard for the best tactics of the situation he had carried it headlong down the field to the admiration of the crowd.

"It may be magnificent but it is not polo," said Raikes shaking his head.

"It's all gallery play," denounced Lathom. "Just for the benefit of the girl in the Lindsay victoria."

"And the match with the Eastleas next week."

"Disgraceful," declared Willoughby vigorously. "Only a man in love would be such an idiot."

The serene unconsciousness of Miss Norris only aggravated the seriousness of the situation. With innocent eyes, which appeared to see nothing of the commotion, she increased it by the pleasure with which she welcomed Sherwin upon all occasions. None could condemn her conduct as showing undue encouragement, and yet the simple cordiality with which she always treated him brought him more completely into subjection. That she was flirting with him in a most scientific manner was undeniable. A man with his years of untamed bachelor freedom might easily have taken fright. Miss Norris' system was unexcelled. She arranged that he should become accustomed to control gradually. There was no point at which he was allowed to shy. He was guided round each corner with marked skill. Only when the way was clear was he given his head.

"Winifred," said Mrs. Lindsay suddenly as one day she sipped her tea on the Club terrace. The afternoon's play was over. The men had gone to the dressing-room for "showers" and rehabilitation. In a few moments they would be back. To Miss Norris' hostess the moment seemed opportune for the saying of what was on her mind.

"Yes," answered Winifred looking up with the gently inquiring gaze which so often had wrought such havoc.

"Don't look at me in that way," said the other. "It's all thrown away. I am not to be distracted."

"What is it?" Winifred asked laughingly with the ready acknowledgment with which she always met the discovery of her manifest iniquities.

"This will not do," Mrs. Lindsay announced, decidedly. "You are leading Dick Sherwin a dance—"

"You speak as if I were a kind of Pied Piper—"

"Any way the piper has always got to be paid—and there's the mischief to pay here. It might be all right if he were a younger man and there's the Team—"

"What have I to do with the Team," the girl asked uneasily.

"You know," replied the other severely, "that Dick Sherwin is the mainstay and backbone and head and front and sum and substance of the Westmeads. He's the only man who has a handicap of seven goals. On his playing in a game everything depends. Now the match with the Eastleas is coming on. Don't you want us to win?"

"Yes," declared the girl earnestly.

"I thought," said Mrs. Lindsay, "that you had been here long enough to have a right feeling about it. To have developed a proper amount of loyalty. Now what are you doing? You are just disqualifying our best man and destroying all our chance of victory."

"I'm not doing anything," protested Miss Norris.

"You may say that but you know better. The way you flirt with him! The way you encourage him! His head is completely turned. Look at the insane manner in which he plays just to attract your attention. You should be very sorry for making such mischief."

"Yes," said the girl meekly.

The men came trooping down. Among the first Sherwin sauntered up with an elaborate air of detachment but with an unswerving certainty of course, direct to the balustrade beside Miss Winifred Norris' chair.

"I merely wished to observe," he said, "that a human being is present."

"Oh, is that you?" she asked turning slightly.

"Tea is supposed to be soothing," he continued, "but after this unkind reception I do not think it would have any effect upon my feelings."

"You mean you want some," she replied briskly. "I'm sure Mrs. Lindsay will make it for you. Edith," she said addressing that lady, "Mr. Sherwin wants some tea and I know you'll give it to him."

Sherwin looked at the girl in surprise.

"Little Slam cut his knee this afternoon. Won't you walk to the stables while I look at him."

"The sun is too hot," Miss Norris observed.

As the hour was seven on a June evening and long shadows were lying across the Club terrace, Sherwin got down from the railing and with his hands in his pockets, forgetting to light a cigarette, took his way through the gardens to the stable court yard. The manner in which he banged the stable door brought the entire force to attention at once.

Wednesday was the next "polo day." Usually Sherwin brought Miss Norris to the club in an automobile in which she sat during the game—sometimes even "keeping time" to her great delight. At four, however, Mrs. Lindsay arrived in the victoria with Winifred beside her. Twenty minutes later Sherwin came in his machine. The horn, even as he blew it at the wagon delivering stores, seemed to sound with an angry impatience.

The game was the last before the Eastlea match only two days away. In a short line down the Western side of the field stood the traps and carriages of the Club supporters of the team. At the head was the Farnham coach. In groups along the boards were enthusiasts and players who had gradually with years given place to those now cantering over the field. Their heads were together. They discussed men and ponies—with that criticism which is the last resort of broken down athletes—the only solace and excitement left when they may no longer take their turn in the arena. The whole affair was of something the nature of a dress rehearsal. A performance meant as a test of the form of the performers and ponies.

Mrs. Lindsay stood up in the victoria resting her hand upon Winifred's shoulder.

"Curious," she said. "Dick doesn't seem to have seen us. At least he has not come to speak to us. And he always comes. I wonder if I had better call him."

"No, don't," interrupted Winifred.

"Perhaps you're right," announced Mrs. Lindsay thoughtfully. "He hasn't seen you since Monday, I know, and the influence might have worked off. Oh," she cried, as if with a sudden illumination, "was that the reason that you were so horrid to him? To make him less idiotic—to bring him to his senses—"

The girl blushed.

"Wouldn't it be vain of me to say so," she began.

"Not when you know that he is in love head over heels and the ears of his pony. Oh, you—angel. You martyr. You—you patriot. You good man who saved the city. You should have a cup all for yourself, if the Club wins, and I'll see they give it to you."

"I try to please," said Winifred modestly.

"Only, of course, nothing can be said," Mrs. Lindsay continued. "But I understand. And it's for Dick's good. And, of course, it's only till after the game. Then he may be as silly as he pleases. But with all depending on him he hasn't the right to give you all his time and the thought. There! They are lining up. Oh, how pretty it is. As many times as I have seen it I am never tired of it. The smooth, green field. The darling ponies. The men looking so strong and well. The color. The movement. There is nothing like it. There is life and vigor and excitement. It always goes to my head. And I know that you feel just as I do. There's nothing so good as polo. I can understand a man's adoring it and forgetting everything else for it. Yes, if you have made Dick lose interest in the game he

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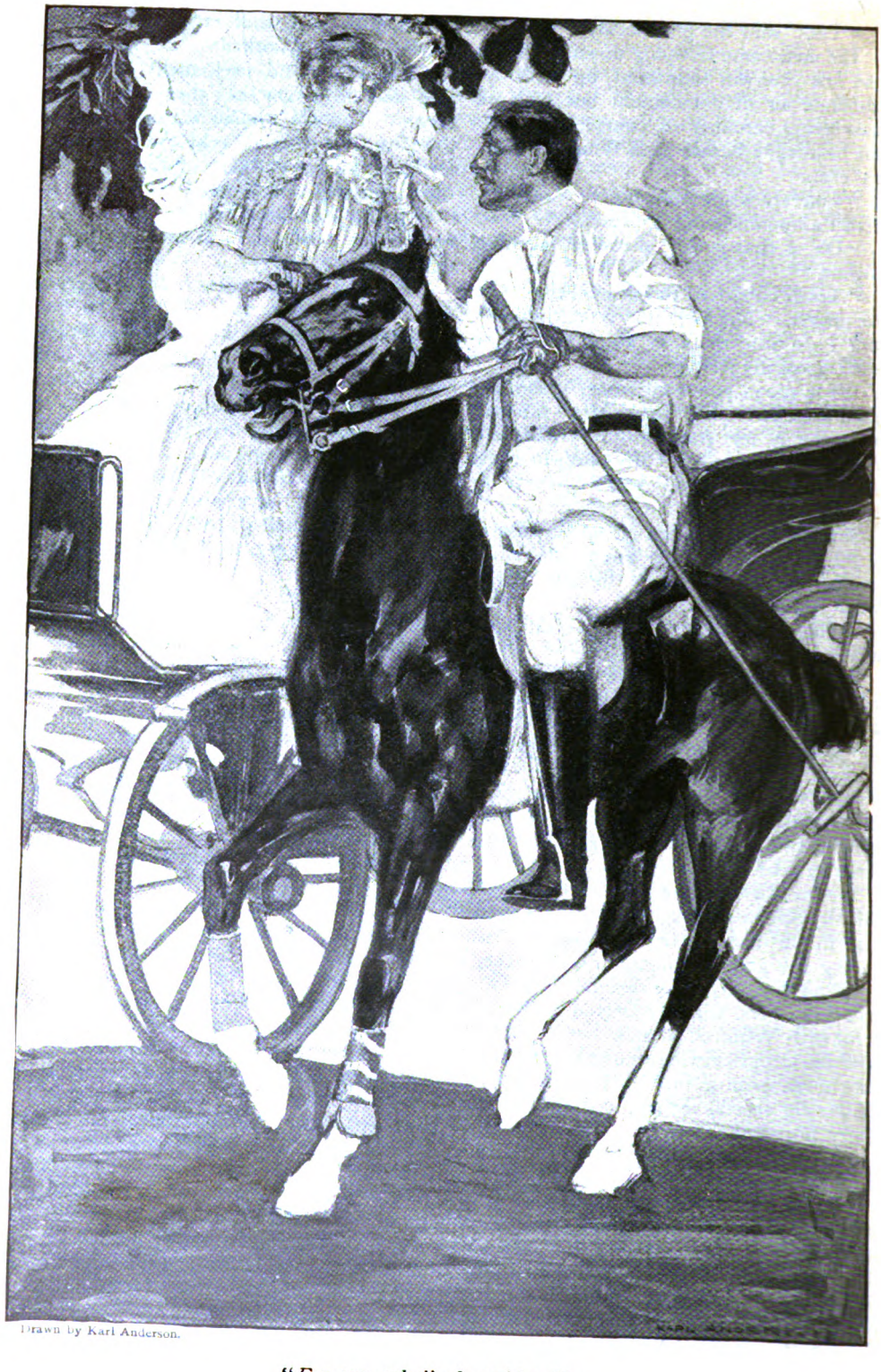


Drawn by Karl Anderson.

"For our sake," she said softly.

must be in love with you, only he mustn't now. Now they're off. There, old Jim Conyers has thrown the ball. How his bones must crack. I'm sure that he feels as if he were playing again. He's always so proud when he can do so much. I think he watches for the chance like one of the little caddy boys. Sam Raikes is riding Chicane. He told me that he threatened to go lame. That's the roan he brought from the Fair Out's. Gracious, Billy Willoughby has the chestnut which he can't do anything with! I hope he doesn't mean to use her in the match. She just plays with Billy instead of Billy playing with her. Dick Sherwin's on the one that gave him the bad fall last year. Missed his feet and went over. A most unpleasant sight. He used to be ball shy, but Dick's got him over that. Now they're away. They should wipe the field, as Tom says, with the scrub team. To be sure they have to give them eleven goals. There, Sam has got the ball. Well done. Where is Mr. Lathom? He's No. 2. Why didn't Dick Sherwin see that he was in his position? There Dick comes himself. Oh, Dick missed it! Actually missed it. Anything more easy. I can't understand. I never saw him do that before. Now where is he going? Riding off as if he were looking at the landscape. Oh! There he rode directly over the ball as if he'd never had a polo stick in his hand. What is going to become of us if that is the way he is going to play?"

Down at the edge of the field, one foot on the board, old Jim Conyers stood with his hands in his coat pockets.

"I tell you it isn't as it was in our day," he was saying to his companion whose weight classed him as a contemporary. "And the game was another thing. Every man was for himself. Some dash, some individuality. But this team business is mere machine work. Oh, I don't say it doesn't win matches, but we played for the fun of it. Now you might as well be in a game of checkers with a move here and a move there. The individual playing isn't anything like as good. Look there at Sherwin. Missed it! Do you think that 'Benny' Wade would have done that in ninety-two when he was playing at the top of his game. Just watch Sherwin—the best man. Hasn't made a stroke to-day that I've seen. And as for getting up on the ball, he might as well be looking for four-leaf clovers for all the vigor there is about it. That's not the way we used to play. Missed it once more. He couldn't hit the earth if he came up to it on a walk. I'm going back to the Club House."

Dressed and ready where the ponies were being led about Lathom fairly danced up and down with agitation. He had arrived late and Brownlee had taken his place. Waiting his turn to go on, he watched the game.

"What's the matter with Sherwin?" he exclaimed. "He was bad enough before, but he's simply rotten now. A six-year old child on a rocking-horse could do better. There, he hasn't seen the ball. Oh, he has found it, has he? Has some idea there *is* a ball. I'm glad of that anyway. Get on now. Ride him off. Ride him off. Little Dodds pushed him away like an old boot. Not that Sherwin had any business there anyway. He's off side—off everything. Missed it! Well, when he has played before he used to hit it, but now—. He's worse than he's ever been. There he goes again, galloping over the field as if he were lost and was trying to find the way home." And Lathom turned away in deep disgust. "He's playing polo as if he were delivering milk—"

On the following evening a despondent trio sat on the veranda of the Lindsay "cottage." Dinner was finished and the Team—minus Sherwin—had gathered together to discuss their woes.

"You look like mourners," said Mrs. Lindsay arriving through the window.

"We are a committee," Willoughby announced in a desperate tone. "We are considering—can't you help—"

"What can I do?"

"Use your influence."

Mrs. Lindsay nodded as if she understood, but helplessly as if with the best intentions she could accomplish nothing.

"You know what's the matter with Sherwin. He's in love with Miss Norris to that degree that he's not good for anything. Can't you induce her to let up?"

"I've told her," she lamented. "I have remonstrated with her. For the last three days I have watched. She has been perfectly horrid to him."

"That's it then," said Raikes suddenly. "That's what's made him so much worse.

He's doing the blighted being now."

"But if he plays badly when she's nice to him and worse when she's horrid—what can be done?"

"Love and polo don't agree," groaned Lathom.

"Love and *anything* don't do," added Willoughby who was the proud possessor of a mild reputation for cynicism.

"Certainly its very unfortunate," admitted Mrs. Lindsay.

"Why did you bring her here?" complained Raikes. "All was going so well. We were sure to win and now—"

"Just because a girl happens to appear we're lost."

"A young woman is the deuce," declared Willoughby.

"Couldn't you send her away?" suggested Raikes boldly.

"Impossible," cried Mrs. Lindsay. "Besides the match is to-morrow." Something like a groan arose from the three in response to her words.

"It's all up," announced Raikes with solemn finality.

The big flag blew out gaily from the high Club House flag pole. On the striped green and white tent raised at one end of the field the smaller pennants fluttered tremendously. With the brightness and stir they seemed in some way to characterize—to sum up the scene. The last carriage and coach turned into its place. The line behind the white ribbon of board extended nearly to the end. The terraces and steps of the Club House itself were crowded to overflowing. From the South goal post to the Western corner where the ponies were collected was an unbroken row of spectators. The band discreetly placed at a distance broke into rag-time with a cheerful bray.

As Sherwin swung himself onto his first mount and trotted out on the field he appeared out of accord with time and place. His brow was heavy; his eyes troubled. A little further along the Eastleas were mounting,—a lot of men who looked as if they were ready to "go strong," each with a string of ponies that would give every man of them the chance to do his best.

"Who wants a death's head for number four," said Raikes observing Sherwin.

"If that little girl had only seen fit to defer her visit," muttered Lathom.

With the expression of a forlorn hope the Westmeads came on the ground. No one addressed Sherwin. He spoke to no one. Grimly all approached the work before them. In the distrust and lack of fellowship occasioned by Sherwin's defection, if in nothing else, might have been found assurance of defeat. Waiting for the ball to be thrown the Westmeads stood—a sorry, discouraged line.

"Ready," cried the Eastlea Captain.

Sherwin merely nodded.

Down between the row of waiting ponies rolled the glittering white object. Straight toward Sherwin at the end of the line it came.

A groan of dismay went up from the Westmead ranks. Sherwin had dropped his stick. With a rush the Eastlea's number four was up, was on the ball, had driven it on—away. Past Sherwin the hurrying riders flew leaving him alone ignominiously to dismount. At that instant a voice sounded clearly through the comparative stillness.

"Mr. Sherwin! Mr. Sherwin!"

He looked up. Not a hundred yards away Winifred Norris sat on the box of the Lindsay victoria from which the horses had been taken. At that instant the ball was driven out of bounds on the other side of the field.

"Time," called the referee.

With a skip Sherwin's pony was over the board. In an instant he stood with the girl looking down on him.

"Oh," she cried as she leaned forward with her hands clasped. "I can't bear it. On your account—on my account, on account of the team. I can't have it."

Sherwin looked up in her eyes questioningly.

"I did not mean to be horrid to you. They said they thought that I was making you play badly and I wanted you to play well. I believe that if I did as I did—"

He brought his pony closer to the wheel.

"And I can't bear to have you do badly now—for my sake," she said.

"You care?" he asked.

"I should think I did," she declared. "More than anything else—because—"

"Why," he asked bending forward.

"Oh, it is awful for me to say. It is almost like proposing to you. Because—because I care about you."

"You mean that," he said with a quick upward glance.

"More than I ever meant anything. More than I ever shall mean anything," she replied in a low tone.

From the other side of the ground came frantic calls.

"Sherwin! Sherwin!"

"You know," he answered, "I love you."

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "I know. I know. That keeps what I said from being so awful—and I should have let you know some time. And why not now. For it's more important than anything else. Only the game. You must not let them say I have spoiled everything. Now that you know—"

"Sherwin," cried Conyers bustling up. "Are you mad? Don't you see that they are waiting for you? Wake up. You'll lose everything."

"Not when I've won," he answered.

Conyers stared at him as if he doubted his sanity.

"Oh, you don't believe me," Sherwin laughed. "Well, you just don't know. Only look out."

He held up his hand toward Winifred, who took it.

"For our sake," she said softly.

Two hours later as the bell clanged, a hurried cheer went up and the crowd broke over the boards. Across by the Club House the band broke frantically into "There'll Be a Hot Time In The Old Town To-night." All knew the score before the numbers appeared. The Westmeads were the winner by a goal. With breathless attention the Club had followed the game—elated by every advantage, cast down by every reverse. As Sherwin made the last winning stroke, a long oblique drive of perfect accuracy from a point at least a hundred yards from the posts in the last minute of play, they had known the result. All crowded about his pony.

"The game of your life, my boy," exclaimed old Conyers exultingly.

"Never saw anything like it," cried Raikes trotting up. "You played big."

"All your doing," assured Lathom.

Then after they had given the cheers for the other side and been cheered in return, Willoughby stood up in his stirrups.

"And now three cheers for Sherwin."

In the ringing shouts the Eastleas joined admiringly.

Still later Sherwin stood beside Winifred on the Club steps.

"They want to speak to you," said Raikes suddenly coming up.

"Who?"

"The team."

"Why?"

"They want to apologize."

"Bring them here," Sherwin directed after an inquiring look at the girl.

A sign from Raikes called up Lathom, Willoughby and Brownlee, who had held back.

"We wish," continued Raikes, "to tell you formally that you won the game."

"No I did not," Sherwin replied.

No one spoke.

"That was some one else," he went on. "If I did anything it was through the influence that has strengthened many a man's arm. That has led many a man to strike for his love and a lady. I have Miss Norris' permission to announce—"

As one man the team endeavored to shake his hand.

"So you see that a girl is not necessarily the deuce," said Winifred.

"You heard," exclaimed Willoughby.

"Mrs. Lindsay told me."

"But certainly you know a man in love—" persisted Willoughby.

"No, it is only the *uncertainty* that is the trouble. Otherwise," said Sherwin with confidence, "it's all right in polo or anything."

"We believe it!" cried Lathom, Raikes and Brownlee, with Willoughby as a faint and reluctant echo.

"Thank you," said Winifred casting down her eyes.

And the cup which the Team presented to the Sherwin's as a wedding gift bore the record of the Westmead-Eastlea Match, even as it is inscribed on the cup standing over the mantel of the Club smoking-Room.

BY WAY OF COMMENT

A BIG man leaves a big hole behind him. To-day thirteen substitutes are trying to stop the gap which Senator Hanna left. His brother, now the eldest Hanna, and eight others are to-day dividing the huge responsibilities of his business interests. That makes nine. A tenth, Secretary Cortelyou, is to be Chairman of the Republican National Committee in his place, while the eleventh is the Vice-Chairman who is to assist him in the task. Judge Gray, of Delaware, as Chairman of the National Civic Federation, makes twelve, while the thirteenth, Charles Dick, rattles around in the empty Senatorship. They are not all small men by any means, and some of them are considerably bigger than the rest of us, but all together they do not fill the gap. They are putting up a monument to Hanna in Cleveland, but perhaps a hole like this is a more impressive memorial.

Not long ago a fireman was stoking his engine on the Northern Pacific Railway. Somebody blundered—it happened to be a telegraph operator—there was a collision and the fireman was killed. His widow brought suit against the company. The facts were proved. The blame was placed. The company did not even deny that there had been carelessness. But, so the lawyer for the defense argued, that carelessness was not the fault of the company, it was simply the negligence of a fellow-servant of the dead man. The risk the fireman had run had been voluntarily assumed and there was no ground for damages against the Railroad Company. The case was tried before the Supreme Court of the United States. Four of the Justices, including the Chief Justice, dissented, but a bare majority affirmed the contention of the Railway Company, and holding the fellow-servant to blame absolved the company of all liability for damages.

It is an important decision. It makes the life of the employee a little more anxious. It makes the life of the employer a little more comfortable, and just at the present stage of this country's development an employee can worse afford to increase his anxieties than an employer to lessen his comforts. Furthermore, the decision scarcely appeals to the practical American. It is in sharp divergence with the conception of commercial life which holds that it is a vital part of an employer's business to see that his employees know theirs. That is the kind of practice which has succeeded, because it ought to succeed.

The decision makes for bad business. It seems to us a pity it should make good law. We should like to know how our readers feel about it.

The flat is an enemy to family life. We hear it on all sides. What incentive, argues the preacher, can there be to bring up a family to inherit the five rooms and bath which are barely sufficient for the comfortable domestication of a man, his wife and the servant who makes or mars their lives? If you cross the delicate line of social partition which divides the flat from the more luxurious "apartment" a similar argument seems to hold good. In expensive apartment houses in big cities children are frequently debarred from admission, like canaries and pug dogs, on account of the strange noises they make. For in the apartment house, as in the tenement, tenants are close neighbors and quiet is a blessing of great price.

But in spite of it all, we confess to a kindly feeling for the flat and we think that there is another side to the argument. In the long run, early marriages mean big families, and what could be a greater inducement to an early marriage than this much abused five-room flat?—wonderfully compact, exceeding cheap, reducing drudgery on the one hand and expenditures on the other. Why, every flat is a fair advertisement of matrimony.

And then, as the years go by and children come and incomes grow, the usefulness of the flat declines. Then the country calls and suburban life begins. But let us not forget that if it is the children which make the suburbs, it was the flat which made the marriage.

The vulgarest joke which disfigures our comic papers is the jest concerning the mother-in-law. Never was relationship more distorted. In the papers a wife's mother is cartooned as a kind of adhesive plaster which the most desperate efforts of the daughter and son-in-law cannot remove. In life she is the closest counsellor and friend the young couple is blessed with, and as for the babies, we hesitate to think what the measles, mumps, colics and whooping cough might not do to them if it were not for their grandmother.

In the fact of all the jocose slander it is clarifying to read the testimony of a genuine expert in mothers-in-law. Few men living have more first-hand knowledge of this subject than the President of the Mormon Church. According to his sworn testimony, Mr. Joseph Smith has blessed himself with six wives. These six wives have blessed him with forty-two children, and the *menage* is completed by five mothers-in-law—five rather than six, because one was so perfectly to his liking that he secured her twice over by marrying her two daughters in succession. The other day, in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Mr. Smith bore public witness to his convictions on this subject.

"I want to say right here," he declared, "that the best friends I ever had were my mothers-in-law. I loved and honored them and shall ever hold their memory sacred."

This is authoritative. It ought to be final.

With the advent of the dog days the Health Commissioner of New York City has given voice to Ten New Commandments, which he asks the faithful to obey in the interests of a low death rate and a high degree of comfort. For the benefit of those who love to live by rule we give them.

Be hopeful and cheerful; the disease may be cured, but it will take some time.

Do not kiss anyone upon the mouth.

Shave your beard, or wear it closely clipped.

Wash hands thoroughly and clean finger nails before eating.

Stay in the open air as much as you can.

Keep at least one window open in your bedroom.

Keep feet dry and warm.

Never run nor lift heavy weights. Never take any kind of walking, breathing or other exercises when you are tired.

Go to bed early and sleep at least eight hours.

Excellent suggestions these which the good doctor gives, but we suspect they have little better chance of being obeyed than the original Decalogue.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

VI. NERVOUS FEARS

TO argue with nervous anxiety, either in ourselves or in others, is never helpful. Indeed it is never helpful to argue with "nerves" at all. Arguing with nervous excitement of any kind is like rubbing a sore. It only irritates it. It does not take long to argue excited or tired nerves into inflammation, but it is a long and difficult process to allay the inflammation, when it has once been aroused. It is a sad fact that many people have been argued into long nervous illnesses by would-be kind friends, whose only intention was to argue them out of illness. Even the kindest and most disinterested friends are apt to lose patience when they argue, and that, to the tired brain which they are trying to relieve, is a greater irritant than they realize. The radical cure for nervous fears is to drop resistance to painful circumstances or conditions. Resistance is unwillingness to endure, and to drop the

resistance is to be strongly willing. This vigorous "willingness" is so absolutely certain in its happy effect, and it is so impossible that it should fail, that the resistant impulses seem to oppose themselves to it with extreme energy. It is as if the resistances were conscious imps, and as if their certainty of defeat—in the case of their victim's entire "willingness"—roused them to do their worst, and to hold on to their only possible means of power with all the more determination. Indeed, when a man is working through a hard state, in gaining his freedom from nervous fears, these imps seem to hold councils of war, and to devise new plans of attack in order to take him by surprise and overwhelm him in an emergency. But every sharp attack, if met with quiet "willingness," brings a defeat for the assailants, until, finally the resistant imps are conquered and disappear. Occasionally a stray imp will return, and try to arouse resistance on what he feels is old familiar ground, but he is quickly driven off, and the experience only makes a man more quietly vigilant and more persistently "willing."

Perhaps one of the most prevalent and one of the hardest fears to meet, is that of insanity,—especially when it is known to be a probable or possible inheritance. When such fear is oppressing a man,—to tell him that he not only can get free from the fear, but free from any possibility of insanity, through a perfect willingness to be insane, must seem to him at first a monstrous mockery; and, if you can not persuade him of the truth, but find that you are only frightening him more, there is nothing to do then but to be willing that he should not be persuaded, and to wait for a better opportunity. You can show him that no such inheritance can become an actuality, unless we permit it, and that the very knowledge of an hereditary tendency, when wholesomely used, makes it possible for us to take every precaution and to use every true safeguard against it. The presence of danger is a source of strength to the brave; and the source of abiding courage is not in the nerves, but in the spirit and the will behind them. It is the clear statement of this fact that will persuade him. The fact may have to be stated many times, but it should never be argued. And the more quietly, and gently, and earnestly it is stated, the sooner it will convince, for it is the truth that makes us free.

Fear keeps the brain in a state of excitement. Even when it is not consciously felt, it is felt sub-consciously, and we ought to be glad to have it aroused, in order that we may see it and free ourselves, not only from the particular fear for the time being, but from the sub-conscious impression of fear in general.

It seems curious to speak of grappling with the fear of insanity, and conquering it by being perfectly willing to be insane, but it is no more curious than the relation of the centrifugal and the centripetal forces to each other. We need our utmost power of concentration to enable us to yield truly, and to be fully willing to submit to whatever the law of our being may require. Fear contracts the brain and the nerves and interrupts the circulation, and want of free circulation is a breeder of disease. Dropping resistance relaxes the tension of the brain and nerves, and opens the channels for free circulation, and free circulation helps to carry off the tendency to disease. If a man is wholesomely willing to be insane, should such an affliction overtake him, he has dropped all resistance to the idea of insanity, and thus also to all the mental and physical contractions that would foster insanity. He has dropped a strain which was draining his brain of its proper strength, and the result is new vigor to mind and body. To drop an inherited strain produces a great and wonderful change, and all we need to bring it about is to thoroughly understand how possible and how beneficial it is. If we once realize the benefit of dropping the strain, our will is there to accomplish the rest, as surely as it is there to take our hand out of the fire when it burns.

Then there is the fear of contagion. Some people are haunted with the fear of catching disease, and the contraction which such resistance brings induces a physical state most favorable to contagion. There was once a little child whose parents were so full of anxious fears that they attempted to protect him from disease in ways that were extreme and ridiculous. All his toys were boiled, everything he ate or drank was sterilized, and many other precautions were taken,—but along with all the precautions, the parents were in constant fear;

and it is not unreasonable to feel that the reflection upon the child of the chronic resistance to possible danger with which he was surrounded, had something to do with the fact that the dreaded disease was finally caught, and that, moreover, the child did not recover. If reasonably healthy conditions had been insisted upon and the parents had felt a wholesome trust in the general order of things, it would have been likely to make the child more vigorous, and would have tended to increase his capacity for throwing off contagion.

Children are very sensitive, and it is not unusual to see a child crying because its mother is out of humor, even though she may not have spoken a cross word. It is not unusual to see a child contract its little brain and body in response to the fears and contractions of its parents, and such contraction keeps the child in a state in which it may be more difficult to throw off disease.

If you hold your fist as tight as you can hold it for fifteen minutes, the fatigue you will feel when it relaxes is a clear proof of the energy you have been wasting. The waste of nervous energy would be much increased if the fist were held tightly for hours; and, if the waste is so great in the useless tightening of a fist, it is still greater in the extended and continuous contraction of brain and nerves in useless fears; and the energy saved through dropping the fears and their accompanying tension can bring in the same proportion a vigor unknown before,—and, at the same time, afford protection against the very things we feared.

The fear of taking cold is so strong in many people that a draught of fresh air becomes a bugaboo to their contracted, sensitive nerves. Draughts are imagined as existing everywhere, and the contraction which immediately follows the sensation of a draught is the best means of preparing to catch a cold.

Fear of accident keeps one in a constant state of unnecessary terror. To be willing that an accident should happen does not make it more likely to happen, but it prevents our wasting energy by resistance, and keeps us quiet and free, so that if an emergency of any kind arises, we are prepared to act promptly and calmly for the best. If the amount of human energy wasted in the strain of nervous fear could be measured in pounds of pressure the figures would be astonishing. Many people who have the habit of nervous fear in one form or another do not throw it off merely because they do not know how. There are big and little nervous fears, and each and all can be met and conquered,—thus bringing a freedom of life which cannot even be imagined by those carrying the burden of fear, more or less, throughout their lives.

The fear of what people will think of us is a very common cause of slavery, and the nervous anxiety, as to whether we do or do not please is a strain which wastes the energy of the greater part of mankind. It seems curious to measure the force wasted in sensitiveness to public opinion as you would measure the waste of power in an engine, and yet it is a wholesome and impersonal way to think of it,—until we find a better way. It relieves us of the morbid element in the sensitiveness to say, "I cannot mind what so-and-so thinks of me, for I have not the nervous energy to spare." It relieves us still more of the tendency to morbid feeling, if we are wholesomely interested in what others think of us, in order to profit by it, and do better. There is nothing morbid or nervous about our sensitiveness to opinion, when it is derived from a love of criticism for the sake of its usefulness. Such a rightful and wise regard for the opinion of others results in a saving of energy, for on the one hand, it saves us from the mistakes of false and shallow independence, and, on the other, from the wasteful strain of servile fear.

The little nervous fears are countless. The fear of not being exact. The fear of not having turned off the gas entirely. The fear of not having done a little daily duty which we find again and again we have done. These fears are often increased, and sometimes are aroused, by our being tired, and it is well to realize that, and to attend at once carefully to whatever our particular duty may be, and then, when the fear of not having done it attacks us, we should think of it as if it were a physical pain, and turn our attention quietly to something else. In this way such little nagging fears are relieved; whereas, if we allowed ourselves to be driven by them, we might bring on nervous states that

would take weeks or months to overcome. These nervous fears attack us again and again in subtle ways, if we allow ourselves to be influenced by them. They are all forms of unwillingness or resistance, and may all be removed by dropping the resistance and yielding,—not to the fear, but to a willingness that the fear should be there.

One of the small fears that often makes life seem unbearable is the fear of a dentist. A woman who had suffered from this fear for a life time, and who had been learning to drop resistances in other ways, was once brought face to face with the necessity for going to the dentist, the old fear was at once aroused—something like the feeling one might have in preparing for the guillotine—and she suffered from it a day or two before she remembered her new principles. Then, when the new ideas came back to her mind she at once applied them and said, "Yes, I *am afraid*, I *am awfully afraid*. I am *perfectly willing to be afraid*," and the ease with which the fear disappeared was a surprise, —even to herself.

Another woman who was suffering intensely from fear as to the after effects of an operation, had begun to tremble with great nervous intensity. The trembling itself frightened her, and, when a friend told her quietly to be willing to tremble, her quick intelligence responded at once. "Yes," she said, "I will, I will make myself tremble," and, by not only being willing to tremble, but by making herself tremble, she got quiet mental relief in a very short time, and the trembling disappeared.

The fear of death is, with its derivatives, of course, the greatest of all; and, to remove our resistance to the idea of death, by being perfectly willing to die, is to remove the foundation of all the physical cowardice in life, and to open the way for the growth of a courage which is strength and freedom itself. He who yields gladly to the ordinary facts of life will also yield gladly to the supreme fact of physical death, for a brave and happy willingness is the characteristic habit of his heart :—

> "Under the wild and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie;
> Gladly I lived and gladly die,
> And I lay me down with a will."

There is a legend of the Arabs in which a man puts his head out of his tent and says, "I will loose my camel and commit him to God," and a neighbor who hears him says, in his turn, "I will tie my camel and commit him to God." The true helpfulness from non-resistance does not come from neglecting to take proper precautions against the objects of fear, but from yielding with entire willingness to the necessary facts of life, and a sane confidence that, whatever comes, we shall be provided with the means of meeting it. This confidence, is, in itself, one of the greatest sources of intelligent endurance.

The next article will be on "The Circumstances of Life."

MARGINALIA

Captain Pink of the Peppermint

OLD Capting Pink of the Peppermint,
Though kindly at heart and good,
Had a blunt, bluff way of a-gittin' 'is say
That we all of us understood.

When he brained a man with a pingle spike
Or plastered a seaman flat,
We should a' been blowed, but we all of us knowed
That he didn't mean nothin' by that.

For Capting Pink was a bashful man
And leary of talk as death,
So he easily saw that a crack in the jaw
Was better than wastin' 'is breath.

Sometimes he'd stroll from the ostrich hatch
Jest a-feelin' a trifle rum,
Then he'd hang us tars to the masts and spars
By a heel or an ear or a thumb.

When he done like that, as he oft times did,
We winked at each other and smole,
And we snickered in glee and says, says we,
"Ain't that like the dear old soul!"

I was wonderful fond of old Capting Pink,
And Pink he was fond of me,
(As he frequently said when he battered me head
Or tumbled me into the sea.)

When he sewed the carpenter up in a sack,
And fired the cook from a gun,
We'd a-thunk that 'is rule was a little might crool,
If we hadn't knowed Pink as we done.

Old Capting Pink of the Peppermint,
We all of us loved 'im so
That we waited one night till the tide was right
And the funnels was set for a blow.

Then we hauled 'im out of 'is feather bed
And hammered the dear old bloke;
And he understood, (as we knowed he would)
That we done what we did as a joke.

Then we roguishly tumbled 'im over the side,
And quickly reversin' the screws,
We hurried away to Mehitabel Bay
For a jolly piratical cruise.

Old Capting Pink of the Peppermint—
I'm shocked and I'm pained to say
That there's few you'll find of the Capting's kind
In this here degenerate day.

WALLACE IRWIN

THE FOOLISHNESS OF 'FRISCO

By Maitland LeRoy Osborne

"I WAS sure locoed once," said 'Frisco, poking a reflective forefinger into the bowl of his briarwood pipe. "All along of its being spring and me as frisky and foolish as a two-year-old.

"It wasn't just because the girl was pretty—I've met up with a plenty better looking ones before and since—but there was something in her eyes that made my heart wobble round a whole lot when she looked at me. Blue they were, like that patch of clear sky over the trees yonder, and big and innocent. I used to dream about them nights while I was riding herd with ten thousand long-horns and my own thoughts for company; and when a fellow gets to where thinking of the color of a girl's eyes keeps him from being lonesome he's pretty far along towards being in love with her.

"Old man Taylor, who owned the Bar-O ranch in the Sweetwater Valley, was her uncle, and the doctors had sent her out from somewheres back East to live out doors for a few months. The day after the old man brings her out from town with the buckboard he calls me up to the ranch house and tells me he wants me to see that she has a good time and don't get lost.

"You see, the old man had known me quite a while and hadn't ever heard of my trying to steal anybody's dust. Well, I sticks out my chest quite a lot and puts on a new pair of chaps and turns nursemaid real cheerful and contented, and for four long months there's hardly an hour of the day that I'm not round somewheres handy in case that girl wants me to play with.

"I picked out the most sober-minded cow pony on the ranch and broke him till a baby could have led him round with a string, and then I learned her to ride, and after that we was gamboling over the landscape pretty much all the time.

"First off, being new to the game, I was a little shy on language, but she was so interested in everything that I got to be real eloquent in time. It was all new to her, you see, and different from anything she'd ever seen or heard of or dreamed about, and she just soaked up new experiences like a sponge soaks up water. Even the flowers was different from what she'd been used to back East, and every time I found a new one to show her I felt like I'd struck a streak of pay dirt.

"Every day she was growing prettier, her hands were getting browned by the sun and the color coming into her cheeks and her eyes growing brighter—and every day I was getting more in love with her and more afraid she'd find it out.

"It's curious how being in love affects some people. I believe I'd have stopped smoking if that girl had asked me—which she didn't. She had me halter-broke in about a week so I'd stand all day without being hitched, and when she'd smile at me for the millionth part of a second I'd feel as tickled as a yellow pup when somebody tosses him a bone. I was sure foolish over her—and glad of it.

"But trouble was coming my way—fast, and one day along in August I went to meet it. The old man tells me we've got to have some supplies, so I hitches a couple of cayuses to the buckboard and starts for town at sun-up. It's an all-day drive, and after I puts up the ponies and has my supper and orders the store truck I goes out to mingle in the festivities. Naturally I'm a whole lot thirsty after riding all day in the sun, so I let's the Palace Saloon absorb me and drifts up to the bar, wondering whether I'll have straight poison or a few of the new kind of fancy striped drinks, but just as the barkeep pushes a bottle of red-eye my way I catches a glimpse of a little blue-eyed girl on a spotted pony riding along the trail to meet me, and I sticks out my chest and says, careless like, 'Gimme a lemonade—with plenty of ice.' The barkeep looks at me sort of surprised, but he deals the hand I've called for and I stands up there in a row all by myself and drinks my lemonade. Somehow the place seems sort of quiet and lonesome, though there's a piano banging away in one corner and about a hundred cow-punchers calling for drinks in seven languages, so I drifts out into the street again and stands on the corner and gazes at the festive throng, wondering if I'm sick. I've got money in my pocket—it's the first time I've heard chips rattling for three months, and I find out all of a sudden I'm not amused a little bit. 'Frisco,' I says to myself, you're too good for this world—you'd better go to bed,' which I does, after smoking two bits' worth of three-for-a-quarter cigars.

"In the morning I turns out good and early, loads up the buckboard with canned goods and groceries and lopes over to the postoffice for the mail. The postmaster hails me when I sticks my head in the door and asks if I want company. Says there's a ten-

derfoot come in on the stage the day before who's looking for Taylor's ranch. Of course, I says yes, and pretty soon they rounds him up and shows him to me. He's hardly more than a boy, and he has on more good clothes than I've ever seen before all at one time. He looks like he's a mighty long ways from home, and the minute I set eyes on him I know what he's there for as well as though I d been told.

"I reckon maybe I didn't look real joyful to see him, but he's so anxious to get started that he don't notice, and pretty soon we pulls out for the Bar-O.

"For the first hour or two I watches the road pretty close and don't say much, sizing up my passenger out of the corner of my eye when he ain't noticing. Except for his good clothes he ain't a bad looking boy, and I know he holds all the cards and will win in a show-down. When I think of how glad the girl is going to be when she sees him I feel a whole lot like dropping him in the sage brush and letting him get lost.

"Along toward noon we're riding round a sand hill when the ponies stick up their ears in a way that means one of two things—bear or Indian, and it ain't more than a minute before I see it's Indians. There's quite a bunch of them, maybe twenty or thirty, spread out so we can't get by and waiting real patient for us to drive up and say howdy.

"They're all young braves, in paint and feathers, and I know what their game is the minute I set eyes on them. They has a playful habit those days of breaking out of the reservation occasionally and burning a few ranch houses and scalping a few women and children, and then sneaking back to their tepees after dark and laughing at the soldiers who come up on the run usually about the time the fires stop smoking.

"I heads the ponies round so sudden that the buckboard makes a circle on one wheel, and starts back for town like I'd forgotten a mighty important errand. 'What's up?' the boy asks, holding onto the seat with both hands. 'The noble red man's up,' I says, dodging a bullet that sings by my ear like a mosquito. 'He's seeing red and thirsty for gore,' I says, 'and if you want to keep on wearing your own hair you'd better hold on tight.'

"There's a big, shelving rock about a mile back, not far from the trail, and I know if we can reach that I can hold them off for quite a spell, so I slaps the reins on the ponies' backs and yells a few times, and we drifts over the landscape like a yellow dog with a can tied to his tail, shedding store truck something sinful. Every time we hit a rock we jolts off a can of tomatoes or a bag of flour, till it looks like a cyclone has scattered a general store all along the trail. And all the time them blamed Indians are crawling up on us, hanging over their ponies' necks and yelling like Hell let loose.

"When the rock's about five hundred yards ahead and the nearest Indian about as far behind, one of the ponies steps in a prai-

"Then the show begins again."

rie dog's hole and goes down with a broken leg, and before I have time to swear we're piled up in a heap so promiscuous that I don t know for a second or two which is me and which is the buckboard. But I crawls out of the wreck mighty spry and looks round for the boy. He's setting in a puddle of molasses and flour and broken eggs, hugging a ham under one arm and looking mighty surprised, but not hurt a bit.

"It ain't any time to stop and talk, so I cuts the other cayuse loose from what's left of the buckboard, and picks up the boy and chucks him onto its back. 'Now ride, you little cuss,' I says, grabbing the pony's tail and prodding him in the rump with the point of my knife, and we heads for the rock, hitting only the high places, with the pony towing me and the nearest Indian reaching for my back hair. I never was much on traveling a-foot, but I reckon I must have broke all the running records for a five hundred yard dash right then and there, and we made the rock just ahead of our red brothers. I knows then we're all right for a while, for they can only get at us by riding straight up, which ain't an Indian's idea of fighting at all.

"We cuddles down in a little hollow, and the Indians ride back and begin to pow wow.

"Then a few of them split off and take a circle around to see if they can get at us from the rear, but I don't worry none, knowing they can't reach us. Pretty soon they ride back and after a lot more talking I see they're going to try to rush us. 'Can you shoot?' I asks the boy. 'Don't know,' he says, 'never tried to.' 'Well,' I says, handing him one of my forty-fours, 'you've got to learn how right now. Keep your eye on that big buck on the spotted pony and when he gets this side of that bunch of sage brush open up on him. Shoot low and keep a-shooting till you hit something.' The boy takes the gun, looks at it like a speckled rooster admiring a new sort of worm, and pokes it out over a stone real business-like.

"Then the crowd breaks loose and comes for us with a rush, shooting and yelling like mad. I've just made a good Indian out of a cross-eyed brave with a yellow feather headpiece when I hear a shot behind me and the big buck that I pointed out to the boy doubles up and slides off his pony like a bag of sand. 'By Jove!' the boy pipes up, real excited and pleased, 'I really believe I hit the beggar.' 'I really believe you did, sonny,' I says, patting him on the back. Then the Indians split up in two bunches and go by on the run out of range.

"When they come back, the boy getting excited, forgets to hug the ground close enough and a bullet kicks up the dust in front of him, knocks off his hat and flattens against the rock behind me, and he tumbles back across my legs. I thinks they've got him then, sure, but it's only a glancing cut on the side of his head that stuns him.

"I'd tumbled another Indian off his pony as they went back, which made three out of the game altogether, but I see they're going to try it again, so I pushes the boy down behind me and loads both guns in a hurry. When I see him laying there, looking as innocent as a baby, with his white face and a smile on his lips and the blood trickling down one cheek, I think of the little girl back there on the ranch and the look that'll be in her eyes if I go back and tell her that he's dead, and I gets mighty hot and uncomfortable. 'They may get his hair yet,' I says to myself, 'but they've got to get mine first.' Then the show begins again and the bullets buzz around my ears like a lot of bees.

"Four times those infernal redskins circled the rock, and six of their ponies had lost their riders, but I was getting shot up quite a lot, having to expose myself some to keep the boy covered. When all of a sudden I hears a strain of the sweetest music I ever listened to—a bugle sounding the charge, and a company of troopers breaks cover from behind a sand hill. When they come in sight the Indians just naturally tumble all over themselves, trying to get away, and the whole outfit goes by in a cloud of dust and noise.

"I jumps up and waves my hat and lets loose a few joyful yells when they go by, and then my knees got sort of wobbly and I loses interest in the proceedings for quite a spell.

'The next thing I knows I finds myself astride a pony with my boots full of blood. 'Where's the boy?' I asks the trooper that's holding me on my cayuse. 'Oh, he's all right,' he says, 'nothing but a scratch on the head,' and I shuts my eyes again and forgets my troubles.

'The next day I'm laying in my bunk, feeling mighty lonesome, when the little girl opens the door and looks in to see if I'm awake. I tries to get up on one elbow, but I'm too weak, and she comes in and drops down on her knees beside the bunk with her eyes shining like stars and slips her arms around my neck and kisses me. 'You dear old 'Frisco,' she says, hiding her brown curls against my shoulder. Somehow I can't seem to think of anything to say, so I just lays there, staring at the ceiling while she whispers a lot of things into my left ear about how good I've been to her, and after a while she kisses me again and goes away.

"Well, they had a parson out from town a week or so later, and the boy and girl insisted on my being best man."

'Frisco turned his gaze to watch a wheeling eagle far overhead—then, "They named their first boy after me," he said, with a shy smile.

THE BANISHMENT OF MICKY

By Margie Dohrman

THE Fourth Grade was having its ten-minute recreation period, when suddenly the Principal entered the room. More than one pair of eyes had noticed "teacher" blush faintly, but then teacher was young and decidedly pretty, and the principal was also young and also good to look upon. They watched in suspense while he talked in low tones to "teacher." Presently teacher spoke; her voice was low and without expression, as it was always when she was angry or hurt.

"The class will please come to order."

Every child became rigid with attention.

"Children," teacher continued, "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform on account of the misbehavior of one of your classmates. Michael Kelly, step forward.

"Wot?"

"There will be NO arguing, Kelly," put in the principal. "Step forward at once."

"Yis, sir," and Michael Kelly, better known as Micky the Unquenchable, stalked solemnly up to the teacher's desk.

"Micky," said she, "Mr. Graham has decided that on account of your behavior yesterday you must be suspended. Nevertheless, if you make a public confession and apology your offenses will be overlooked."

Mickey stood gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling for about half a minute, while a decidedly wicked expression stole over his face, then he answered:—

"I'd just es soon es not make a confession. Do yer want me ter do it ter once?"

"Yes, of course, if you are ready."

"Sure, I'm ready enough."

"Very well, then you had better begin."

Micky slowly turned around and faced the class. Then he began:—

"Well, yer know, yer gits fifteen minutes every time yer name's taken, en yesterday I hed a hour en a half. Well, erbout half past three, whin teacher were out in the hall with ther door shut a-talkin' to an orful handsome young gentleman—"

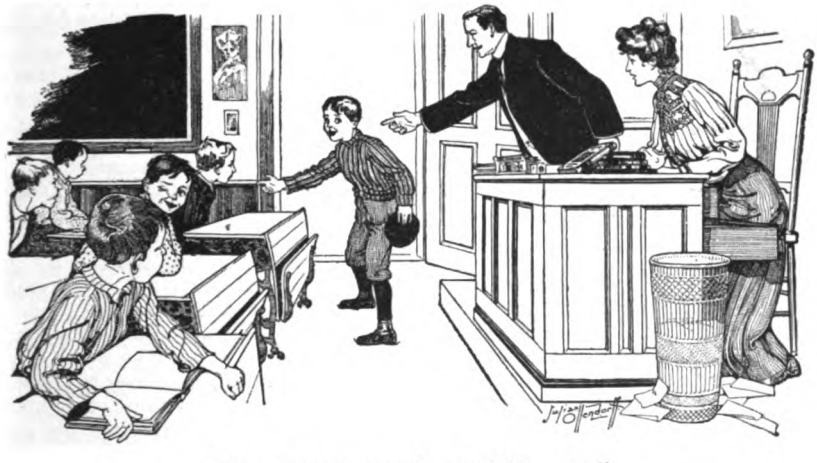
"Micky!" said teacher reprovingly.

In an instant Micky turned upon her.

"Yer dassen't deny it," he cried, "en him settin' right there, too."

"Kelly!" said the principal, "go on."

"Well, es I were saying"—here he winked solemnly—"es I were sayin', teacher were a-talkin' to en orful handsome young gentleman, en es I were tired er sittin' still I thought



"I would er seen her and him er—"

I'd jist peek a little ter see wot they was doin'. So I walked orful soft acrost the room, en I looked through ther crack, en there—en there I seen her en him er—"

"Kelly," said the principal, "that will do."

Micky paid no attention to him whatever.

"En there I seen her en him er—"

A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Young man, you go to your seat, hand in your books immediately, and consider yourself suspended for a month."

Micky again treated the class to a deliberate wink and then went slowly to obey. He got his hat and went to the door, then from that vantage point he again addressed the class, teacher and principal.

"I just want ter say that I did NOT peek through the crack, but I'll bet er nickel ef I hed I WOULD er seen her and him er—"

Again a strong hand was laid upon him, and Micky, unquenchable to the last, was banished from the schoolroom.

Checking up the Crowd

O the joyous traveler returning to his own native land comes the customs officer with his inscrutable classifications.

"Frogs is toads, and toads is insects, which pays duty, but cats is poultry and comes in free."

It is hard to tell sometimes, but it is interesting to try in what way magazine readers are classified.

Not long ago I talked with a newsdealer who had settled this matter of classifying magazines to his own satisfaction. He is a very intelligent man and handles the biggest railway news stand in Cleveland.

"Why," he said, "I can pretty nearly tell what kind of magazine any man will buy before he asks for it. Now that man," pointing to a man who had just departed with a copy of the *Popular Magazine*—"there is no use trying to make him buy LESLIE'S MAGAZINE or *Scribner's* or *McClure's;* he just buys that *Popular Magazine* or else *Ainslee's* or *Argosy,* and I can't sell him anything else. The man who comes for your magazine—I can sell him *Scribner's,* too, or *McClure's,* and sometimes the *Century,* and the people who come to buy *Scribner's* and the *Century* I know I can sell them LESLIE'S and *McClure's,* and that is the way it goes. There is no use trying to put one kind of magazine on the other kind of reader."

It seems to me that this dealer has more or less answered some questions that constantly come up. We hear it asked, "Are people who pay thirty-five cents for a magazine rich people. and do they, therefore, buy the highest-priced magazine, or are they people of certain cultivated tastes in magazines, just as in clothes, who are willing to pay thirty-five cents to gratify those tastes?"

Does a man buy a ten-cent magazine because it costs ten cents, or does some particular ten-cent magazine appeal to him?

And if a man will buy a ten-cent magazine, will any other ten-cent magazine do him just as well, or do the ten-cent magazines have just as strict individualities as the higher-priced ones?

Would a man buy *McClure's* just as quickly if it cost thirty-five cents, as he does now that it costs but ten?

It isn't so much a question of where a man went to school. It isn't so much a question of whether he has got money to spare. It is fundamentally a question of temperament and character. A man picks his magazine just as he picks his friends, because they are *his kind.*

If we believed that LESLIE'S, or, for that matter, any magazine, did not have a distinct personality and, therefore, a distinct constituency, we should not be putting our best life work into LESLIE'S. What would be the use when any other magazine would do as well?

The reason that the *New York American* has more subscribers than the *New York Sun* is that there are more of the *New York American's* kind of readers in the world than there are of the kind of people who read the *Sun.* This is neither a reflection upon nor a cause of rejoicing by either publication. It is merely a matter of classification.

It would be easily possible for LESLIE'S MAGAZINE to have a bigger circulation, but it would not be LESLIE'S.

Those of you who started in life in a small town, and grew

Checking up the Crowd

up there, remember how impossible it has been to outgrow the memories of the old inhabitants who remember you as a little boy.

You may have become a judge, a senator, or a prominent merchant. The world at large may speak of you with a handle to your name, but to these old mossbacks, chewing tobacco around the village store, or hobbling up the village street, you are still "little Willie Smith."

"Sho', I remember him when he was a little skeezucks."

There is probably not a reading American who doesn't remember FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. No one who took a railroad trip twenty years ago failed to see this magazine, with its characteristic cover, being sold by the train boy. That was a very different magazine from this. Not only has the taste of the country changed, but the standards of LESLIE'S have changed. WE are glad to retain the name of "Leslie," because it is one of the oldest names in magazine publishing in the country, but that is about all we have retained.

Frank Leslie himself was the foremost and most enterprising periodical publisher of his generation, and were he alive to-day his standards would have changed to meet the needs of this generation of Americans.

This magazine has a new purpose, a new spirit. It is made for those who work for things they believe in; who enjoy life and believe that it is good. To such people it brings entertainment and inspiration. A subscriber in Detroit writes: "It's the best magazine for the *whole* family."

That it is fulfilling its purpose is believed by over a quarter of a million people, and upon the belief of these people LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is building to-day.

It is not necessary to quote Gladstone as to the value of the advertising pages in the American magazines. The point is that it is getting so that they are more than respectable. It is now good form to mention the advertising to the readers. There was a time when it was a sort of violation of magazine ethics to suggest that there was advertising in the magazine. Now it is taken for granted that a reader is at least as much interested in the advertising stories as he is in the other stories. He knows that some people earn as much money writing ads as others do writing literature. He knows that artists quite frequently get more for their designs in the back of the magazine than the same artists do when they illustrate a story, but this is not the cause of his deep interest in the advertising pages. It is merely incidental. He has learned these things as a result of the tremendous interest in advertising, which makes the magazine more complete to-day than it has ever been.

LESLIE'S feels that it is a complete magazine from "kiver to kiver," without any great gulf separating the sheep from the goats, the pure reading matter from the equally pure advertising matter.

To the pure all things are pure, and to the modern magazine reader all of the magazine is interesting.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"THE SILENT PLACES," by Stewart Edward White.

A book for people who love nature for her kindliness or hate her for her cruelty, but not for those who are indifferent. It is the story of a man-hunt through the great woods and snow plains of Canada—romantic and poetic in its conception, with an unusual love story. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"THE VIKING'S SKULL," by John R. Carling.

A tale of love and crime, avarice and mystery. In the telling there is much clumsiness, improbability and carelessness. A book for those who enjoy exciting narrative and thrilling situations, but who don't inquire too closely as to how the events and situations come about. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"RULERS OF KINGS," by Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton's recent diagnosis of American literature as "anemic" explains, if it cannot palliate, the exaggeration of this romance of an American billionaire browbeating the crowned heads of Europe. (Harper's.)

"THE FAT OF THE LAND," by John William Streeter.

How New England farming on a substantial scale was made to pay excellent return on the money invested and usurious interest in health and happiness, is told in copious detail and with a good deal of practical inspiration in this autobiography of a physician turned farmer. (The Macmillan Co.)

"SIR MORTIMER," by Mary Johnson.

There is nothing to object to in "Sir timer" judged by historical novel stan Indeed it gives the reader more rom more sentiment and fully as much loss and limb as usual in books of its cla good summer novel which no one will t seriously as the author herself evidently (Harper & Brothers.)

"THE PENETRATION OF ARABIA," By George Hogarth.

A careful and detailed account meager and inadequate explorations of teresting country as familiar historicall is unknown geographically. A book esting to any one who cares for explor for their own sake. (F. A. Stokes & C

"THE BOSS," by Alfred Henry Lewis.

The rise of a New York politician fr gutter to the leadership of Tammany makes a startling story. The crude for brutal frankness with which the author certain of the characters and scenes cr impression that the book as a whole confirm. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"BY SNARE OF LOVE," by Arthur W. mont.

The attempt of an American to int good government and good business part of Turkey forms the groundwork tale of love, intrigue and adventure th help pleasantly to pass an idle hour. Stokes & Co.)

PAGE NOT AVAILABLE

THE DAINTIEST SOAP MADE is HAND SAPOLIO for toilet and bath. Other soaps chemically dissolve the dirt—HAND SAPOLIO removes it. It contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a perfect complexion. Test it yourself.

THE FAME OF SAPOLIO has reached far and wide. Everywhere in millions of homes there is a regard for it which can not be shaken. Sapolio has done much for your home, but now for yourself—have you ever tried HAND SAPOLIO, for toilet and bath? It is related to Sapolio only because it is made by the same company, but it is delicate, smooth, dainty, soothing, and healing to the most tender skin. It pleases everyone.

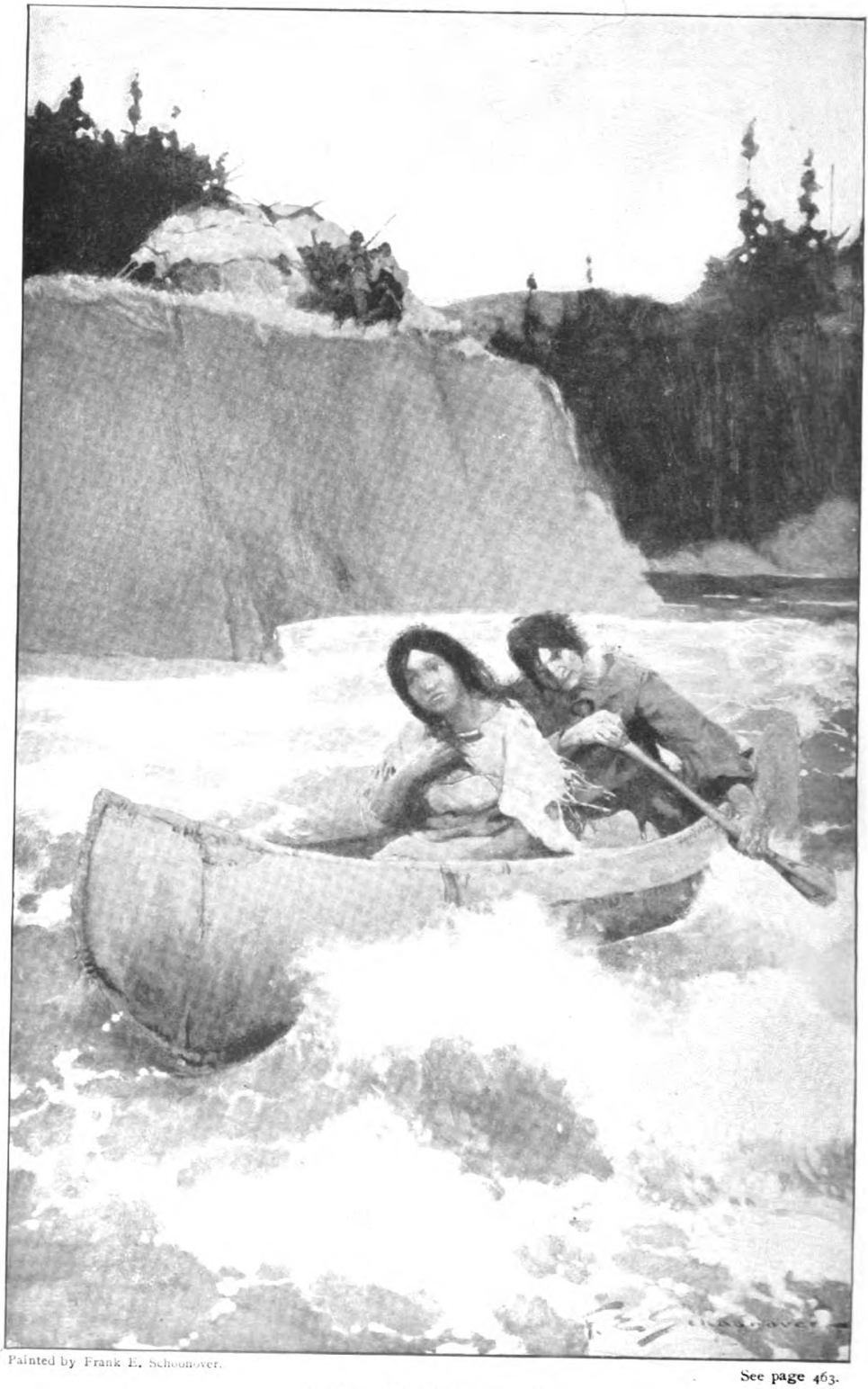
ITS USE IS A FINE HABIT—ITS COST BUT A TRIFLE.

ALONG THE WAY

By Vivian Mordaunt

MY path is lost, is lost to sight,
My way is gone ;
Grant me, O God, strength yet to fight—
To struggle on ;

Although no more I see the light
That guided long,
For its own sake to do the right—
To hate the wrong !



Painted by Frank E. Schoonover.

See page 463.

"Shakin' to the nerves."

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1904 No. 5

WHERE NORTHERN LIGHTS COME DOWN 'O NIGHTS

By Rex E. Beach

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE Mission House at Togiak stands forlornly on a wind-swept Alaskan spit, while huddled around it a swarm of dirt-covered "igloos" grovel in an ecstacy of abasement.

Many natives crawled out of these and stared across the bay as down a gully came an Arctic caravan, men and dogs, black against the deadly whiteness. Ahead swung the guide, straddling awkwardly on his five foot webs, while the straining pack pattered at his heels. Big George, the driver, urged them with strong words, idioms of the Northland, and his long whip bit sharply at their legs.

His companion, clinging to the sled, stumbled now and then, while his face, splitting from the snap of the frost, was smothered in a muffler. Sometimes he fell, plunging into the snow, rising painfully, and groaning with the misery of "snow-blindness."

"Most there now, Cap, keep up your grit."

"I'm all right," answered the afflicted man, wearily. "Don't mind me."

George, too, had suffered from the sheen of the unbroken whiteness, and, while his eyes had not wholly closed, he saw but dimly. His cheeks were grease-smeared, and blackened with charred wood to break the snow-glare, but through his mask showed signs of suffering, while his blood-shot eyes dripped scalding tears and throbbed distressfully. For days he had not dared to lose sight of the guide. Once he had caught him sneaking the dogs away, and he feared he had killed the man for a time. Now Jaska broke trail ahead, his sullen, swollen features baleful in their injury.

Down the steep bank they slid, across the humped up sea ice at the river mouth and into the village.

At the greeting of their guide to his tribesman, George started. Twelve years of coast life had taught him the dialect from Point Barrow south, and he glanced at Captain to find whether he, too, had heard the message. As Jaska handed a talisman to the chief he strode to him and snatched it.

"Oho! It's Father Orloff, is it? D— him!" He gazed at the token, a white spruce chip with strange marks and carvings.

"What does it mean, George?" said the blind man.

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"It's a long story, Charlie, and black. You should have known it before we started. I'm a marked man in this coast country. It's Orloff's work, the renegade. 'Father,' he calls himself. Father to these devils he rules and robs for himself in the name of the Church. His hate is bitter, and he'd have my life if these watery-livered curs didn't dread the sound of my voice. God help him when we meet."

He shook his hairy claws at the hostile circle, then cried to the chief in the native tongue:—

"Oh, Shaman! We come bleeding and weary. Hunger grips us and our bones are stiff with frost. The light is gone from my brother's eyes and we are sick. Open you the door to the Mission House that the 'Minoks' may rest and grow strong."

The Indians clustered before the portal, with its rude cross above, and stared malignantly, while the chief spoke. At the name of his enemy the unsightly eyes of George gleamed, and he growled contemptuously, advancing among them. They scattered at the manner of his coming, and he struck the padlocked door till it rattled stiffly. Then spying the cross overhead he lifted up and gripped the wood. It came away ripping, and with wails of rage and horror at the sacrilege, they closed about him.

"Here, Cap! Bust her in, quick!" He dragged Captain before the entrance, thrusting the weapon upon him, then ran ferociously among the people. He snatched them to him, cuffing like a bear and trampling them into the snow. Those who came into the reach of his knotty arms crumpled up and twisted under his feet. He whirled into the group, roaring hoarsely, his angry, grease-blackened face hideous with rage. The aborigine is not a fighting machine; for him the side-step and counter have no being. They melted ahead of his blazing wrath, and he whisked them, fleeing, by their garments, so that they felt the stamp of his moccasined heels.

Captain dragged the team within, and George following, blocked the shattered door.

"We're safe as long as we stay in the Church," said he.

"Right of sanctuary, eh? Does it occur to you how we're going to get out?"

"Never mind, we'll get out somehow," said he. And that night, as Charlie Captain, late University man and engineer, lay with eyes swathed in steaming cloths, the whaler spoke operosely and with the bitterness of great wrong.

"It happened when we rocked the bars of Forty Mile, before ever a Chechako had crossed the Chilcoot. I went over to the headwaters of the Tanana. Into the big valley I went and got lost in the Flats. 'Tis a wild country, rimmed by high mountains, full of niggerheads and tundra, with the river windin' clean back to the source of the Copper. I run out of grub. We always did them days, and built a raft to float down to the Yukon. A race with starvation, and a dead heat it near proved, too, though I had a shade the best of it. I drifted out into the main river, ravin' mad, my 'Mukluks' eat off and my moosehide gun cover inside of me.

"A girl spied me from the village, and 'twas her that brought me ashore in her birch-bark and tended me in her wick-i-up till reason came and the blood ran through me again.

"I mind seein' a white man standin' around at times and hearin' him beg her to leave me to the old squaws. She didn't though. She gave me bits of moose meat and berries and dried salmon, and when I come to one day I saw she was little and brown and pleadin' and her clothes all covered with beads. Her eyes was big and sad, Cap, and dimples poked into her cheeks when she laughed.

"'Twas then that Orloff takes a hand—the white man. A priest he called himself; breed, Russian. Maybe he was, but a blacker hearted thief never wronged a child. He wanted the girl, Metla, and so did I. When I asked her old man for her he said she was promised to the Russian. I laughed at him, and a chief hates to be mocked. You know what sway the Church has over these Indians. Well, Orloff is a strong man. He held 'em like a rock. He worked on 'em till one day the tribemen came to me in a body and said, 'Go!'

"'Give me the girl, and I will,' says I.

"Orloff sneered. 'She was mine for a month before ye came,' says he with the fiend showin' back of his eyes. 'Do ye want her now?'

"For a minute I believed him. I struck once to kill, and he went down.

They closed on me as fast as I shook 'em off. 'Twas a beautiful sight for a ruction, on the high banks over the river, but I was like water from the sickness. I fought to get at their priest where he lay, to stamp out his grinning face before they downed me, but I was beat back to the bluff and I battled with my heels over the edge. I broke a pole from the fish-rack and a good many went down. Then I heard Metla calling softly from below:—

"'Jump!' she said. 'Big one, jump.'

"She had loosed a canoe at the landing and now held it in the boiling current underneath, paddling desperately.

"As they ran out of the tents with their rifles I leaped.

"A long drop and cold water, but I hit feet first. When I rose the little girl was alongside.

"It's a ticklish thing to crawl over the stern of a canoe in the spatter of slugs, with the roar of muzzle-loaders above. It's shakin' to the nerves, but the maid never flinched, not even when a bullet split the gunnel. She ripped a piece of her dress and plugged a hole under the water line while I paddled out of range.

"The next winter at Holy Cross she ran to me shaking one day.

"'He is here! He is here! Oh, Big man, I am afraid!'

"'Who's here?' says I.

"'He is here—Father Orloff,' and her eyes was round and scared so that I took her up and kissed her while she clung to me—she was such a little girl.

"'He spoke to me at the water-hole, "I have come for you." I ran very fast, but he came behind. "Where is George?" he said.'

"I went out of the cabin down to the Mission, and into the house of Father Barnum. He was there.

"'Orloff! What do ye want?' I says.

"Father Barnum speaks up—he's known for a good man the length of the river. 'George,' says he, 'Father Orloff tells me you stole the girl Metla from her tribe. 'Tis a shameful thing for a white to take a red girl for his wife, but it's a crime to live as you do."

"'What?' says I.

"'We can't sell you provisions nor allow you to stay in the village.'

"Orloff grins. 'You must go on,' he says, 'or give her up.'

"'No! I'll do neither.' And I shows the paper from the missionary at Nulato statin' that we were married. 'She's my wife,' says I, 'and too good for me. She's left her people and her gods, and I'll care for her.' I saw how it hurt Orloff, and I laid my hand on his shoulder close to the neck. 'I distrust ye, and sure as Fate ye'll die the shocking death if ever harm comes to the little one.'

"That was the winter of the famine, though every winter was the same then, and I went to Anvik for grub—took all the strong men and dogs in the village. I was afraid when I left, too, for 'twas the time I should have been with her, but there was no one else to go.

"'When you come back,' she said, 'there will be another—a little boy—and he will grow mighty and strong, like his father.' She hung her arms around me, Cap, and I left with her kisses warm on my lips.

"It was a terrible trip, the river wet with overflows and the cut-offs drifted deep, so I drove back into Holy Cross a week late with bleedin' dogs and frozen Indians strainin' at the sled ropes.

"I heard the wail of the old women before I come to the cabin, and when Metla had sobbed the story out in her weakness, I went back into the dark and down to the Mission. I remember how the Northern Lights flared over the hills above, and the little spruces on the summit looked to me like headstones, black against the moon—and I laughed when I saw the snow red in the night glare, for it meant blood and death.

"It was as lusty a babe as ever crowed, but Orloff had come to the sick bed and sent her squaws away. Baptism and such things he said he'd do. The little fellow died that night.

"They say the Mission door was locked and barred, but I pushed through it like paper and came into Father Barnum's house, where they sat. Fifty below is bad for the naked flesh. I broke in, bareheaded, mittenless, and I'd froze some on the way down. He saw murder in my eyes and tried to run, but I got him as he went out of the room. He tore his throat loose from my stiffened fingers and went into the church, but I beat down the door with my naked fists, mocking at his prayers inside, and may I never be

closer to death than Orloff was that night.

"Then a squaw tugged at my 'parka.'

"'She is dying, Anguk,' she said, and I ran back up the hill with the cold bitin' at my heart.

"There was no death that night in Holy Cross, though God knows one naked soul was due to walk out onto the snow. At daylight, when I came back for him, he had fled down the river with the fastest dogs, and to this day I've never seen his face, though 'tis often I've felt his hate.

"He's grown into the strongest missionary on the coast, and he never lets a chance go by to harry me or the girl.

"D'ye mind the time 'Skagway' Bennet died? We was pardners up Norton Sound way when he was killed. They thought he suicided, but I know. I found a cariboo belt in the brush near camp—the kind they make on the Kuskokwim, Father Orloff's country. His men took the wrong one, that's all.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell ye this, Cap, before we started, for now we're into the South Country, where he owns the natives. He knows we've come, as the blood-token of the guide showed. He wants my life, and there's great trouble comin' up. I'm hopin' ye'll soon get your sight, for by now there's a runner twenty miles into the hills with news that we're blind in the church at Togiak. Three days he'll be goin', and on the fifth ye'll hear the jangle of Russian dog-bells. He'll kill the fastest team in Nushagak in the comin', and God help us if we're here."

George scraped a bit of frost-lace from the lone window pane. Dark figures moved over the snow, circling the chapel, and he knew that each was armed. Only their reverence for the church held them from doing the task set by Orloff, and he sighed as he changed the bandages on his suffering mate.

They awoke the next morning to the moan of wind and the sift of snow clouds past their walls. Staring through his peephole, George distinguished only a seethe of whirling flakes that grayed the view, blotting even the neighboring huts, and when the early evening brought a rising note in the storm the trouble lifted from his face.

"A three-day blizzard," he rejoiced, "and the strongest team on the coast can't wallow through it under a week. These on-shore gales is beauts."

For three days the wind tore from off the sea into the open bight at whose head lay Togiak, and its violence wrecked the armor of shore ice in the bay till it beat and roared against the spit, a threshing maelstrom of shattered bergs. The waters piled into the inlet driven by the lash of the storm till they overflowed the river ice behind the village, submerging and breaking it into ragged, dangerous confusion.

On the third day, with Arctic vagary, the wind gasped reluctantly and scurried over the range. In its wake the surging ocean churned loudly and the back-water behind the town, held by the dam of freezing slush-ice at the river mouth, was skimmed by a thin ice-paper, pierced here and there by the up-ended piles from beneath. This held the night's snow, so that morning showed the village girt on three sides by a stream soft-carpeted and safe to the eye, but failing beneath the feet of a child.

"You're eyes are comin' along mighty slow," worried George. "I'm hopin' his reverence is up to his gills in drifts back yonder. We must leave him a sled trail for a souvenir."

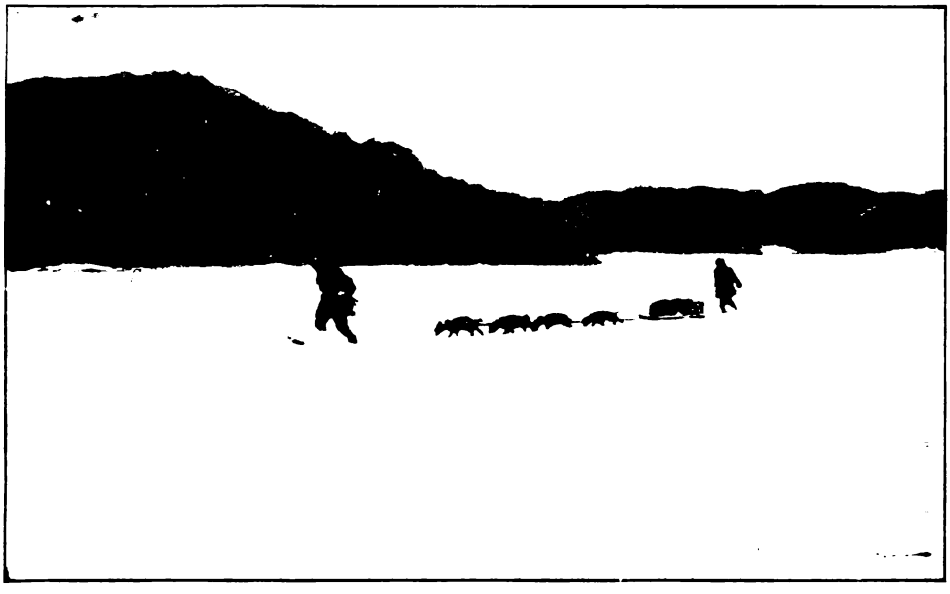
"How can we, with the place guarded?"

"Hitch the dogs and run for it by night. He'll burn us out when he comes. Fine targets we'd make on the snow by the light of a burning shack. If ye can see to shoot we'll go to-night. Hello! What's that?"

Outside came the howl of malamoots and the cry of men. Leaping to the window, George rubbed it free and stared into the sunshine.

"Too late! Too late!" he said. "Here he comes! It's time I killed him." He spoke gratingly, with the dull anger of years.

On the bright surface of the opposite hillside a sled bearing a muffled figure appeared silhouetted against the glisten of the crust. Its team, maddened by the village scent, poured down the incline toward the river bank and the guide swung onto the runners behind, while the voice of the people rose to their priest. In a whirl of soft snow they drove down onto the treachery of the ice. The screams of the natives frenzied the pack and they rioted out onto the bending sheet, while the long sledge, borne by its momentum, shot forward till the splitting cry of the ice sounded over the lamentations. It slackened, sagged and disappeared in a surge



A broken team crawled over the snow.

ot congealing waters. The wheel dogs were dragged into the opening and their mates ahead jerked backward onto them. In a fighting tangle, all settled into the swirl.

Orloff leaped from the sinking sled, but hindered by his fur swaddling crashed through and lunged heavily in his struggles to mount the edge of the film. As he floundered onto the caving surface it let him back and the waters covered him time and again. He pitched oddly about, and for the first time they saw his eyes were bound tightly with bandages, which he strove to loosen.

"My God! He's snow blind!" cried George, and in a moment he appeared among the frantic mob fringing the shore.

The guide broke his way toward a hummuck of old ice forming an islet near by, and the priest half swam, half scrambled behind, till they crawled out upon this solid footing. Here the wintry wind searched them and their dripping clothes stiffened quickly. Orloff dragged the strips from his face, and as the sun glitter pierced his eyes he writhed as though seared by the naked touch of hot steel.

He shouted affrightedly in his blindness, but the mocking voice of Big George answered him and he cowered at the malevolence in the words.

"Here I am, Orloff. It's help ye want, is it? I'll shoot the man that tries to reach ye. Ha, ha! You're freezin' eh? Georgie will talk to keep ye awake. A dirty trick of the river to cheat me so. I've fattened for years on the hope of stampin' your life out and now it's robbed me. But I'll stick till ye're safe in Hell."

The man cried piteously, turning his bleared eyes toward the sound.

"Shoot, why don't you, and end it? Can't you see we're freezing?" He stood up in his carapace of stiffened clothes, shivering palsiedly.

"The truest thing ye ever said," cried George, and he swung his colts into view. "It'll favor you and I'll keep my vow." He raised the gun. The splashing of the distant dogs broke the silence. A native knelt stiffly.

"George! George!" Captain had stumbled down among them and plucked at his arm, peering dimly into his distorted face. "Great God, are you a murderer? They'll be dead before we can save them."

"Save 'em?" said George, while reason fought with his mania. "Whose goin' to save 'em? He needs killin'. I'm hungry for his life."

"He's a man, George. They're both human, and they're dying in sight of us. Give him a chance. Fight like a man."

As he spoke the fury fell away from the whaler and he became the alert, strong man of the frontier, knowing the quick danger and meeting it.

He bellowed at the natives and they fled backward before his voice, storming the chaché where lay the big skin canoes. They slid one down and seizing paddles crushed the ice around it till it floated, then supported by the prow, George stamped the ice into fragments ahead, and they forced their way slowly along the channel he made. Soaked to the arm pits he smashed a trail through which they reached the hummock where the others lay, too listless for action.

At the shore they bore the priest to their shelter while the guide was snatched into a nearby hut. They hacked off his brittle clothes and supported him to the bed. As he walked his feet clattered on the board floor like the sound of wooden shoes. They were white and solid, as were his hands.

"He's badly frozen," whispered Captain, "can we save him?" They rubbed and thawed for hours, but the sluggish blood refused to flow into the extremities and Captain felt that this man would die for lack of amputation.

Through all the Russian was silent, gazing strangely at George.

"'Tis no use," finally said the big man, despairingly, "I've seen too many of 'em; we've done our best."

He disappeared, and there sounded the jingle of harness as the dogs were hitched. As he entered for the camp outfit Orloff spoke :—

"George Brace, I've harmed you bitterly these many years, and you're a good man to help me so. It's no use. We have both fought the Cold Death and know when to quit. I came here to kill you, but you will go out across the mountains free, while I rave in madness and the medicine men make charms over me. When you come into Bethel Mission I'll be dead. Good-by."

"Good Hell! We're takin' ye to Bethel, and a doctor in ten minutes. A week's travel as the trail goes, but we'll save a chunk of ye yet, old man."

Five days later a broken team crawled over the snow to the Moravian Mission, urged by two men gaunt from the trail, and blistered by the cold. From the sledge came shrieks and throaty mutterings, horrid gabblings of post-freezing madness and Dr. Forrest, lifting back the robe, found Orloff lashed into his couch.

"Five days from Togiak. Two hundred miles in heavy trails," explained George wearily as the cries of the maniac dimmed behind the log walls.

Two hours later Forrest spoke gravely as they nursed their frost bites in his room.

"We have operated. He will recover."

"It's a sad, sad day," mourned George. "It just takes the taste out of everything for me. He's a cripple now, eh?"

"Yes! Helpless! I did not know Father Orloff had many—er—friends hereabout," continued the doctor. "He was thought to be hated by the whites. I'm glad the report was wrong."

"Friends be damned," said the other strongly. "What's a friend? Ye can get them any place, but where can ye find another enemy like that man?"

Things that the mother considers naughty and the father tolerates.

THE NAUGHTINESS OF CHILDREN

By E. S. Martin

WITH DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE WYMAN

NAUGHTINESS in a child is a relative quantity and depends upon circumstances. Pretty much everything that concerns morals or ethics is relative. The first rule of conduct is—do as you like. Any sort of conduct will pass uncriticised where there are no critics, but where there is society there must always be critics, and the first rule of conduct has had to be amended, for otherwise people could not live comfortably together. The process of amendment which has been going on since the earliest times, is considered in Christian countries to have reached perfection in the Golden Rule. Theoretically, naughtiness in a child is deviation from the Golden Rule; practically it is deviation from the standard of conduct which the child's parents or elders consider proper for children.

Now parents and elders have all sorts of standards of conduct for children, and it

often happens that the standards of the two parents of the child are not in entire accord. Again, parents are subject to contraptions of temper and disorders of the health, and often tolerate on one day conduct which they find reprehensible on the day following. Accordingly naughtiness in a child consists practically in deviations from several imperfect and variable standards. This will seem discouraging if we do not consider that the natural, normal state of us all is a state of naughtiness, ameliorated by constant striving to be more nearly good.

In the case of most children, there are things which the father considers naughty and the mother tolerates, and other things that the mother considers naughty and the father tolerates. The father and mother, if they are reasonably wise people, try to back one another up in reprehensions, and so to blend their standards that the child may find its course reasonably clear. But the best they can do is apt to fall somewhat short of perfection. Happily a child gets a great deal of training out of the atmosphere in which he lives. He learns language by hearing it spoken, and if what he hears is good language he learns to speak good language. If he grows up where good manners prevail, his manners will be apt to be good. The standard of conduct that is really effective in shaping the child's character is the standard that

A child gets a deal of training out of the atmosphere in which he lives.

governs the people who govern him. Precepts may be ever so good, injunction ever so searching, but daily example is more effectual than either.

But as to naughtiness. It is a deviation then from the parents' or teachers' standards. And as infants are not born with standards of conduct ready made, ordinary naughtiness is a natural incident of training. The child is not born obedient. Teaching him the necessary measure of obedience is a gradual, experimental process, punctuated by deviations into disobedience, which are naughty. A child is not born truthful. On the contrary, it is born weak, and deceit is the natural refuge of the weak. The training of the child in veracity is a process which may be expected to yield some lies, and lies are certainly naughty. Some children get by birth much more politeness than other children do. Manners and courtesy seem to come natural to some children and are attained with difficulty, if at all, by others. The training of children in manners will of course result in the precipitation of much naughtiness, but that is all in the day's work and it is not a thing for parents to lose sleep over. Even when brothers or sisters join in a family squabble and are very slow in using one with another those graces of consideration and forbearance

which are so necessary to harmonious living, even that should not make the solicitous parent despair. Man by nature is a contentious beast. He is born into a world in which even now many problems have to be settled by blows and in which disputes never cease. To teach him gentleness is an exploit, and especially to teach him gentleness to his equals or to persons smaller than himself whom he does not fear. It is naughty for children to quarrel, but that is a form of naughtiness the immediate eradication of which is not to be expected, and it is enough if steady progress is made towards amiability and self-control.

Of all the child problems, there is none quite so difficult as the problem of the child who seems to have ample sense to learn everything that is necessary except to be good. The mental imbecile can be cared for; the State will do it if the parents can't. The child who is helpless from deformity or physical misfortune, can be provided for. But for the child who is not insane, and who nevertheless shows imperfect moral responsibility, there seems to be no safe place. Take a boy who seems to have good enough brains, so that he can be educated, and who is physically strong, but is found to lack the power to resist temptation. He may be amiable and agreeable; he may be industrious; he may be sincerely well-intentioned; he may do well for a time, but invariably after a while break down and lose moral responsibility, taking to drink, running in debt, following any course of dissipation or extravagance that may be open to him. Such children are born not very infrequently in all conditions of life. Doubtless they have some congenital defect that is fatal to their orderly development. They are not insane and so not fit to be shut up; they are imperfectly responsible and so not really fit to go at large. But at large they must go, for ordinarily there is no other course to follow with them. To help them to rise is only to insure a harder fall when they fall. They are pathetic creatures, foredoomed, some of them to a thousand efforts and a thousand failures, a grief to those who care for them, a sorrow to themselves, and never safe from disaster until their bones go back to earth.

Fortunately the doctrine of the survival of the fittest comes to aid society in dealing with these unfortunates, for usually hardships and excesses and an irregular life wear them out prematurely. There are tramps who seem to find a nomadic life fairly wholesome and to grow fat on casual scraps of food and plenty of sleep out doors or in hay-mows. There are other mature examples of incorrigible naughtiness who seem to illustrate the preservative qualities of alcohol. They reek usually of rum and nothing limits their consumption of stimulants except total pecuniary prostration.

The child is not born obedient.

If Jack fails to make schedule time, Jack's father takes notice.

And yet they live on and on, and year after year the observer who happens to live on the line of their annual progress will wonder to see them still alive. It is extraordinary how long the human frame will sometimes endure the most inconsiderate treatment, but still the rule, with due exceptions, is that grown-ups in whom naughtiness abounds abnormally, do not nearly live their time out.

But adult incorrigibles and moral deficients make too sad a topic. To get back to common naughtiness and its treatment —do you believe in strict discipline or mild? Some one was telling me the other day about how Flint, the eminent captain of industry, brought up his family. He is a remarkable man, who has made a huge fortune and is the master mind in enterprises of enormous scope and importance. He is strong in aggression, strong in defense. He has constantly to decide questions of great importance affecting thousands of people. He is a general in the great industrial struggle which is so important a part of modern life, and, of course, he is a very busy man. What Flint says *goes* in his vast business, and he cannot afford to say it but once. Strange to say he has a large family, and they tell me he is very much the same sort of man at home that he is in his office. He believes in system—of course he has to have system in his business—and he is very systematic at home. Things must be done, and they must be done on the stroke of the clock. If Isabelle is not down to breakfast at so many minutes past seven, when she does come she is not unlikely to be sent back to bed. If Jack fails to make schedule time, according to the paternal schedule, Jack's father takes notice and

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Good habits are a most valuable endowment.

the notice is apt to be peremptory. They say Flint's children are all afraid of him. That may be true, and yet they may be getting very useful training, which will give good results. The results will depend on the material in the children and also upon how much sense Flint possesses; how much he loves his children, and whether he has the time and the discernment to adapt his methods to their individual requirements. Rules are good in a family; so is system, but you cannot raise a family altogether by rule. You can raise turnips that way, but not children. These tick-of-the-watch, my-word-is-law men like Flint, who are used to obedience, are always in danger of becoming despots and spoiling their work in their families by over-restriction of their children's liberty of independent thought and action. Disobedience is naughtiness; obedience is a first-rate thing, but the purpose of making children promptly obedient is to drill them in good conduct so that they will prefer good conduct when they grow up. Good habits are a most valuable endowment, but hardly so good as the will to do right, and it is possible to impart them by a training so rigid that it stunts the will and cramps the mind's development.

I am not sure that Flint is doing the best for his children that is possible, but anyhow he is not neglecting them, and I suspect he's doing the best he knows how. Discipline that is somewhat too strict is far better than neglect. I knew a coachman once named James. He was a superior man and an excellent disciplinarian with high standards. You could hear his horses coming from clear down the street or around the corner, and you knew they were his by their hoof-beats, because he insisted that they should travel exactly

together and keep a steady gait. It is delightful to see anything done well, and it was delightful to see James drive horses. He had nerves and was not of exceptionally sweet temper, and sometimes when a green horse tried his temper overmuch James would lick him. But he was an excellent horseman and kept his beasts in excellent condition, and made his keepers do their work and did his own work thoroughly. He had a number of children and he trained those children very much as he used to train his horses. A strap always hung by the kitchen mantlepiece, and when the children's conduct fell short of James' standard, they got the strap. They were all afraid of him, but they all grew up good, and did well and were devoted to their father. I hope Flint's children will turn out just as well. James and Flint have a good deal in common—energy, industry and a resolute purpose to make things go right. James did not rule entirely by the strap, though the strap came handy for the discouragement of naughtiness, and I don't suppose Flint rules entirely by system, though system is essential to a man who has a lot to do.

Yet there are many parents who raise families and raise them very well without any very rigid system, and without keeping a strap within easy reach. They make companions of their children, and though they have a standard of conduct and make their children come up to it, they contrive that the desire to please shall be the compelling motive in their families rather than the fear of the parental law. I suppose that is the more modern method of training. We seem to be, on the average, more gentle and rather more indulgent with our children than our grandparents were, and more solicitous to develop their own individuality than to impress our own individuality upon them. No doubt our modern way is a good way in good hands, but there must be force of character, however gentle, behind it, if it is to produce good results. The business of raising children does not take care of itself. It has ordinarily to be done thoroughly if it is going to be successful. There has got to be backbone and intelligence in a family somewhere, if naughtiness is not to prevail.

THE PROBLEM OF THE IRIDESCENT MAZE

By William Holloway

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY W. B. KING

"THE design certainly is striking," said the old bead-dealer proudly; "the unusual interlacing of patterns at the center was a bold stroke." He brushed his scanty white hair from his seamed and yellow forehead with trembling fingers. "And the exquisite coloring! What painting ever equalled that delicate shading in the corners?"

Gordon Leonard nodded. "It has the painters beaten," he admitted, his eyes glued to the square of beadwork on the battered show case.

The bead dealer, a tall, shrunken figure of a man, with blurred blue eyes and slender yellowed fingers, rested his elbows on the chipped glass of his show case. "They chatter of painters, and of their choice of colors," he went on scornfully. "What is it but the work of a day? While the matching of these beads took years!"

"So it is your work!" cried the newcomer, with evident interest. He turned again to the glittering fragment, touching it softly with his finger-tips in an ecstacy of appreciation. "I have seen nothing finer, even in Venice."

"An amateur, then?" As he spoke the dealer leaned forward, and his blurred eyes took on a sudden and surprising keenness.

Leonard nodded. "Yes, of course; that is, in a way," he answered absently, intent upon the specimen before him.

"And have you done anything worth while?" asked the old man, nervously twining and untwining his yellow fingers.

"Nothing much," said the younger man reflectively; "except one or two little things in arabesque at Zanzibar."

The dealer's shrunken form suddenly dilated; he leaned over the show case, his eyes agleam. "Have you solved the problem of the iridescent maze?" he demanded abruptly.

Gordon Leonard slowly raised his eyes from the work he had been admiring, and, as slowly, scanned the seamed and bloodless face that fronted him across the show case. "Insane," he instantly decided; "insane but harmless." He rested one elbow carelessly on the show case. "I never heard of the problem of the iridescent maze," he replied.

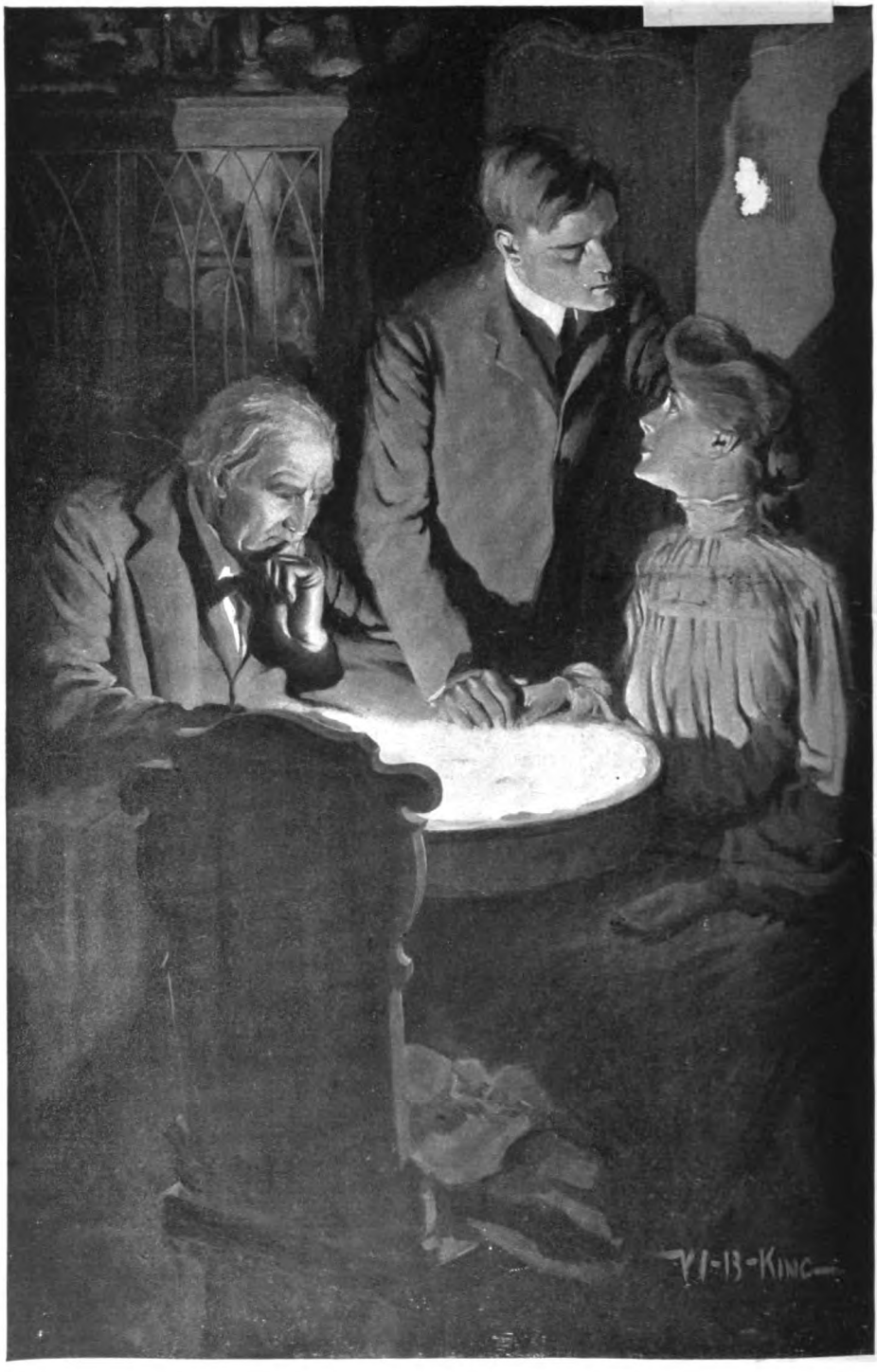
The old man's face relaxed; he stood back from the show case; a faint flush appeared upon his cavernous cheeks. "It has been dealt with by Arabian writers," he said in explanation; "and you mentioned arabesques and Zanzibar."

Leonard laughed. "I am only an amateur," he reaffirmed. "Years ago a friend interested me in beadwork. Afterwards—" he hesitated a moment,—"afterwards this friend and I drifted apart. I was very lonely; and, as I happened just then to run across some magnificent specimens of Venetian art, I began a small collection. The following winter I took a trip abroad, and spent some time in Venice and Zanzibar. But the problem you mention is new to me; entirely new."

"Then," said the dealer, with a patronizing smile, "you know nothing whatever about beadwork, of which it is at once the climax and the inspiration. You are like men who talk of great cities without having seen New York, and boast of playing chess before they understand the simplest mate. Have you ten minutes?"

The younger man consulted his watch. "Not now," he answered regretfully. "I have to be in Central Park in half an hour."

"Many people have broken engage-



"Lillian," he said in his usual tones, "Lillian."

ments to linger here," said the dealer with quiet vanity.

The newcomer stood back from the showcase and glanced about the store, from the low entrance on the side street to the two windows in the rear that looked upon a tiny, rubbish-strewn yard. At the door the noise of the street was overpowering; but within the store it died away to a faint murmur between lines of antique pottery on shelves at one side, and quaint embroideries, in tall, glass cases, on the other.

Leonard drew in his breath with a sigh of content. He was a tall, well-set, rather fine-looking man of thirty-five, with dark eyes, a straight nose and a sensitive mouth; his light brown hair was already very gray about the temples. "It is not exactly an engagement," he said meditatively.

The dealer came from behind the counter, his face eager, his hands trembling. Seen without the protection of the showcase he was a mere rag of a man, entombed in black. "I meet so few amateurs," he said wistfully.

Something in his expression stung Leonard's memory, something uncannily familiar in the outline of the face and in the angle of the nose. For a moment it seemed as if a ghost confronted him in the quiet store; then, with a shiver at the horror of the thought, he thrust the idea into the background. "I have no positive engagement," he said kindly; "I shall be pleased to look at the problem you mention."

The dealer's face grew radiant. "With an amateur of your rank, who knows what may be accomplished!" he cried. "For several years my daughter and I, alone and unaided, have worked at the problem, often on the brink of its solution, always baffled in the end. She has, indeed, borne up wonderfully under repeated disappointments. I often watch her as we sit together at our work, and at times she seems to be seeking something—something else—something that is not the iridescence of the problem." He swept his thin fingers across his forehead with an irresolute air. "And yet," he went on in puzzled tones, "it must be the iridescence. For what else should she seek?"

There was a momentary silence, then the old man, with a sigh, again turned his attention to his visitor. "I must mask you before you look upon the problem," he said gravely; "it would be dangerous otherwise." He retreated behind the counter and returned, carrying two masks of green-figured silk, with black velvet strings. "It is a necessary precaution," he went on, "just as a glass mask was to the old alchemists."

For a moment Leonard hesitated at this new absurdity. Then an oddly familiar wistful look in the old man's eyes decided him. "You must help me on with it," he said kindly; "I suppose the strings fasten behind."

The bead dealer shook his head. "At the back there is a sliding gold buckle with a spring," he explained; "a touch fastens or unfastens it. And one of the masks has a metal mouth-piece."

It was this one, the more faded of the two, which Leonard chose; not, indeed, because of its mouth-piece, but from a preference for the subdued coloring of the silk. The old man himself removed his fellow-craftsman's hat, and fastened the mask upon his face. "If you stoop a little no one, who hears you speak, will doubt but that you are older than myself," he chuckled. "Many a gallant of last century played that very trick upon his wife at masquerades."

Leonard laughed, and his laugh, muffled by the mouth-piece, took on a surprising note of age; he spoke, and his voice had the quavering, querulous sound of senile decay. "I am ready," he said; and the high falsetto of his voice seemed so amazingly ridiculous that he laughed again.

This time the dealer protested. "You are forgetting the problem," he said gently, a troubled look in his dulled blue eyes; "the first glimpse of it will repay you a thousand fold for this petty inconvenience. Not that you will see its full beauty at once; on the contrary, to my daughter and myself it discloses, each day, new phases of beauty. And, talking of my daughter," he went on, with a sharp glance toward the street, "talking of my daughter, I think I notice her carriage at the door."

Leonard looked about in time to see a tall, slender girl, dressed in gray, and carrying a bunch of long-stemmed red roses, enter the store. Then bending forward, he turned his attention to a curious bit of Etruscan pottery in the glass case opposite.

The dealer advanced toward the door

and took the roses with an habituated air. "I have the best roses in Washington Square," he cried, turning toward Leonard; "every afternoon my daughter brings me some, and often," he went on dreamily, "often when they are damp and the sunlight strikes across them, they remind me of those the Venetian bead men used to make, a century ago."

"Ah! They were artists!" exclaimed Leonard with enthusiasm, turning from the pottery; "masters, indeed, for all time!"

"You see, Lillian!" said the old man eagerly, quite unmindful in his pleasure of the cracked voice issuing from behind the mask, "here at last is a man who understands!" He paused an instant to subdue his emotion. "This gentleman is an amateur of rank, whom I have invited to join us in a look at the problem of the iridescent maze," he continued with great dignity; "fortunately an old collector left two masks on sale with me this morning or I should not have ventured to bring a stranger so near the problem. But I had the masks, just when they were needed," he ended with a chuckle; "all of which proves that this is my lucky day!" And, alternately talking to himself and smiling, he led the way behind a screen at the back of the store, where, upon a round mahogany table, lay the problem of the iridescent maze, beneath an embroidered covering of sea-green silk.

The bead dealer seated himself at the table, leaning back in his chair with a certain condescension. "How many varieties of beads do you distinguish?" he asked politely.

Leonard thought a moment. "Two years ago I passed an idle day in Zanzibar, deciding that very question," he said meditatively; "the number, as far as I can recollect, was about two hundred."

The seamed face broke into a pleased smile. "I myself, distinguish over four hundred," said the old man lightly; "but do not let that discourage you. I have met few experts of as great knowledge as your own; which is one reason, perhaps, why I have had to work alone at my problem. But, with your aid, I feel justified in expecting great things. The subject of the problem is simply the old Cretan maze, done in beads by an imaginative craftsman of the middle ages; though that, of course, is but a small part of it. It is the iridescence that perplexes, and forms the basis of the problem, as you will see."

As he finished he raised one corner of the green silk covering with trembling hands; then lowered it again, as though his resolution faltered. Finally, with a sudden movement, he uncovered the problem completely, and Leonard found himself gazing at the most exquisite piece of bead work he had ever beheld. In the mellow light it glowed upon the carved mahogany table like living fire, its riotous colors dulling the ancient embroideries upon the walls, as sunlight dulls a tiny flame,—a very splendid work of art, indeed, but evil, sinister, threatening. And then a strange thing happened. The dealer's wrinkled face twitched nervously, as he leaned forward over the table; his chin sank on his clenched hands; his eyes blazed; he began to mutter to himself, rapidly and incoherently. His daughter, who had been watching him closely, now turned to Leonard with a sign of dismissal.

"He will not observe your departure," she said quietly; "he notices no one at these times."

"It is very sad, very," said Leonard, leaning heavily upon the table. "Can nothing be done for him?"

The girl shook her head. "He has been that way since my mother died," she explained. "They had been great collectors of rare bead work, and this particular piece was the last curio he gave her; she died suddenly, as the two stood admiring it the day it came from Venice, and afterwards, to occupy him, the doctors advised this little store. Here he works at his own bead designs, when not occupied with the problem of the maze, while once a week his lawyer sends a clerk, with a legal bunch of papers and an immense pencil, to make an official inventory of the cash. The problem he mentions is, of course, impossible."

"Almost all problems worth while are impossible," said Leonard gently.

The girl looked at him; at his bent shoulders, at his disfiguring mask, and at the grayish wisps of hair showing from beneath it. "I have a strange fancy about you," she said slowly; "you seem like some one whom I have known before; there is something familiar in your movements, something that haunts me in the very turn of your sentences. Will you

not remove your mask!" she added. "We shall speak better so."

Leonard laughed in his high falsetto. "First unmask yourself," he said grimly, "and I will follow suit. I do not speak of this outward palpable covering," he went on, "but of the veil that hides us from the world. Come from behind that mask—that most hideous mask of all—and let us be frank!"

The girl thought a moment. "Why not?" she said slowly. "You are old, so old that you will not misunderstand, and by some strange, elusive undercurrent your nature touches mine. So—let us be frank!"

Leonard glanced at the huddled, decrepit figure at the other end of the table and waited patiently while the girl fumbled for a small gold locket, pendant from her neck. "I never open it," she explained with a quick intake of her breath, "but I never part with it night or day."

"I guess the story," Leonard interrupted, "from an incident in the life of my youngest nephew. Some years ago, in a lover's whim, he exchanged lockets and miniatures with the woman he loved. They quarreled over some trifle and, as I always understood, she treated him rather harshly, even going so far as to demand that he make no attempt, either directly or indirectly, to communicate with her again. Yet he clings to the locket still. But as for not opening it—to my certain knowledge the spring has been mended half a dozen times in as many years!"

The girl sighed. "If it were only my case!" she said regretfully; "a lovers' quarrel is so easily explained."

"I thought you said it was a quarrel," broke in Leonard with a start.

"Not at all," said the girl. "We had had a disagreement, it is true; but I should have explained it away the next day had not a cable, announcing my mother's death, brought me back to this."

"Even so I don't quite understand," said Leonard musingly; "why did you not write and explain?"

"Because we had talked casually of insanity that last week in London, and I knew his opinions about marrying people under a shadow like mine. And so I wrote him a letter forbidding him ever to attempt to see me, and counseling prolonged travel; meanwhile I took up the life here."

"I remember," began Leonard excitedly; "that is," he continued more quietly, "I remember hearing my nephew Gordon utter similar sentiments about insanity years ago, and, upon inquiry, I found he had done so merely for the sake of argument. I once saw the woman he loved," he went on. "It was in a picture gallery in London, years ago, and she and Gordon were talking to her uncle, old Philip Armstrong, of the Academy."

The girl's color came and went in surges of crimson and gray; she trembled violently. "Your nephew Gordon and my Uncle Philip!" she cried passionately. "What does the riddle mean? Is it fair to hide behind a mask?" And she buried her face in her hands.

"It is grossly unfair," assented Leonard in his quavering voice. "Who sets the tune to which we dance I cannot tell," he began morosely. "I do know, however, that a stupid mistake has cost me five years of life." He touched the spring that held the mask in place, and flung the hideous figured silk and the uncouth mouthpiece to the floor. "Lillian!" he said in his usual tones, laying his hand on hers, "Lillian!"

There was a sudden stir, and the old bead dealer, disturbed by the clatter of the mouth-piece on the floor, looked up at his daughter. "Have you found it at last?" he asked eagerly, misled by the sudden, inexplicable radiance of her face. Then his gaze fell on the hand Leonard still held in his. "What does this mean, Lillian?" he demanded angrily. "What right has this man to hold your hand?"

Leonard looked around the store, at the embroideries, the ancient pottery, and the spinning wheel; and then at the blazing bead work on the mahogany table. "The best right of all," he began.

But his only hearer were the girl herself, whose hand nestled closer in his, and the quaint antiques, now losing outline in the twilight; for the bead dealer, old, yellow, haggard and oblivious, was once more intent upon the problem of the iridescent maze.

PETER POTTER—BUSINESS PRIVATEER

Case Number I—The Independent Match Company

By Henry M. Hyde

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

GENERAL Manager Graham of the International and Universal Match Corporation, commonly known as the match trust, stood looking at the tape, as it ran from the stock ticker, with a troubled expression on his face. Already that day it marked a decline of five points in the stock of his great company. That drop meant a loss of a round million dollars in the market value of the twenty million dollar stock. Also it might mean the loss of his position. Already some of the directors were beginning to complain that he was a poor manager.

An office boy laid the evening paper on Graham's desk and the general manager walked over and picked it up. A sensational heading on the first page caught his eye. "To fight the Trust," it said. "Independent Match Company of Manotowish Opens Local Headquarters. Big Drop in Trust Securities and a Bitter Struggle in Prospect."

For three years the Independent Match Company had been a thorn in the side of Graham. Within a month of the absorption of all the existing match factories by the International and Universal Corporation the Independent company had opened its plant up in the saw mill country of Wisconsin where the raw material for its product was cheap and plentiful. From the first and up to the present it had confined its efforts in the line of selling to the State of Wisconsin. Graham had started in to fight it from the moment he first saw the announcement of its incorporation. He had cut prices on matches publicly and had given large secret rebates to jobbers buying in car load lots. Every move he made had been immediately met by the Independent Company. Sometimes, indeed, his moves had been anticipated. And every time he struck a blow at the Independent there had come, from some mysterious source, a fierce attack on the stock of his company, both on the New York and Chicago exchanges. It was the most puzzling and aggravating competition he had ever been called on to meet.

President Oldham, of the International and Universal corporation, walked into Graham's office. Oldham was a corporation lawyer, who had drifted into the promoting of large corporations. He was also known as a daring stock exchange operator. Graham appealed to him.

"We've got to do something to those Independent people up at Manotowish," he said. "They're simply raising the devil with us. Preferred is down five points again to-day and the Independent announces they are going to open local offices."

"I wouldn't worry about them," answered Oldham, flipping the ashes from his long black cigar. "They've only got a capital of two hundred thousand dollars and they're sure to go broke soon."

"They've been going ahead steadily for three years now," said Graham, "and instead of busting they're opening up new territory all the time."

"Well, go after 'em then. Go after 'em. Sue the company. Sue the individual stockholders. Cut prices some more. Give 'em H—l."

Oldham went out of the offices of the International and Universal and dropped in presently at the private room of the senior member of a big firm on the stock exchange.

"I suppose you bought me that International and Universal stock on the break to-day?" he said.

"Yes," the broker answered. "We got it at the low point. The ten thousand shares you had sold short show you a profit of six dollars a share."

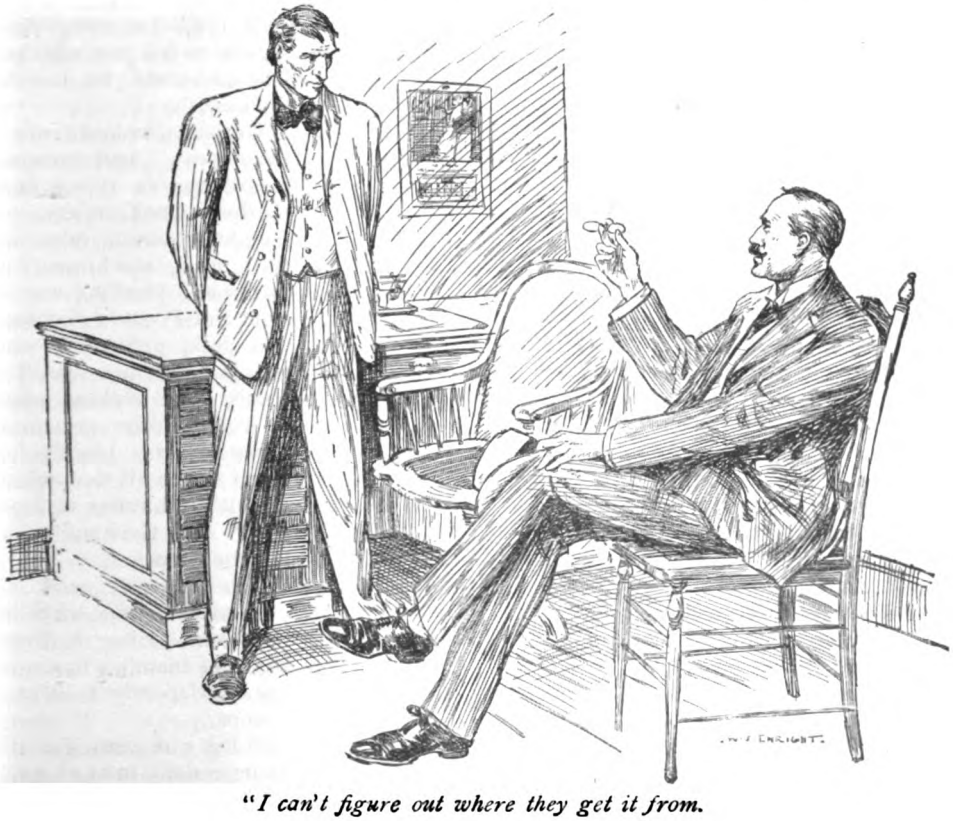
"Well, you can buy me twice as much now and hold it for a ten point raise," ordered Oldham.

Jacobson, chairman of the board of directors of the International, came into General Manager Graham's office shortly after President Oldham had gone out. Jacobson represented the solid financial interests in the directorate. He had been put in his present position to watch Oldham and see that he did not make a stock market football of the stock of the corporation. He listened to what Graham had to say and to the advice given by Oldham and sat a few minutes, afterwards, saying nothing and artistically blowing smoke rings through his nose.

"I see," he said finally. "Well you just turn the preparation of those suits against the Independent over to Lawyer Thomas and I'll go and see him. There isn't any great hurry about starting them. I'd rather have our stock stay down where it is now for a while anyhow. I'm tired of these sudden ups and downs. When we land on the Independent company the next time I want to put them clear out of business. I'm tired of these stock jobbing four flushes. What do you think about turning Peter Potter loose on the job?"

"I'll go and see Potter to-morrow," said Graham, "if you say so. He's an expensive proposition, though, you know."

"Well, so are these five point drops in our stock. You just let Potter go after the Independent people. And whatever you do, don't say a word about it to a soul. Oldham musn't suspect it."



"I can't figure out where they get it from.

The office boy brought in a later edition of an evening paper. Jacobson picked it up. "Well, he hasn't wasted any time, has he?" he said presently pointing out to Graham an interview with President Oldham, in which the latter declared war to the knife on the Independent Company. "I have given orders," President Oldham declared, "to have suits started for infringement of our patents and large damages against the officers and directors of the Independent Company. The International and Universal Match Corporation will follow the most vigorous course possible in protecting the interests of its stockholders."

"Well," said Jacobson shortly, "nobody on the street will pay any attention to that anyhow, until either you or I confirm it. And that's just what we won't do. It's about time the old man was left holding the bag."

Next afternoon Graham went over to the office of Peter Potter. It was located on the nineteenth floor above the ground in the mysterious and lonely jungles of the great Astoria skyscraper. "P. Potter, Real Estate," was the simple sign on the office door. Before now a real estate sign has covered a multitude of sins.

An old colored man in buttons took Graham's card into the inner office, into which Graham was presently ushered. Peter Potter was standing in the center of the room when he entered. Potter greeted his caller with a nod, but did not offer to sit down. He was a tall, slender man, with a long, lean, clean-shaven face and broad shoulders. Although the two were alone in the room Graham talked in a low tone, inaudible a few feet away. As for Potter, he stood sideways to his caller and listened, saying nothing more than "yes" or "indeed" at long intervals and looking steadily out of the window, where, above the towering roofs, the signal smokes of the savages of commerce waved and fluttered in the breeze from the lake.

"It's perfectly simple."

As Potter listened he rocked to and fro, from heels to toes, like some great bird about to take flight for its distant eyrie. His eyes were round and bright and fierce like an eagle's and when he shrugged his broad shoulders and sunk his head down between them the resemblance was still stronger.

"So that's the situation," Graham was saying. "The Independent people seem to have plenty of money. And I can't figure out where they get it from."

"Oldham has plenty of ready cash, hasn't he?" asked Potter casually.

"Oh, yes," answered Graham, "he's got money, all right, but I should think he'd hardly dare—"

"Dare! my dear boy," interrupted Potter. "Why, it's just a part of the game."

"Well, anyhow, we want to turn the case over to you. How soon can you let me know? I'll call you up to-morrow, if you please."

"Call me up?" questioned Potter. "Do you think I do business over the telephone? If you'll drop in about five o'clock I may be able to tell you whether I'll undertake to handle the case."

Graham looked round the great, bare room. There was no typewriter, no busy bookkeepers, no telephone booth, none of the usual machinery of business. Nothing was in sight but Potter's flat-topped desk, unlittered with papers, and two wooden chairs. The working plant of Peter Potter, business privateer, was plainly located under his derby hat.

"I'll call at five to-morrow," said Graham as he left the room.

Peter Potter sent his colored man out with instructions to buy a dozen boxes of matches made by the Independent Match Company.

"Be sure and get the Independent matches," said Potter, "and get a

dozen boxes in the original wrapper. I must have them in the unbroken wrapper."

Potter took the bundle of matches home with him that evening to his bachelor apartment on the North side. He went directly to the kitchen and put away the bundle, unwrapped.

"Be sure and leave that bundle where I have put it until morning," he said to his Chinese butler.

Next morning, after a leisurely breakfast, he went out into the kitchen and got the bundle, untouched. He carried it into his living room, tore the paper and opened a box of matches. He took a match from the box and struck it on the side. It did not light. He tried a dozen more. Not one of them would light. He emptied the box of matches onto a sheet of white paper and laid it outside the window on a case originally made for printing photographs, where the sun would fall full upon it all the morning.

Then he lay down on a couch in the front room and started to re-read "The Three Guardsmen" for the twentieth time. Towards noon he roused himself, went to the window and took in the paper on which the matches had been exposed. The paper felt hot to the touch, so fervid had been the rays of the sun.

He tried to strike a dozen or more of the matches. Not one of them would work. Something resembling a smile passed over Potter's face.

"It's perfectly simple," he said.

That evening at 5 o'clock Graham, General Manager of the International and Universal, was ushered into Potter's private office.

Potter was standing up, leaning forward over one side of his desk, his right elbow on its top and his face supported on his right hand. He was staring out of the window and with his right forefinger beating a regular tattoo against the side of his beak-like nose.

"I shall want twenty-five thousand dollars down," said Peter Potter, presently. "And fifty thousand dollars more when the Independent company goes into the hands of a receiver. And it will take at least ninety days, perhaps longer, to get results."

"That's a big fee, Mr. Potter," said Graham.

"So are the chances I take," Potter answered. "If it wasn't to teach Oldham a lesson I wouldn't care about fooling with it at all."

The junior member and active manager.

"And are you sure about it?"

"Well, now look here, if you have any doubts you'd better handle the thing yourself."

The next day Jacobson, chairman of the board of directors of the International and Universal corporation, drew twenty-five thousand dollars from his personal account, and Graham took the money over to Potter's office.

"And now, I don't care to see you or hear from you until the failure of the Independent company is announced," said Potter. "It will be three months from now at the shortest."

The same afternoon Peter Potter took the train for Milwaukee, where he put up at a leading club. During the evening there came into the library where Potter was sitting the junior member and active manager of a large jobbing firm in the grocery line. He did not seem to be especially glad to see Potter, nor did the latter display any surprising warmth in greeting the wholesale merchant. For all that the two men sat down side by side and talked together for an hour over a cigar and a highball or two.

"If you follow my directions," Potter said, "it's perfectly safe. There isn't a chance against you. Here's five thou-

sand down and the minute you get all the goods out I'll pay you twenty-five thousand dollars more.''

The jobber walked home that night with his head in a whirl.

''That Potter,'' he said slowly to himself, shaking his head, half in admiration and half in something like fear. ''That Potter! He's a very devil !''

Potter went straight back to Chicago. During the next week the Independent Match company received an order from the jobbing house of Parsons & Taft in Milwaukee, the biggest house in its line in the State and one with which the Independent people had never before been able to do any business. The order called for five car loads of matches and the managers of the Independent company were overjoyed. President Oldham of the Universal heard of it and ordered his brokers to sell out the twenty thousand shares of Universal stock they had bought for him. The deal netted him a slight loss, but he saw great opportunities on the other side of the market. A few more sales like that reported to Parsons & Taft would certainly cause a big drop in the trust stock. He would play that end of the game to his own profit.

It happened strangely enough that on the day the five car loads of matches were received in Milwaukee the house of Parsons & Taft found itself with a strike of freight handlers on its hands. A great lot of goods were coming in at the same time and Mr. Taft was obliged to assume personal direction in handling them. In addition to its regular store the firm conducted a large cold storage warehouse and in the confusion incident to the strike a good many errors were made. Goods which should have been sent to the cold storage plant were sent to the store and *vice versa.*

That letter was only the start.

The strike lasted only forty-eight hours. Then things took their normal course again and peace and quiet settled down over the whole tangled situation.

About forty days went by. Then all the traveling salesmen of Parson & Taft, who

covered the States of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota in their journeyings, began to sell independent matches to the retail dealers. They met the cut rates made by the salesmen of the Trust and appealed to the sympathies of the rural dealers to patronize an independent. They were successful.

At least one dealer in almost every town in the three States ordered anti-trust matches. The goods were shipped.

One week later, Taft, of Parsons & Taft, found a letter in his morning's mail which caused him to suppress a smile. It came from a retail grocer at Beloit, Wis.

Parsons & Taft; Gents: The Independent matches you sold me are no good. The —— things won't even light. Everybody I sold them to has brought 'em back. I won't pay for them. You can get what's left of them whenever you want to.

Yours truly,
C. B. Briggs.

That letter was only the start. Every mail thereafter brought similar letters, increasing in number and in bitterness.

"I don't like the trust worth a cent," wrote one man from up in the big woods country, "but a match that won't light until you hold it in the fire for half a minute ain't any better."

Taft, of Parsons & Taft, waited until he had about three hundred such letters. Then he had copies made and sent them all in one batch to the headquarters of the Independent Company at Manotowish. At the same time he had himself interviewed in an apparently reluctant way on the subject. He had had hopes, he said, that in the Independent Company the match trust might find a successful rival, but it was unfortunately apparent that the product of the Independent Company was not to be relied upon. He went on to tell the story of his experience with the five carloads and the protesting letters from retail merchants who had bought the matches.

Copies of this interview, marked, found their way into the mails addressed to the main offices of the International and Universal Match Corporation, to its officers personally, and to every jobber and wholesaler in the State who dealt in matches.

As one result the stock of the International and Universal Corporation went up ten points over night. That sudden rise cost President Oldham fifty thousand dollars and made him furious with anger.

The same day he got a letter from his representative in the Independent Company.

"We have got to have at least one hundred thousand dollars in cash at once," he wrote. "For the last fortnight our traveling men have not been able to get a single order from a jobber or wholesaler, and we are deluged with kicking letters from retailers all over three States. Of course, our goods are just as good as they ever were, and as soon as we discover what kind of a job has been put up on us we shall be able to go ahead again. Meanwhile we've got to have the cash to work on. I can't imagine who put up the job on us or how it was done. Can you throw any light on the subject?"

Oldham thought a minute. Then he struck the table with his fist. "I'll bet Peter Potter is at the bottom of this," he said with an oath. The reflection did not seem to quiet his apprehensions. He knew something, as did most men in a large way of business, of Potter's methods and of his unfailing success. Like all successful gamblers, Oldham prided himself on his ability to resist throwing good money after bad. Presently he called up his Independent manager on the long distance telephone.

"I got your letter," said Oldham, "and I'm all through. I won't put up another cent. I haven't got it to spare. You'll have to do the best you can without me."

Then Oldham hurried out and bought International and Universal stock for a raise.

Within the week the Independent Match Company went into the hands of a receiver. The day after its suspension was announced General Manager Graham of the International took the final payment of fifty thousand dollars over to Peter Potter.

"I wish," said Graham, "that you'd give me an inkling of how you worked it."

"Nope," said Potter. "Not a word. It's a professional secret. What would become of my business if I told everything I knew?"

So Graham went out unsatisfied, and Potter, leaning back in his desk-chair, indulged in a little self-glorification.

"Any fool could have got up a complicated plan for fighting the Independent," he said with a chuckle, "but it took a genius, by Gad, to think of anything so simple as putting five carloads of their matches on ice for thirty days."

THE COUNTRY LAWYER

By Henry A. Shute

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy"

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

FIFTY years ago a boy who displayed abilities of an unusual order, or who was supposed by his relatives to possess such, was at once destined by those admiring relatives for one of the three professions: law, medicine, or the ministry, and in the majority of cases, the latter, whereupon he eventually became a citizen of importance and weight in the community, and like Mrs. Stowe's puritan Uncle Abel, "the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, downright good man that ever lived," at least in the opinion of those same relatives.

At the present day the same conditions to a great extent prevail in the country, despite the fact that within twenty years so many new professions have opened the doors of usefulness to our boys. It is owing to this fact alone that the profession of law in the country is not overcrowded.

Law is still the favored profession in the country, because it offers more opportunities for advancement than any other profession.

A lawyer, especially a young lawyer, can take advantage of all the opportunities that come to him. He may be a business man and he will be a better lawyer and his business talents will win a certain clientèle of the most desirable kind. He may even have a mercantile or other business of his own, without greatly imparing his usefulness as a lawyer, apart from the time necessarily spent on his business venture.

He may be, and in a very large percentage of cases is somewhat of a politician, and may command a large following and considerable patronage, for in the country towns every man is at least interested in local politics, and ready to consult the Squire on all matters of local importance.

And the life of a country lawyer is vastly interesting. Unlike the city lawyer, he seldom specializes. The only tendency in that direction is in probate practice and the settlement of estates. But the country lawyer is a lawyer of general practice. Today he may be closeted with a group of business men, steering them through the intricacies of business incorporation. Tomorrow he may be absorbed in the affairs of an insolvent debtor, or taking depositions in a personal damage case. This morning he appears before Justice Peaslee in a neighboring town to defend a respondent from the consequences of a "most unjust and unrighteous," to quote his own words, charge; this afternoon he appears in the local police court and acts as counsel for the State in the prosecution of an habitual drunkard. Next week he argues a question of importance before the Supreme Court, or spends the entire week in trying a jury case in the Superior.

In depicting the life of a country lawyer it is well to commence with a brief mention of the course of study and the life of a law student in the country. Not the finished product of the law schools, but the student who enters the office of some country practitioner, and pays for the privilege of using his library and picking up such information as he may, by sweeping out the office, dusting the books, building the fires, copying documents, typewriting and such other services as may be useful to his patron.

I was unfortunate enough to secure admission to the office of a very aged lawyer who had long before given up active prac-

tice, but who retained his office ostensibly for the purpose of consultation with the few aged clients who still confided their troubles to him, but practically as a comfortable nook in which he habitually indulged in protracted and sonorous slumbers.

I say, unfortunate, for while the old lawyer was one of the most delightful old gentlemen one could meet, the dullness of the life there was most depressing, and the idea of the business of a country lawyer, gained from his practice, was misleading in the extreme.

Still, even there, amusing and interesting things occasionally happened. I will mention just one. The old Squire, as he was called, although an octogenarian, was very proud, proud even to sinfulness, of his ability to read without glasses, and of his perfect hearing. One day the door opened and a very old, bent, grizzled farmer came in. Leaning his ox-goad against the wall and unwinding fold after fold of a long red and white scarf from around his scraggy and whiskered throat, he took a seat as near the old Squire as possible, leaned forward and vociferated, "Mawnin, Squire!"

The old Squire winced a bit, then forming a trumpet with both hands to his mouth he shouted, "Morning, sir!"

The visitor, in his turn, seemed a little surprised, but again leaned forward and bellowed in a voice that shook the windows, "I called to consult ye, Squire, about a p'int of law!" This time the old Squire dodged, and then, half rising and approaching the visitor's ear, yelled in a voice that could have been heard the length of the street, "What ye yelling at me like that for? I ain't deef!"

"Neither be I, I'd have ye know," roared the visitor defiantly, throwing himself back in his chair.

The situation was too much for me and I hurriedly left the room, leaving them glowering at each other like two indignant old mummies.

At the end of three years' study the candidates are examined before a committee appointed by the Supreme Court, and composed of three attorneys recognized for their scholarly attainments and legal knowledge.

If he has been reasonably diligent he passes his examinations successfully, and after taking and subscribing the prescribed oath in open court, is then entitled to practice in all the State courts, to be described in all writs against him as Esquire instead of Yeoman, and to display a brand new tin sign with the comforting words:—

—— Doe,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

and if he is abreast of the times, he will violate tradition and awaken local controversy by spelling it "Counselor."

The first business our young lawyer is likely to have is to bring suit on small collections in the Justice Courts, or to prosecute or defend some petty criminal.

The Justice Courts, which have a very irregular and precarious business, come into existence in the following way: Any adult male, of good moral character, who has committed no such serious breach of the law as to get to the ears of the chief executive of the State, can petition that official for his appointment as Justice of the

He pays for the privilege by sweeping out the office.

Peace. He generally has no difficulty in appending a few signatures to his petition, which is then forwarded to His Excellency the Governor and the Honorable Council, and these eminent gentlemen, learning from the petition that "the public good requires the appointment of a Justice of the Peace and Quorum in the town of E——, and your petitioners hereby recommend the appointment of Ezekiel J. Mulleinleaf," at once feel that the public good must be in an extremely shaky condition, and having the welfare of E—— in their hearts, at once reestablish the equilibrium of the public good by appointing Ezekiel J. Mulleinleaf to the desired position.

Ezekiel then receives from the State Secretary his commission, whereupon the official oath is administered by two full-fledged justices, "*unus quorum*," and a slight pecuniary consideration in the shape of one dollar in the lawful money of the United States is sent to the secretary, and Ezekiel finds himself clothed with very considerable powers.

Ezekiel may now issue a warrant for town meeting or for school meeting or may upon proper petition call upon delinquent corporations to make good their failure to hold their annual meetings; may marry and give in marriage; "may upon a view of a breach of the peace or other transgression of the law proper for his cognizance, command any officer or other person to arrest, bring before him, and detain the offender, until a complaint can be made against him." But his chief field of action may be and frequently is the trial of civil causes, in which the Great and General Court has been graciously pleased to limit his jurisdiction to cases in which the amount in controversy does not exceed thirteen dollars and thirty-three cents, and in which the title to real estate is not brought in question.

He also tries such criminal action, fol-

He habitually indulged in sonorous slumbers.

lowing the language of the statutes, "where the punishment is by fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both." The Supreme Court, however, by a decision rendered in 1898, still further clipped the wings of ambitious justices by limiting their jurisdiction in criminal cases to a fine not exceeding ten dollars and imprisonment not exceeding six months.

I well remember one case before a justice in which I acted as respondent's counsel in a criminal action, and in which an older and well-known attorney was my opponent. As I thought then, and as I know now, the law and the evidence was well in favor of my client, and at the close of the arguments, I looked with great confidence for a prompt acquittal. Judge of my astonishment when my unfortunate client was found guilty and sentenced to thirty days in jail. I promptly entered an appeal and furnished sureties to prosecute the same. Before I left the court-room, the Justice took occason to take me aside and say, "Young man, I kinder thought ye ware right, but I knowed Judge W——— (naming my opponent) is a sight older'n you be, and a sight better lawyer 'n you be, and so of course, I gin him judgment."

If there is a police court in the town in which our young friend has his office, he probably will be employed in defenses both civil and criminal, in which he will experience the varying fortunes of war, which will tend to teach him to prepare his cases, keep his temper and speak on his feet.

He will after a time be employed to prove wills and draw petitions in probate court and will be brought in contact with a class of business simple, dignified and remunerative.

The first time our young friend is called upon to make a Superior Court writ he feels the dignity of middle age with the timorous uncertainty of the tyro.

He looks up all precedents within reach, pulls down his text-books relating to the subject, consults books of forms, copies, erases, interlineates, recopies, looks up some more authorities, copies some more, and finally having completed it to his satisfaction, delivers it to the sheriff for service having, in all probability, forgotten to endorse it, in which case his writ is quashed, his client disgusted, and himself humiliated.

"We are ready, your Honor."

If on the other hand he has forgotten none of the technical requisites, and the writ is entered and the case called for trial, he answers the call of the case with a very squeaky proclamation that "We are ready, your Honor," and goes trembling forth to do battle with an experienced duelist.

I could mention one young lawyer whose courage so completely failed him at the call of his first case that he took a non-suit rather than try the case, paid the amount of the claim to his client and the costs of the action to his opponent, and all out of his own pocket, and to this day his client believes that the superior ability of this young lawyer, who is now a middle-aged attorney, drove the defendant to a prompt settlement.

The Court is always courteous to a young lawyer who honestly tries to prepare his case, but it sometimes takes the opportunity to point a moral in a way one seldom forgets. A young lawyer had brought a certain action which under the agreed statement of facts would not lie. Upon confidently stating the law, he was interrupted by the Court who said, "Mr. —— there are twenty-four cases in the State reports alone which hold the contrary to be the law. With some of these

With tact she can be gotten rid of.

cases you should be familiar. Non-suit. Call the next case."

It is safe to say that the young man prepared his next case with care.

The young lawyer will meet with an amusing variety of litigants.

He will not have been in practice a week before an indignant woman of the lower class will rush into his office and hysterically inform him that Mike Casey's wife called her a blankity, dashed, dash, and she wants her to prove it. With tact she can be gotten rid of without violence or subsequent trouble.

He will also meet the man whose last lawyer "sold him out," and he wants to "find an honest lawyer, if such a thing exists." This is not a case for tact, but a prompt refusal to take his case will save a deal of trouble.

The man who "Will spend a thousand dollars before he will submit to such an outrage," flourishes exceedingly in the vicinity of lawyers' offices, and our young friend will soon meet him. Let him not take this gentleman's protestations too seriously, for he will find that fifty cents is about the limit of his liberality in matters of legal expense.

He will make the acquaintance of the man who will wish to know what he will charge him for a little advice. Let him give this man the best seat in the office, for he expects to pay for what he gets, and will prove a good client.

He will meet the client who will state his case, receive his advice, pay for it, call for a receipt, get it, rise to depart, stop, ask four or five more questions, for which latter advice he will express his profound thanks as he bows himself out, thereby getting about five times what he has paid for.

He will early fall in with that ubiquitous person who will tell him that he has had a wager with a friend in relation to a point of law, and that while the matter is one of very little importance, still he feels that he is right, and would like a legal opinion, which he receives and for which he bestows patronizing thanks.

Our friend is wise if he answers all these questions to the best of his ability, courteously and frankly, but when that person comes in, as he assuredly will, who states his case exactly contrary to the facts and then, having received his advice, informs him that he has purposely stated the facts wrong with the intention of seeing whether his advice corresponds to that of lawyer B——, the time for instant and vigorous action has arrived.

I was once an amused spectator of a case of such vigorous action in the office next to mine. The lawyer occupying this office was a rather small, nervous and wiry man, with just enough red in his hair to indicate a quick temper.

There happened to be a most pestiferous litigant who had in turn employed and dismissed almost all the county lawyers, and had in turn blamed them all for unsuccessful litigation. It appeared that he had called to remonstrate with my friend, had been invited to leave, and had "stood upon the order of his going."

My attention was first attracted by hearing lurid language from my neighbor's room, and on going hastily to the landing, the door of his office flew open and disclosed my learned brother in desperate conflict with the veteran litigant.

The veteran had the advantage of weight and reach, but my brother lawyer was fight-

ing for a glorious cause, to preserve the sanctity of our offices. It was catch-as-catch-can, collar-and-elbow, and Græco-Roman all in one. Half Nelsons, grapevine twists, hammer locks, twitches, trips and cross-buttocks were tried and broken in bewildering rapidity, until the representative of law and order gained a double strangle lock and cast the veteran forth heels over head, threw his old plug hat after him, and slammed the door, while I retired to my office refreshed and invigorated over so unusual and marvelous an occurrence, and delighted with the unimpeachable evidence of my brother's physical, as I had previously received equally strong evidence of his mental, power.

One most fascinating feature in the general practice of a country lawyer is the almost infinite variety of his experience, humorous and pathetic.

He is called to the bedside of the sick and dying to make wills and to arrange their business affairs, and frequently is called to defend the testaments so made, through long and bitter litigation in which family secrets are ruthlessly exposed, and the unrelenting bitterness peculiar to "family rows" blocks every well-meant effort of the counsel to effect an amicable adjustment.

That sometimes bitter litigation between relatives arises over nothing the following incident will show: I was once called in haste to the bedside of an old lady who had for many years occupied a house in a certain back street, and was supposed to be wealthy. She was very ill, but rallied sufficiently to make a comprehensive will, in which she bequeathed her entire property to certain cousins several degrees removed, made no bequests to nearer relatives, and named a prominent citizen as executor, to whom I delivered the will.

She died a few days later, and the beneficiaries, in grateful appreciation of her generous bequests, provided her with a funeral of so gorgeous a nature as to eclipse anything that part of the town had witnessed in a generation.

After the funeral the executor retained me to prove the will. On offering the will for probate I found numerous caveats lodged by the slighted relatives. This necessitated publication and probate in solemn form, and when the day of hearing came a formidable array of counsel and a stony-visaged assemblage of contestants glared at one another from the opposite sides of the room.

The will was probated without much difficulty, the counsel for the contestants reserving most of their ammunition for the Superior Court, upon their appeal.

Considerably difficulty was experienced in securing the appointment of a special administrator to care for the property during the litigation, but after a somewhat acrimonious discussion, the Court took the matter into his own hands and appointed a suitable man, who forthwith filed his bond, received his commission and started to reduce the assets to possession.

Judge of his astonishment, and of the dismay and disgust of the claimants and the amusement of the lawyers, when he found that the dwelling of the testatrix reverted at her decease to a third party, and that beyond a few articles of household furniture and the few clothes she wore, she had left absolutely nothing of value.

The objectors promptly repudiated or attempted to repudiate their attorney's claims for services, with very little success,

Will spend a thousand dollars before he will submit to such an outrage.

Rallied sufficiently to make a comprehensive will.

however; the beneficiaries did the same with the expenses of the funeral, with an equal want of success; and all hands united in laying the blame upon me for drawing the will.

Another amusing episode in relation to the drafting of a will happened in a neighboring town. A certain lawyer, famed for high charges, had incurred the enmity of an old lady on account of the same. Wishing to get even with him she consulted him about drafting her will. As she was a very wealthy old lady without near relatives, she had many charitable associations to benefit, and the accurate draft of the will required much patience, skill and time. Among the provisions she made a generous bequest to this lawyer and nominated him executor. After the execution of the will she called for her bill, whereupon the lawyer, with the vision of ample fees in the prospective settlement of the estate, and the memory of the generous bequest, told the old lady that under the circumstances he should charge nothing, but finally to satisfy her business scruples, made out a receipt in full to date for one dollar, whereas the smallest sum he could have properly charged would have been one hundred dollars.

The old lady marched home with her will, set herself to work, copied it out carefully word for word, leaving out the bequest to the lawyer and nominating a new executor.

In the course of time she died, and the disgust of the lawyer at the contents of the will was so great that he inadvertently let out the secret, to the huge delight of his brother lawyers.

A lawyer is expected to take an active part in the affairs of his town, to advise the selectmen, and to appear before the supervisors of the check-list of various towns, where the most heated and acrimonious contests are made over the eligibility of some aspirant for the honor of enrollment among the legal voters of that town.

In personal damage cases he meets and frequently vanquishes the expert witness, and occasionally, but very seldom, suffers defeat at that gentleman's hands. Should the expert witness be a physician, he carefully posts himself in the technical and always ponderous language of the craft, and when the witness speaks of the "Dessication of the synovial lubricant of the patella," if he is a gentleman as all lawyers should be, he good-naturedly asks, "Doctor, I may be a little dense, but if you mean by that that the plaintiff has a stiff knee, would it not be as well to say so in as many words?"

If on the other hand he is not a gentleman, or is indiscreet enough to try and play to the grand-stand, he makes a futile attempt to cope with the expert witness on his own ground, and not infrequently comes a cropper and injures his own case.

Perhaps the best witness one can meet is

the good-natured fat man, who views matters through the same rose-colored spectacles as Dickens' Cherryble brothers.

One witness I have in mind—a ruddy-faced, good-natured, white-haired but sturdy old man—astonished and convulsed those present by vociferating, "H—l, yes!" in answer to the first question, and "H—l, no!" in answer to the second, when he was cautioned by the court, who had great difficulty in preserving a decorous face in view of the utter unconsciousness of the old gentleman of any intentional offense.

Even our friend sometimes forgets himself in the heat of argument. On one occasion, before my police court, a certain lawyer, a most exemplary but nervous man, while arguing the utter improbability of the evidence of a certain witness whose testimony was the keystone of his opponent's case, shouted, while wildly gesticulating, "Why, d— it all, your Honor, you cannot believe that witness."

The position a country lawyer occupies in the community depends entirely upon himself. He can make business by stirring up litigation. If he does he is as much a nuisance and a pest, whatever his ability, as the ill-balanced justice before mentioned, and does not have the respect even of his clients, while his brother attorneys and the courts look upon him with marked suspicion.

If he is upright, courteous, just and fair-minded, he will make a living and occupy a respectable position, although he may have a very moderate ability. For, given common sense and a fair knowledge of legal principles, any man can attain moderate success in the country.

If in addition to the above qualities he has abilities of a high degree, he can easily be the first man in the community, capable of doing a vast amount of good to his townsmen and of bringing great credit to his town and his State. True enough he may not attain fame.

But his town, his community, his acquaintances and friends will have felt his influence, the stimulating influence of a broad-minded, courteous, scholarly man, and through him have been benefited. Is not this success?

WHEN TIME LAUGHED

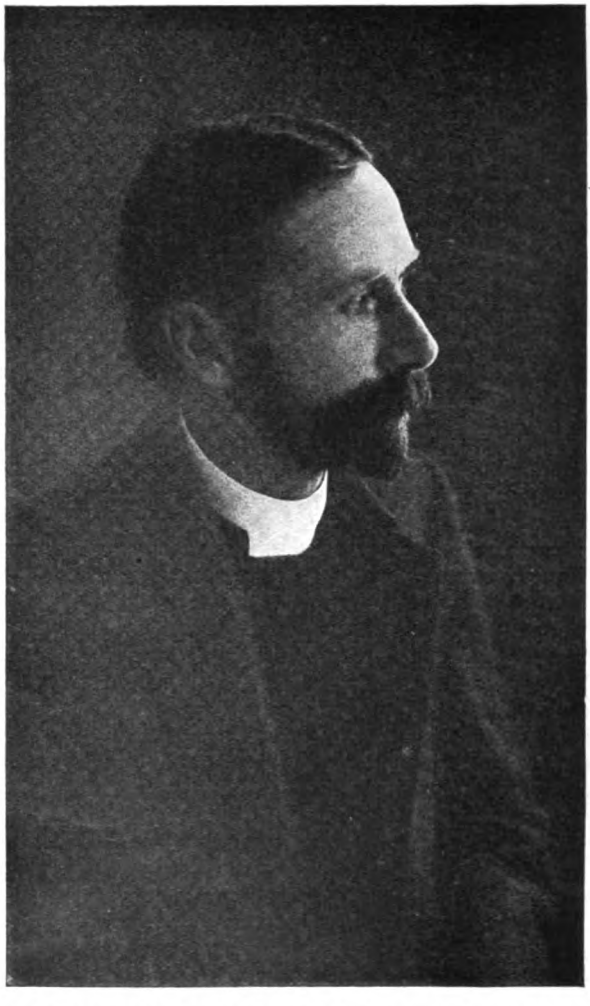
By Edwin L. Sabin

I WAS seventeen, and she
Blushed and bloomed at twenty-three;
When I hinted we might wed—
"You're too young for me," she said.

But I thirsted through the years,
Tortured by my hopes and fears;
And I longed to win her so,
That it must have helped me grow.

For I hastened on so fast
My momentum bore me past!
And to-day, by anguish rent,
See my sad predicament:

She's still *twenty-three*; while I've
Waxed sedate at thirty-five;
And I hear her now aver
I am much too *old* for her!



REV. CHARLES W. GORDON

WHEN Charles W. Gordon wrote his first novel and christened it "Black Rock," he looked around for a pseudonym to conceal his identity. From the two words he loves best he created it: "Can" from Canada and "nor" for Northwest, and then he wrote it so illegibly that his editor spelt it "Connor." This seemed a little indefinite, so the editor added the euphonious "Ralph," and in this eccentric way the name Ralph Connor was born, a name which has become a domestic word in the households of America.

Gordon is a Calvinist by descent and a Scotchman, too. It is a natural combination and makes the most durable stuff in the world. Gordon is a minister, too, the son of a minister. Born in a Gaelic settlement in the backwoods of Canada, he was educated at the University of Toronto and Knox College, where he learned theology and football in the proportions which, properly mingled, make muscular Christian gentlemen.

His books we all know: "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," and "The Man from Glengarry." Now comes "The Prospector," distinguished by the same sincerity and manly tenderness which drove his earlier stories home, but riper in characterization and more finished in workmanship.

"The Prospector" will continue to run through the autumn and early winter.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN JUSTICE

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT. *Betty and Helen Fairbanks, with Mrs. Macgregor, the mother of Shock, the 'Varsity center, and Lloyd, a young theologue, are watching the championship Canadian football game between Toronto University and McGill College. Toronto is winning until its best half-back, Balfour, "the Don," goes down in a mighty scrimmage.*

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED)

BUT before the Referee can respond Shock seizes the Don below the waist, lifts him clear of the mob, and trampling on friend and foe alike, hurls him over the struggling mass beyond the enemy's line, where he is immediately buried beneath a swarm of McGill men, who savagely hurl themselves upon him and jam his head and body into the turf.

"He's in! He's in!" shrieks Betty, wildly waving her hand.

"Will it be a win, think ye?" anxiously inquires Shock's mother. "It will hardly be that, I doubt. But, eh—h, yon's the lad."

With difficulty the crowd allow the Don to rise. When he stands up, breathless, bleeding at the mouth, but otherwise sound, the crowd of 'Varsity admirers go into a riot of rapture, throwing up caps, hugging each other in ecstatic war dances, while the team walk quietly about recovering their wind, and resisting the efforts of their friends to elevate them.

Meantime Huntingdon, the McGill captain, is protesting to the Referee.

"I claim that ball was fairly held, back there. Balfour was brought to a dead stand."

"How do you know, Huntingdon?" returns Campbell. "Your head was down in the scrim."

"I could see his legs. I know his boots."

It is true that The Don has a peculiar toe on his boots.

"Oh," jeers Campbell scornfully, "that's all rot, you know Huntingdon."

"Look here, Campbell, listen to what I say. I want you to remember I am speaking the truth."

Huntingdon's quiet tone has its effect.

"I would never think of challenging your word," replies Campbell, "but I think it is quite impossible that you would absolutely know that the Don came to a dead stand."

"I repeat, I can pick out Balfour's boots from a whole crowd, and I know he was brought to a stand. I am prepared to swear that. Can any man swear to the contrary?"

"Why certainly," cries Campbell, "half a dozen men can. There's Shock, who was right behind him."

But Shock, thus appealed to, hesitates. He has an unfortunate conscience.

"I can't say for sure," he says, looking piteously at his captain.

"Weren't you moving all the time, Shock?"

"Well I was shoving all the time!"

"But hold on," says Huntingdon. "Will you say that Balfour was never brought to a stand? Will you swear that?"

"Well, I cannot say for sure," replies

Shock in great distress. "It was not very long, anyway."

Yells of triumphant laughter break from the McGill crowd.

The Referee is in great difficulty. He has a reputation for courage and fairness. He hesitates a moment or two, and then, while the crowd wait breathless for his decision, says, "You can all see that it is almost impossible to be certain, but on the whole I shall give it a 'hold.'"

It was a bitter moment to the 'Varsity men, but Campbell is a true sport.

"Shut up, men," he says in answer to the loud protests of his team. "Get behind the ball."

Every second is precious now, and the line is only three feet away.

Again the field is cleared. The teams, springing to their places in the scrimmage, begin to shove furiously before the ball is in play.

"Get up, men!" says the Referee. "You must get up. Let me get this ball in. Get up, McGill! Get off your knees!" for the McGill men are on their goal line in an attitude of devotion.

Again and again the scrimmage is formed, only to be broken by the eagerness of the combatants. At length the Referee succeeds in placing the ball. Instantly Shock is upon it, and begins to crawl toward the line with half a dozen men on his back, gripping him by nose, ears, face, throat, wherever a hand can find a vulnerable spot.

"Held there!" calls the Referee. "'Varsity ball."

"Get off the man! Get off!" cry the 'Varsity men, pulling the McGill fellows by legs and heads, till at length Shock rises from the bottom of the heap, bloody, but smiling, grimly holding to the ball. He has made six inches. The line is two feet and a half away.

It is again 'Varsity's ball, however, and that means a great deal, for with Campbell lies the choice of the moment for attack.

Placing Shock on the wing, and summoning his halves and quarters, Campbell prepares for a supreme effort. It is obviously the place for the screw.

The McGill men are down, crouching on hands and feet, some on their knees.

Campbell refuses to play and appeals to the Referee in a tone of righteous indignation. "What sort of game is this? Look at those fellows!"

"Get up McGill! Get up, or I'll penalize you," says the Referee. Everyone knows he will keep his word. There is a movement on the part of McGill to rise. Campbell seizes the opportunity, lowers his head, and with a yell drops the ball in front of Shock. In the whirl of the screw the ball slips out to Brown, who tips it to the Don, but before he can take a single step half a dozen men are upon him and he is shoved back a couple of feet.

"Man, man," ejaculates the old lady, "will you not be careful?"

It is still the 'Varsity ball. The crowds are howling like maniacs, while the policemen and field censors are vainly trying to keep the field decently clear.

The Don resigns the ball to the captain and falls in behind. Every man is wet, panting, disfigured, but eager for the fight. Again the scrim forms, only to fall upon the ball.

"Dead ball," announces the Referee, and both teams begin to manœuver for advantage of position. A few inches is a serious thing.

Again the ball is placed and the men throw themselves upon it, Shock, as usual, at the bottom of the heap with the ball under him.

Old Black runs up through the crowd and whispers in Campbell's ear, "Put Balfour and Martin in the scrim. They are fresher." He has noticed that the scrim line on both sides is growing stale, and can do no more than grimly hold on. At once Campbell sees the wisdom of his suggestion. The Don, though not so heavy as Shock, is quite as strong, and is quicker than the big center, who is beginning to show the effect of the tremendous series of scrimmages he has just passed through. Martin, though neither so strong nor so heavy, is like an eel.

Quietly Campbell thrusts the halves into the first line on the right, whispering to Shock, "Let the Don have it, and back him up."

As the Don gets the ball Campbell throws himself behind him with the yell, "'Varsity! Now!" At the same instant the Don drops the ball, and with the weight of the whole team behind him he begins to bore through the enemy.

For a few moments both teams hang in the balance, when Old Black, yelling and waving wildly, attracts the attention of Bate.

Shock seizes the Don below the waist, and lifts him clear of the mob.

"Go in!" he cries. "Go in!" and Bate, coming up with a rush, throws himself behind the scrim.

His weight turns the scale. Slowly at first, but gaining momentum with every inch, the mass yields, sways and begins to move. The McGill men, shoving, hacking, scragging, fighting fiercely, finally dropping on their knees, strive to check that relentless advance. Their struggle is in vain. Their hour has come.

With hoarse cries, regardless of kicks and blows, trampling on prostrate foes, and followed by a mob of spectators tumultuously cheering, the 'Varsity wedge clears its way, till on the other side the Don appears with the ball hugged to his breast and Huntingdon hanging to his throat. A final rush and the ball is down.

"The ball is down!" cries the Ref-

eree, and almost immediately time is called.

The great match is over. By four points 'Varsity holds the championship of the Dominion.

"The greatest match ever played on this ground," cries old Black, pushing through the crowd to Campbell, with both hands outstretched.

After him comes the Montreal captain.

"I congratulate you most heartily," he says, in a voice that breaks in spite of all he can do.

"Thanks, old man," says Campbell, quietly. "It was a case of sheer luck."

"Not a bit of it," replies Huntingdon recovering himself. "You have a great team. I never saw a better."

"Well," replies Campbell heartily, "I have just seen as good, and there's none we would rather win from than McGill."

"And none," replies Huntingdon, "McGill would rather lick than 'Varsity."

Meantime Shock, breaking from a crowd of admirers who are bound to carry him in on their shoulders, makes for the Fairbanks' carriage, and greets his mother quietly.

"Well, mother, it's over at last."

"Ay, it is. Poor fellows, they will be feeling bad. But come along, laddie. You will be needing your supper, I doubt."

Shock laughs loud. He knows his mother, and needs no words to tell him her heart is bursting with pride and triumph.

"Come in. Let us have the glory of driving you home," cries Betty.

"In this garb?" laughs Shock.

"That's the garb of your glory," says Helen, her fine eyes lustrous with excitement.

"Come, Hamish man, you will get your things and we will be waiting for you."

"Very well," he replies, turning away. "I will be only a minnte."

He is not allowed to escape, but with a roar the crowd seizes him, lift him shoulder high, and chanting, "Shock! Shock! we—like—Shock!" bear him away in triumph.

"Eh, what are the daft laddies saying now?" inquires the old lady, struggling hard to keep out of her voice the pride that shone in her eyes.

"Listen," cries Helen, her eyes shining with the same light. "Listen to them," and beating time with her hand she joined in the chant, "Shock! Shock! we—like—Shock!"

CHAPTER III

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

The Superintendent had come from the West on his spring round-up. New settlements in anticipation of and following the new railway, old settlements formed twenty years ago in British Columbia valleys and forgotten, ranches of the foot hill country, the mining camps to the north and south of the new line—these were beginning to fire the imagination of older Canada. Fresh from the new and wonderful land lying west of the Great Lakes, with its spell upon him, its miseries, its infamies, its loneliness aching in his heart, but with the starlight of its promise burning in his eyes, he came to tell the men of the colleges of their duty, their privilege, their opportunity waiting in the West. For the most part his was a voice crying in the wilderness.

Discouraged with the results of his work in the Eastern colleges, the Superintendent arrived at Knox and to-night he stood facing the crowd of students and their friends that filled the long dining hall to overflowing. With heart hot from disappointment and voice strident with intensity of emotion, he told of the things he had seen and heard in that great new land. Descriptions of scenery, statistics, tales humorous and pathetic, patriotic appeal, and prophetic vision came pouring forth in an overwhelming flood from the great man, whose tall, sinewy form swayed and rocked in his passion, and whose Scotch voice burred through his sonorous periods.

"For your Church, for your fellowman, for Canada," rang out his last appeal and the men passed out into the corridor toward the Entrance Hall, silent or conversing in low, earnest tones. There was none of the usual chaffing or larking. They had been thinking great thoughts and seeing great visions.

"I want to thank you for asking me in to-night, Lloyd," said the Don. His voice was quiet and his fine eyes were lustrous with light. "That man ought to be in Parliament; I shall see that country soon,

I hope. What a master he is! What a grasp! What handling of facts! There's a great Canadian, I say, and he ought to be in Parliament."

The men gathered round, for the great 'Varsity half-back was well known and well liked in that company; but they all knew him as one of the gay 'Varsity set and some of the older men knew, too, that in his early college career were passages that neither he nor his friends cared to remember. Hence, all of them, but espepecially Shock, whom he loved, and Lloyd whom he greatly admired, listened with surprise to the Don's enthusiastic words, for they both had stood beside him in those dark days and had played toward him the brother's part. The men waited in silence for Lloyd's reply. They knew him to be by far the strongest man in college, the readiest in debate as well as the most popular in the pulpit; but, with the sure instinct of college men, they had come to recognize his ambitious spirit and, indeed, to be more influenced by it than they would have cared to acknowledge.

"Yes," said Lloyd, "it was certainly a statesmanlike address. It contained all the elements of a great speech. But, of course,—well—he sees only one thing—the West."

"That's right," said little Brown who had come in at Shock's earnest invitation and because he was anxious to hear about the new country from one who was coming to be recognized as an authority, "he sees one thing sure enough. I say, what a drummer he'd make! Talk like that is worth one hundred dollars a minute to any firm. I'll put my Governor onto him. When that chap opened his sample case he wouldn't talk weather and politics and then sidle up to business. Not much! He'd give them Brown's Axle Oil, Brown's Baking Powder or anything else of Brown's he was showing, till his customer would see nothing but Brown's Axle Oil and Brown's Baking Powder all over his shop and he'd be reaching for the whole output. One thing! You bet!"

A general laugh of approval followed Brown's speech.

"That's true enough," said Lloyd in a tone of calm superiority, "but there is other work to do and other places to do it in."

"The Park Church, for instance, eh, Lloyd?" suggested a voice slyly.

"Why not?" answered Lloyd. "The centers must be manned, that's a safe principle in strategy."

"Certainly," cried another voice ironically, "our neglected masses!"

"Yes, and neglected classes, too." Lloyd's tone was earnest and sincere.

"I agree with you, Lloyd," said the Don emphatically, "if any fellows need to be, ah—well—shaken up, you know, it's us poor devils who attend the city churches. For my part I would like to see you in the Park Church and I promise you I would go regularly."

On all sides there was frank approval of the Don's position, while Lloyd, flushed and laughing, lightly replied, "Oh, there won't be any trouble, I fancy, in getting a man for the Park Church."

"Not in the least, I assure you," said Brown. "Brown Bros., Commission Merchants, etc., etc., will undertake to supply men in half-dozen lots willing for a consideration to offer themselves upon the altar of Park Church."

"Brown, my boy," said the Don solemnly, "your limitations are obvious. The commercial in you has run to seed."

"That may be, but I can spot a man that knows how to show his goods, and when that old gentleman set forth the West in those high lights of his, I tell you what, I almost wished I was a theologue."

"What a pity you are not," replied the Don thoughtfully, "for apparently they want strong men." At which the crowd again laughed.

"What's the matter with Shock?" suggested some one, "he's a good strong man." There was a general laugh.

"You're the man, Shock. You would clear out those saloons."

"Can you ride a broncho, Shock?"

At the good-natured chaff Shock blushed a deeper red than usual. No one expected much of poor Shock. Indeed, most of his classmates wondered if he would ever "get a place," and none more than Shock himself. But Brown, resenting the laugh and its all too evident implication, replied indignantly: "You bet Shock's the man for the West or any place else where solid men are wanted, and where Shock goes there will be something doing. And," striking an attitude, "the country will be the better of it! Oh, I'm a Canadian!" he continued, smiting his breast dramatic-

ally. "Come along, Shock, we've got an appointment," and Brown, linking his arm affectionately through that of his big friend, stuck his cap on the back of his head and marched off whistling "The Maple Leaf."

"Say!" he cried as he passed out into the street, "won't a lot of those fellows volunteer, or will they hunt round for a nice little bunk in Ontario?"

"Many would like to go if they could," said Shock thoughtfully, "but you know there are many things that must be considered. A man can't answer every appeal. He must think what he is fit for and, in short, where he is called to work. There's Lloyd now—"

"Oh, Lloyd." broke in Brown impatiently. "He's a quitter."

"Not he. He's anything but that."

"No," owned Brown, "he's not a quitter, but he puts in overtime thinking of what's good for Lloyd. Of course, I do that sort of thing myself, but from a fellow like Lloyd one expects something better."

Soon they were at Shock's door.

"Come in," said Shock cordially, "mother will be glad to see you."

And Brown went in.

CHAPTER IV

ONLY ONE CLAIM

It always gave Brown a sense of content to enter the Macgregor cottage. Even among the thrifty North country folk the widow Macgregor's home, while not as pretentious as those of the well-to-do farmers, had been famous as a model of tidy housekeeping. Her present home was a little cottage of three rooms with the kitchen at the back. The front room, where Mrs. Macgregor received her few visitors, and where Shock did most of his reading, except when driven to his bedroom by the said visitors, was lighted by two candles in high, polished, old-fashioned, brass candlesticks and by the fire from the hearth which radiated a peace and comfort that even the shiny hair-cloth chairs and sofa and the somewhat severe furniture of the room could not chill. It was the hearth and mantel that had decided Mrs. Macgregor and Shock in the purchase of the little cottage, which in many ways was none too desirable. On the walls hung old-fashioned prints of Robbie Burns and his Highland Mary, the Queen and the Prince Consort, one or two quaint family groups, and over the mantel a large portrait of a tall soldier in full Highland dress. Upon a bracket in a corner stood a glass case inclosing a wreath of flowers wrought in worsted, and under it in a frame hung a sampler with the Lord's Prayer similarly wrought. On one side of the room stood a clock upon a shelf, flanked by the Family Bible and such books as "The Saint's Rest," "Holy Living," "The Fourfold State," "Scots Worthies," all ancient and well worn. On the other side stood a bookcase, which was Shock's, and beside it a table where he did his work. Altogether it was a very plain room, but the fire-place and the shining candlesticks and the rag carpet on the floor redeemed it from any feeling of discomfort, while the flowers that filled the windows lent an air of purity and sweetness.

"Come away, my lad, come away," said Mrs. Macgregor, who sat knitting by the fire. "The night is chill enough. Come away, up to the fire."

"Thanks, Mrs. Macgregor," said Brown, "it does me good to look at you by the fire there with your knitting. When I'm an old man I only hope I'll have a cozy hearth stone like this to draw up to and on the other side a cozy old lady like you with pink cheeks like these which I must now kiss."

"Tut, tut, it's a daft laddie you are whatever," said the old lady blushing a little but not ill-pleased. "Sit ye down yonder."

Brown, ever since his illness, when Mrs. Macgregor and Shock had nursed him back from death's door two years ago, was as one of the family and, indeed, he used endearments with the old lady that the undemonstrative Shock would never have dared to use.

"Ye're late Hamish. Surely yon man had much to say," said his mother, looking lovingly upon her great sturdy son.

"That he had, mother, and great it was I can tell you."

Then Shock proceeded, after his habit, to give his mother a full share of what he had been enjoying. Mrs. Macgregor listened intently, pausing now and then in her knitting to ejaculate "Well-a-well!" "Look at that now!" "Hear to him!"

When Shock had finished Brown broke in, "it was truly magnificent, I assure you, Mrs. Macgregor, and the enthusiasm of the man! And his yarns! Oh, he is truly great!"

"And what would he be doing at the college?" inquired the old lady. "There would not be much money there, I doubt."

"Men, mother, men," cried Shock with some excitement. "Volunteers for the Great West, and a hard time he is having too, what with the foreign field and needy vacancies in this country and city pulpits and the like."

Mrs. Macgregor sat silent, her needles flying fast and her lips pressed together.

"I wish you could have heard him Mrs. Macgregor," said Brown enthusiastically. "He has a tongue like a rasp and at times it takes off the skin. That was fine, Shock, about the fellows who could not give him an answer till they had asked the Lord about it. 'I find a good many men,' the old chap said, 'who, after anxiously inquiring as to the work expected of them, remuneration, prospects of advance, etc., always want to lay the matter before the Lord before giving their answer. And I am beginning to think that the Lord has some grudge against the West, for almost invariably he appears to advise these men to leave it severely alone.' Oh, it was great!" Little Brown hugged his knee in delight at the memory of that rasping tongue.

"But surely there are plenty of men," said Mrs. Macgregor a little impatiently, "for there's no want of them whatever when a congregation falls vacant."

"That's so," replied Brown, "but you see he wants only first-class men—men ready for anything in the way of hardship and not to be daunted by man or devil."

"Ou, ay," said the old lady nodding her head grimly, "he will not be finding so many of yon kind."

"But it must be a great country," went on Brown. "You ought to hear him tell of the rivers with sands of gold, running through beds of coal sixty feet thick."

"But," said Shock, gazing into the fire, "it was terrible to hear his tales of those men in the mines with their saloons and awful gambling places and the men and women in their lonely shacks in the foot hills. My! I could see them all."

Mrs. Macgregor looked sharply into her son's face, then laying her knitting down in her lap she turned to him and said severely, "And what took them out yonder? And did they not know what-na country it was before they went out?"

"Yes," said Shock, still looking into the fire, "but there they are, mother, there they are, and no living soul to speak a good word to them."

"Well, then," said the old lady, even more impatiently, "let them put up with it, as better before them have done to their credit, ay, and to their good as well."

"Meantime the saloons and worse are getting them," replied Shock, "and fine fellows they are too, he says."

"And is yon man wanting the lads from the college to go out yonder to these terrible like mines and things so far from their homes? Why does he not send the men who are wanting places?" Mrs. Macgregor's tone was unusually sharp. Both Shock and Brown looked at her in surprise.

"Yes, you may look," she went on, "but I say let them that's not needed here go out yonder, and there will be plenty of them, I warrant."

"I doubt they wouldn't do," said Shock, shaking his head sadly.

"Well, mother," cried Brown, "you'll have a chance of hearing him yourself tomorrow morning for he is going to preach in your church, I see."

The old lady shrugged her shoulders. "Indeed, and I wish our meenister wouldn't be so ready with his pulpit for every Bill and Bob that comes the way. He will not be needing a rest again, will he?"

Shock gazed at his mother in sheer amazement. He had never seen her like this before. This bitter impatience was so unlike her usual calm, dignified self-control.

"But, mother," he ventured, "the cause will be needing money, and the people will need to hear about it, surely."

"Oh, as to that," she answered in a relieved tone, "it is not much that we can give, but what we can we will; and, indeed, there are many of them in that kirk that would be the better for giving a little of their money. But, lad," she added as if dismissing a painful subject, "you must be at your books."

"Which means that I must go. I know you, Mother Macgregor," said Brown, using his pet name for the woman who had

for two years been more of a mother to him than his own. "But I am not promising you I am going to work. My physician warns me against work on Saturday nights, so I am going to hunt up the Don."

"Indeed then, you will know well where to look for him," said the old lady shrewdly.

"Ah, mother, you're too sharp for any of us. Not much escapes your eyes."

"Indeed, one does not require eyes to see some things, and yon laddie is daft enough."

"Daft's the word," said Brown, "and has been for the last three years. Is it not astonishing and profoundly humiliating," he added solemnly, "to see a chit of a girl, just because she has brown curls and brown eyes, with a most bewildering skill in using them, so twiddle a man? It passes my comprehension."

The old lady shook her head at him. "Wait you, my lad. Your day will come."

"I hear the Don has got the offer of a great appointment in connection with the new railway in that country, and I fear that means trouble for him. There are those who would be delighted to see him out of the way for a couple of years or so."

But the old lady would not gossip, so Brown was forced to drop the subject with the remark, "But I'll do what I can to assist the Fates, and I'll begin by bringing both those young ladies to hear your big gun to-morrow, if I can, Shock. They ought to know more about their own country."

Shock glanced up quickly as if to speak, but seemed to think better of it and poked the fire instead.

"I doubt they would be more profited in their own church," said Mrs. Macgregor. "'Traivellin' sheep are sair tae keep,' as they say in the South country. No, it's little enough the poor things will be getting in yon church of theirs with their read prayers and their bit sairmon—a sairmonette, they will be calling it. Ay, a sairmonette!" The old lady indulged herself in a quiet chuckle of indescribable contempt.

"My! mother, but you are censorious to-night. You can't expect to find men like Candlish, Chalmers and Macdonald of Ferintosh, in every age."

"Ay," said the old lady with an emphatic shake of her head, "and that's a true word. Men like yon are not to be found, and like McCheyne and Burns and Guthrie and the rest of them. Oh! it is manys the Sabbath morning, when I was a lass, that I walked with my shoes and stockings in my hand down the glen to hear those men preach. And yon was the preaching. Yon was the preaching. None of your puny, peeping, fifteen-minute sairmonettes, but preaching, terrible, heart-smiting preaching." The old lady had ceased her knitting and was sitting erect in her chair gazing straight before her. The young men sat silent, fearing to break the spell that was upon her, and waiting eagerly for what they knew was coming.

"Man! man!" she continued, "those were the days! And those were the men! I have heard such preaching as would cause your heart to quake within you and make you to listen with the fear of death upon you lest it should stop."

"It must have been terrible preaching, indeed," said Brown softly.

"Terrible! ay, terrible's the word. Lad, lad," said the old lady turning upon Brown her piercing, blue-gray eyes, "in the old Mullin Church I have seen the very rafters throbbing, and strong men and women swaying like tree-tops in the glen while Burns was raging forth upon them like the Tummel in spate, while visions of the eternal things—the throne of God and the Judgment Day filled our eyes." She paused a few moments, and then sinking back into her chair she went on: "Ay, terrible preaching, yon, like the storm blast sweeping the hill sides and rending the firs in the Pass. Yes! yes! But gentle at times and winning, like the rain falling soft at night wooing at the bluebells and the daisies in the glen, or like a mother crooning over the babe at her breast, till men wept for love and longing after Himself. Ay, lad, lad, yon was the preaching."

The young men sat a few moments silently gazing into the fire and then Brown rose and said, "Good-night, mother. You're the greatest preacher I know and I would not mind a whole hour from you." His voice was earnest and his eyes soft and tender as he stooped and kissed her cheek.

"Good-night, laddie," answered Mrs. Macgregor, patting his hand gently, "I doubt after all the fault nowadays is not

with the preaching so much as with the hearing.''

The old lady took up her knitting again and after the door had closed upon Brown sat back in her chair with a weary sigh.

"You're tired to-night, mother," said Shock gently.

She glanced quickly at her son, but save for a quivering of the lips usually so firm, there was no sign of the pain which both knew lay at the heart of each. Her mood of impatience had passed. She was once more herself, calm and strong, looking with steadfast eyes into the future, knowing well that whatever the days might bring He who for fifty years had been her refuge and her strength, would not fail her.

The appeal for the West was the theme of conversation at the Fairbanks home where the usual company had assembled. The Don was describing the Superintendent's address at the college and thrilling his listeners with his own enthusiasm, when Brown entered.

"Hello! At it again?" cried Brown. "If he doesn't avoid that fiery cross fellow, the Don will be off for the West first thing you know."

"There's no doubt it is a great country with vast opportunities," said the Don glancing at Betty.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairbanks, frowning as she noted the glance, "and doubtless any unattached young man who has the necessary enterprise and courage will make his fortune with the growth of that country."

"But why unattached? What do you mean by that?" enquired Betty.

"Unattached!" exclaimed Brown. "Why, you know just like me—a man with no family ties to speak of. Did you tell them that yarn, Lloyd? Well I'll tell you. You know the Superintendent was telling the fellows of the difficulty he had in securing men. Well he managed to get a man from an Eastern college whom he appointed to the Cariboo —right sort of chap, too, apparently—to accept the appointment—everything was arranged—happened, however, he was engaged to a young lady brought up in the lap of luxury and that sort of thing. When she heard of her young man being appointed to this outlandish place, she promptly collapsed into a faint, sister went into hysterics, mother into a blind rage, result—young man resigned. 'So you see, gentlemen,' said the old chap dryly, 'when you have to consider the tastes and temperament, not only of the young man, but of his young lady and of all her near family relatives, the difficulty of securing men for the West is sensibly increased.''

"I think that is just horrid of him," exclaimed Betty indignantly. "The young lady ought to be consulted. Don't you think so?" turning to Lloyd.

"Why certainly, and yet—"

"Most assuredly," said Mrs. Fairbanks. "Would you ask a young lady to go out and bury herself alive in such a country as that, or ask her to wait an indefinite number of years till the young man should return? Why it is simply monstrous!" and Mrs. Fairbanks fixed her glasses firmly on her nose and gazed at Brown as if she would annihilate him.

"Why certainly I would," replied Brown quite unabashed, "and if she loved me," placing his hand over his heart, "she would be glad to do either. I would simply remark 'My love, I'm off for Greenland.' 'Wait, my dear,' she would promptly reply, 'till I get my furs.'"

"All the same," said Lloyd seriously, "it would be a terrible life for any woman, and a man should hesitate before asking her to share it."

"No society, nothing congenial in environment. Quite impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairbanks with great emphasis, "and quite absurd to dream of it."

"Then," replied Brown warmly to Lloyd, "the only available men for your chief, apparently, are hopeless old bachelors or young men, however worthy like myself, who are still unappropriated."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Fairbanks with an air of finality.

"But, Mrs. Fairbanks," exclaimed the Don, "what of our soldiers and officers who go to India and other outlandish places? They take their wives along with them, I understand?"

"That's quite a different thing, Mr. Balfour," said Mrs. Fairbanks. "Those men go out to serve their Queen and country and it is recognized as the proper thing, and—well, you see, it is quite different."

"I must say," exclaimed Helen, hastening to forestall the hot answer she knew

to be at the Don's lips, "I agree with Mr. Brown. If a man's work calls him to Greenland, his wife ought to go with him or she ought to be willing to wait his return."

"Helen, you speak like a sentimental school girl," replied Mrs. Fairbanks with a touch of haughty scorn. "Of course if a man is married and duty calls him to a foreign land, he must go. But why should a girl throw away her prospects and condemn herself to a life of obscurity and isolation by attaching herself to a man who chooses to take up some fantastic mission in some outlandish place or other?"

"Why? Because she loves a man whose duty calls him there," exclaimed Helen, her gray eyes glowing.

"Bravo!" replied Brown. "If I see a western missionary wanting a helpmeet—that's the proper word, I believe—I shall know where to send him."

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. Fairbanks quite crossly, "but surely we need not discuss the question any further."

"Well, if I may offer an opinion," said the Don in a deliberate, strained voice, "that country is the place for men with enterprise who believe in themselves, and I think no man is throwing his prospects away who identifies himself with it—nor woman either, for that matter. And what is true of other professions ought to be true of the ministry."

"I agree," cried Brown, adding wickedly, "just the spot for you, Lloyd."

"Why, I should like nothing better," said Lloyd, "if circumstances indicated that my work lay there."

"But the monumental nonsense it is," said Mrs. Fairbanks, "for men of high culture and special training to lose themselves in such a country as that."

"But," persisted Brown, "they say that that's the very place for such men. Why, that country is full of high class chaps—university grads, lords, dukes and such, as well as the professional gambler and other highly technical experts. The superintendent declared to-night he wouldn't have any but high class men, hence Lloyd," and Brown waved his hand toward that gentleman.

"I have no doubt," said Mrs. Fairbanks with severe deliberation, "that Mr. Lloyd has the good sense to perceive that his special training fits him for something quite different, and I think he will not be mad enough to throw away his brilliant prospects in any such silly manner. But come, let us have some music, Mr. Lloyd—you and Betty sing something for us."

As they moved to the piano Brown looked up at the Don. His handsome, haughty face was set hard and in his eyes burned a light that Brown had often seen there on the football field.

"He's going to tackle and tackle hard, too, poor old chap," he said to himself. "Not much chance, though, against that combination of Church and State."

"Oh, that we two were Maying," sang Lloyd in his fine tenor voice, with Betty responding in like sentiment.

"Well, I rather hope not," muttered Brown, as he crossed the room to where Mrs. Fairbanks was listening with pleased approval to the "Maying" duet, the pauses of which Brown industriously employed in soothing her ruffled feelings. So well did he succeed that when he proffered the humble request that the young ladies should be allowed to accompany him to Shock's church in the morning, Mrs. Fairbanks gave a reluctant assent.

"Undoubtedly I am a great strategist," said Brown to himself next morning as he sat watching with surreptitious glances the faces of the young ladies beside him. The preacher was at his best. The life of the lonely rancher and of his more lonely wife; the desperate struggle for manhood by the men of the mine and the railroad and the lumber camp, the magnitude of the issues at stake; the pathos of defeat; the glory of triumph, were all portrayed with a power that compelled the sympathy of his hearers, while the shrewd, common sense vein that ran through all convinced their intellects and won their confidence. Perplexity, wonder, horror, compassion filled their hearts and were reflected with rapid succession on their faces as he told his stories of the wreck of human lives and consequent agony of human hearts.

"By Jove! they've got it," exclaimed Brown to himself. "The dear Mrs. Fairbanks has no antitoxin for this microbe." His eyes turned to Shock and there were held fast. "He's got it, too, confound him," he grumbled. "Surely he wouldn't be beast enough to leave his old mother alone." The mother's face was a strange sight. On it the anguish of her heart was plainly to be seen, but with the

anguish the rapt glory of those who triumph by sacrifice.

As the congregation broke up the young ladies hurried to greet Mrs. Macgregor. From the day of the football match they had carefully and persistently nursed the acquaintance then begun till they had come to feel at home in the Macgregor cottage. Hence, when Betty fell into a severe illness, they gladly accepted Mrs. Macgregor's proffered help, and during the long, anxious weeks that followed the whole family came to regard with respect, confidence and finally warm affection the dignified old lady who nursed the sick girl back to strength. Helen especially had made for herself a large place in her heart.

Helen drew Mrs. Macgregor back and allowed the others to go on. For some time they walked in silence, Helen holding the old lady tight by the arm.

"Well, what do you think of that?" she said finally. "Wasn't it wonderful? It makes one proud to be a Canadian. If I were only a man! It's too bad men have all the good things. Wouldn't you like to go yourself?"

"That I would," said the old lady eagerly. "That I would. But I doubt it's not for me. But yon's a man."

"Yes," cried Helen enthusiastically. "He is a man to follow. Of course, I think he's extreme. You would think there was no place but the West, and that every young minister must go out there."

"There's a few to go, I doubt," said the old lady in a musing tone. "Not many can go and not many are fit to go. But those that can—" The old lady paused, drawing her breath in sharply.

"But surely a man may do his work without giving up everything he holds dear," persisted Helen.

"'Forsaketh not all that he hath," quoted the old lady softly.

"Yes, but that's not for everybody," insisted Helen.

"'Whosoever,'" quoted Mrs. Macgregor again with a stern relentlessness in her tone. "Ay, there will be no slipping out from under yon."

"But surely," argued Helen, "Mrs. Macgregor, there are other claims upon men."

"There iss only one claim, lassie, only one claim. His claim iss the first. All other claims will just be working out that first one. Ay, that's it," she said as if arriving at a decision, "only one claim. God peety us! One claim," she added with a sudden break in her voice.

At that break Helen glanced at the old lady. The tears were slowly making their way down the wrinkled face.

"Oh, Mrs. Macgregor!" exclaimed Helen, "that seems an awfully hard doctrine. Do you think God ever wants a man to leave father, mother, wife, helpless behind?"

"No, no, lassie, not helpless, but—" she could go no further, "but," she continued after a moment or two, clutching Helen by the arm, "he—will—be—going—away, Lassie, he will be going away. He will be leaving me and—it iss the will of the Lord. Oh! lassie, lassie, heed me not. He must never see the tears on my face."

"Don't! don't!" cried Helen in sudden anguish. She had no need of further words to tell her what the old lady meant. "He would never do such a thing! He could not do it!"

"Could not?" answered Mrs. Macgregor. "Ay, he could," she said proudly, "thank God he could. He will not be shaming his blood. But oh! it is himself will carry a sore heart away with him and leave a sore heart behind."

"Oh, Mrs. Macgregor!" cried Helen while her breath came fast and her hand went to her own heart, "perhaps he will not think it to be his duty. Perhaps—"

"Indeed, indeed, and I saw it in hiss face last night and clearer than ever today. He hass heard the voice and it iss for him to obey—and for us."

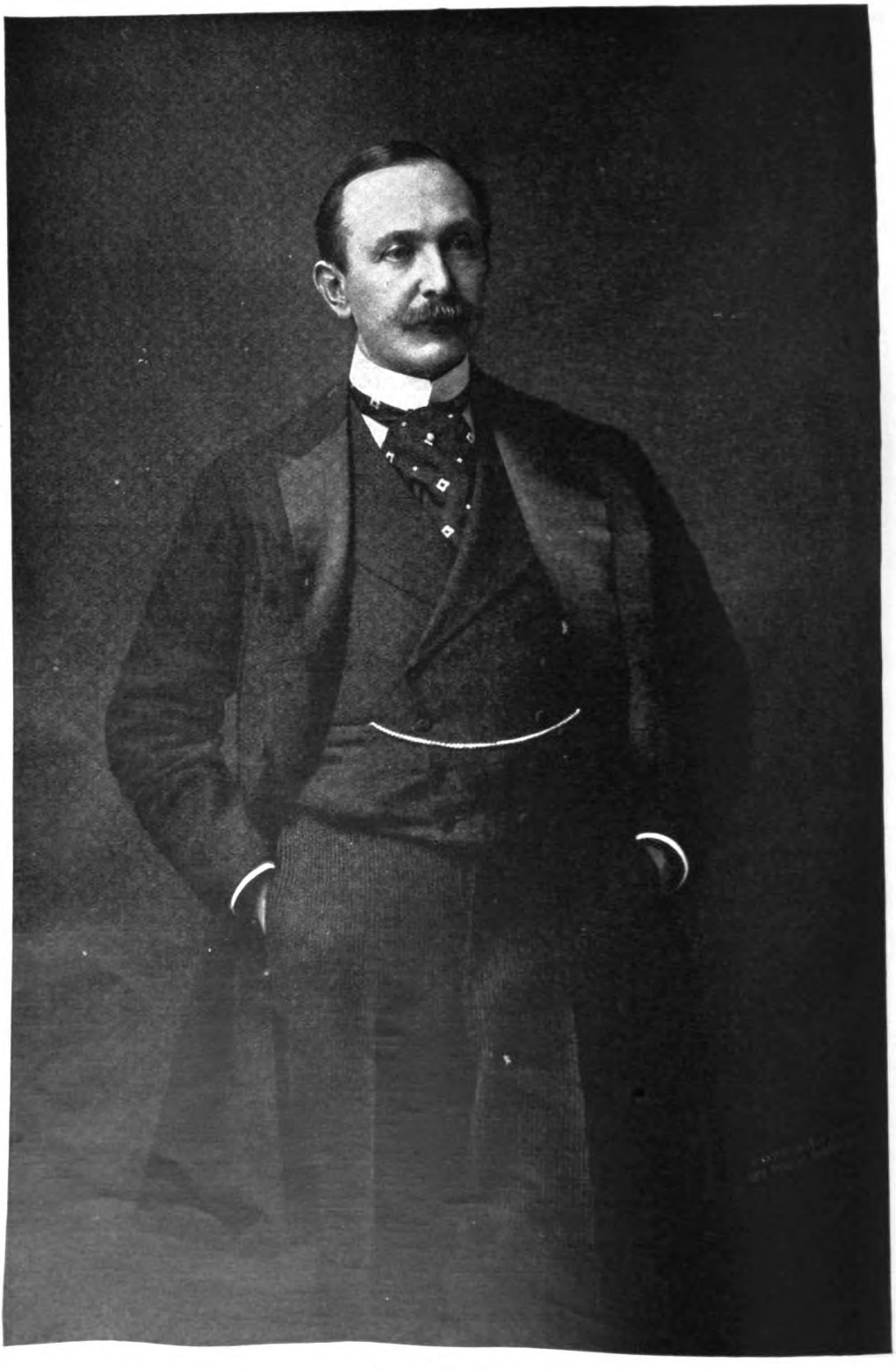
They were near Mrs. Macgregor's home.

"May I come to see you?" said Helen hurriedly.

"Ay, come," said Mrs. Macgregor with a keen look at her, "you will be needing—I will be needing help."

The others they found eagerly discussing the sermon, but there was little criticism. The Superintendent had won his volunteers. On Shock's face sat the serenity of a great decision, in his deep blue eyes the light of a great enterprise. As he said good-by to Helen, she became aware that his usual nervous awkwardness had given place to quiet, thoughtful dignity. A great resolve and a great sacrifice had lifted him far above things small and common.

(To be continued.)



August Belmont.

AUGUST BELMONT

Financier, Sportsman and Politician

By Frederick T. Birchall

THAT observer of men and manners, the Hon. Pat. Sheedy, philosopher of the green cloth tables and veteran of many battles against fortune and social conditions, was once giving advice to young men.

"Nivver thry to play two games," said Mr. Sheedy with great emphasis. "When ye play faro, keep yer eye off the poker table an' forgit that y' have the dope sheet for to-morrow's races in yer hip pocket."

Andrew Carnegie, a philosopher of another school, expressed the same sentiment in somewhat different fashion. "Put all your eggs into one basket," said Mr. Carnegie.

Now there are men of wide sympathies and great energy to whom the one game is not enough, and who like to trade from more than one basket of eggs. There is such a man just now in the financial district of New York which men call Wall Street, though it includes many streets besides. His name is August Belmont and somehow his multiplicity of interests has never, save perhaps in one instance, affected his success in any one of the fields in which he has chosen to operate.

Anybody much in the Street which rules New York cannot fail to meet frequently a slight, nervous dark-eyed man in a hurry. If you see him in a cab—he is a good customer of the cabmen—the cab is invariably making good time. If he is afoot he is moving quickly and decidedly, his mind intent only on the goal at that moment in view. Curious eyes follow him and the man who knows the people of the Street says with a sidewise jerk of the head to his companion not so well up in financial personalities:—

"That's Belmont!"

There are other Belmonts, but to Wall Street there is only one, and whether it loves him or loves him not the Street watches him with interest, knowing that he is a man to be reckoned with.

Backer of the new democratic nominee for the presidency; builder of the New York Subway, and competitor for the control of the transportation facilities of the city, representative of the strongest group of financiers in the world, keen sportsman and social leader (when he has time), August Belmont, now in the prime of life, sets at naught the Carnegie maxim of a single interest in a working life. The group of men waiting for him in his outer office will show you that. There are keen-eyed, clean shaven, silent men in tweed suits whom you associate instinctively with memories of Morris Park and Sheepshead Bay. There are brokers and politicians, newspaper men who want to know from the fountain head, civil engineers and contractors—all sorts of men from many walks of life.

A most elusive man they find him, now at Esopus consulting with his friend Judge Parker, now on a tour of inspection of his new subway, and again in the steward's stand at the races; but wherever he may be, busy, the very embodiment of nervous energy, knowing what he wants and making other men know it and bending them to his will. A democratic citizen, courteous to all men, but working hard himself and appreciating only work and achievements in his colleagues and subordinates.

There isn't any need really for a Belmont to work, save at cotillion leading, unless he has a mind to. But from the beginning there has been grit in the Belmont family and in this Belmont it comes out.

August Belmont the first entered the Rothschilds' banking house in Frankfort at the bottom of the ladder, and that was way back in 1837. He left it near the top and coming to New York founded the banking house which became famous.

There is a general impression that the elder Belmont did this as a representative of the Rothschilds. That is a mistake. He started alone, but his energy and success on his own account soon forced his late employers to accept him as an ally. In American life he became more than that. He was the friend of Tilden; he was chairman of the Democratic National Committee; minister to the Hague, patron of art and the turf, and his home was the center of New York's social life.

In 1890 he died, his banking house was wound up, his fortune divided, and his three sons were left, independently wealthy, to choose their own careers. One, his second son and namesake, aspired to the place the father had filled. The second August founded a new banking house of August Belmont & Co., and on the prestige of the old began to build his own fortunes.

It was not as easy as it seemed. They were not little things he wanted to do and he needed large resources.

"There were no cabs for me then," Mr. Belmont once told a friend with characteristic frankness, in a talk over the old days, "I walked."

It has been shown many times over, that the man who, with the means and the temptation to be a social idler determines to be something different, will have no lack of co-operation and backing. The Belmont who, when he played polo, was not content till he was the best polo player in the country, took up many enterprises. He carried them through successfully.

Then he staked his all on a big thing. For years New York City had been trying to get an underground railroad. The project had been the object of limitless scorn —the "hole in the ground," into which no wise financier would think of putting his money. But the city planned the road and John B. McDonald got the contract to build it. From one financier to another Mr. McDonald went, seeking capital. They gave him a hearing, and that was all.

Forty-eight hours after hearing McDonald's plans, Mr. Belmont had decided to go in where the others hesitated, and had signed the papers pledging his firm to a thirty-five-million-dollar undertaking, in which success meant a great public benefit and failure a great smash. The result has proved that he saw farther ahead than his rivals. A million a year is the smallest profit the new subway is likely to yield.

Meantime he had secured control of the elevated railroad system, and was building the subway extension to Brooklyn. Now he is a competitor for the second subway system now being planned. If he gets it he will practically control the transportation facilities of New York City.

That ambition alone would be enough for some men. But while busy with that he was working with all his energy at promoting the candidacy of his friend, Chief Judge Alton B. Parker, for the Democratic presidential nomination. Ever since Parker was first mentioned as a presidential possibility the Belmont office has been the center of activity of the Parker boom, and in the quartet of boomers, Hill, Belmont, Sheehan and McCarren, Belmont has been chief. It is all dead against the cautious principles of the green cloth philosopher and the ironmaster, this duplicating of vital interests, but it is characteristic of the man, and the man has succeeded.

In the ordinary acceptation of the term, Mr. Belmont is not a "Wall Street Man." He is a builder and an organizer rather than a financial manipulator. You will seek in vain for his name in the directorates of the great trusts which have been the monuments of a certain kind of Wall Street financiering in the last five years. Yet the Belmont interests count in the Street.

Have you ever watched a nervous, muscular, energetic little fox terrier? Mr. Belmont is a connoisseur of fox terriers and has a fine kennel of prize winners. He was describing the fighting tactics of one of them to a friend.

"The other dog can grab for wherever he likes," said Mr. Belmont. "My dog wants a leg hold. And if he once gets that leg hold—"

In the Belmont fox terriers and their master there are characteristics in common. The financier's rivals hate to give him that leg hold. It was all he had, at first, on the Democratic presidential nomination for his chum, the judge.

SIDE-STEPPING THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

The Great Office Which Politicians Industriously Shun

By J. Adam Bede
Congressman from Minnesota

HAT'S the matter with the Vice-Presidency?

Everybody laughs at it, statesmen run from it, nobody seeks it.

Even the constitutional convention almost overlooked it, and the provision for it was not inserted until the final draft of our Magna Charta just before the adjournment of that illustrious body in September, 1787. Earlier in the proceedings it had been provided that the president of the Senate should hold the second mortgage on the White House, and so when the vice-presidency was created as a sort of afterthought, the man-in-waiting who also ran—too honorable to hope and too dignified for hilarity—was quickly assigned the slumbersome duty of listening to the Senate, and the convention, weary of much wrangling, dissolved itself and the delegates hastened along the homeward trail. The scheme of government had already been wrought out in a whole summer of debate, and no time was taken to consider the dignity with which this second office should be clothed.

It seems a defect in our electoral system that the people should choose a vice-president without really voting for him. For since Aaron Burr strove to wrest the presidency from Jefferson, the constitution and custom of the country have been changed until now the vice-president runs as a trailer on the ticket, and his election signifies nothing higher than party expediency. When Burr violently placed crape on his own ambition and climbed down the ladder of fame into immortal obloquy he dragged the office of vice-president with him, leaving more stain from his character than luster from his genius.

However, this disgrace has been removed by the succession of such men as Clinton, Gerry, Calhoun, Van Buren, Colfax, Wilson, Hendricks and Roosevelt. The election of Mr. Roosevelt next November would perhaps add dignity and distinction to the office which was originally forced upon him because certain New York politicians preferred that sort of burial to an attempt at cremation. But even such success might be looked upon as accidental rather than as establishing a precedent for preferment in either party.

The importance of the office has also been measurably reduced by a recent act of Congress placing the several cabinet officers in the line of succession to the presidency, and it may be fairly claimed that any man selected for secretary of state and confirmed by the Senate, being in touch with affairs and in the confidence of the President, would be more likely to carry out the policies of his former chief than a vice-president elected under the present system and perhaps chosen for his geographical location rather than fitness for executive duties.

Had this line of succession been established by the constitution, and the vice-presidency not been created, we should have had Daniel Webster for president instead of John Tyler, John M. Clayton instead of Millard Fillmore, Wm. H. Seward instead of Andrew Jackson, James G. Blaine instead of Chester A. Arthur, and the author of "Jim Bludsoe" instead of him of the strenuous life. And we may well believe that if the first honor of suc-

cession were conferred upon the secretary of state, even greater care would be exercised in the selection and confirmation of that chief of the cabinet.

Although in the earlier days of the republic, several men served both as vice-president and secretary of state, yet to-day the two offices are far apart in dignity and influence, and on the whole the secretaries have been riper in statesmanship, being usually chosen from among the candidates who had a strong following for the presidency. Leaders who aspire to first place shy at the tail of the ticket, but no one is so great as to decline the state portfolio which makes him the international mouthpiece of the government. The passing years bring to this office additional dignity and power, and now with our enlarged national orbit it has the presidency itself pretty well faded.

The vice-president is the only official nonentity in our system of government. He is elected for four years to loaf around the throne and wonder what is going to happen. Incidently he presides over the Senate when in session if he feels like it, but is not a member of that body and has no speaking acquaintance with any subject before it. The Senate makes its own rules and construes them, and the vice-president is presumed to commit this fact to memory. He has no patronage, no voice in public affairs, no seat at the council table—no push nor pull anywhere in the scheme of government—but is like a second husband agreed on in advance and held in suspense and suspicion, who as a matter of taste must not obtrude himself upon the marriage feast nor the bridal tour. His business is to keep still. He is the great American clam and is held in escrow pending conditions which it is hoped will never occur to make him shuck himself and come out in the open. Though he be a man of parts, his political position is a triumph of nonentity.

While his joys are few his sorrows are many, for how oppressive it must be to him in the light of recent events to look the Senators full and fair in the face and wonder as the roll is called whether they will answer "present" or "not guilty." It can no longer be truthfully said that the Senate is a legislative body without convictions, and we may well inquire whether such environment would not prove actually hurtful to sensitive natures like those of Charles Warren Fairbanks and Henry Gassaway Davis, whose whole lives have been given up to dealing with civil codes and soft coal. To be sure both of them have been in the Senate, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed, so that neither one if elected need be like the man who saw a prairie fire coming and was burned to death because he didn't have a match.

Suppose the case of some innocent man unaccustoned to evil associations who has been ruthlessly thrust into the vice-presidency—and the uncertainties of politics make such a thing possible—what would be the effect of such associations upon him?

As he looked quietly down from his splendid isolation upon the thirty or forty millionaires about him in the Senate chamber, could he help wondering to himself if they had paid their taxes for the last fiscal year? Once thinking along this line, would he not soon ask himself who did pay them if they did not? And when he had traced the burden down to the shiftless who cannot shift it, would not his sympathetic soul, touched as a harp that gives forth sweet but mournful melodies, cry out against the injustices of the times and yearn for the wings of the morning or the shades of evening to find relief?

Must he not ofttimes in reminiscent mood be pained as he recalls the fact that five of his predecessors died in office rather than endure it, while Uncle Joe Cannon burrowed himself out of sight into the butt end of the English language and ate smokeless tobacco until the party leaders had kidnapped Fairbanks and placed him in cold storage to await the action of the recent Republican convention? Nor could he overlook the fact that the only demonstrably great man, John C. Calhoun, who was chosen vice-president under our present system, covering the hundred years between Aaron Burr and Theodore Roosevelt, resigned and went home that he might return to the Senate, although his studious nature might well have enjoyed a functionless job. And in the one hundred and four years between Jefferson and Roosevelt, no vice-president except Van Buren was elected to the presidency, and only one other, John C. Breckenridge, was nominated by his party for that highest office, and he only by the Southern wing

of the Democracy in 1860. Fillmore was taken up by the third-party Know-Nothing movement in 1856, and our vice-presidents have generally, by common consent, been bundled off into that sort of a crowd.

Reflecting on these things, an innocent and sensitive vice-president, oppressed by his surroundings, must see with voiceless sorrow his certain finish. And as he beholds the honors showered upon the Speaker of the House, the big man of the legislative branch of our government, as potent as the President to promote or defeat legislation, he must feel like a negative quantity raised to the "n"th power and vaccinated with innocuous desuetude. Had he any influence with the government he would abolish the office and fine himself the extent of his salary for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The ordinary crown prince of other lands is busy fitting himself for his expected duties, and is apt to be somewhat younger than his father, being controlled by both affection for a parent and deference for age. But under our system the man-in-waiting is usually as old as the executive, has no ties to bind him, and has no intention of learning anything more. Not unfrequently he represents a different element of his party from his chief, and his succession would mean a change of policy almost as radical as that of the opposition. For four years he has really nothing to do but to think of the unsanitary condition of the White House and read obituary notices. The government goes on without him.

Old men are very often nominated for vice-president, as was done by the Democracy in 1888 and the present year. The chief reason for this is that the office is the last thing anybody wants. And then, too, just to have and to hold and not to be a-doing is apt to drive a young man to treason, strategem or spoils—or all of them. There is nothing like giving a man something to do and getting his mind off his thoughts, if you wish to uplift him, and no vice-president under eighty-two or three years of age ought to be idle. Of course, when any vice-president sees a Senator rise in his seat full of isthmian canals and Panama revolutions, and without a free delivery, he feels over eighty, and there are over eighty that feel just as he does. And when he beholds a Senator puffed up with after-dinner speeches which cannot be released until he is equally full of other things which are also extra dry, he longs for the companions of former days and the less wearisome fields of inactivities.

However, there is much to be said in behalf of the august body in the presence of which the vice-president is permitted to sit but over which he can never hope to preside. In the first place it is quite a concession to let him sit there. And he sits there constitutionally, when it might have been only a statutory sitting. Then there is a feeling of equality among the Senators, just as there is among the members of any other social club. Whether a Senator hails from a big state or a little one it is all the same and he must get down to the level of the rest of them. It is not good form for one Senator to strike another above the belt, as it might jar his thoughts. And it is contrary to senatorial courtesy to ask a member to rise to his feet when another Senator wishes to assault him. Just jump on him right in his chair, and if he doesn't like it he can take an appeal to the house or the floor or the barn or any suitable place for an unlimited debate. There is no cloture in the Senate, and therefore no end to anything. Everything is unfinished, and even several Senators themselves are a little in the rough. But through it all the snuff-box and the vice-president are still preserved, though both have fallen into disuse, and one has quite as much to do with legislation as the other.

If we must have a vice-president, why not make him superintendent of the botanical garden and distributor of bouquets, so that he could work his way up to the White House by buttonholing the people.

Mr. Bede, who contributes exclusively to LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, *has written the entertaining story of his own varied career for the October number.*—THE EDITORS.

ION H. PERDICARIS.

Mr. Perdicaris was born in 1840 at the United States Consulate at Athens, where his father, a native Greek, educated at Amherst and married to a South Carolinian, was serving as Consul General under appointment by President Van Buren. The following article was mainly written in captivity, as the first letters from the Editors of LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE reached him by Arab couriers. No other article purporting to be written by Mr. Perdicaris is authentic.

IN RAISSULI'S HANDS

The Story of My Captivity and Deliverance May 18 to June 26, 1904

By Ion H. Perdicaris

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

TSARRADAN, MOROCCO, June 8, 1904.

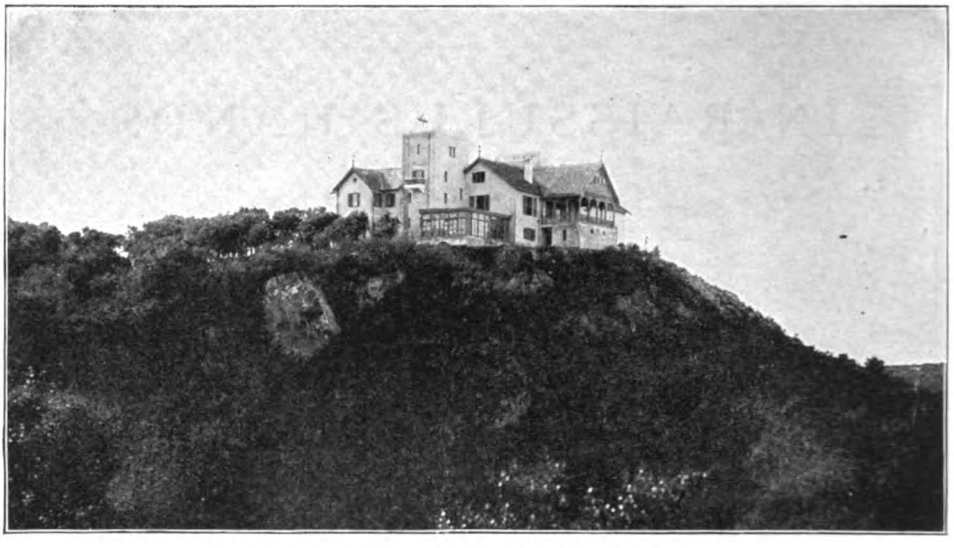
THREE weeks ago to-day we were at home, surrounded by those who are dear to us, and free to come and go at our pleasure. Now we are captives in this Kabyle village, high amongst the Beni Arroze hills, whilst armed guards, posted everywhere about, follow us wherever we move. Yet our condition is so much better than seemed probable at the outset that we feel there is much for which to be thankful.

Indeed, as I write these lines, my heart overflows with gratitude to the friends, not only in Tangier but in other countries, and especially in the United States, who have spared no effort to secure our release or to mitigate the most trying features of our detention. The British Minister, Sir Arthur Nicolson, and the Hon. S. R. Gummeré, the representative of the United States, occupy naturally, as well as officially, the first place.

I shall especially never forget the solicitude shown by the latter on the night of our capture, when Mr. Gummeré, in spite of the distance and the lateness of the hour, rode out at once to Aidonia, my summer residence on the Djebal Kebir, where a little group of relations and devoted friends hastily gathered to protect and encourage the ladies of the family. Subsequently Mr. Gummeré and Sir Arthur Nicolson went the very same night to Hadj Mohammed Torres, the Sultan's representative at Tangier, to insist upon prompt measures being taken for our rescue. That I should feel grateful to the friends who have intervened so actively and constantly on our behalf, and to the authorities at Washington who instructed the admirals in command of the cruisers and battleships now lying in Tangier Bay to insist upon my release is natural enough. How could any American fail to be deeply touched and most profoundly grateful at such a proof of his country's solicitude for the welfare of its citizens and for the honor of the flag!

But to revert to that Wednesday evening and to the immediate circumstances of our capture. The members of our family had gathered after dinner in the drawing-room, when we were startled by loud screams from the servants' quarters. I rushed out of the room, followed by my step-son, Cromwell Varley, both of us under the impression that the French "chef," who was an ex-zouave, had again attacked the German housekeeper, since between the two there was a long-standing and bitter feud. On our way through the hall we met the butler, also a German, flying madly past us. "Ah!" I thought. "The zouave has been too much for the Fatherland all along the line!" On reaching the servants' hall I found a number of armed Moors, whom I took for the moment to be our own guards, who had also come, as I imagined, to the rescue of the housekeeper.

On inquiring what had happened, these armed natives smiled blandly. What was my amazement then when I saw these Moors, whom I now discovered to be



"Aidonia," the country seat of Mr. Perdicaris.

strangers, seize the butler, who at this moment rushed back pursued by other armed natives, and club him violently with the stocks of their rifles!

I interfered to protect him, when I was immediately seized, clubbed and my arms bound behind my back, almost before I could realize what had occurred.

With Varley, who is very vigorous and who had grappled with them, they were much rougher—though their blows were not delivered, apparently, with any downright, malignant intention. One of his assailants drew his knife across Varley's hand to force him to release his hold upon the throat of one of the band, whilst another dealt a more serious blow at the unfortunate housekeeper, who at this moment endeavored to escape from the adjoining room, felling her to the floor. In the meantime Varley and I were hustled out at the back of the house by the conclusive argument of gunstocks thrust into our backs and ribs.

I managed, however, to get to the guard-house, in front of which hangs a light, where I found most of my native guards and servants covered by the rifles of the enemy. Here I noticed for the first time a fine, dark-bearded and turbanned Moor*, with whom my government soldiers, though disarmed, were remonstrating against this attack upon us, asserting that I was a friend to their people and should have been spared such an outrage.

Lifting his hand, the leader of the band exclaimed in a loud voice: "I am the Raissuli. I swear by all we hold sacred that if there is no attempt at escape or rescue no harm shall come to these people, but they must mount and ride with us! In a few days they will be safely back amongst you!"

I was familiar with the name—it was indeed one with which to conjure. Not a native government official but would quail at the mention of it. I knew, also, something of the speaker's antecedents, of which more presently.

"I accept your assurance, Raissuli," I replied in Arabic, "but we cannot go with you thus, in evening dress and slippers, we must have hats, overcoats and boots."

He ordered us at once to be unbound. "Send one of your men for what you require," he said, "but let there be no delay."

I despatched one of the natives, but he could not find what we wanted. Then a Spanish waiter was unbound and soon hurried back with some of the articles, but before I had laced up even one of my boots, Raissuli, becoming impatient, insisted upon our mounting.

Three of our horses had been brought up from the stables unsaddled with the excep-

* The other mountaineers, for such they were, wore their cloth gun-covers bound about their heads.

tion of one on which they had put an old saddle used occasionally by the grooms. Upon this saddle I was lifted, while Varley was hoisted upon a pack mule. All this in the midst of an indescribable confusion, as the horses, all of them restive and excited, engaged in a free fight, during which one of my servants was knocked down and trampled upon. I nearly met with the same misadventure myself, but, once in the saddle, one of Raissuli's men leading the animal by the bridle, we were hurried through the grounds in the opposite direction from Tangier. We were dragged in the dark down steep and rocky slopes, where I would not take my horses in the daylight, towards the plain of Bubana, sometimes used as the town racecourse. But how different it all seemed now ! No crowded stands, no applauding public; only the black night, the wild mountaineers striking our horses with their guns and dragging us over rocks and across streams, with, it is true, an occasional but impromptu water-jump. A water-jump, let me remark, with someone else hanging on to your bridle and rifle-stocks to drive your steed along, is not quite the sport that even the most ardent gentleman jockey would select.

Presently we circled round three tombs or saint's shrines to avoid passing a military post and soon found ourselves heading for the interior. All night we were hurried along and when day broke we were halted on a hillside for a short rest. As I saw Raissuli dismount from a fine black steed in Moorish trappings, which I then noticed was one of my own horses, I approached and asked whether it would be possible to send a note to my wife, explaining to him that I was an invalid, and that if kept too long without the remedies upon which I depended I might break up altogether.

To my surprise he produced a pocket book, took out some note paper and envelopes and offered them with a pencil. When I had written, he asked me whether I would guarantee that the bearer of this note should not be arrested and, on my giving the required assurance, he called up one of his men. The latter seemed but little pleased at being sent back, but finally accepted the mission, kissed Raissuli humbly, yet devotedly on the shoulder, and, mounting one of my own mules, rode back towards Tangier.

I now had an opportunity to observe

The drawing-room in which the family were gathered when the brigands entered the house.

Raissuli himself more closely; I was struck by the natural dignity of his bearing and by his singular gentleness, so different from that of his rough, wild followers, of whom there were about twenty.

We were, however, soon again in the saddle and, towards the afternoon, began to climb the foothills behind which rise the more mountainous districts inhabited by the Beni M'Saour, the Beni Idder and the Beni Arroze. These powerful Kabyles are united in a league against the Government and against the intrusion, not only of Europeans, but even of natives not belonging to, or connected by marriage with themselves.

I soon began to suffer from the discomfort of the situation. The night had been cold but the sun now blazed down upon us and, as when the day dawned we had been compelled to replace our solar tepees by turbans and to hide our European garments beneath Moorish *jilabas* and *sulhams* we were half suffocated by the heat, whilst our only food was clammy, native bread, a few dirty dried figs, and muddy water from a broken *berada* or native jug. The wretched saddle I was riding also kept slipping back, the girths being old and rotten. Meanwhile the path or rather our erratic course, along which we were led in order to avoid everything in the shape of a village or hut, grew steeper and wilder, whilst I became more faint and weary with every hour in the saddle. At last, about four p. m., just as my horse was scrambling up the side of a steep ravine through which ran a mountain torrent, the animal missed his footing, and swerved violently; the saddle slipped, the rotten stirrup leather broke, and I fell, heavily, down the steep and rocky side of the hill, hurting my thigh badly. From that time until ten or eleven p. m. when we reached our destination,—a mountain village, perched upon a spur or extended flank of Mount Nazul—I was in great pain. I could not lift my leg, which was soon swollen from the calf to the waist, so that getting into the saddle or out of it, was simply excruciating. When we reached the village we were shown into a hut containing two rooms, the outer one with a large hole in the thatch—and the inner, or sleeping quarter, with a raised clay floor; the room itself being about nine by eight feet with a cave ceiling, resting on oaken rafters, so low that we could not stand upright. The one little, unglazed window, with shutters frail as cardboard, opened out directly onto a pool of stagnant water and the whole place swarmed with flies, mosquitoes and vermin. We were given, each, a woolen *haik* or blanket, with one, also, for one of my native servants who had asked to be allowed to accompany us.

Mrs. Perdicaris.

Thus, aching in every bone, I lay, devoured not merely by every kind of biting insect, but my mind a prey to the keenest anxiety. In the first place I feared the effect of the awful anxiety upon my wife's health, since she has suffered frequently of late from trying heart attacks. Then I, myself, am a confirmed invalid of long standing, and lastly I have always had a peculiar horror of being carried off and held for ransom, for my father, a naturalized citizen of the United States, was, by birth a Greek from Macedonia where so many such deeds of horror have been perpetrated. I contemplated nothing, therefore, less than being starved or otherwise reduced to accede to any terms my barbarous captors might impose. Between us and such a fate only one possible saving clause intervened, and that was the character and antecedents of Raissuli himself.

In order that both the weight of my fears and the grounds of any hope I might entertain may be appreciated, I must relate some incidents which have already been reported by the press but which readers at a distance may not recall.

Summer before last, the fire of sullen discontent against the Moorish Government, which had long smouldered, burst into flame in the immediate neighborhood of Tangier.

The Basha, or military governor of the town, Mohamed Bargash, rode out one day into the Fahas or neighboring agricultural district, accompanied by his followers, to collect men for the *harka* or military levy in accordance with orders from Fez.

Now the Fahas people assert that thrice already the levy had been collected either in men, or in money paid as exemption fees, and amounting to some thirteen thousand dollars in all, a large sum for so poor a district. Amongst the Basha's attendant officers was one Abd-el-Malek, very well known to the writer, who had been, it was asserted, particularly active in enforcing these illicit claims since, legally, the *harka* could only be summoned once in the twelve months.

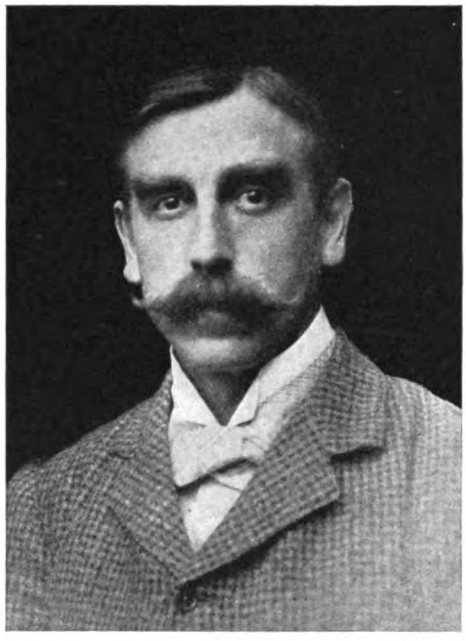
When Basha Bargash and his following reached a village called Zeenats he was suddenly surrounded by an angry crowd of armed natives who seized upon Abd-el-Malek, hustled the Basha himself, and drove him and the rest of his attendants off. The little group of alarmed officials rode hurriedly back to Tangier and the unfortunate Abd-el-Malek was left in the hands of his enemies—who, after torturing him for forty-eight hours, finally, deliberately burnt out his eyes with the branding irons that are used to mark the cattle.

The poor wretch, even then, was not released but held until all the men of the villages belonging to this league, who were imprisoned at the time at Tangier or elsewhere, had been released and the Basha himself had engaged never to press for further collections or unjust taxation.

The negotiations for Abd-el-Malek's final release and for the exchange of prisoners were carried out by the young Wazani Chereef, Mulai Ahmed.

This outrage has never been punished.

Last summer again we heard of Zeenats, when the Sultan's troops surrounded that



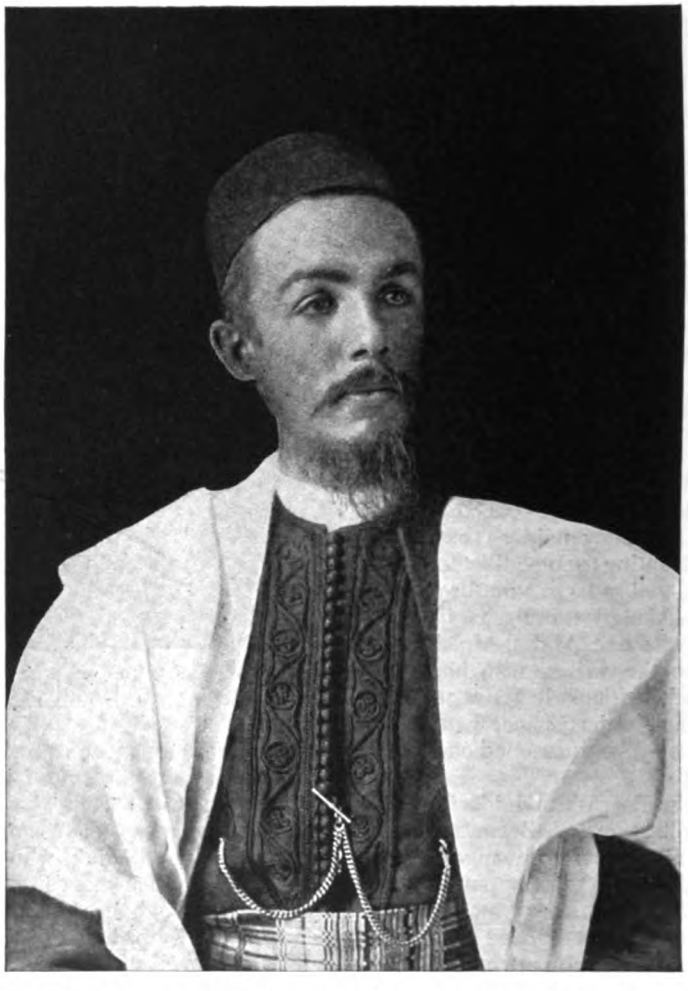
Cromwell Varley, step-son and fellow captive of Mr. Perdicaris.

village in an attempt to seize Raissuli, the latter having been thrown off his guard by friendly assurances from the then newly appointed Basha of Tangier, Hadj Mohamed Abd-el-Saduk, who was a foster brother and also a former friend of Raissuli. The latter, though he had only thirteen followers with him, held the village until the men of the Kabyles gathered from the hills and drove off the assailants.

It was during this fray that Mr. Walter B. Harris, the correspondent of the London *Times* was captured, nor was he released until the Moorish Government, under pressure from the British Legation, acceded to Raissuli's demands for the release of his followers who had been taken prisoners at various times. The negotiations connected with Mr. Harris' release were also conducted by the same young Wazani Chereef, Mulai Ahmed.

I was in Switzerland at the time and felt greatly concerned as to the future security of life at Tangier, when I found that no attempt was, or apparently could be made by the Sultan's government to punish Raissuli.

On my return to Tangier in October I found, however, that government troops had been sent down from Fez, but either

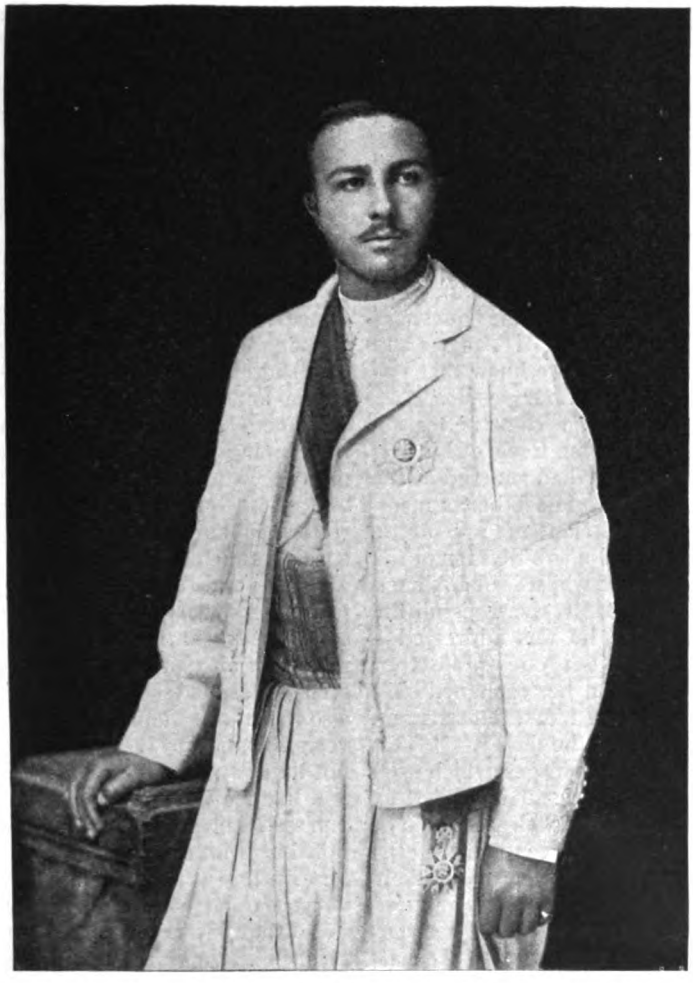


S. A. Mulai Ahmed, younger brother of Mulai Ali, and chosen with him to negotiate for the release of Perdicaris and Varley. It was he who actually brought the ransom to the place agreed upon.

the force was not sufficiently strong or the soldiers would not fight. The pretense of punitive operations was, however, maintained, and only a few weeks before my own capture I had heard the shouts of triumph with which a party of these soldiers, including some of the local garrison of Tangier, drove past my gateway a group of wretched prisoners with their arms bound behind them. These men, I found on inquiry, had not been captured in open fight, but had been persuaded by the Basha, on false assurances of safe conduct, to come into his camp carrying presents instead of arms, in order to negotiate a general submission of the hostile Kabyle.

This incident I subsequently found had been the immediate cause of my own capture. But to return to our experiences.

For two days after my arrival at Tsarradan I had been confined to my bed, or, rather, had lain upon the floor in the hut owing to the effects of my fall, but we had in the meantime been allowed by Raissuli to communicate freely with our friends in Tangier. Raissuli had, moreover, shown much apparent concern at my condition and frequently came to see me and talked freely with me. Thus I learned that he had no wish to harm me or to exact any personal ransom for my release, but I also



S. A. Mulai Ali, Chereef of Wazan, a most accomplished type of Moorish prince, versed in four languages and lineal descendant of Mohammed. He was selected by the British Minister to conduct negotiations for the release of the captives.

found with dismay that the terms he demanded from the government were singularly exorbitant. First, he demanded from the Moorish government not merely the removal of the Basha of Tangier, together with the release, not only of the men from the village of M'zorra, so treacherously seized, but also of all his friends, partisans or relations, actually in the hands of the government authorities, but also an indemnity of no less than seventy thousand dollars to be paid by the Abd-el-Saduks to cover the looses inflicted upon the Raissuli faction. For the members of his faction, moreover, he demanded a complete pardon and safe conduct for the future.

Whilst I was thus, on the one hand, relieved to find that I, personally, was not to be held to ransom or treated as an enemy, yet I was in despair as to the outcome of the whole affair, for if such complete satisfaction and absolute immunity for his raids should be accorded, who or what would be henceforth safe in Tangier?

I discussed this with Raissuli himself.

"I am the accredited leader," he replied, "of three of the most powerful hill Kabyles in the neighborhood of Tangier, the Beni M'Saour, the Beni Idder and the Beni Arroze, which have been driven into revolt against the Sultan's authority by the illegal exactions of the Abd-el-Saduks, by

their acts of treachery and by the repeated violation of their plighted word.

"So far as you yourself, your security and that of your property are concerned, you have nothing to fear. No member of these Kabyles will interfere with you. On the contrary, they will protect you from harm to the best of their ability. If you will accord us your friendship we shall do all in our power to merit your esteem, and if you will allow me to visit you I will be glad to discuss with you the questions affecting the interests both of Tangier and of our own districts, for we know that you are well disposed toward our people."

Little by little, as we became better acquainted, he talked to me freely of his past life and of all that he had suffered at the hands of his enemies. His father, a member of the wealthy clan of Raissuli, a Chereefian family and a sub-division of the Beni Arroze, had died whilst Mulai Ahmed —or my Lord Ahmed, to give Raissuli the appellation by which he was addressed— was still a child. On one pretext or another the widow and her orphaned children had been stripped of the farms and plantations owned by the family. "This and the neighboring villages which you see," said Raissuli, "are all inhabited by members of one family, all descendants of one man, a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, who settled here in this mountain district just four hundred and twenty-seven years ago. My grandfather, however, moved down to Zeenats in the plain near Tangier, where he owned a large *azeeb*, or farm. He built a house there, and subsequently, as other relatives gathered, the place became the village you know, which contains some three hundred houses. By my energy in defending our interests I became, whilst still a young man, the acknowledged head, first of the Raissuli, then of the entire Beni Arroze Kabyle, and finally, by treaty with our neighbors, the chieftain also of the two nearest Kabyles—a confederation with which I hope to associate other and more distant Kabyles. We do not dispute the Sultan's authority nor refuse to pay the tax prescribed by the Koranic law; that is, the tenth of our crops, but beyond this we resist oppression by force.

"Now some eight years ago Abd-er-Rahman Abd-el-Saduk, then the Basha of Tangier, finding that he could not subdue our resistance by the troops at his disposition, made overtures of peace and, sending me a safe conduct, invited me to come and discuss a friendly solution of our difficulties. My friends warned me not to go, or if I would, begged me to allow them to accompany me, arms in hand. I replied that Abd-er-Rahman and I had been friends in our youth and that I would trust his plighted word. I went to his official residence alone and unarmed—and, while we sat at table (literally—about the tray—) I was suddenly seized, bound, hurried to prison and heavily ironed, an iron band was riveted about my neck, handcuffs with intervening bars so that I could not bring my two hands together were fastened on my wrists, and similar fetters were also riveted about my ankles. Then, by a special refinement of cruelty, I was sent to Mogador and there confined, not with imprisoned officials or offenders of the better sort, but with the lowest criminals who reeked of filth and who swarmed with insects—these latter cut into my flesh as did also my irons. Thus I remained four long years, chained to the walls so that I could not lie down, until at last the neck band and handcuffs were removed. After that I passed still another whole year in that horrible prison. Do you now wonder," he asked, "at the oath I swore to be revenged upon so treacherous an enemy? From that day no scissors have touched my hair!" Here he showed me a long plat concealed by the fall of his turban over the back of his neck. "This," he added, "will disappear only when my wrongs are avenged—mine and those of my people! You know," he continued, "of the column of Government troops lately sent against us. They dared not venture here among the hills. They remained in the valley, yonder, capturing defenseless peasants at the plough, and violating their daughters, of whom eighteen, amongst them children of six years old, have been thus dishonored. Then came the treacherous capture of the M'zorra deputation who went at *Hadj Abd-er-Selam Abd-el-Saduk's summons, bearing, not arms, but presents in their hands. Then I determined to seize upon some European and to hold him till these men should be released and until the Abd-el-Saduks make restitu-

* Also an Abd-el-Saduk, nephew of Abd-er-Rahman and at this time also Basha of Tangier.

tion for all the wrongs we have suffered at their hands!"

Thus it seems I have been brought here, where, they assure me, no European, or any foreigner, has ever set foot, not to be plundered, but merely as a means of coercing the Government to render, even though it be unwillingly, some measure of tardy justice.

It was five days after our capture that the young Wazani Chereefs, who had negotiated for Abd-el-Malek's release appeared upon the scene to again negotiate over the last result of the Zeenat outrages. Their approach was announced by signal guns fired by the watchful Kabyles. Indeed it was Raissuli, himself, who knew we had summoned these friends to our assistance, who called us out upon the village green to witness their approach. What a blessed moment it was for us, as, presently, we saw the long escort, on foot and on horse, appear, winding along the distant hill-side.

After a long conference, alone, with Raissuli, the younger brother, Mulai Ahmed, returned to inform the authorities at Tangier as to Raissuli's conditions, whilst the elder, Mulai Ali, pitched his camp near us, placing a handsome tent at our disposition. Here we dined together, joined often by Raissuli who had treated us, daily, more and more like honored guests rather than like prisoners, and who, as he realized that we bore him no perceptible ill will for having thus deprived us of our liberty, displayed an almost affectionate consideration. His singular gentleness and courtesy, the freedom with which he discussed both our immediate interests as well as subjects of more general concern, the unfailing good temper with which he "rose" to Varley's chaff, together with the readiness of his happy repartees, quite endeared him to us.

Could we, however, have realized the anguish of our friends at home, owing to the treatment of my wife and Mrs. Varley—whom we had pictured to ourselves as remaining unconsciously in the drawing-room until our brief struggle was over, but who had actually been hurled by the brutal band violently down a flight of stone steps to prevent their agonized intervention—could we have realized the despair of our friends at the menace of our death in case Raissuli's terms should not be complied with—a threat of which we were entirely ignorant—we should not have so sympathized with the story of Raissuli's own wrongs nor so easily have forgiven his agressions.

Still even now (for this account, begun at the village of Tsarradan, has been completed here at Tangier), I feel that we should not judge Raissuli by our own standards of right and wrong. As he himself said, speaking as a Moslem, "We return wrong for wrong—not good for evil, and the injury my enemy does me I will repay a hundred fold."

Accepting such a standard, Raissuli still stands head and shoulders above most of his compatriots. Especially is he superior to those who occupy official positions, many of whom are credited with crimes of even deeper hue than the ones that soil the tarnished record of the Abd-el-Saduks, four of whom have held the post of Basha in Tangier, during my own residence there. And although I feel some distrust as one who has listened only to *ex parte* statements, yet I must confess that I not only honestly sympathize with Raissuli, but that I consider him rather in the light of a patriot who is using every means within his reach, even means which we cannot but condemn, to defend the independence of these Berber Kabyles who, since the days of the Roman Empire, have resisted every attempt to subdue their wild love of freedom.

But to return to our own situation. Mulai Ali, whom we had known from his childhood, had remained with us at the village. He is a most accomplished type of a young Moorish prince, speaking perfectly English, his mother tongue, and French as well as Arabic. He is an aide-de-camp to the Bey of Tunis, and possesses an acquaintance with the farthest limits of Morocco, Algiers and Tunis equaled by few travelers. As one of the sons of the late Grand Chereef of Wazani, Mulai Ali outranks most of the nobles of his native land, and it was very interesting to notice his apparently unconscious acceptance of the homage paid him by members of the Raissuli clan, who are all Chereefs or descendants of the Prophet, and between whom and the Wazani there is indeed a distant relationship. The primacy of the former is due to the fact that the Wazani are the official heads of the Mulai Taib, one of the most numerous and influential of the great religious fraternities of North Africa. Mulai Ali on this occa-

This photograph, which has been printed as a portrait of Raissuli, is in reality a picture of a low class native. Mohammedans, especially of the interior, abhor photographs as contrary to the precepts of the Koran.

sion had been charged with the task of conducting the negotiations for our release by Sir Arthur Nicolson, with the assent of M. St. Réné de Taillandier, the French Minister, for the Wazani Chereefs are protegees of France, and also the recipients of a subvention from the French government, which was awarded to the late Grand Chereef of Wazan and to his immediate descendants in consideration of services rendered during the Bou Amema and other risings in Algeria.

And now, even as I write these lines, the news reached us simultaneously from various sources that the government couriers had returned from Fez with the Sultan's unconditional assent to all of Raissuli's stipulations, and that the imperial order removing the younger Abd-el-Saduk and appointing his successor to the governorship of Tangier had already been read in the mosque at Tangier in conformity with the usual formula of official proclamation.

Many weary days of continued disappointment and delays intervened, however, before the difficulties connected with the payment of the indemnity and the exchange of prisoners could be effected.

It had been settled that we should accompany Raissuli to a *donar* called Bou Rabish, which one might almost describe as the castle of another robber chieftain, on the confines of the Beni M'Saour Kabyle, where the younger of the Wazani Chereefs should bring the indemnity and the liberated prisoners, who had been collected by steamer or convoys from the prisons of Tetyan and the coast towns. But El Zellal, the owner of this *donar*, perched upon the hill, became frightened on account of his relations with the Raissuli band, and until he was reassured by a formal request from the Sultan's representative, he would not consent to allow the transfer to take place at his castle.

The last night we passed at Tsarradan I was troubled by a revelation, communicated by one of Mulai Ali's retainers, to the effect that the hut I occupied had been the scene of a ghastly tragedy.

Whilst His Excellency Señor de Ojeda, now the Spanish Ambassador at Washington, presided at the legation at Tangier, a young Spanish girl and her brother had been carried off by the Moors from the neighborhood of Arzila. In spite of the efforts of the Spanish authorities these captives had never been recovered. According to some accounts they had been murdered, whilst others asserted they had been carried off to some of the inaccessible Kabyles of the Riff Mountains.

According to my informant, these unfortunate captives had been seized by the owner of this very hut which I now occupied—a man with whom I was now necessarily in daily contact. When the pressure from Tangier threatened danger to their captor, who dared not release these poor children for fear of the tales they might have told the authorities, he took these two unfortunate Christians from the very room in which I slept and cut their throats in the garden, just beneath my window where my horses were now tethered. There, in the garden, a few yards from where I slept, they had been buried.

I never know, in this country inhabited, as the natives themselves declare, by liars and by the sons of liars, what to believe

or what to doubt. But certainly that night, in spite of the ordeal of the morrow's fatiguing journey, I barely slept an hour or two at the most.

The reader can perhaps conceive how I dreaded lest some new delay might yet intervene to keep me in this horrible place, amongst this band, many of whom, if not all, are murderers and cut-throats, such as this man was described to be.

However, the morning came at last. At four o'clock every one was on foot, and by five we were all in the saddle, thanks especially to the help of Mulai Ali's people, and soon the long cortege started again for Mount Nazul. Yet, even now, I could scarcely feel that we were really safe. So many contingencies had been suggested. Our friend, Mulai Ali himself, fully believed that the Beni Arroze Kabyle might yet intervene to wrest us from the hands of Raissuli, so as to themselves reap the rich rewards he had demanded.

Raissuli himself betrayed no concern, though both his own followers and those of the Wazani Chereef looked to their cartridges, and I noticed that when we halted each band drew up separately, on either side of the way, nor were the two leaders on better terms.

Some allusion was made to the squadrons of the American fleet in Tangier Bay and I knew that Raissuli himself had heard of their arrival with perfect equanimity, merely remarking, "Now the Sultan's authorities will be compelled to accede to my demands!" Indeed, he always spoke to me of his desire to be on good terms with the foreign Powers. My fear had been that Raissuli might, in case of an armed attempt to affect his own capture, compel us to accompany him to some more distant Kabyle, where we should no longer be able to communicate with our friends.

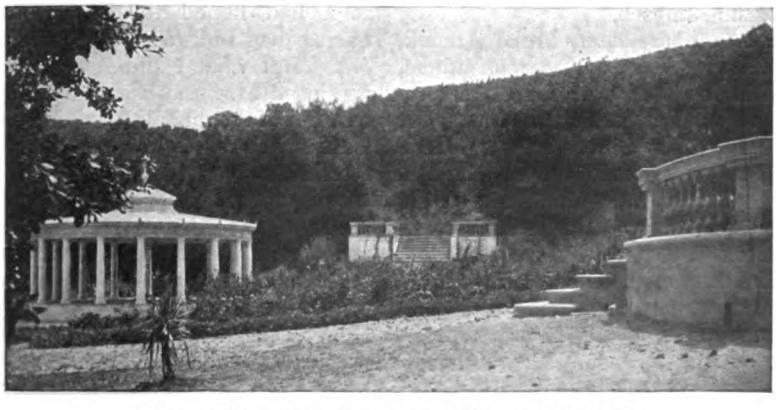
Even where we then were, more than one of the inhabitants had never before seen any but fellow Mohammedans or native Israelites. One Chereef from a neighboring town, naïvely remarked, on seeing us, "Why these are like human beings!"

On the day of our return, we reached the mountain heights just as the rays of the rising sun painted all the pinnacles of the hills around us in lines of amethyst and rose. It was, indeed, one of the most gorgeous effects upon which I ever gazed.

Raissuli was riding beside me on his great, gray charger, having returned to me all the horses he had seized on the night when he attacked Aidonia. He smiled as he saw how lost I seemed in admiration of the gorgeous panorama that the lifting clouds of fleeting vapor revealed, and asked me whether I altogether regretted now, my involuntary expedition.

For hour after hour we traversed these mountain glades, down one slope and ever up and farther on. The long line of horse and foot crept along the treacherous steeps or followed the crest of the dangerous hills, ever on towards the north, until, at last, we overlooked the distant plain and saw afar off where the blue sea kissed the almost invisible shore, one radiant gleam of white betraying where lay the town which had, now, indeed, become to us in very truth what the Moorish official documents declare it to be, Tangier, the blessed of God.

And still we rode on and on, until we



The garden at the Perdicaris Villa, "Aidonia."

saw, close beneath us, Bou Rabish, the semi-fortified abode of El Zellal, hanging to the side of the deep slope beneath. Here, a halt was called and runners were sent forward to make sure that no enemy was concealed behind the walls or garden hedges. When these advance guards had signalled back satisfactory assurance that "the coast was clear," we proceeded with some difficulty to urge our horses down the giddy descent. As we passed through the gateway I thought I noticed Raissuli grasp his rifle with a tighter hand as he looked suspiciously about him.

The place seemed, however, almost deserted. A brother of the owner and a few servants alone were visible. They invited us to dismount and enter a long room, where a Moorish bed, with embroidered hangings and triple mattresses and a bridal coffer in gaily painted wood, completed the usual equipment of such apartments. Upon some mattresses along the walls we were glad to rest our weary limbs. Mulai Ali, Varley and I, sat together, whilst Raissuli and the brother of our absent host sank upon the cushions in front of the bed and engaged in an inaudible, whispered conference.

I resigned myself, but I fear with most manifest impatience! I confess, however, the sight of preparations for tea, conducted by Mulai Ali's servants seemed to me singularly appropriate after a ride of six hours.

Later a more substantial lunch was served. "But where," I asked, "are Mulai Ahmed, your brother, the prisoners and the seventy thousand dollars, the essential conditions of our release?"

"They have been summoned," replied Raissuli, himself.

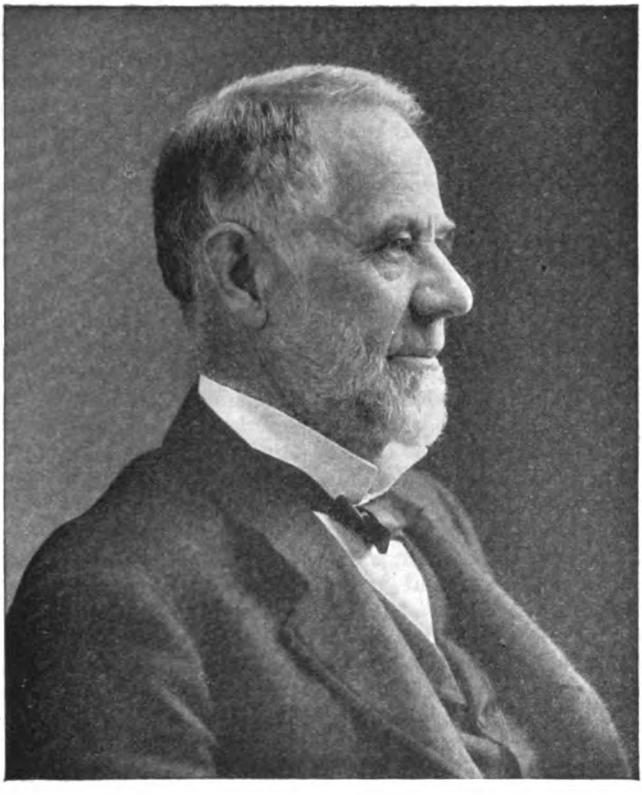
About two hours later, Mulai Ahmed, accompanied by Zellal and various others, appeared in the doorway. These all proceeded, as we had done, to take their places silently after mutual, solemn salutations. Tea was again served, then a second luncheon, this time served by Zellal's people, was placed before us, of which etiquette compelled us, also, to partake before business could be discussed.

However, we now saw boxes of bullion being unloaded from mules in the court without. After we had finished luncheon several sturdy negroes brought the boxes, each containing, as we afterwards found, two thousand silver Spanish dollars, into an inner room—but later these were again removed to another apartment where Zellal, Mulai Ahmed-el-Wazani and Raissuli proceeded to superintend counting the cash.

When it is remembered that we were under instructions to reach Tangier that night, to avoid the danger of an attack from the Kabyles, my anxiety to get away from *these* hills and from *that* cash, which seemed as though it never would get counted, may be appreciated.

Then after all this was slowly, solemnly and with due decorum accomplished, Raissuli took me aside under a quaint, old, arched veranda, all the arches running up the side of the hill, each arch independently, on its own account, without any regard to the architecture in general, and he assured me that he looked to me to warn him of any danger in the future, adding, "And I, on my part, will come with all my men to your rescue if you are ever attacked." I wondered whether I was living in the days of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck or in this prosaic twentieth century. Then we parted. I mounted the handsome black steed that once had been his, then mine by purchase, then his by capture, and now mine again—and, shall I confess it?—Yes! I was actually sorry to leave one of the most interesting and attractive personalities I have ever encountered, and so, grieved yet rejoicing, I rode off, leaving Raissuli standing under that strange, topsy-turvy veranda—as topsy-turvy even as my own sentiments.

It was pitch dark long before we got near Tangier, and I never saw the flag, as I had hoped to do that afternoon, waving over the *Brooklyn* and the *Olympia*. But what I did see, when we were nearing the town after midnight, as I struggled out of the mule litter which my Wazani friends had so kindly brought to me, to mount the black horse to escape from the crowd, were the signal lights on the mastheads of the frigates announcing my return, and then I whispered to myself: "Thank Heaven, it is *that* flag, and *that* people—aye, and *that* President, behind *those* frigates, thousands of miles away, who have had me dug out from amongst these Kabyles! That flag and no other!"



HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS

Youngest of Octogenarians and Democratic Candidate for the Vice-Presidency

By Joseph Ohl
Washington Correspondent of the "Atlanta Constitution"

TO compress within the limits of a short magazine article the record of a career of business and political success covering approximately three-quarters of a century—especially when in that record there is embraced not only the story of the material development of a great State but also the best possible illustration of the magnificent opportunities which this Republic offers to its young men—permits little else than to touch upon the high places. "From barefoot, penniless farmer boy to a great party's nominee for the second highest place within its gift," only partially tells the story. Presidents we have had, and a number of them, whose boyhood was spent on the farms of their fathers with whom it was a struggle to give their children even the rudiments of an education; and in the days when the possession of rawhide boots was highest luxury, the bare-footed boy was the rule and not the exception. But from freight brakeman upon a railroad to high success in a purely business career, every step carved by his own hands; to conspicuous service in the legislative bodies

of his State and of the Nation; and finally to unsought recognition at the hands of the national convention of one of the great parties—this is a route different from that of the others, and in this difference there is inspiration to thousands of American youths.

The eldest of five children of a widowed mother, Henry Gassaway Davis found himself needed as a breadwinner for the little family when still at a tender age. Then it was he worked as a hand on a Maryland farm until he was nineteen years of age, foregoing all opportunities for securing an education in favor of the younger children. His first advancement came when he secured the coveted position of brakeman on a freight train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad which had then been completed as far as Cumberland. It was not long before he was advanced to the more responsible position of freight conductor, responsible in these days but far more so, relatively, in those. There was a wreck on the road. The promptness with which the young conductor grasped the demands of the situation, the executive talent he displayed in handling the men in clearing up the wreck, made him a marked man with his superiors and shortly after this he was given a passenger train. At twenty-four he was again promoted, this time to the position of superintendent in charge of the running of all the trains. Here was a wider field for the display of his executive ability, and here too he made good. More than that, he introduced an innovation which marked a decided advance step in railroading. Up to that time, it had not been considered practicable to run trains at night; when nightfall came, freight trains and passenger trains alike were "tied up," their journeys to be resumed only when daylight came. Davis held there was no good reason why they should not be run by night as well as by day, and proved it. His first night train from Cumberland to Baltimore marked an important epoch in railroading.

In the distribution of this world's favors, it falls to comparatively few to be endowed with the business sense. Henry G. Davis was given this. He realized that the section of the country in which his lot had been cast was one of great possibilities. He took the agency of the Baltimore & Ohio at Piedmont in order that he might have a hand in the material development of that rich region, which he felt sure contained fortunes for many men; established his brother there as a shipper of coal and lumber; and a year later resigned his railroad position to become the active head of the firm of Davis and Brothers, which laid the foundation of the large fortune that has come to the Davis house.

Mr. Davis had unbounded faith in the undeveloped lands of the Upper Potomac and Cheat river sections and made large investments there, but only, it should be explained, after he had made personal investigation into the properties. He explored these regions himself, studying their natural resources and looking with trained eye into the possibilities for transportation. The wealth of coal and timber was there, and he bought up all the land he could; a railroad was absolutely essential to its development, and in time he built it. This was the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg. The construction of this road opened up most valuable territory, but it was not completed until after he had figured prominently in the political affairs of his State, for two terms as United States Senator. Senator Davis has many large railroad interests and the investments in coal and iron and timber lands have made him a multi-millionaire.

As West Virginia's Grand Old Man, he is known and loved from one end of that commonwealth to the other. Although he has, in a sense, been the backbone of the Democratic party there since the Civil War, there are thousands of Republicans who will vote the Democratic ticket this year because of admiration for and love of him. Before the war he was a Whig, during the war he was a Union man, in the early days after the war he was a member of the Conservative Union party which was the forerunner of the Democratic party in that State. As a Conservative Unionist he was elected to the legislature in 1865. He served one term in the House and two in the State Senate, playing a most important part in shaping the legislation which started the young State on a sound basis financially. The Democrats of his district asked him to take the nomination for Congress in 1870, but he declined; the following winter he was elected to the United States Senate, where he served with distinction for two terms, and he could have

had a third and a fourth, assuming his party still retained control of the State, but he refused, as he desired then to devote his attention to pushing his railroad through to completion and to his other large business interests.

Although no longer in public office he retained his active interest in public affairs, and it has fallen to him to render conspicuously valuable service to his State and the country. He was one of the representatives of the United States in the Pan-American conference of 1899-1900, and also in that which met at the City of Mexico in 1901-1902. President McKinley put his name at the head of the list of this country's representatives at the latter conference; he was unanimously chosen chairman of the American delegation, and he would have been permanent president of the conference—Colombia nominating him and Mexico seconding the nomination—but he declined the honor. His greatest interest in the work of these conferences was in the inter-continental railway project. He believes a great north-and-south line, welding into closer commercial union the countries of the three Americas, is not only practicable but will come in time.

So much for his public career. The details of his work in the Senate, if given at length, would demonstrate that he brought to bear upon his public duties that same sterling business sense which brought him personal success. In his home State his name is literally a household word. He is West Virginia's most public-spirited citizen. No good work but has his active and substantial aid. His charities, quietly and unostentatiously distributed, are boundless. Although rated a multi-millionaire, he has never ceased to take an active part in the every-day affairs of the life about him any more than he has ceased to be one of the people in his sympathies with, and understanding of, their needs.

A Grand Old Man he is in very truth. But speak of him as "old" to a West Virginian, and your age suggestion will be promptly resented. When National Committeeman McGraw, who was the most active sponsor of the Davis "boom" at St. Louis, began his crusade he found the age objection the hardest to overcome. "He's too old," said Colonel Guffey, whose sixty-eight votes were much desired. "My dear Colonel," promptly responded McGraw, "if your objection is physical, just you come and take a day's horseback ride with him over the West Virginia hills and mountains; if you have doubt of his mental strength, come down and make a trade with him." The silver-haired leader of Pennsylvania's unterrified democracy, having had business experience with Senator Davis, had nothing more to say.

On its surface, however, the age objection seemed an insurmountable obstacle, and perhaps would have been so had it not happened that during the early days of the St. Louis Convention Senator Davis had been present. He went out to see if there were no possibility of securing the nomination of his cousin, Senator Gorman, of Maryland. In the course of his futile missionary work in that direction he had been brought into personal contact with all the leaders and many of the delegates, and no man who saw him would believe him to be over sixty or sixty-five, and remarkably well preserved at that.

There were other objections advanced by the recognized leaders of the Parker forces. "How," asked Senator Hill "would Bryan and his people take the nomination of a millionaire like Davis?"

"I will get Mr. Bryan to second the nomination if he is physically able," said McGraw. And then he told Senator Hill a piece of interesting political history. In the 1896 campaign, after the Baltimore & Ohio railroad had refused to haul the Bryan special car, Senator Davis promptly took charge of the Democratic nominee, carried his car over his road and wherever else he had influence, and himself presided over the Bryan meetings.

"But Steve Elkins has made West Virginia Republican," objected Mr. Hill. "Surely there can be small chance of carrying that State."

"The nomination of Senator Davis," retorted the energetic McGraw, "will make Elkins, who married the daughter of Senator Davis and has long been his closest business associate, do just one of three things: commit suicide, be divorced, or take a trip to Europe for his health—and I know what I am talking about."

But it is not yet certain that McGraw is a prophet. Senator Elkins was in pretty good health when last heard from.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Paul Morton, Railroad Man, Organizer and Friend of the President

By Henry M. Hyde

A BIG mahogany desk stands close to a wide window which opens to the east on the eleventh story of a tall, white, Chicago skyscraper. A six foot man, with two hundred pounds of bone and hard, lean muscle inside his dark sack suit, leans against the window casing and stares down at the yacht harbor, which lies just below and across the narrow green stretch of Grant Park. The basin is thickly dotted with cat boats, schooners, steam launches and all manner of pleasure craft.

A friend who prides himself on being a wag, comes into the handsome office and jocularly accosts the man at the window.

"O, I see now, Paul," he says. "They made you Secretary of the Navy because you've had such a good chance up here to study navigation!"

The big man turns from the window with a quick smile, pulling one end of his molasses colored moustache with a muscular right hand.

"No, you're wrong," he says. "I'll tell you confidentially how it was. They made me Secretary of the Navy because my brother is an old salt."

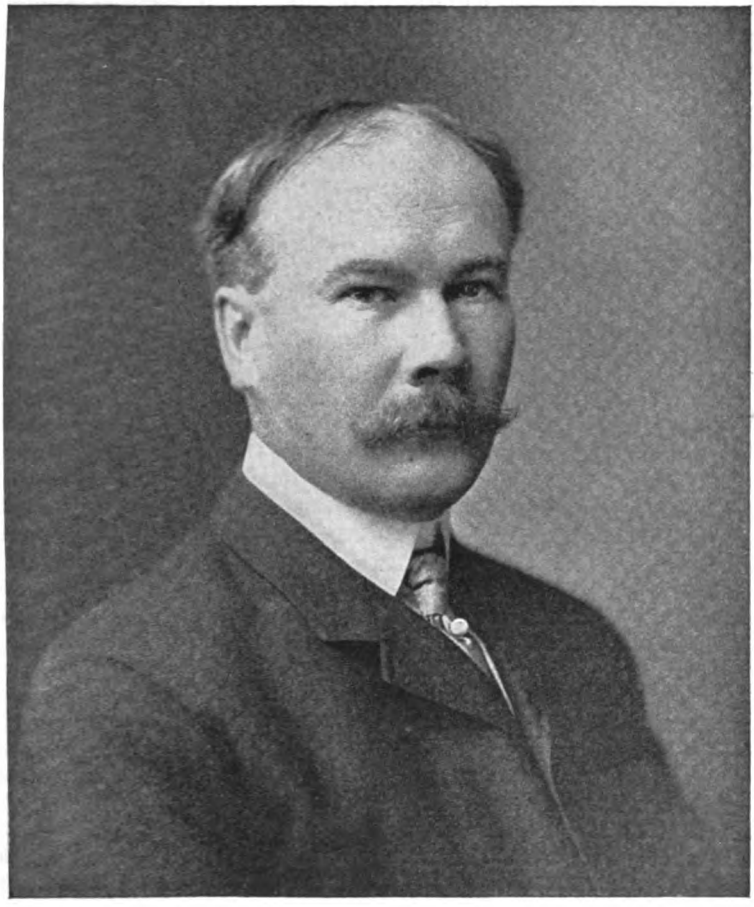
No business man will need a diagram to this bit of pleasantry, for he will remember that Joy Morton, eldest of the "three Morton boys," as the hearty West calls the sons of Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture, is head of the International Salt Company, the largest factor in the salt trade of the country.

And if that business man live anywhere between Chicago and the Pacific coast, along the lines of the great Santa Fe or Burlington railroad systems, he will need no introduction to Paul Morton, who gives up the second vice-presidency of the former road to take a seat at the cabinet table. More than once he has shaken hands with this tall, young railroad diplomat, whose business it has been to hear complaints, adjust grievances and act generally as ambassador extraordinary to the population of the granger States, always seething with opposition to railroad corporations.

If Morton has never "Tommed" and "Joed" and "Billed" the shippers along his lines, in the good old-fashioned way, he has never failed to call Mr. Thomas Smith by his proper name and to inquire whether Mr. Smith's stock-feeding business is in a prosperous condition. Which, after all, is quite as flattering, if less familiar. If he has uttered a positive and final "No" a great many times he has never failed to give, at the same time, a reasonable, if not satisfactory reason for his decision. And the West remembers that Morton, almost alone among important western railroad men, came out flat-footed in favor of those amendments to the Interstate Commerce laws which make the shipper who accepts a freight rebate equally guilty with the railroad official who gives it. So that all through the West there is a pretty general respect for Paul Morton's honesty and fairness. His ability needs no endorsement.

The wonder out in this country is not that he should have been selected for an important executive position, but that he should have been willing to give up a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year and work which he had entirely mastered, to accept eight thousand for filling a place where he will have to learn the business and stand at the same time as a target for partisan abuse and criticism.

To satisfy that wonder and find the reason for his decision you will have to go back to the office of the Second Vice-



Paul Morton.

President of the Santa Fe railroad system. And there you will find the reasons framed and hanging on the walls. One of them is the photograph of another young man, which hangs just behind the big mahogany desk. Across it is written this inscription: "To Paul Morton: With the warm regards of his friend, Theodore Roosevelt."

Morton and the President have been friends for a long time. Every year when the Colonel of the Rough Riders went down into the Southwest to attend the reunion of his old regiment, he traveled West from Chicago in the private car of the Second Vice-President of the Santa Fe railroad company, who was also a member of the party. In that way a friendship begun years ago in Washington was deepened into intimacy and mutual admiration.

The second reason hangs close beside the first. It is a framed photograph of Cleveland's cabinet, with J. Sterling Morton standing at one side of the group. Filial and fraternal pride is strong with all these Morton "boys."

Out at Nebraska City, Nebraska, where fifty years ago the elder Morton took up a homestead from the government, his three sons jointly own a great country estate of twelve hundred acres, with a huge white country house in the center. Here their families and friends pass the summers in a succession of house parties. Their father was the originator of Arbor Day, and as a monument to his memory they have had the sixty acres immediately surrounding the house laid out as an arboretum, where grow specimen trees from all over the world, and they have named the place "Arbor Lodge."

It is the one pretty touch of sentiment in a triple career which has been otherwise confined to "straight business."

As for Paul Morton, himself, he is the oldest young man or the youngest old man you will find between the coasts. Already a grandfather, he has just celebrated his forty-seventh birthday. More than a quarter of a century ago he was serving as Assistant General Freight Agent of the Burlington & Missouri railroad company—but he was only twenty-one years old at the time and had been in business but five years, starting at the work of addressing circulars in the same railroad office at a salary of sixteen dollars a month.

Sixteen years ago, so far as the newspapers and the public was concerned, Paul Morton was the head of the great strike which the C. B. & Q. railroad company fought and won against its engineers and firemen, defeating no less redoubtable a leader than P. M. Arthur, chief of the great brotherhood. But at that time he was a youth of thirty-one and had already risen to the position of General Passenger Agent of the great Burlington railroad system. His part in this strike has aroused resentment among labor unions at his appointment to the head of the navy department, but his friends point out that he had little to do with the conduct of the strike itself, acting only as the mouthpiece of the railroad company in putting its case before the public.

Fourteen years ago, at the age of thirty-three, he was vice-President of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and President of the Whitebreast Fuel Company. Since 1896 he had been a vice-president of the Sante Fe.

He has always been a glutton for work. Put a pile of important papers on his desk and his decisions come almost as fast as shots from a rapid fire gun. He does not drink or smoke and his head is always clear.

"In our trips over the road," says one of his subordinates, "he eats less in a day than I do at a single meal. Work never worries him. He throws it off too rapidly. Consequently he never worries or gets tired out. He hates details, but he has thoroughly mastered them. He likes to handle big things—matters of general policy. He is abrupt and short in his manner. For that reason I, and a lot of the men who work under him, used to be afraid of him. But that was before we realized how kindly he is at heart. He doesn't make a great many intimate friends, because when he does he feels bound to stick by them to the bitter end. I know one man whose only claim on Paul Morton is that they were railroad clerks together back in the '70's. He has lost five or six positions which Morton got for him, but Morton still keeps on finding him new jobs and trying to brace him up. That's one pretty thing about all the Morton boys. They are mighty true to their friends and to the friends of their father. Paul is taking to Washington as his private secretary the same young man who served his father in that capacity in Cleveland's cabinet."

The views of the new Secretary of the Navy on large questions of public policy were expressed by him in a speech delivered before the Traffic Club of Pittsburg, last March. Here are some of them:—

"The great, present struggle between nations is a commercial struggle to supply the markets of the world. The struggle is intense, but Americans believe it can end in but one way.

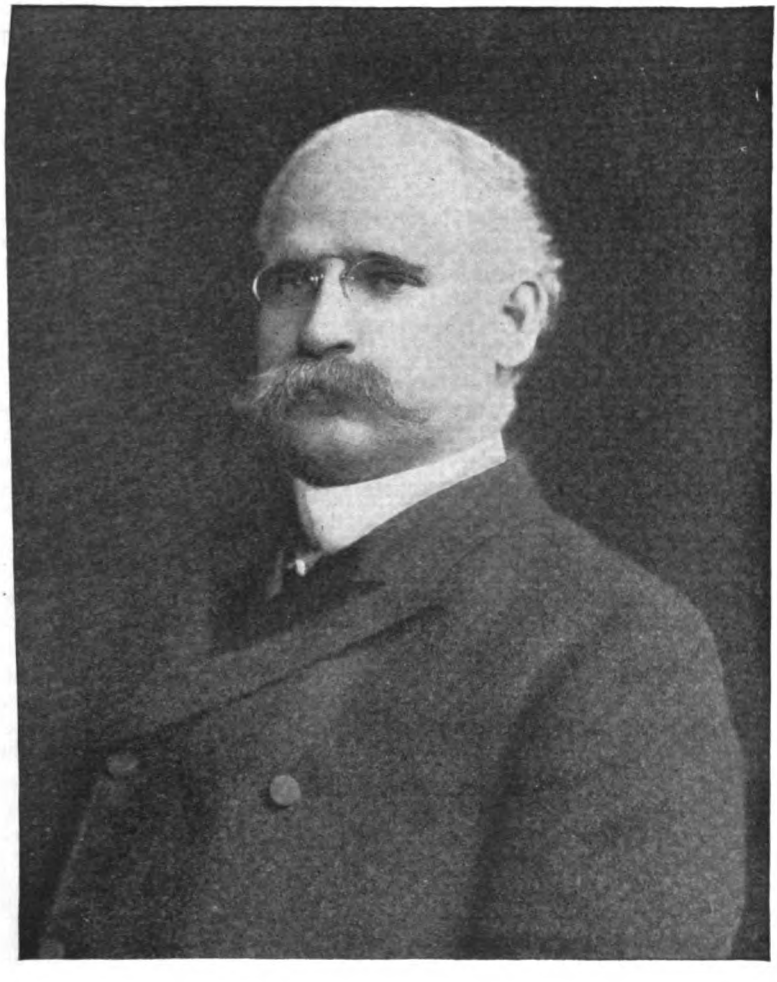
"For years we have supplied a large share of the food products of the world. At the beginning of this new century we have made up our minds that we shall be the workshop of the world as well.

"We hope we may continue to have the most efficient labor. It should be the aim of our schools and of both organized and unorganized labor, in the spirit of patriotism, if for no other reason, to make American labor the most efficient in the world.

"We must, in order to help ourselves, own and operate more ships. Our greatest weakness is on the sea.

"We should have a better consular service abroad. First-class salesmen or traffic managers will make the kind of consuls that we need.

"I believe that great industrial combinations, properly organized and well managed, are to be the most potential agency in assisting this country to capture the largest share of the world's markets. The modern industrial combination is the battleship in the sea of commerce. If it is constructed right, manned right, officered right and steered right, it is bound to win in the great conflict in which we are engaged."



VICTOR H. METCALF

THREE years ago Congress established a Department of Commerce and Labor. During these three years Mr. Cortelyou, the first Secretary of the Department, has worked diligently, but what he has accomplished has been only to create the machinery. Now Mr. Cortelyou has been drafted elsewhere, and a man is needed to run the machine and to get some results from it. The opportunity to do this work has been intrusted by the President to Victor H. Metcalf, who was recently appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Mr. Metcalf is a lawyer of ability and prominence in his State of California, and has served three terms at Washington as a member of the House of Representatives. He was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1853; educated at a school in New Haven, Conn., and later studied in the Law School of Yale University, from which he graduated in 1876. He settled at Oakland, Cal., and has practiced law there for more than twenty years. In Congress he was a member of the Ways and Means Committee.

THE IDEAL CITY

By the Late Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo

Samuel M. Jones, the "Golden Rule" Mayor of Toledo, was perhaps the most striking example of the idealist in our political history. His last good fight in which he secured re-election to the Mayoralty of Toledo in spite of the refusal of every newspaper in the city, even to mention his name or to allude to his candidacy, is a fitting answer to the hackneyed arguments of the practical politician.

A few months ago one of the editors of Leslie's Monthly Magazine, happening to share a seat in the train with Mayor Jones, then on his way to make a political speech in Cleveland, asked him to write a paper on the Ideal City as he conceived it. We give the result below.

However our readers may regard the impracticability of this vision of the millenium, the truth remains that it is the vision of a good man, it may be of a seer, who throughout his life took hold of the work given him to do, did it with all his heart and did it well.—THE EDITORS.

SINCE the history of man began on the earth, he has ever been dreaming of an ideal city. In the Bible there are many references to the ideal city. And all through the pages of imaginative lore there are so many references to the "beautiful city," "the city of our dreams," etc., that it is not surprising that in the beginning of the twentieth century, that has brought us face to face with so many things in the actual that heretofore have been ideal, we are now looking for the ideal city to become a fact, just as the electric car, the electric light, the telegraph and the telephone have become actualities, and, to a very great extent, have now made possible what before could only be conceived of in the realm of the ideal.

These continued references to a city as the desirable, the ideal abiding place for mankind, point out very clearly that those people who are crying "Back to the land" and looking forward to a solving of the "social problem" through a hegira of the people of the cities to the country, are in error. It is evident that the solution is not to come in that way. Humanity is one, and the people gravitate into the cities as naturally as two particles of water are attracted to each other; and the unwholesome and unhealthful conditions of all sorts of life that are now found in the cities are evidently to be overcome and only overcome by making the cities healthful, cleanly, beautiful and heavenly through the realization of this great truth of the oneness of humanity. When this fact is realized and understood, then, and not till then, will the ideal city become a possibility.

"I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dreamed that was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words."

The ideal city, then, is to be the new city of *friends*, and what could be more reasonable than this proposition? what could be more clear than that it is impossible that men should ever work out great or grand or beautiful ideals when their minds and bodies are poisoned with hate, when they are torn with dissension, when bitterness, envy, strife and rancor are the characteristics that mark them?

The first great task then in the work of preparation for the building of the ideal city is the cleaning out of every sort of filth that separates and makes impossible the establishment of the relation of friends. The first and greatest obstacle that America has to contend with in this particular is the depraved and unmentionable filth of the system of party politics that holds many cities of America in a vise-like grasp. So deep-seated is this dreadful infamy that millions of people in America believe that "partyism" is an essential or necessary part of our system of government. They have often told me that they did not see

how you could carry on a government without "parties." They have not read Washington's warning, in which he speaks of the greatest danger to America being the "rise of parties in the State to separate the people." They have not read what Jefferson said of parties: "Indeed, if I could not go to Heaven but with a party, I would not go to Heaven at all." They have not seen that the only purpose, the only mission of partyism is to separate people, to keep their hearts filled with envy, rancor and hatred, and to make such a thing as patriotism impossible while partyism holds sway, for it was long ago written that "No man can serve two masters."

An intelligent physician who desires to see his patient go forward to healthful life, first carefully diagnoses the disease and then faithfully points out its deadly character, concealing nothing in order that he may secure the entire co-operation of his patient to the end that health shall be gained. I am the physician, and I unhesitatingly and without the slightest fear of contradiction point to-day to our infamous and depraved party system of politics as the one cancer that is eating out the heart of this nation, and the one source from which there is any possible danger that stands in the way of the realization of ideal conditions in the cities of America. Away with it! Away with all the agencies of hatred! Let patriotism inspire and unite us! Let partyism no longer separate us, and we shall quickly go forward and:—

"Make cities inseparable with their arms about each other's necks—

> "By love of comrades,
> By the manly love of comrades."

The greatest hindrance in the way of the ideal city is the lack of ideals. We are long on idols, the idol that we mainly worship being "success," and success in the ordinarily accepted sense simply means possession or position. So low and depraved are our notions of life that we congratulate a man just as heartily upon gaining an office that is a sinecure, all salary and no service, as we would congratulate him upon getting into a place where his usefulness might be enlarged. In short, the dominant ideal among the people who like to think of themselves as the "ruling class," "the better element," and so on, is the un-American and unholy desire to get that degree of economic security that will enable one to live a life of indolence and ease and rear his children to lives of indolence and ease, and consequent uselessness, while he compel others who are his declared equals under the law as well as by the decree of the Almighty, to do his dirty work as menials.

The ideal city will have no menials in it. Does any one suppose that the heavenly city that has been the inspiration and hope of so many millions of lives will have in it or across the floor of its "many mansions" a dead line, across which a portion of the inhabitants dare not go except to serve the others as menials? No, no; such a place could not be a "heavenly city," for heaven means harmony. And the ideal city of America is to be a city where equality is recognized, where harmony, love, peace, good will, are the dominant and controlling influences. As Whitman says in the lines quoted above, "Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love."

Slowly but surely we are working out this noble ideal in American cities. Decade by decade, the standard of municipal government in these cities has been raised higher and higher, until to-day it will be readily conceded that no person known to be mean or unworthy can be elected to the office of mayor in any city of considerable size in America.

No matter how powerful the political machine may be in that city, they do not dare outrage public sentiment and, almost without exception, generally use care in selecting a candidate for this office, seeing to it that he is a person of a good character who stands well in the community. Slowly but surely we are coming to realize that the voice of the people is the voice of God; that God speaks in no other way; and that the voice of God has always been for an administration of justice, harmony, love and mercy; and that our mission in America is to build cities in which lofty and beautiful ideals shall dominate every act of our governmental life.

Personally, I do not attach much value to "statistics," because I know that almost anything can be and has been proven by figures; but surely there is significance in the fact that in the City of Toledo, with a population of one hundred and sixty thousand to-day, the number of ar-

rests by the police annually is less than it was ten years ago when the city was one-half the size. It is idle and foolish to try to explain this away by saying that the laws are not enforced and that not enough people are arrested. The most strenuous advocates of jail morality would hardly expect to make a city more quiet and orderly by doubling the number of arrests.

I believe it is due to the rising tide of good will that has spread over the land, to the longing ever present in the human heart for peace and quietude.

The annually increasing expenditure for public schools, play grounds for the children, parks for the people, public baths, libraries, etc.—all indicate the development of the patriotic impulse and point to an awakened social conscience that is to bring people to see that there cannot be prosperity for some without prosperity for all; that we are bound together by indissoluble bonds and whether we will or not, we must take into account the welfare of the last and the least as well as of the first and the greatest.

So far as law is concerned, the one thing above all others to be desired in American cities is Home Rule. We need to understand that the city is merely a partnership of the people for the pursuit of happiness; that we do not need to organize the people as parties or as sects or cliques in a city, but that what we do need is to organize them as business corporations for the transaction of the public business in the most orderly and business-like way; and this can never be while the laws governing the cities are made by legislatures located at the State capital, composed of men from the country who are ignorant of the needs of the city.

The movement has now begun in America that is to produce the free city, and by that I mean the city that shall make its own laws; shall decide how much it shall go into debt, or whether it shall go into debt at all or not; how much tax shall be levied for this thing or that thing; as free from interference or hindrance from the State legislature as the States are now free from interference by the federal government. Here again we find the obstacle in the way of the establishment of free cities is partyism. The political machine that happens to be in power in this State or that believes that by controlling the cities through the legislature it has a powerful weapon for perpetuating its rule, and we need not hope for relief from this grievance until the patriotic impulse shall rise superior to the partisan; until men shall come to see that it is impossible for one to be a patriot and a partisan at one and the same time; that the idea upon which our baneful party politics is founded is a blasphemy and an attempted violation of the direct command that "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

It seeks to gather the "good people," "the better element," into one party in order that they may govern the "bad people," or the "worse element," by sheer brute force. Let every one who contributes in any degree to the development of this party spirit remember that he is blocking the wheels of progress and delaying the day of the realizaton of American ideals; and yet I would advise every young man to go actively into the politics of his city, but as a *patriot* not as a partisan, owning himself and declaring himself free to vote this way or that, without allegiance to any party or clique. Such a man is the ideal American, and such Americans only can make the ideal city possible.

We shall eventually learn that only when we work together for one common end can we produce a thing of real beauty. So we need not hope to develop the ideal city by getting more drastic laws on our statute books, but rather as we outgrow our superstitious reverence for man-made laws and rules, and, becoming more American, we learn to know and be obedient to the *Law of Love*, our cities will take on the beauty that is latent in our character. In reality, all that is distressing, all that is base, ignoble and mean to look at or think of in the life of our cities to-day is, after all, but the reflex of our innate moral baseness, and we may hope to improve our cities æsthetically, artistically and architecturally just in proportion as *we*—all of us—shall improve morally, for, whatever our cities are, either governmentally or otherwise, they represent the average of the community that composes them.

The way to get the ideal city, then, is to follow the dictum of Walt Whitman, the greatest poet and prophet of American ideals that the world has ever known. It is stated in these words: "Produce great Persons; the rest follows."

A CONSCIENTIOUS BOSS

Charles S. Deneen, of Illinois, and His Gospel of One-Man Rule

By Arthur Sears Henning

THE people of Illinois are getting some novel political sensations in these piping campaign days. There is a man going up and down the State preaching a strange, new political gospel. Not so strange as it is preached, perhaps, but as it is practiced by this man. The gospel is of bossism, honest bossism, and its exponent is Charles S. Deneen, Republican candidate for Governor.

In Illinois, where the bosses have long trafficked in politics for gain and bartered good legislation as well as bad, it is a bit startling to hear a man commend himself to the people for better or for worse on his record as a boss. But Charley Deneen, as they call him in Chicago, intends to win on this record, first as honest boss of his precinct where he cast his first vote twenty years ago, next as honest boss of his ward, then of a string of wards, and now of Cook County. The logical deduction from this record is the faith that Charley Deneen will be the honest boss of Illinois when, saving death and miracles in this normally Republican State, he is elected at the November polls.

For eight years the most fearless and sternly uncompromising State's Attorney Chicago has ever had, this boss now conceives it is his mission to regenerate the public service of the State as he regenerated the methods of enforcing the law in Cook County. As the successor of the bosses who helped the public utilities corporations fleece Chicago, this boss now purposes to win back those bartered rights for the city, and to lead the fight for a new charter and the city's renaissance.

It is Deneen's gospel that an honest boss can achieve these things. He believes in the mission of the honest machine in American politics. Sitting in his office in the Criminal Court building the other day he turned to me and said :—

"I believe in party organization. In Chicago we have a Republican club in each of the thirteen hundred voting precincts. I believe that in each precinct club there should be a committeman for each block, whose duty it should be to invite the Republicans of that block to join the club, to notify them of the ward club and precinct club elections and to notify them of the time and place of party caucus and primary. Thus the party organization would be co-extensive with the membership of the party and would afford an opportunity for every Republican to exert his influence in controlling the entrance of men to public life and in defining the policies of his party."

The personality of the man who has organized such a machine is a study in the indomitable in human nature. Short and stocky of frame he is, not stout, but massively built about the shoulders, with a short, muscular neck and a large, well-poised head. Blunt he is of feature and blunt of manner. The smooth-shaven face is broad and boyish and bronzed. The spirit of the man is written in every feature except in the brown eyes, wide set apart beneath jutting brows. There is a humor in the eyes—a humor that, at home with his children, is mirth, but, abroad with men, is matter of fact and dry.

Altogether this boss of men is a plain man of business. He has no picturesque eccentricities. His conversation is matter of fact in its manner and his speeches are quiet, restrained and conversational in tone. It is odd to hear him talking a speech in which there is a blow or a sting in every terse sentence. Phlegmatic of temperament, he never worries, never betrays excitement and has never been known to

Charles S. Deneen.

The new Republican Boss of Illinois. A man with a clean record for honesty and efficiency in office, who believes in systematic bossism and practices what he preaches. He is now the Republican nominee for the Governorship of Illinois.

lose his temper. His enemies call him cold and colorless and devoid of emotions, and certain it is that few, even of his intimates, know the quality of his sympathy.

His constitution matches his will. He sleeps six hours a night; the rest of the time he works. He takes no exercise but walking, he has no favorite sport and no recreation except his hours with his family and with his books. He neither smokes nor drinks, and no one ever called him a "good fellow."

You might have guessed the quality of the man had you suddenly come upon him during the progress of those seventy-nine wearisome roll calls of the Republican convention deadlock in the Springfield armory when his rivals for the nomination, Gov. Yates and Col. Lowden led him on every count. You would have found him, not in the convention with the other leaders, but in a far corner of the building, outside the barriers, with hat on head and leaning speculatively on an umbrella as he watched the great game before him. Impassionately day by day he saw the mild eyed Lorimer, the venerable Senator Cullom and irascible Uncle Joe Cannon move their pawns against him as he had foreseen months ago they would move them; impassively he countermoved. With quiet eyes he watched that swashbuckling good fellow, Col. Frank O. Lowden, make his exciting spurt to within one hundred and twenty-one votes of victory.

"Lowden has six hundred and thirty-one—for heaven's sake do something, Charley," cried a lieutenant rushing up.

"He may get six hundred and fifty but no more," replied Deneen and indifferently turned away. He was waiting to win as he has always won by waiting.

No less indifferently he heard the melodramatic Yates utter his tragic abdication and met the gaze of expectant eyes suddenly turned in the direction of the remote corner where he leaned on his umbrella. With a modest gratitude he took his victory, and walking away from the Arsenal with a friend, as he had every day, he met the showering congratulations with a matter-of-fact cordiality. When called into the convention to make his nomination speech he was found sending a telegram to his wife, who received it in her Englewood cottage in the midst of a church sewing bee. The honest boss had won by playing good, square politics, and he found himself nominated without promising an office between Chicago and Cairo.

Chicago has become intimately acquainted with Charley Deneen in the eight years he has served as public prosecutor.

"The day is past," he said, "when a lawyer retires to his cabinet to deduce a theory of how a murder was committed. Nowadays he goes out and informs himself on the exact manner in which it was really committed."

It followed that the young State's Attorney built up a powerful secret service independent of the city police and detective department. When a murder is committed Deneen scatters his agents to gather in the evidence before the police obscure the clues. The result is that he secures convictions.

Early in his first term he turned his attention to bankers who had defrauded the public. He was warned by his friends that such a move had no precedent. The bankers in question were high in the community. But one after another Deneen prosecuted them and saw them sent to the penitentiary. After that the prosecution of bankers became a fad among State's Attorneys in other cities.

Deneen kept straight on. He got after conspirators, jury bribers, insurance crooks, tax fixers, and the perpetrators of election frauds and sent more prominent men to the penitentiary, thereby adding to a collection of enemies of which any honest man might be proud.

It is said that Charley Deneen never broke a promise because he never made one. At the end of his first term he had earned the respect of the law-abiding class and the fear and confidence of the lawless. To the professional crooks he is known as a "square guy." Many a thief, sent to the penitentiary by this prosecutor, has, on release, sought him for help in a new start in life.

And down in the village of Lebanon, in St. Clair County, where Charley Deneen was "raised," they will tell you that this boss of men was the son of a gentle old professor of Mediaeval History and Latin in McKendree College, a man so shrinking of nature that he failed to win a name beyond the college walls for the rare literary genius of which he was possessed.

THE STRATEGY OF ABBINGTON

By Henry C. Rowland

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

THE Earl of Abbington pulled up his hunter, turned in his saddle and stared at his companion in surprise.

"But why didn't you tell me all this before?" he demanded.

Miss Eleanor Drayton leaned forward and stroked the sleek neck of her horse reflectively.

"Because you did not seem interested, I suppose," she answered slowly. "Besides I did not think that it would make much difference. The whole matter appeared to be such a purely business arrangement. You see I was knocked down to the highest bidder by my father who is the licensed auctioneer—"

"But surely you consented of your own free will?" he observed helplessly.

"When you asked me to marry you," she went on regardless of the interruption, "you did so in a purely formal way that made sentiment superfluous. It was a simple business transaction, as far as I can see, so why not keep it on that basis? You are naturally anxious to clear your estates and father is ambitious for a title for his daughter. I don't see that sentiment should enter into the thing at all." She raised her pretty face and her big, blue eyes looked into his quite frankly.

For a moment Lord Abbington stared at her in dismay; then the blood crept into his lean, Norman face and a sudden gleam flashed from his stony gray eyes. Just for a moment he saw himself as he must appear to his golden-haired girlish *fiancée* and the picture was not an attractive one. Moreover, he realized that the conditions had changed in the month that had passed since the announcement of their engagement, and with a quick catch of his breath he appreciated for the first time that his marriage of convenience had suddenly resolved itself into something beyond mere figures and settlements.

"Am I to understand," he asked slowly, "that you consented to marry me against your own free will?"

"Hardly that," she answered coldly, "but—"

"Are you in love with any one else?" he asked a trifle thickly.

She laughed lightly, yet with a hard, little ring in her voice.

"The '*else*' is quite superfluous. I am not in love with *any one*, my dear *fiancé*, but, as I was about to remark, you are not very well acquainted with my father, the Honorable John Drayton, ex-ambassador to—"

"Do you mean to say that your father forced you into this marriage?" interrupted Abbington.

"*Forced* is rather too strong a word," she replied critically. "What I mean is that I fear my home life would be no longer pleasant if I were to deliberately throw away the opportunity of becoming Lady Abbington."

Lord Abbington savagely twisted his short, black mustache.

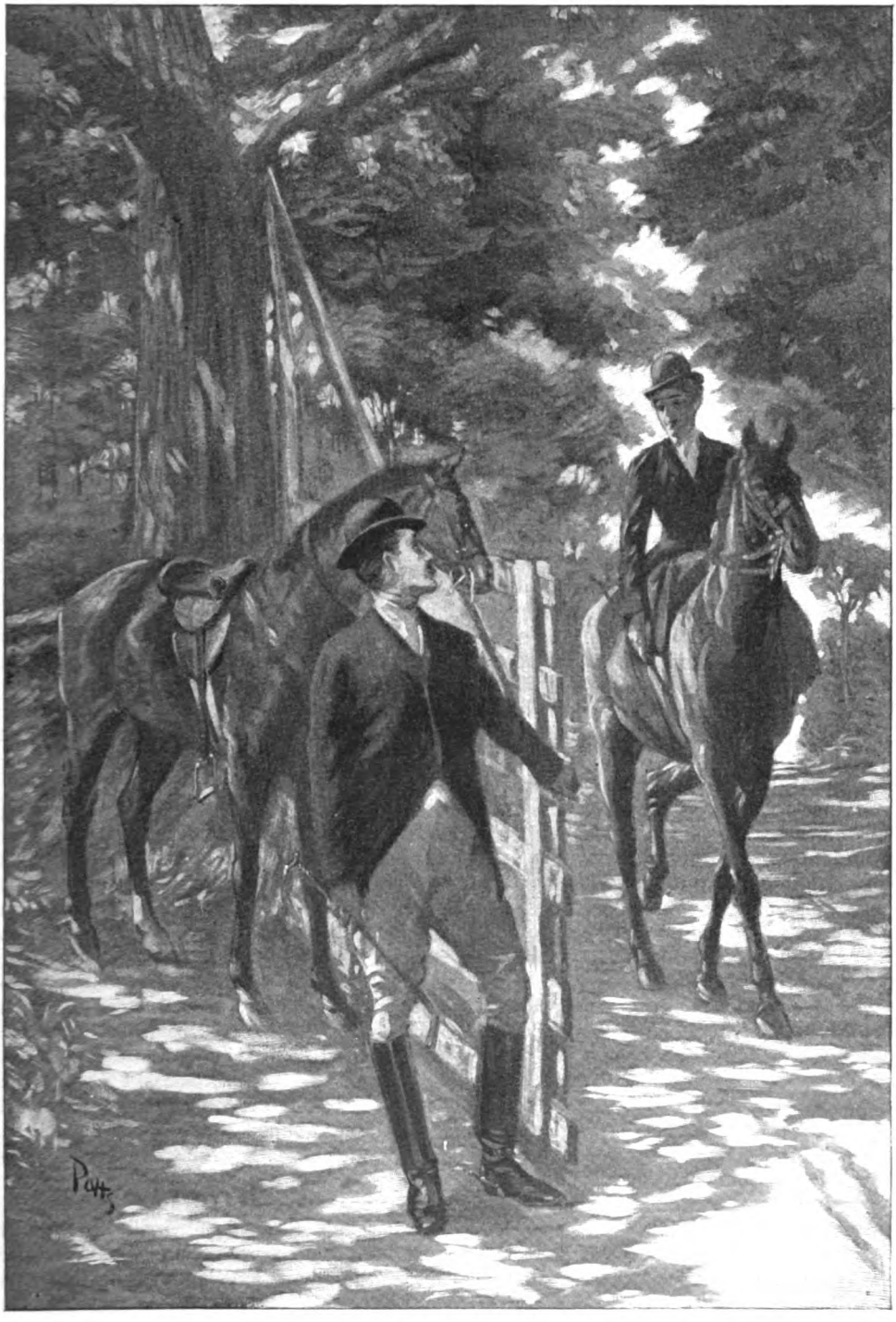
"Let's canter," he said briefly. "Do you mind?"

She nodded brightly, slackened the curb rein, and at the same time lightly touching her horse with the spur. They sprang forward together and dashed around the bend of the road and on down a short stretch with the gloriously tinted autumn woods on either side. At the next bend the timber stopped and beyond lay a broad view of open meadow.

"Let's cross here!" she panted. "We strike the turnpike about a mile on the other side."

A set of low bars guarded the entrance to the field.

"Right," said Lord Abbington briefly.



"About the marriage," he said.

As her horse leaped forward he reined in slightly to give her room, noting with an odd pang the skill and daring with which she took the leap. His own big hunter lumbered over easily in her wake and soon they galloped side by side across the springy turf, clearing neck and neck a shallow drain, then sweeping on freely through a little wood to where a high gate barred the entrance to a road.

"Wait," he said imperatively and dashed on ahead.

She watched him in some anxiety as he rode straight for the jump, a rather nasty one. She saw his big, raw-boned thoroughbred squat for a moment on his haunches, then lurch straight upward, clearing the gate awkwardly but with apparent ease, landing heavily on the other side, when he shook his ugly head in anger at the strong, restraining tug upon the rein that stopped him almost in his tracks.

Lord Abbington dismounted quickly and threw open the gate. She rather liked his doing so from the opposite side.

"About this marriage," he said suddenly after he had mounted and they were walking slowly to breathe their horses. "It's a bit rough on me, you know, Eleanor. I think that I would make you a good husband. At least I would be kind to you, and I fancy you would like the life at home. When I asked you to marry me, I'll admit I was a bit cold-blooded, but I didn't love you then, and I wasn't going to lie about it. I supposed, of course, that you wanted to marry me, and—and all that ye know, but what you've just said, puts quite a different face to it."

"Why?" she asked, looking down at the road ahead.

"Why?" he answered fiercely, the color rushing to his hard, weather-beaten face. "Why—why, because I love you, Eleanor!" The color faded suddenly, leaving him quite pale.

There was a moment's silence, while the horses fretted impatiently to be off again. Lord Abbington, gnawing the corner of his straight under lip, stared moodily at the distance ahead.

A firm, little hand dropped lightly on his arm, and Eleanor leaned suddenly toward him. He glanced at her and noticed that her face was quite pale and her full bosom heaving under the closely-fitting habit.

"Thank you, Mordaunt," she said in a low voice. "You *are* a man, and I wish that I could love you, but, don't you see, that is one of those things which we can't control? I will try to make you a good wife and—"

"No!" he answered roughly. "The estate can go to the devil, where it's been going for the last thirty years. I'll chuck the whole thing and clear! I didn't want to come over here anyway, Eleanor. The whole thing was a rotten piece of business from the start. I've had a hard knock or two in my time, and one more or less won't matter. You would never be happy, little girl, with a chap like me. What you want is some good sort, an American, ye know, who has led a decent sort of life, and—and—whom you—"

"Mordaunt!" cried the girl with a quaver in her voice, "you have my promise—"

"Never mind your promise! What is the good of that if you don't love me? And you don't, do you Eleanor?"

"No, Mordaunt, but I will try—"

"You needn't. The air of this place has changed my ideas. I'll tell the old boy—eh—your father, that it's all off."

"But that wouldn't make it any easier for me. Don't you see, you foolish, that he'd know that it was all my doing?"

"What do you want me to do then?"

Eleanor did not at once reply, flicking nervously at the bushes which lined the road with the end of her riding-crop, a proceeding that proved sadly trying to her highly-strung mount. Lord Abbington meanwhile extracted a cigarette from his case and skilfully lighted it with his free hand.

"Look here, Eleanor," he presently remarked. "It seems that I've got you into no end of a fix with the parental. You have my sympathy, little girl—I know what they're like—" (puff, puff,)—"had one myself once. Now whatever you say I'll do. You go ahead and give your orders. Never mind me. I'm used to disappointments."

Eleanor's color heightened. "I think, Mordaunt," she began finally, "that if you were to cross him in some way—make him angry, you know—tell him he was looking badly, or getting old, or criticize his wine or his whist playing, or something of that sort, the rest would be very easy. He is very easily vexed."

Lord Abbington looked at her with a mournful admiration.

"Jove, but you're clever, Eleanor. I'll tell him he's no end of a duffer at billiards. He rather prides himself on his game, ye know—what?"

"Yes," (doubtfully). "Of course you mustn't overdo it, Mordaunt, and make a scene or anything like that."

"What d' you care? It let's you out, —what? Or I'll tell him that the American Diplomatic Corps is the laughing stock of Europe. That ought to fetch him!"

Eleanor's pained look gave way to one of positive affright.

"I couldn't bear to have you lose your dignity, Mordaunt; I should hate to have it said that I have ever been engaged to a man who could do anything so caddish. Besides, I believe that if you were to say such a thing as that, he'd have the butler throw you out of the house. You don't know what a frightful temper he has when he's roused."

"I'm not afraid of him," replied Lord Abbington, indifferently. "The butler may try it if he likes. The way I'm feeling I'd rather relish a go at somebody. Never you mind Eleanor, I'll make him jolly eager to be rid of me before I've done. I ain't a bit too anxious to spare the old—your pater's feelings. Just you leave it to me. Here's a good bit of road. Let's send 'em —what?"

As they drew up under the porte-cochere of a somewhat pretentious country house Mr. Drayton appeared at the corner of the veranda. He was a portly man, slightly past middle age, and with the type of manner in which arrogance and intense egotism are thrust forward to claim a pseudo strength of character deceptive to many, especially the women-kind of his own household. Of late years a constant self-indulgence, both physical and mental, seemed gradually to have swathed in a cloak of adipose, both the once strongly active body and the coldly calculating brain. The firm jaw had grown simply heavy and the logically compelling tongue had lazily relegated its function to a sort of sneering bluster, seldom ineffectual. Behind him came his son and heir, a slim, alert, frank-featured American boy, then in the Freshman year of his University course.

"Well, daughter," he called in a tone of insistent heartiness, "have a good gallop? Like your mount, Mordaunt? You won't find many better—eh?"

"He's good enough to look at, but he's hardly up to 'cross-country work," replied Abbington. He dismounted sulkily and threw the rein at a groom who had come running up from the stables.

The bulging brow of his host slightly darkened, but his early diplomatic training quickly asserted itself.

"Now you don't say so?" He exclaimed in surprise. "I've never ridden him myself, but I had an idea that he was a good one. He ought to be,—I paid enough for him."

"I fancy you got swindled," replied his prospective son-in-law shortly. He assisted his *fiancée* to dismount and without further remark followed her into the house. When they had disappeared, Mr. Drayton turned to his son.

"Isn't that just the British of it, Algy?" he remarked, striving to hide his discomfiture under an indulgent chuckle. "They're a blunt lot, these English noblemen,—speak their mind right out, regardless of how it may sound,—eh?"

"I'd call it deuced bad manners," replied the boy coldly.

Abbington's temper had apparently not improved at luncheon. To begin with he kept his host waiting, an unprecedented crime in the Drayton household. At the table he preserved a moody silence, utterly refusing to join in the conversation and eating somewhat wolfishly as it seemed to his frightened *fiancée*. When the meal was over, without a word to anyone he disappeared and later they saw him walking toward the little stream that wound through the estate, trout-rod in hand and clad in golf trousers and neckless guernsey.

"Dear me," said Mr. Drayton to his daughter, as they watched him from the veranda, "I hope that he will not fish above the dam. Miller has preserved all of that part of the stream. I trust," he went on, looking at Eleanor with an expression which she had learned to dread, "that nothing occurred during your ride to disturb him, Eleanor?"

"I—think that he must have heard some bad news," answered the girl. "He seemed rather irritable."

"That's no reason why he should vent it on you, Eleanor," exclaimed her brother

heatedly. "*I* think he's a surly brute. I wish you'd chuck him over, Sis!"

Mr. Drayton turned to his son with an expression about his heavy jaw that was not pleasant to see.

"You will be so good as to keep your opinions to yourself, Algernon," he observed in a hard voice. "Your sister and I are competent to arrange this matter without any outside assistance. You will treat your brother-in-law to be with the respect which his position deserves, sir! Do you understand?"

The blood rushed into the boy's face and his eyes filled suspiciously. He arose suddenly and walked away.

Late in the afternoon as Abbington was returning from the trout stream he came suddenly upon his host who was giving some orders to the gardener.

"Well, Mordaunt, what luck?" asked Mr. Drayton, throwing as much *bonhommie* as was possible into his somewhat querulous voice.

"Rather poor, thanks," replied Abbington, briefly, at the same time emptying the meager contents of his creel upon the well kept lawn. Five suspiciously small trout and one half pounder was all that he could show as the result of four hours skilful effort.

"Well upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Drayton, admiringly. "That big fellow is the best fish that I have seen this season. Where did you get him?"

"About half a mile above the dam. Just after I hooked him a little spadger came running down the bank and said that I had no business to fish there. I sent him about his business and a few minutes later he came back with a couple of louts at his heels who told me to get out. They cheeked me until I lost my temper and smashed 'em. They went off then and pretty soon they came back with an old gaffer in a smoking jacket and sandy whiskers."

"That was my neighbor, Mr. Miller!" cried the agonized Mr. Drayton.

"Right you are," replied Abbington indifferently. "He told me that I was poaching on his preserve, but he seemed to be a decent old chap and apparently knew who I was, for he told me to go ahead and enjoy myself. That made me a bit sore, so I declined, and as he asked me up to his house and as I was a bit dry I went."

"Dear me, Mordaunt," exclaimed his host in despair. "I'm very sorry that you should have had any unpleasantness, especially with a vulgar man like Miller—"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted his guest, warmly. "He was very decent, although he did seem a bit vexed when I told him that I had understood from you that you owned the whole stream—"

"But I never told you anything of the sort!" interrupted his host, anger for the moment displacing diplomacy.

"No?" replied Abbington, in surprise. "Come to think it over I fancy you're right. No harm done. I gave his keepers a couple of dollars for liniment and went with the old boy. He's got some of the best Scotch I've tasted in this infernal country, and a ripping looking daughter!" he added with enthusiasm.

Mr. Drayton's face grew dangerously purple, especially as he observed that his gardener was turning away his head and coughing suspiciously. "Well," he resumed with an effort. "I'm glad he took it so well Mordaunt. Come,—it's time to dress for dinner."

Socially, dinner was even less of a success than luncheon. After dinner the whist table was brought out and the Englishman and his charming, though frightened *fiancée* beat the master of the house and his son with an ease that was almost insulting, and which sent the elder Drayton fuming up the library. Algernon shortly retiring, Eleanor and Abbington were left alone.

"Scored again," observed the guest, carefully selecting one of his host's best cigars. "What d'ye think of the running so far,—eh?"

Eleanor's face was a study and for a moment she did not reply.

"I think," she said at length, rather frostily, "that possibly your efforts are a trifle extreme, Lord Abbington. I should hardly expect a man of your traditions to be rude to his host, and as for what you told him about your flirtation with that common Miller girl,—that is indelicate if not positively indecent!"

Lord Abbington arose and walked to the fireplace under pretense of ridding himself of the tip of his cigar; really to hide the somewhat expansive smile that arose to his patrician lips.

"You do her an injustice, Eleanor.

Really, when you get to know her she's an uncommon fine girl. Smashing looker, —what?''

"It seems to me that you have lost no time in getting to know her!'' observed Eleanor, icily.

"She's very sympathetic,'' observed Abbington.

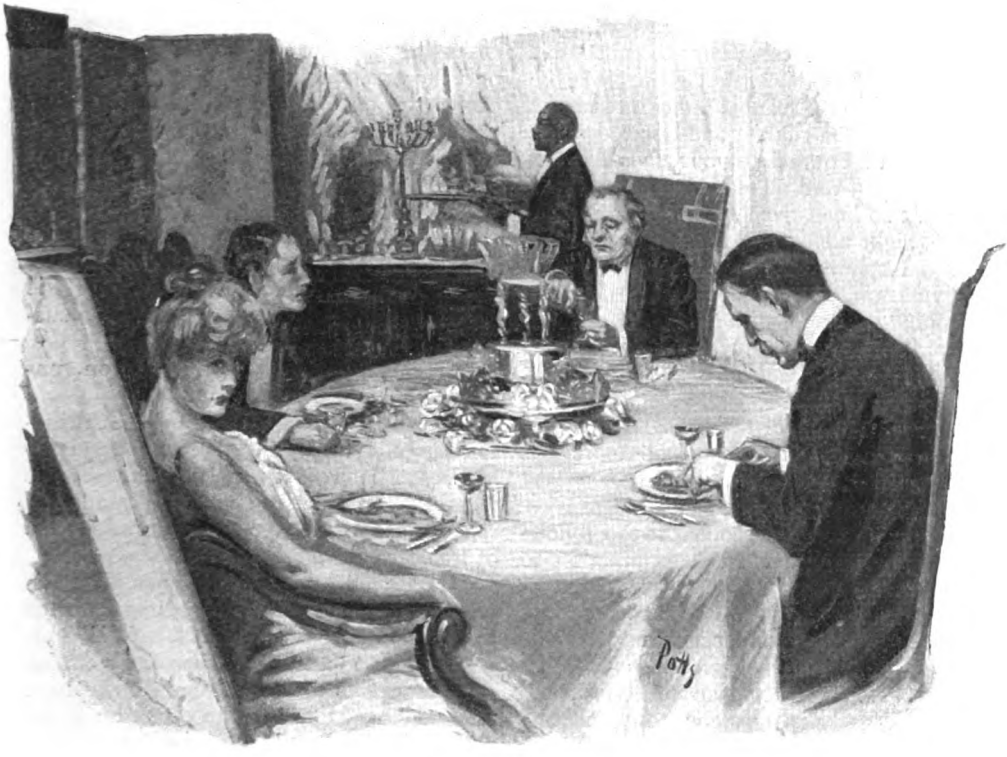
"Then possibly when you have rid yourself of present obligations you might try again in that quarter. Mr. Miller's fortune is quite equal to father's!''

more than an hour or two, you know!''

Eleanor's turned-up little nose described a greater angle.

"I was referring less to your physical condition than to your declaration—of—of—'' There was the suspicion of tears in the sweet voice, and at the sound Abbington turned so quickly that she was startled.

"About my having got to love you, Eleanor?'' he demanded fiercely. "And do you think that I will ever outlive that? Can't you see that the whole wretched



Socially, dinner was even less of a success than luncheon.

"I'd thought of that,'' admitted Abbington, his face still averted.

Eleanor's bosom rose and fell convulsively. All of the color had returned to her charming face and her great blue eyes sparkled with anger. She drew the light cashmere shawl up over her bare, rounded shoulders and about the full white neck.

"You seem to have very quickly recovered from the malady to which you were sufficiently artistic to refer—''

"My headache? Oh, they never last

business is hurting me no end? Do you think that it's a lark to be nasty to a man who with all of his shortcomings has opened his heart and home to you? Whose suggestion was it anyway, I should like to know!''

Her golden head sank forward and the swimming blue eyes were fastened upon the tiger skin rug at her feet. The beast's great gaping jaws were beneath her little bronze-slippered feet, and the fierce, glaring eyes seemed to catch the ruddy blaze of the piano lamp at her side and glint

back maliciously, hypnotizing her and numbing the power of speech.

"Then do you—still—intend to—marry?" she asked finally.

"Marry!—Oh, I suppose so,—after the first hurt is gone you know," he answered moodily. "A chap's got to do the right thing by his people, you know,—and his responsibilities. Oh yes,—I suppose I'll do my duty and take my medicine in the end, even if I don't much fancy the prescription—what?"

There was a silence of a minute or more.

"I think, Mordaunt," Eleanor began softly, "that we had better leave things—as—they were. I can't bear to think that,—that—I—"

"Nonsense, Eleanor!" he interrupted roughly, "you're a good-hearted little girl,—and I appreciate your sacrifice tremendously,—and all of that you know. If I wasn't so head-over-ears in love with you I'd go right ahead and marry you in cold blood, I believe,—but as it is, the way you feel ye know, I'd be no end of a cad. It's painful, I'll allow, but the—eh—your father won't last much longer. If he hadn't been so bewildered, to-day would have done for him."

The heavy foot of the elder Drayton being heard at that moment, the topic was discontinued.

The Earl of Abbington arose the following morning with the full determination to bring the intensely unpleasant situation to a close before the lapse of another day. On entering the breakfast-room the curt nod and brief word of greeting which he received from his host, whose wounds had festered over night, convinced him that this would not prove difficult.

Breakfast passing without undue hilarity, Abbington and his father-in-law elect, lighted cigars and strolled out upon the lawn.

As they stepped clear of the veranda, Abbington happened to catch sight of Eleanor at an open window above. With a gesture of impatience he threw aside his newly lighted cigar, one of a brand on which his host particularly prided himself.

"I say, Eleanor!" he called, "just fetch me down my pipe and tobacco pouch when you come will you? You'll find them on the table in the library!"

Mr. Drayton stifled with difficulty a sudden snort of rage.

"Don't you like that cigar, Mordaunt?" he asked in a voice that was a trifle thick.

"Why—er—I—er—Yes, yes, very much," replied Abbington in the tone of one determined to be polite no matter what the cost to his veracity. "But I'm rather used to a pipe you know."

The blood rushed to Mr. Drayton's face but he stifled his anger with an effort. He led the younger man a little farther from the house to where a slight eminence afforded an extended view of the surrounding landscape.

As he gazed out across the smiling prospect the vexation faded from the face of the proprietor, and with an expression of complacent pride he turned to his companion.

"Just cast your eye over that, Mordaunt," he exclaimed. "Did you ever see anything handsomer?"

The chin of the Englishman was slightly elevated as, with a deliberate and critical calmness that came near to wrecking the nervous system of his host, he slowly surveyed the panorama before him.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Drayton, unable to contain himself longer.

"Awfully jolly view," drawled Abbington languidly. "Might almost be England, you know, if it wasn't for those frame houses. That donkey cart goin' along the road is not half bad, ye know—reminds me of home, rather."

Mr. Drayton turned and gave his guest one look of unutterable disgust, then made for the house without a word.

Abbington extracted a cigarette from his case and gazed after him regretfully, then, strolled slowly down in the direction of the river. Arrived at its edge, he seated himself sadly upon a stone.

"I fancy that fetched him!" he mused to himself.

A rustle in the bushes close at hand caused him to look around expectantly and his eyes fell upon Algernon, who was walking swiftly towards him. The boy's face was bloodless and both hands were clenched.

"Hullo!" remarked Abbington, rising to his feet. "What's up, Algy?"

The boy did not answer, but stood facing him, his lips twitching and a curious glitter in his eyes.

"I followed you down here," began Algernon with an odd quiver in his voice,

"to tell you just what I think of you—you mean, underbred hound!"

Abbington colored more in surprise than anger.

"Well?" he asked quietly.

"I know that you are my guest, and all of that," continued the boy, his voice breaking as he proceeded. "But since you have disregarded the fact I don't see why I shouldn't. Why can't you stay in your own country, where you belong," he went on passionately, "instead of coming over here to break my sister's heart!"

"What?" exclaimed Abbington.

"You know what I mean, you mean-spirited pup! You've made love to her, and got engaged to her, and now you're tired of her and want to break the whole thing off. Oh, you needn't stare—you've made it plain enough!"

Abbington's jaw dropped at this new phase of the comedy, and he stood the picture of confessed and embarrassed guilt. The sight of him seemed to infuriate the boy.

"I'll teach you, you scoundrel!" he raged, and before Abbington could guess his purpose he had leaped upon him like a wildcat and struck him twice in the face.

"Hi, there—hold on!" exclaimed the startled Englishman. He gripped both of the boy's shoulders in his sinewy hands and held him at arms' length. For a moment Algernon struggled wildly, then suddenly burst into tears.

"She's crying her eyes out!" he sobbed. "Father's raging around and swearing that he'll see her in her grave before she marries you, and she—says—that she never loved any one but you, and never will marry any one else, and— Oul. —leggo my shoulder, d— you!"

"Listen to me, Algy!" cried Abbington imperatively, and there was a note in his voice that checked the boy's sobs. "I love Eleanor like—like the devil, and I've told her so. Yesterday she said that she didn't love me and didn't want to marry me, and asked me as a favor to make myself so beastly disagreeable that her father would break the thing up. D'ye see?"

"You've done it, all right," said the boy miserably and but half convinced.

"Yes, but hang it all—" began Abbington in perplexity.

"I guess it was just the contrariness of girls," observed the mollified Algy. "But you've certainly made a mess of it between you. Anyway, she's in love with you now, whether she was yesterday or not."

Lord Abbington groaned.

"I'm sorry I hit you, Abbington—" began Algy.

"Oh, rot! Algy, you're a brick—Let's go up and try and straighten out this infernal tangle—what?"

They hastened to the house where, at the threshold, they were met by the outraged parent.

"Lord Abbington," he began in a sort of pompous rage, "let me tell you right now, sir, that this miserable engagement with my daughter is all off—"

There was a swift rustle behind him and a weeping lady with a disheveled head of golden hair swept quickly past him and was caught in the strong arms of her betrothed.

"Mordaunt," she sobbed, "I *do* love you, dear. I have loved you all of the time, but I only found it out last night!"

"Eleanor!" cried her irate father, "have you no pride nor modesty? Go to your room instantly!"

He made a gesture as if to draw her back, but Abbington reached out a restraining arm.

"I say—hold on a minute, will you? It's all a miserable mistake—"

"I'll cut her off—she'll not have a penny, sir!"

"Glad of it. We'll get married anyway—won't we, Eleanor?"

"Father," interrupted Algernon, "if you will step into the library for a moment I will tell you something which will explain the whole affair."

"Yes, Mr. Drayton—it's really all right, ye know. You go with Algy—there's a good fellow—what?" cried Abbington, beseechingly.

Dazed and bewildered, Mr. Drayton allowed himself to be led away, and soon to the ears of the two, nestling closely on the window-seat, came a sudden burst of genuine laughter. A moment later he emerged, and there was a suspicion of moisture in his eyes, such as his daughter had never seen before. He walked straight to Eleanor, kissed her on the forehead and held out his hand to Abbington.

"'All's well that ends well,' my children," he said. "But it *was* a bit rough on the old man, now wasn't it?"

"It was jolly rough on all of us," replied Abbington with deep feeling.

VICTORY

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

"YOU are assigned to Room 11, Miss Castleton."

The girl went white and put out a hand blindly.

"Not the leper case!"

"You are aware that I have fixed a system of rotation," said the superintendent of nurses. "That room happened to fall to you. There has been unnecessary excitement over this case. Dr. Angier explained that there is very little danger of contagion,—less, indeed, than Miss Turner faces in nursing diphtheria."

"I can't," replied Cecilia desperately, "I can't!"

The superintendent's face changed and hardened. She was not used to insubordination.

"As you choose, Miss Castleton. Of course your failure to report for this duty in the morning means your dismissal from the hospital."

Cecilia locked herself in when she reached the little white bedroom that had been hers for a year. She began to pack so hurriedly that soon her room was stripped bare of everything save the Winged Victory.

"I shall leave you here. You were mine if I won, and I have failed. Perhaps it is well that the years have defaced you, and we see only your triumphant, onward movement. Perhaps if we could look into your face, you would not stir us so deeply. Perhaps it is lined and sharp, perhaps it is worn with past tears, or the sweat of

blood, or the pock marks of disease!"

She shuddered, and sat at her dressing-table, where she could not see the figure that seemed a mute reproach.

The temptation to wire the situation to her father assailed her. She knew that he would come on the first train, and that he would forbid her to take charge of a leper. The decision would be taken out of her hands; her father would shoulder the responsibility with the hospital authorities. Her dear, bluff father, how she yearned for him! Her mother, with all a mother's pride in her oldest daughter, how frantic she would be at the mere suggestion that Cecilia should come in contact with this loathsome disease!

Suddenly she leant over and looked at herself in the mirror, curiously, as if she were seeing herself for the first time.

Gray eyes looked at her, deep, starry, long lashed, under brows dark and delicate, emphasizing their contrast to the pale gold of her hair. The mouth was sweet, grave and spiritual, the skin of so soft and fine a texture that Nannie Despard declared that "Cecilia had stolen the complexion of a baby angel!"

Chaotic memories crowded her brain. She remembered the closing exercises of the school she had attended. There had been a picture gallery, each tableau of which was received with courteous but moderate applause. When the curtain rose on Cecilia as the Blessed Damozel, leaning out from a dark background, with the light thrown on her face and her heavy braids, "yellow like ripe corn,"—there was absolute stillness, and the young girl felt sorry for her mother's disappointment. In another moment the house rocked with applause. Four times the curtain had to be raised to satisfy the audience, who appreciated beauty like true Kentuckians.

Her old minister has sought her out after it was over.

"Great beauty has been given you, daughter. Remember that it is a gift."

Sometimes those words came into her mind during the triumphant two years that followed, in which she reigned among the undisputed belles in the Blue Grass region, at the New Orleans Mardi Gras festivities, and at the Virginia White Sulphur in the summers. Just a year ago, she had given up her social career, to her mother's despair and her father's amazement.

"Why on earth had you rather wait on strange sick folks than have a dozen fine young Kentuckians waiting on you?"

"Let me try!" she pleaded. "The work has always seemed to call me."

There is nothing surer of itself than young idealism, and Colonel Castleton's consent was won on the same principle that he gave Cecilia fruit cake when she was two, and a pony at five, "because she wanted it."

There was a knock at the door, and Cecilia opened it to admit Nannie Despard.

"Dearest, we have only ten minutes before our lights are out. I heard that you were put on the leper case, and I went to the superintendent. I told her that I was just crazy to have that case from a professional point of view, and I begged to be allowed to exchange with whoever had it. She demurred, but finally consented, on condition that you will signify your entire willingness to undertake that case, or any other on which you may be put hereafter. Of course it's a mere formality, but you'll have to do it. They will never repeat this mistake, and admit another leper. It was almost dark when Dr. Chalmers examined her; she wore a light veil, and the symptoms she gave were entirely misleading. They tried to get her in at the U. S. quarantine station, but they refused to take her. There is no leper hospital in the State, and of course they can't turn her into the streets, so that's the quandary in which the poor dear hospital finds itself."

Nannie had talked very fast, fearing an interruption. Cecilia's eyes were full of tears.

"Nannie, I was about to run away. I was thinking only of myself. If I forsake my place, some one will have to fill it, some one will have to do my work. You have made me see things as they are, you dear, unselfish heart! I will stay and do my own work."

"Oh, Cecilia, if you should take that frightful disease!" sobbed Nannie. "It wouldn't matter so much about a brown witch like me!"

"Hurry back to your room, Nancy, the lights will be out in a minute. You shan't call yourself names, you are my good angel," said Cecilia, laying her soft cheek caressingly against her friend's.

Alone again, she sat for a long time

looking out into the darkness. The room grew cold, and she shivered unconsciously. She tried to adjust her thoughts to the horror of the duty that lay before her, the loathsome contact, the possible contamination. When the dawn broke she put on her uniform again, without having touched her bed all night. As she pinned on her cap her lips quivered into a tremulous smile, and with a swift impulse she knelt and kissed the cold purity of Victory.

The superintendent had reported to the chief resident physician, Dr. Staples, that Miss Castleton had refused the leper case, and that Miss Despard, of course with Miss Castleton's sanction, had volunteered for it. She was relieved at the turn of affairs, for otherwise Miss Castleton's insubordination must have been punished with dismissal, but now the formality of an apology and a retraction could do away with that necessity. The leper case would be kept from the publicity—for many reasons to be deprecated—which might follow upon the dismissal of a nurse of so prominent a family.

Staples heard her through in silence.

"Don't agitate yourself over the matter, Miss Hawkins," he said, and the usual positive ring in his voice was unusually in evidence. "Miss Castleton will be sure to report for duty in the morning. Naturally she recoiled from the idea at first."

Miss Hawkins lifted her brows somewhat incredulously, but left him without replying.

"He's like all the rest," she thought. "Men always pin their faith to a pretty face. But he is so wrapped up in his work I didn't know he would notice whether a nurse squinted or wore goggles. I'm sure he never speaks to one."

There she was mistaken, for Staples had spoken to Miss Castleton twice.

A brick mason had been brought in, his face a bloody pulp from a fall. Cecilia, then a probationer, had been called upon to assist with the dressings, for the first time. Staples noticed her increasing pallor, and that she was biting her lip fiercely in the effort to regain her self-control. When the dressings were done she collapsed, though without losing consciousness.

Dr. Frost went at once to her assistance.

"It's all over," he assured her soothingly.

Dr. Staples' incisive voice cut in:—

"It is never over. The boy in the next cot is asking for water."

It was said of Staples that he gave his patients such unfailing gentleness that he had none left for any one else. If his creed for those who chose the life of service was stern, it was untainted by selfishness; if he exacted much from others, he was absolutely unsparing towards himself.

Cecilia made three efforts to rise before she could control her rebellious body and quivering nerves. As she went to bring the water she heard Dr. Frost say:—

"You were pretty hard on her, weren't you? She will never be able to hold out in this work."

"I prophesy her ultimate victory," Staples replied.

She turned involuntarily, and her eyes met his grave, kind ones. Gratitude and comprehension flashed into her own.

There was no intercourse between doctors and nurses at the hospital, except an occasional clandestine flirtation. Cecilia was often thrown with Dr. Staples in his professional capacity, and she appreciated his skill and his reserve. One day he was called in to an emergency case, and he found Cecilia there. Generally the very regularity of her beauty gave it a degree of coldness, but to-day she looked like an embarrassed girl instead of a calm goddess.

"I can't do anything with him, he won't let me touch him. He—he thinks that I am—"

The Irishman saved her the trouble of finishing.

"Howly Mother!" he exclaimed, crossing himself. "'Tis too grate honor ye've done me, intoirely! Iv 'tis goin' ter hiven I am, enny wan iv yer decent young angels cud take me without throubling yer blessed silf!"

Staples joined Cecilia in a good laugh that seemed to put a friendly understanding behind them.

On the happy day that Cecilia's probation ended and the coveted nurse's cap was given her, some of the medical students sent her a clothes basket full of Parma violets. From her Kentucky home she received a lone telegram of congratulation and a "round robin" of regret.

But to Cecilia, the day's significance was embodied in the marble Victory that came with Staple's card.

In spite of his assurance to Miss Hawkins, Staples felt a strange sinking at heart as he passed down the hall of the contagious pavilion in the gray morning. The door of Room 11 was ajar, and its occupant had already dressed. When he saw that she was alone, he caught his breath sharply, and then remembered, with quick relief, that it lacked a few minutes to seven. In another moment, he heard a light footstep, and he stepped into the vacant room opposite.

Cecilia's eyes had the wide, unseeing look that they wore the day she went for the little boy's water. There was about her the unmistakable stamp of spiritual conflict, painfully won. At the door, she paused for a tense instant.

The woman was sitting on the floor, in the corner by the radiator, so that the high iron bed was between Cecilia and herself, and it gave one the impression of looking at an animal in a cage. Indeed the undefinable resemblance she bore to a lion struck Staples so forcibly that he felt as if she must roar. Her skin was a mottled brown; she had lost all eyebrows, the eyelashes were very long and thin, the lids saggy and bellowed out; the nose was flattened, the alae puffed out; the mouth elongated and heavily drooped at the corners.

"How could Saunders have failed to recognize leprosy?" thought Staples, with the impatience of an accurate diagnostician over so palpable a mistake.

"Good morning, I hope you slept well," said Cecilia. "I am your nurse."

Though the words were forced and mechanical, nothing could alter the sweetness of her voice.

"Ain't there some mistake?" asked the patient wonderingly. "It don't seem natural for a fine lady like you to be waitin' on the likes of me. I should think you'd get hired somewheres else."

"I hope she won't," said Staples, entering. "She is the best of nurses, so don't you persuade her into some other work, Mrs. Long."

He put out his hand and took hers in his firm, strong clasp. It touched him to feel how the slender fingers were trembling.

"But house girls don't have such long hours, and they get Thursday and Sunday afternoons off," persisted Mrs. Long.

A wan little smile crept to the girl's lips. The doctor chatted for some time to Mrs. Long, and then beckoned to Cecilia to follow him out of the room. He had taken the precaution to write down the minutest instructions in regard to disinfectants and the proper sanitary precautions.

"There are more directions for me than for my patient."

"Just make her as comfortable as you can, and carry out the orders concerning her. There is no cure for her, poor soul! I shall come in as often as I can, and help you all I can. Be careful, but don't be afraid."

Many times during that long morning the thought of his sympathy comforted her. She remembered how one of the doctors, a Kentuckian whom she had known at home, had characterized Staples:—

"He's the hundredth man, a man of his own peculiar kind. Professionally, I don't know a man of his years who has done such brilliant work. Though there are men here whose names are known throughout the country, in a few years Staples will rank an easy first. Most men have two sides, I have known squares and even octagons; but Staples has just one side—the professional. He's machine all the way through. I've watched the man with beautiful women, clever women, magnetic women, and they're all one to him, and the whole bunch less interesting than a hobo with complicated symptoms. That's why women are apt to be foolish about him. Let a man be impersonal, and the whole of womankind rises as a unit and resents it! A very charming woman told me that just after her operation, Staples was so gentle in his manner, so exquisitely considerate of her comfort, so watchful by night and by day, that she thought complacently that if he liked her so much when she was at her worst, how captivated he would be when she again had the advantage of her pretty gowns and her artistic maid. 'But dear me!' she said, 'when I was out of danger, and convalescing in becoming negligées, that abominable man turned me over to a bald-headed doctor who squinted? The first time I met him after I left the hospital, he bowed vaguely, and had forgotten me utterly. He would make an attentive husband to a chronic invalid—her name might escape him now and then, but he would always remember he temperature!'"

"Do you like music?" asked Mrs. Long, opening her trunk. "I think you'd admire to hear my hand organ."

It played only three tunes, but how Cecilia blessed it! When the nervous tension seemed unbearable, there was always the organ to fall back upon, as Mrs. Long never tired of it.

"Seems to me tunes is like friends, you like the same ones and the old ones and the more you know 'em, the more comp'ny you find 'em!"

Cecilia repeated this to the doctor, and nothing flattered the sick woman more than to have him ask for the organ's entire repertory.

Very delicately Staples had made her understand the contagious nature of her disease, and it was touching to see how solicitous she was for Cecilia. She bathed herself and carefully avoided all personal contact, as far as it was possible. She began to fret for her husband and to beg Cecilia to send for him. The nurse tried in vain to comfort her, and she felt relieved when the doctor came in. She had learned that his coming always seemed to make the rough places plain, but she feared that he made a mistake when he told Mrs. Long in plain words that she was a leper, and that the hospital would not allow her husband to come to her. Instead of the outburst that Cecilia dreaded, the woman's face was relieved and actually smiling.

"Doctor, what a load you've taken off me! 'Course he can't come, poor Sam! I was 'fraid it was whiskey. To think after all the care I've taken of him all these years (he's a right delicate man for all he looks so hearty and has such a steddy appetite), to think I'd be riskin' him with leprosy! But I didn't know I had it, doctor," she added apologetically. "I thought it was a Bible sickness."

"How did you know it was best to tell her?" asked Cecilia a few moments later, under cover of the music.

"It is easy to deal with unselfish people," he answered, smiling down into her earnest eyes. "It's the poor souls who are wrapped up in themselves that shut all the gates of approach. Yesterday a young fellow was brought in, mortally injured in that boiler explosion. I went to bring his mother. 'Bob dyin' and it rainin', and me such a bad cold!' she whimpered. It is a mercy we can give poor Mrs. Long a valid excuse for not seeing her husband. The brute has not even returned to inquire about her. Do give us that last tune over again, Mrs. Long. If I wear out your organ I'll give you a new one for your Easter gift."

"I had a present to-day," answered she with childish pleasure, pointing to a row of flower pots. "I was fretting, foolish-like, over the flowers I'd left at home, and Miss Castleton 'phoned to a flower shop and got me all these. Look at the teeny buds down in the hyacinth leaves. It beats all how she got the very kinds I like the best. Ain't the red geranium a beauty?"

The doctor praised the indoor garden, and when the music began again he turned to Cecilia, the light of warm approval in his face.

"Don't!" she whispered impetuously. "I don't deserve it. You don't know how I rebel against the work, or how afraid I grow—or how terrible, how increasingly terrible, her disease is to me! I can't get accustomed to it. Her voice, her poor hands, her marred face—they torture me! If I should become—what she is—cut off from my people—my poor mother—" She could not finish the disjointed sentence.

"To-morrow I shall send you a brochure on leprosy, which contains some interesting statistics. You are to read every word, remember. I'll send some picture magazines to amuse your patient while you are reading."

His quiet, professional manner had its instant effect upon her.

"Forgive me!" she said regretfully. "You have enough cares of other people, always and always! Then you come here, and I tax you with mine—I, who have never had a burden worth the name before."

"To help you is my highest privilege, my deepest joy." The honest reproach in his voice was the best emphasis.

"He does love to help people," thought the girl. "The chronic invalid might be a very happy one, on those days when he remembered her name."

The next day Staples brought the book on leprosy, and explained the technical terms to her. She was surprised to learn that statistics, carefully compiled through many years, support the claim of dermatol-

ogists that leprosy is but slightly contagious. Certain high authorities contend that the disease cannot be transmitted by touch, breath or even inoculation. She read of authenticated instances of lepers' wives who tried in vain to inoculate themselves.

In the five weeks that followed, Cecilia gradually outgrew her fear that the disease would be communicated to her. But the instinctive, physical shrinking was a torture that never lessened. Mrs. Long grew more and more repulsive in appearance. The sight of her piteous "leper claws" (no longer hands) hovering over the delicate flowers used to wring the girl's heart. The *voix lepreuse*, its likeness to the human voice made all the ghastlier by its unlikeness, was as if some anomalous creature, half man, half beast, were given the speech of one with the vocal chords of the other.

To help her, to make the closing scene of the poor life comfortable and serene, became the one object of Cecilia's days. She lay awake at night thinking of ways to amuse or gratify her patient, and every sacrifice she made, every act of gentle kindness, brought the quick reward of gratitude.

"Did you ever know so grateful a heart as hers?" Cecilia asked the doctor.

He forgot to reply. He was thinking how pale the girl looked, and how deep were the shadows under her eyes.

"I have been anxious about her to-day. When I came in this morning she had opened the window to give her flowers the benefit of the rain. Her night dress was damp and she was chilled, though her sensations of heat or cold are so impaired that she did not realize her imprudence. I kept her in bed until you came, for I fear a deep cold has settled."

Very quickly it developed into pneumonia—the angel of quick release that often grows impatient with the slow course of leprosy.

"I've had a heap of worritting. I reckon the good Lord gave me this nice time at the last to make up for the rest. I've had the best time of my life since I've been here. You and the doctor have been so good to me, dearie."

Later, with failing voice, she asked:—

"Read it again—about the ten."

Cecilia read the story of the ten lepers who were healed.

"If you had been there I know there would have been *two* who returned to give thanks," said the girl, her face wet with tears. "And God sees and loves your grateful heart just as He did His lepers, so long ago."

The poor, scarred face was for a moment irradiated with joyful awe. Husbanding her ebbing strength, she lay quiet until she could gasp out:—

"Doctor—will you—look after—*her?*"

All his deep love, all his immeasurable tenderness, throbbed in his voice as he answered:—

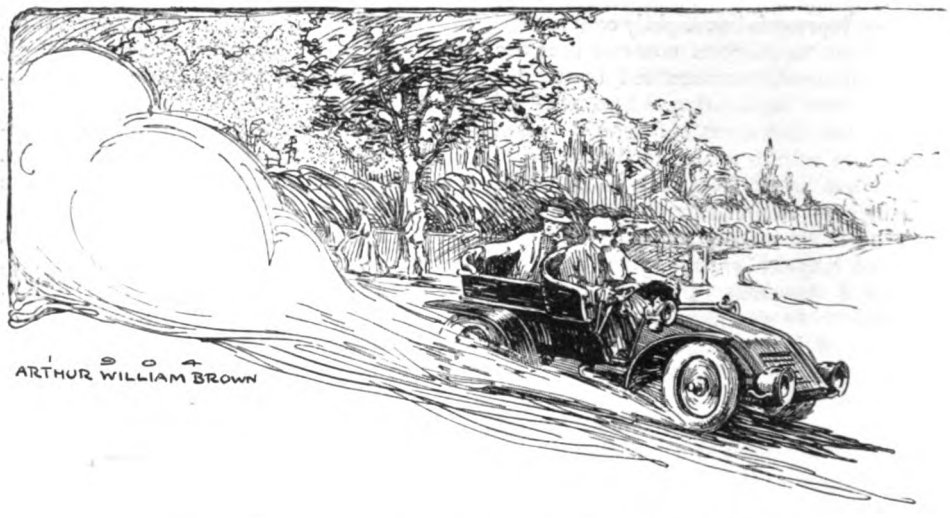
"Always—if she will bless me so."

Perhaps on the borderland the unselfish, passing spirit was gladdened by a revelation of the beauty and fullness that Life held for the two who had learned to love in its best school—self-sacrifice.

FAME

By Richard Kirk

He wrote one simple little song, and desolate came to die;
A mother sang it to her babe a thousand years thereby.



IN THE NEXT COT

By Ellis Parker Butler

WITH DRAWINGS BY A. W. BROWN

WILKINS was gliding up the avenue in his palpitating motor car, keeping one eye on the path ahead and one on the walk, when he saw, just ahead of him, Willy and the Stony Lady, leisurely walking, and he turned his car into the curb and drew up beside them.

The Stony Lady, who was so called because of her hard, hard heart, was sweet and fair and merry, and her hard, hard heart was as tender as a maiden's heart dare be, but Wilkins and Willy had decided that it was a hard heart because it was a hard heart to obtain. As for Willy, he was—just Willy. Everybody liked Willy. Even the Stony Lady liked him. She liked him with all her heart, so, of course, she had no heart left with which to love him.

"Afternoon!" said Wilkins, cheerily, pushing up his goggles. "Howdy, Willy! Thought perhaps I'd run across, or over, one or the other of you. Everybody seems to be out to-day. Get in and I'll take you to—wherever you were going."

The Stony Lady looked at Willy questioningly.

"Would you?" she asked. "Would it be risking a human life foolishly?"

"O, as for me," said Willy, "I'll get in. I'm glad to die. What is life worth to me without—"

"Excitement?" interposed the Stony Lady, hurriedly. "You have the gambler's instinct, abnormally developed if you are so willing to wager your life for a ride with Mr. Wilkins. I will get in, too, but only to exert a restraining influence on Mr. Wilkins."

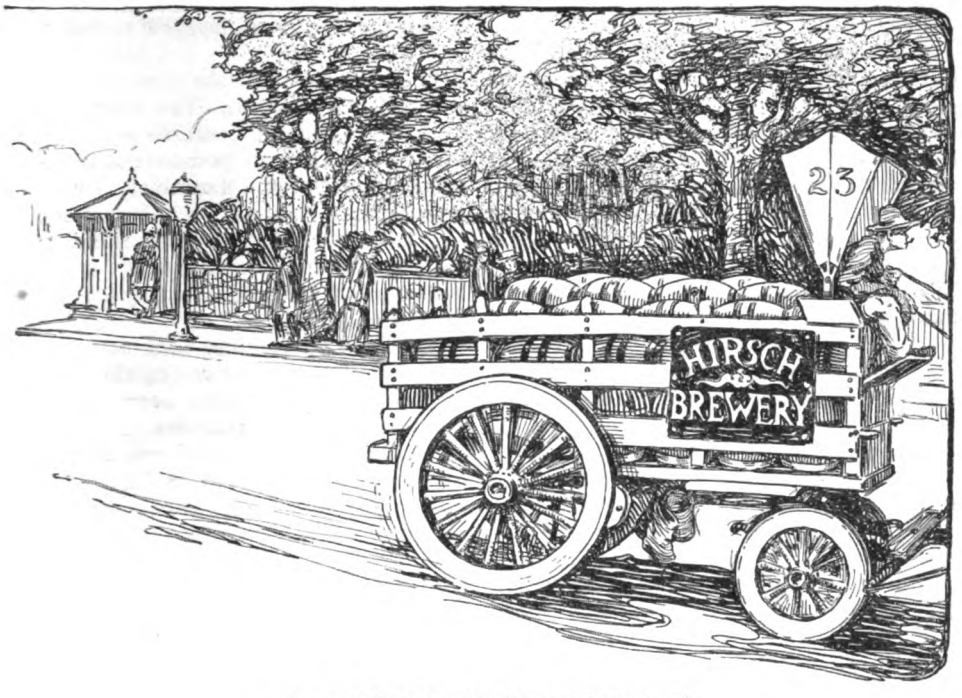
"Do you really trust yourself with me?" asked Wilkins, as if the thought overpowered him. "Now, if I could only persuade you to—"

"Trust yourself with me for always," was what he was going to say but she intercepted the words.

"To run the car?" she asked. "No, Mr. Wilkins. I cannot pamper your weakness by assuming your responsibility. Go ahead, please."

"I have to back first, you know," explained Wilkins, "unless you want me to run over the curb."

"Why don't you?" asked Willy. "You might as well smash up the car that way as any other."



A great beer wagon loomed just ahead.

The Stony Lady eyed Willy haughtily.

"You might at least let Mr. Wilkins break his machine when and how he pleases," she said, "You will please back just as you intended before Willy spoke. Do not pay any attention to him."

"I'm not," said Wilkins.

"O!" said the Stony Lady, "I thought that was why you were not backing. Why don't you back, Mr. Wilkins!"

"That rear wheel," Wilkins explained with exasperated calm, "is wedged so tightly into the curb—if Willy was a real man he would not sit there like a dummy. He would get out and push a little."

"I will get out and push," said the Stony Lady, heroically. "Shall I have to push far?"

Willy crowed gleefully.

"If you can't back the thing," he said, "why don't you try going forward? Never mind the curb. Is it one of the rules of the game to back first? If you don't have to back, I'd go forward, if I were you."

Wilkins blushed.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said, and he tried it. The car moved forward, negotiating the curb with a slight jolt.

"Now," he said, more happily, "where were you going!"

"Nowhere in particular," said the Stony Lady.

"I shall take you there." Wilkins declared, positively. "I'm always just there when I break something. You don't mind walking back?"

"We would rather walk than ride back with you, Wilkins," said Willy spitefully. "It may not be so exciting, but it is safer."

"Must you two children always quarrel when I am with you?" asked the Stony Lady. "Have you no common ground on which you can meet in peace?"

"Have we a common ground, Willy?" asked Wilkins innocently. "Do you know anything that both of us like?"

"Do you mean something that we—admire, so to speak? Something that we both feel an interest in?"

The Stony Lady shut her lips firmly and opened them just enough to say:—

"Now you are going to be silly."

"That is what she means, Willy," Wilkins said. "Try to think of something we both adore."

Willy thought deeply.

"From where I am sitting," he said at length, "my eyes are looking straight at the back of the one thing that Wilkins and I desire. I can't see it's face, because it is looking angrily at the back of the cab into which Wilkins will bump in a moment or two. But I can see its hair, one golden lock of which, like a sunbeam escaped from prison—"

The Stony Lady's hand quickly touched the hair at the back of her head.

"It's not true," she said, "and you two are ungallant to attack me when you know I can't jump out of this car. It is taking a mean advantage. You never get me alone but you pester me with—"

"Well, then," said Willy cheerfully, "why don't you marry one or the other of us and get rid of us? We have asked you often enough. At least I have."

"Me, too," said Wilkins. "How does the account stand now? Is Willy ahead or are we even?"

"The reason, or one reason, that I don't put you out of your misery," said the Stony Lady with a seriousness that meant either that she was deeply in earnest or not at all in earnest, "is that you don't either of you really know what you want or why you want it. You are two children and you will never be anything else. When I marry I shall choose a strong, forceful man, who has some reason for living, and who will want me because I am needed to fill out his life. I hate to be wooed as if I were a toy you would rather like to have, but that you could joke about if you did not secure."

Wilkins glanced at her face and jerked his lever quickly, causing the car to swing recklessly around a slow going wagon into the park entrance. The Stony Lady swayed against him.

"Pardon," he said, but the fun had left his eyes and he drove his car ahead at greater speed.

"You two remind me of children, nothing more," said the Stony Lady. "Did you ever hear a baby awaken in the night and cry and cry and cry for a drink, after it had been given drinks and drinks and drinks? All babies are that way. They all want things they don't need and oughn't to have. You two are the same. You cry for me as if I were a drink. You simply haven't anything else to cry for, so you cry for me."

Willy was leaning forward to catch her words.

"If you got me," she continued, "you wouldn't be pleased. You wouldn't care for me. I wouldn't satisfy you, because there is nothing in you to satisfy. You would still cry for other things you don't want."

"I admit the logic," said Willy, "but object to its application. Can't speak for Wilkins, but I should never cry again. I'd forever coo blissfully."

Wilkins said nothing. He was threading his way in and out among the carriages in the park, and it may have been that this required all his attention.

The Stony Lady had been courted in this light and airy manner by these two for more months than I dare tell you, and by Willy longer than by Wilkins. The Stony Lady had aided and abetted Willy's nonsense. Everybody did. Thus, through his airy love making, she had come to treat both men lightly, and had adopted a tone of frivolity in fighting their advances.

This vein of seriousness in the Stony Lady was new. It made Wilkins feel that he had been making a free fool of himself. He had been using fireworks instead of thirteen inch shells. He had not quite appreciated the Stony Lady.

As the car darted from the upper entrance of the park into the broad path of Seventh Avenue, Willy was still chattering gaily, as much to himself as to Wilkins and the Stony Lady, for they had fallen into a thoughtful silence. Wilkins was pushing the car to a reckless speed, for him, and the mounted police eyed the car doubtfully. A great beer wagon with high piled barrels loomed just ahead and then, quite suddenly, the car seemed to rise in the air with a noise of rending wood and metal, followed by the sound of empty barrels dropping hollowly to the ground.

When the ambulance arrived and the surgeon forced his way through the crowd, he found the Stony Lady laughing hysterically at Willy who was wiping the dripping blood from his nose upon a piece of derelict newspaper. His head was bound in a section of the upholstery of the motor car. Ready hands had carried Wilkins to a nearby drug store, where half a hundred men, women and boys tried to catch glimpses of him through the plate glass of

the doors. Wilkins had not yet recovered consciousness.

The ward in which Wilkins lay when he regained consciousness was unlike his previous conceptions of a hospital. The ceiling, at which he found himself staring, was in a series of small arches, painted in a glossy yellow that reflected the light annoyingly. The walls were of a sickly blue, and the floor was the hue of a battlefield after the carnage. The upper portions of the windows were set with blue glass that was out of harmony with every other color in the room.

The cot on which he lay was of iron and there were eight or ten other white iron cots arranged along the walls, with only room between for small iron tables. A walnut board, with a clamp to hold the chart for the temperature record was hung at the head of each cot. And through everything and over everything prevailed the penetrating odor of iodoform.

Willy was in the next cot! He was a sight to gladden the eyes of a rival. Around his head were others of those white bandages that seemed to be the favorite headdress in this corner of the world, but the great touch of art was his left eye. Blues and greens and blacks in deep tones formed a decorative masterpiece below that left eye, and gave him a sinister appearance that jeered at his cheerful smile.

"She—?" queried Wilkins, in a voice that he was surprised to find weak.

"O.K.," said Willy. "It never touched her. You couldn't have done it better if you had tried."

"You look in a bad fix, Willy," Wilkins said, when he had assimilated the good news.

"Oh, yes, pretty bad," Willy agreed. "But nothing to what you are in for."

"Why?" asked Wilkins. "What happened to me?" It was just beginning to occur to him that he, too, was hurt—that he must have been hurt or he would not be here in a hospital. He supposed it was a hospital.

"You got a bump on the head," said Willy. "The professor and I haven't decided yet whether we will make you a case of concussion of the brain or just plain headache. Then you have the prettiest compound fracture of the lower leg that the professor and I have ever seen. You'll be here some weeks with that, even if your head turns out to be useable. Head doesn't feel numb, does it? You can understand what I am saying?"

"My head is all right," said Wilkins. "I'm sorry about this leg, though. I suppose nobody knows we are here. No one has sent us any—flowers or—anything yet?"

"She hasn't yet," Willy assured him maliciously. "Do you think she ought to send them as a token of her thanks to you for spilling her into the street, or because you rid her of two babies at one shot?"

Wilkins had been examining his state. He found that his leg seemed as permanently attached to the bed as it was to his body. It appeared to be encased in boards and tied to the foot of the bed.

"They must be afraid I'll try to get away," he grumbled.

"The keepers of this menagerie are going to turn me loose to-morrow," said Willy.

Wilkins groaned and then smiled.

"Black eye and all?" he asked.

"Have I a black eye?" asked Willy. "What did you tell me for! I have been so happy thinking of you lying here while I *walk* with the Stony Lady. Notice I said 'walk,' Wilkins."

"If she would walk with that eye of yours—" It was beyond Wilkins' power to express his disdain.

"I can paint it," Willy declared. "I am a hero anyway, and I ought to have some scars. I picked her up. You didn't. You didn't even think of her."

"How could I?" Wilkins began and then paused. "Willy," he said, "I think we have been taking the wrong way with the Stony Lady. I wouldn't usually be so unselfish as to call it to your attention, but I spilled you and gave you that eye. It is a wonderful eye, Willy. I never saw a more artistic job. I'm proud of it."

"I know what you are working around to," said Willy. "You are going to tell me we have been too frivolous. You are frightened because she took a sober spell this afternoon. But remember that she was in your motor car, with you at the helm. All women grow serious in the face of peril."

"You'll do as you please, I suppose," said Wilkins, "but when we get out of here I shall not treat her as a spoiled

child again. I shall take her seriously."

"Thank you. I'll take her myself if I get the chance, seriously or not," laughed Willy.

Wilkins was glad that Willy had a black eye. He did not doubt that the Stony Lady would visit them—with a chaperon, of course—and he felt that he had the advantage in looks, if only temporarily. He closed his eyes to consider the matter, and when he awoke the cot that Willy had occupied was vacant.

Willy had dressed and carried his blackened eye out into the hard world where explanations of black eyes are laughed at.

But the next day the Stony Lady did come, bringing fruit, of course, which had to be left with the page at the door, but her radiant presence was enough for Wilkins.

"So good of you," he said. "Have you seen Willy?"

"Willy?" she asked. "Oh, yes, the man with the pretty eyes. Yes, he called this morning. Lovely of him, wasn't it."

Wilkins ground his teeth.

"It was like him," he said, viciously. "Nice chap he is to take advantage of my fix."

The Stony Lady stood looking at the other patients, with that loss of words and perfunctory interest that all visitors experience after the first greetings in a hospital—ready to go but not wishing to seem too eager to leave.

"I've been thinking about what you said in the car," Wilkins began. "About the baby crying for a drink, and all that. We have lots of time to think here, and I've tried to think it out. I guess you're right. In one sense I have acted like a baby. It was babyish to make sport of such a serious thing as—" he hesitated with the universal reluctance of a full-blooded man to say the word "love" and said, "getting married."

"You know how I feel about it, then," said the Stony Lady.

"Yes," he said, "I think I do. I can see that you must think me a baby, in many ways. I have never tried to do anything, or be anything because I never had to. I can see that I am not good enough to deserve you. O, I've thought it all out."

He lay looking at the cracks in the ceiling a while.

"The worst of it," he said, presently with a laugh, "is that I never will deserve you. I haven't got it in me to do big things. We fellows who are born to all this easy life are all babies. We have our toys and we cry for our drink, and that is the whole of our lives."

The Stony Lady looked around uncomfortably.

"Well," she said, "I think I'll run along, now."

"So you see," continued Wilkins, doggedly, "you are quite right to refuse me my drink. Some fellow who needs it ought to have it. I suppose I'll cry for a while—that is natural—but I'll get over it before long and play with my other toys, like a good child."

"Do you know," said the Stony Lady, "that you can get a private room here if you want it?"

Wilkins shook his head.

"I don't want it. I could go home, too. But I'm learning things I didn't know, here. It is good for me to see how the real sufferers stand it. See that chap in the third cot from the end? They've got him listed to die next week, and there hasn't been a visitor in to see him for a month, they say. Looks plucky, too, doesn't he?"

She glanced at the man and looked back at Wilkins' serious face, and said a hurried "good-by." Soon after she left the nurse took Wilkins temperature and the lines on the chart that pictured it formed a peak as high and sharp as Fuji-yama.

When the barber come the next morning Wilkins had a shave, and he bought a paper from a boy who sold papers, and sent some oranges across to the "lung man," as he called his vis-a-vis.

He found the day unutterably long, and he was glad when, in the afternoon, the nurses and an attendant began arranging the white screens around the next cot preparatory to its reception of a new inmate. Wilkins hoped the newcomer would be interesting.

Two attendants carried in the stretcher, which hardly bogged under its light load, and disappeared within the screens. Wilkins saw the surgeon enter the enclosure, and heard the short, business-like consultation.

"Run over by a cab on Eighth Avenue. The abdomen badly crushed. Nothing to

do but kill the pain. He will die some time to-night." Then there were the usual sounds as the gentle hands of the surgeon did the little that could be done, and the attendant removed the screens, and Wilkins saw upon the pillow of the next cot the yellow curls of a little lad of hardly two years, still under an anaesthetic. The nurse glided from the ward and returned with a woman of twenty-eight or so. She was somewhat loudly dressed, but her eyes were red and swollen and she was trying vainly not to sob. She held a wet and crumpled handkerchief against her mouth. She looked at her poor crushed baby, and hiding her face, ran from the room. Wilkins could hear her feet hurrying down the stairs, and her sobs that ended in groans. She was the mother, and she could not bear to look upon him.

He lay a long time studying the face of the boy, and at length saw the eyes open and stare indolently at the glossy ceiling. One arm tossed restlessly on the coverlet and the plaintive, baby voice murmured:—

"Mamma! Dwink!"

The child waited a minute, and then more insistently came the voice again: "Mamma!" and again, "Mamma, please, dwink!"

The little voice was not fretful; it was merely imperative. This was a prince who was accustomed to have his behests obeyed. He waited as long as a prince, the best behaved, could be expected to wait when he had given a command, and then, in the same tone, commanded:—

"Mamma, please, dwink!"

Doubtless he had often called in vain. We cannot give in to all these childish whims, and he closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep, like a good child, but the little hand tossed on the sheet.

When next the child called the gentle,

"Here old man," he said, "here's your drink."

white-capped nurse brought water in a little cup with a spout and wet his lips. She also brushed back the yellow curls with her hand and ran her soft palm across his hot forehead. Wilkins loved her for that.

"Little chap seems rather thirsty," he suggested.

The nurse smiled, for Wilkins was handsome, but she would have smiled anyway. It is one of the professional duties.

"Children usually ask for a drink or for their mother," she said. "It is merely habit."

Twilight came, and the ward was made ready for the night. The nurse came

again to look at the boy, and brought another pillow that he might be made more comfortable. When she raised him to put it in place he shook his head.

"Boy don't need it," he said sweetly, and then added his request, "Mamma! Dwink!"

The nurse gave him a drink and went out, and the ward was left in semi-darkness.

Wilkins must have gone to sleep, for he had a sense of being awakened by an unending, annoying repetition of a phrase. As his senses came back to him he recognized the baby's plea. It had become more insistent.

"Mamma! dwink!" and then, "Mamma, please, dwink," and then, "Mamma, mamma, dwink."

Wilkins never knew how many hundred times the heart-breaking words came from the next cot. He tried to sleep again, but he could not.

"Mamma, please, dwink!"

He could not forget that it was only a baby. Only two years old, and yet, he, thirty, also wept inwardly for something he did not need.

"Mamma,—please,—dwink!"'

Wilkins sat up. He reached out his hand and felt, on his little iron stand, the cup with the spout, that the nurse had carelessly left there. He bent down and felt of the rope that bound his encased leg to the foot of the bed. It was not, in reality, tied to the bed, but suspended a bucket of sand, that was to keep his leg from shrinking as it healed.

Wilkins edged himself quietly and carefully over in his cot, pulling up the bucket as he did so. By putting his body across the iron table at the bedside he was able to reach the next cot.

"Mamma, dwink, please!"

Wilkins' leg pained frightfully, but he pulled it once more.

"Here, old man," he said, "your drink."

He lifted the cup and held it to the child's lips. But when he raised the cup to pour the water the little hand pushed it aside, impatiently, and the voice called :—

"Mamma, dwink, please!"

Wilkins looked in the cup, and groaned.

"My God !" he cried.

The cup was dry.

How he got back into his cot he never knew, nor did he ever pass a night so long, so cruel. His leg throbbed with pain; his head seemed bursting; and always that plea from the next cot. He hoped the little chap would sleep soon, and about two in the morning the voice did become weaker, and presently stopped altogether.

Wilkins did not sleep, and when daylight came he had the easiest running landau in New York carry him home. It was weeks before he could hobble out on crutches, but his first visit was to the Stony Lady. Willy was there.

"Glad to see you out again old man," he said, cheerfully. "Take this chair; I'm going. Just proposed for the fiftieth and last time and—I'm going!"

Wilkins took a chair very near the Stony Lady.

"Kate," he said, "I want you to marry me."

"You have told me that before," she said; "Willy has just completed his half century. I thought you had got over that."

Wilkins did not heed her.

"I *want* you to marry me," he insisted, "I *want* you. You know I love you."

The Stony Lady smoothed the pattern of her dress across her knee, and ignored his last words. They called for no denial. She did know he loved her.

"Have you forgotten already," she said softly, "what you said in the hospital? Have you forgotten about the baby that cries for a drink that it does not need?"

"No," Wilkins exclaimed. "In forty thousand years I could not forget! I'll admit that I may not need you, or deserve you. If I were a man like the men who do fight, I would not come to you until my deed was done and my fight was fought, but I am a baby, and I *must* have what I want, and I must have it now."

"You have changed your ideas since I saw you last," she said, gently. "Then you agreed with me."

"Kate," he said, with earnestness, "you were wrong! You should give a baby whatever it cries for. If you were a baby I would give you the whole earth if you wanted it,—and all I want is heaven. I insist!"

"It is impossible—" she murmured, and his mouth shut and formed a stubborn line, and she looked up quickly and smiled, and added, "to refuse you."

"If it weren't for patent logs, there'd be fewer wrecks."

JIMMY HICK'S PATENT

By John Fleming Wilson

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. R. GRUGER

"IF necessity is the mother of inventions," said Captain Samuel Twizzle, of the *Pudsey Dawson*, "why necessity is the devil, and no disrespect to the ladies."

"That's a good log, I'm told," said I, gazing upon the instrument in the captain's hand.

"If it weren't for patent logs," he retorted crossly, "there'd be fewer wrecks on the Oregon coast. A patent won't never stand watch for a man's eyes and nose and hand. Look at Jimmy Hicks."

Then he told me this story.

Jimmy Hicks was the son of his mother, his father dying before Jimmy was launched and got his register. He went to school, fished for salmon and sailed coastwise till he got a mate's ticket. When he was twenty-five years old and had a master's papers, the pilots got Jimmy a branch and a berth on the pilot schooner *San José*.

Two years later Jimmy falls in love with Serena Putter, old Asa Putter's daughter. Like most women on this coast, she hates the sea and the Bar and she and Mrs. Hicks tell Jimmy he must quit and live ashore.

So, instead of laying out on the *San José* and waiting his turn for ships, Jimmy Hicks starts to puzzle out some way of making a pile of money to buy a ranch and settle down with. He finally decides that an invention is the proper prank and he reads up on inventions. Then an idea, as he calls it, strikes him. "Twizzle," says he, "I'm going to make an invention that'll revolutionize seafaring. I'm going to rig a patent that'll make every skipper in the world happy."

"What is it?" I asked him. "A patent

cook? That last one I shipped can't cook turnips for a cow."

"No," he answered serious. "It'll be better than that."

For two years Jimmy Hicks works in a little house spliced onto his mother's while Serena, old man Putter's daughter, waits on the invention before buying her wedding duds.

One trip from the Islands I came in and met Jimmy on the wharf. "It's done," says he. "I've bought the *Willowisp* and rigged my patent invention. It'll work, you bet."

"When are you and Serena to be spliced?" says I.

"To-morrow," he answers careless. "But if you come down to Elmore's wharf at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, I'll take you out on the *Willowisp* and show you my invention."

"When are you married?" I inquires.

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock. The *Willowisp* sails at three for San Francisco; I tell you she'll prove that invention a great success. It'll revolutionize seafaring."

"I hope it will make the *Willowisp* seaworthy," I remarks, "for I've a prejudice against condemned craft. Does Serena go along?"

"Yes, didn't I tell you? It's our honeymoon. You wait till you see my patent. There's money in it."

"Can I come to the wedding, too?" I asked.

"Sure. Serena 'll want you."

"Thanks," says I, "for the hearty invitation."

Next morning we all toddled up to Mrs. Putter's and saw Jimmy and Serena hitched. "Jimmy's sort of dull," said Captain Van Olinda when the parson had signed the clearance papers. "One 'ud think he'd be gladder after waiting five years."

"He's thinking of his invention," I remark.

"Well," says Van, "if *I* was married to Serena I'd let any ding-donged invention go over the side." Just then Mrs. Van comes alongside and Van shuts up. "What is this invention I hear about?" says Van later.

"I don't know," I responds truthfully. "We're to go down and see it tried out on the *Willowisp* this afternoon—it's his honeymoon voyage to 'Frisco."

"On an invention?" Van asks solemnly. "The d—d fool. Serena deserves better."

"The *Willowisp's* no invention," says I. "She's too old. It's some patent affair, I don't know what, that he's been building in that shed."

"Oh!" says Van. "Look at Serena. When did you say that invention was to be tried? I think I'll go down."

"At three o'clock," I answered.

At three o'clock, flood tide, weather so-so, we were down at Elmore's wharf and found the *Willowisp* all fresh paint and steam up. Spiddles was engineer and Hicks had no mate, but trusted to some of us to help him out. "Maybe you or Van wouldn't mind making the run to San Francisco?" he suggests. "I forgot about a mate."

"For land's sake, come along," says Spiddles. "I ain't easy about this old hooker. She's full of strange works. And he's got Serena along, too."

"Sure I'll go," says Van. "Send a man up to Mrs. Van to tell her I'll be back on the *Columbia* next week. Sure *I'll* go."

"So'll I," I puts in. "Count me in. My steamer's being overhauled and I've got plenty of time." You see I thought if old Van thought Serena needed watching, why, I'd watch Van.

So there was Hicks as skipper, me and Van as mates and Spiddles with an assistant in the engine-room and a fair crew. They threw old shoes aboard, and Mrs. Hicks, the mother, cried on the wharf, and Mrs. Putter stood on a pile of tarry rope and warned Serena to be careful till the rope slipped from under her and she was fished out of the water quite low spirited. We cast off, blew the whistle a few and tooled down the river, the *Willowisp* looking like the Dutch Uncle of a yacht. Van took the bridge and I cleared up the decks, Jimmy having gone below and left Serena to wave a sheet at her mother on the dock. I remark right here that the *Willowisp* was a steam schooner, condemned for passengers, and about four hundred tons burden, with steam steering gear put in only to pass the inspectors.

When all was snug on the deck I went to the bridge to join Van, feeling sort of queer at playing mate again. "Look

here," says Van, screwing his head around at me. "Did you ever see such a litter in a wheelhouse before?"

I squinted down. The man at the wheel was astraddle of a lot of machinery and at every twist he gave the wheel things clattered and clacked like a mill. "I never," says I.

"I wonder what it is?" Van inquired, solicitous. "D'ye suppose it's some new sort of steering gear?"

"Let's ask," I answers and pokes my head in the hood. "Hey! at the wheel there!" I calls down. "What's that gear?"

"It's dangerous," said the man sidestepping. "I nearly lost my toes twicet. I won't stand it much longer, sir."

"Starboard a little!" bawls Van over my shoulder.

"Starboard!" answers the man and puts the spokes over fearful like. He'd no more than got the wheel started than cogs and cranks and spindles commence to cut up terrific and the racket doesn't stop till the wheel's been steady a minute.

"By Jiminy Cripps!" says Van, "she answers her helm all right. But that's a lot of gear, now, ain't it?"

"Too much, sir," says the man below at the helm. "Get me out of here, sir. I ain't used to it. This is a sassage factory afloat."

"Call the cook, then, you lubber," says Van. "Mind your eye."

"And your legs," I warns, for it started to clack at 'em again.

We were pretty well toward the Bar when Jimmy came up all sweaty and oily. "It's all geared." says he.

"What's geared?" Van asks. "This mill in the pilot house? If that's what you've been gearing you better ungear it so we can get that man out alive."

"It's working," says Jimmy pleased.

"It is," I says. "If that's your patent, all I can say is, the less it works the better for all of us."

"Not a bit," says Jimmy, squinting down at it with pride and affection. "There's money in it."

"I hope my widow gets a share of it," growls the sailor, hitching away from a cog and stubbing his knee against a spindle.

"What do you call it?" Van Olinda asks, curious.

"A patent pilot," answers Jimmy, very proud.

"What's that?" demands Van, suspicious.

"You set the course by compass," Jimmy explains, "and then you set this needle on the dial marked with the points of the compass"—he opened a green box with works inside—"and she steers herself without error. No man needed at the wheel."

"That's a mercy," says I, "for I reckon you'll lose the one there now if we don't resky him through the window before them cogs get him."

"Look here," says Jimmy. "How's she headed now?"

"West-nor'west-halfwest," says Van.

"Good. I just set this needle at West-nor'west-halfwest, see? Now I pull this connecting lever and the compass needle steers her."

"It'll have to," says I looking down at the gear clacking outrageous, "for the man's lit out. That last was too much for him."

"But look at her!" yells Jimmy. "See! she's headed *di*rectly West-nor'west-halfwest!"

So she was, by the compass, and thereby ran over a net drifting in the fairway, which we was too busy to see. We stopped the engines in time to save wrapping a few fathoms of twine about our propeller, but the fisherman's language was awful. "Just wait till we're at sea," says Hicks. "*I'll* show you. There's money in it."

"There may be," growls Van. "Salvage for whoever picks us up."

I took the *Willowisp* across the Bar and was making a good offing when Jimmy came up to her again. "How do you figure her?" he asks.

"I thought I'd make out pretty well," says I. "It's going to be thick weather. Then we can make a straight course down."

"Correct," says Jimmy, fussing over a chart. "Let's see, how does the lightship bear?"

I told him and he calculated a little. "How'll this do?" he says at last.

"Hardly usual, but it'll do," I says, looking at his figures. "Starboard helm!"

She starboards and the racket below was something fearsome.

The *Willowisp* swings to port and we

straightens her out. "The course is west, a quarter south," says Jimmy. "We'll gear her up." And he walks over, sets his needle and pulls the lever. When the racket thins down; sure enough we was heading west, a quarter south, by the compass. "She'll keep that course," says Jimmy. "Throw her off it and the gear will bring her back. Now set the log and the man on the bridge has nothing to do but keep a good lookout. There's money in it."

I was doubtful in my mind, but so far as I could see by the compass just then Jimmy was correct. The *Willowisp* would yaw a little, but when the noise died away she was always back again, west, a quarter south. Still, it struck me that the compass didn't feel the North pole very distinct and I objected when Hicks brought the man who'd been at the wheel up for a lookout. In fact it seemed mighty strange the unsettled condition of Tillamook Light which was way inshore and to port. But still it came sundown and we'd fetched abreast of it same as usual. Says Hicks to me, "Come on down to dinner. It's a success, just as I knew it would be. Let this man keep watch."

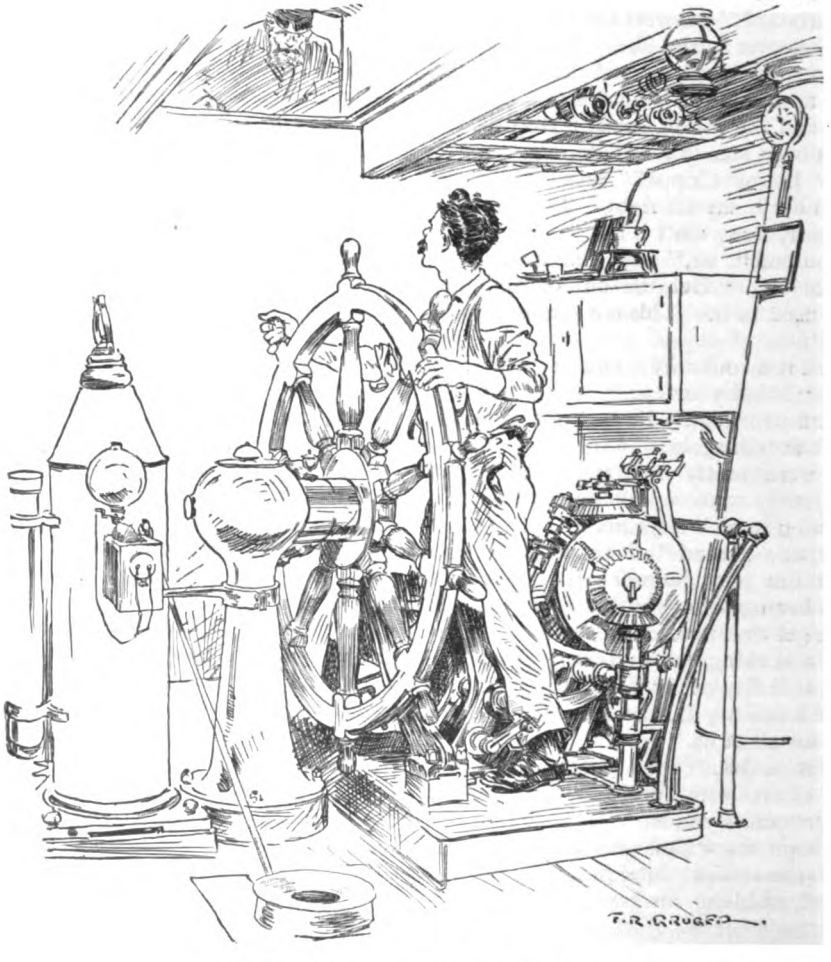
"How does the invention work?" asks Serena, timid.

"Well, so to speak," I answers polite.

"It makes an awful noise," says she. "Or is it that I hear?"

"It is—it does," says I.

"But it does the work," puts in Jimmy. "Time enough to fix it so it won't make so much noise. Steward, let's have dinner."



"This is a sassage factory afloat."

We had dinner, Van talking to Serena and Jimmy staring at the skylight. Suddenly Van gets up and says he guesses he'll go up and see how things are going and if the lights are lit proper. In a minute he comes down again, tremendous solemn, and stares at me. "We're making extra fast time," he says quiet.

"She's a good craft," says Jimmie.

"She must be," retorts Van Olinda. "Where was she when you left the bridge?"

"Tillamook lighthouse a point abaft the beam," says I.

"It's dead astern now," says Van. "But she's heading west, a quarter south just the same."

"There's money in it," sings out Jimmy, referring to his patent.

"There is," says I, getting up, "if it makes this old hooker cover thirty miles in thirty minutes. I'm going to stay on the bridge."

Just then there was a yell from the deck. Van and Jimmy and me piles up. The lookout on the bridge bawls, "stop her!"

"Why?" says Jimmy. "Ain't she heading all right?"

"Stop her!" yells the sailor, dancing on one foot. So to save time I shouted down the skylight to Spiddles and he stopped his engines. We ran to the bridge and looked out in the dark. There was nothing ahead. But astern and this time on the starboard quarter was Tillamook Light, barely winking in the gathering fog. "We're headed directly for Yokahama," says Van.

I looked into the binnacle. The *Willowisp* was pointing her nose west, a quarter south by it all right. "But Tillamook Light ain't moveable," says I.

"She ain't," puts in the sailor. "But she's been swinging all round and yet that compass says she's been headed all the time on one course. Stop her, I says."

"You're saying too much," says Hicks. "Did you fool with the gear?"

"No, sir, I ain't touched nothing," vows the man.

"Then," says Jimmy, "we're all right. Some current has fetched us along extra fast."

That moment, Serena comes up, all worried. "Isn't everything all right?" she asks.

"It is," replies her husband." This fool makes a fuss over nothing."

Van looks at the little woman's face and remarks gentle, "the chart's up side down, Serena, and we're chasing down hill a million miles an hour. But don't worry. I think Tillamook Lighthouse has fetched loose from its moorings. Them Government engineers are too careless."

Then a bark heaves in view out of the fog dead ahead and I yells to put the helm over. "There's nobody at the wheel," Van bawls. So I jumped down and Jimmy disconnects his gear temporarily and we only scraped away about a thousand dollar's worth of standing rigging off that bark. Nothing to talk about the way her skipper did before we drifted clear and lost him in the dark.

"You better put a man at the wheel," says Van, wiping his eyes after it was all over. "I'll stand watch with Twizzle."

"No, sir," says Jimmy. "This patent pilot does the work," and he fusses over it till he connects it again.

"Lemme shoot a star anyway," pleads Van, "before it gets too thick. Let's see where we are."

"There's no need," says Jimmy Hicks, cross. "There's Tillamook Light to get our bearings by." And he gears up the invention again.

To cut matters short it was eleven o'clock that same night when we discovers a light dead ahead, the fog clearing some. "There ain't none here," says Van.

"There wasn't last week when I came up with the *Dawson*," says I. "It's an invention."

"There's no money in it," retorts Van. "I don't like this. For God's sake let's find out where we are and then get somewhere undisgracefully."

"Where are we?" I demands.

Neither of us knew till we got closer to the light and timed a flash. "It's Tillamook again," says I.

"It is," says Van. "We've been round the world and just got back."

So we called Jimmy and told him. "It's not so," says he squinting his eyes, which hadn't been shut, for he'd sat in the chart-room listening, on his wedding night, to a patent pilot. "We passed it at sundown," says he.

"It's either Tillamook Light a-glimmering through this fog," says Van Olinda,

determined, "or we're nine miles off Hakodate, which was thirty-seven hundred miles away three hours ago."

And it was Tillamook, as we discovered in an hour when we nearly ran into it along of the steering gear having notions. "We know where we are," says Van as we fetched seaward again with a jerk of the patent, "which is a comfort so long as it's not Davy Jones."

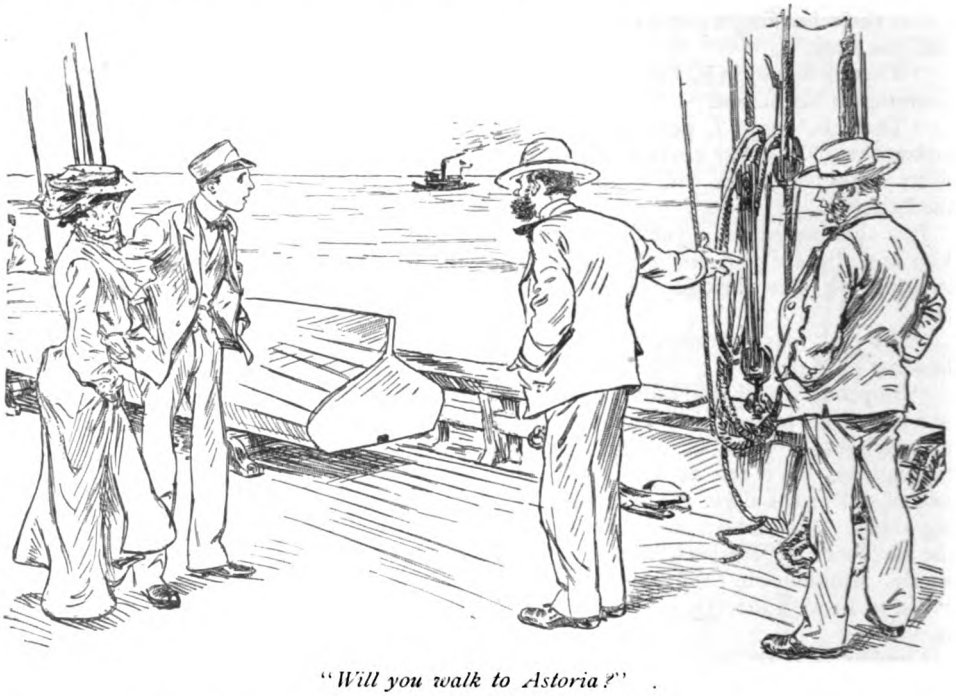
At midnight we hears a bell buoy to starboard. "We've made five hundred and odd miles the past hour," says Van quite solemn. "That's off Angel Island, San Francisco Bay." Then we no sooner fetched clear of this—by rights we had three thousand miles of open sea to starboard—when a glare shines through the mist and a huge, round light rides by. "The moon ought to be down on the chart," says Van. "Some one will hit it yet. No, that ain't the lightship. We're off Borneo."

At one o'clock, steering a straight course by the patent pilot, we makes one flare to port, and a few minutes later, when the first had gone, we makes another just like it to starboard. "This is a whole archipelago of comets," remarks Van. "I'm going to call Serena. She oughtn't to miss 'em." But I knew Van was worried.

Van comes up with Serena and Jimmy explains how his gear worked by fastening the compass needle to the helm. "There's money in it," says he as Serena peeks down into the clatter.

"There'll be more money in picking up that lighthouse, captain," says Van real low. "There ought to be considdable salvage in it."

We all looked the way he pointed and shimmering through the fog *was* a light, red and white flashes.



"Will you walk to Astoria?"

"It looks like North Head off the Columbia," says I.

"It does," says Van, "but we're some sixty miles South of it by the log. That's a lighthouse abandoned at sea."

Under our eyes the light traveled around on the beam and then disappeared. We all took a look at the compass, but the *Willowisp* was on her course by it. Van called me aside. "Look here, Twizzle," says he. "God only knows where we are."

"Then pray," says I.

"There's Serena," pursues Van, "as nice a little woman as lives, skeramping round the Pacific on her wedding night be-

hind a patent pilot. Man, we've raised every light, buoy and beacon on the Oregon, California and Japanese coasts and several celestial planets I never knew were afloat, all in this last watch. It's got to stop. Let me off. I want to walk."

"Unhook the gear," says I. "Let's get a man at the wheel. We'll be in the city soon and without money for car fare."

"Well," says Jimmy, "maybe we better do that."

So he goes to the green box and fusses. Then he calls for a lantern and fusses some more. "Something's wrong," he says at last. "I can't ungear it."

And he couldn't, and the racket of that patent invention was awful to hear. In the meantime we fetched two or three buoys and nearly ran down a schooner.

Well, we couldn't disconnect the patent pilot though Van made it eight bells and bawled down to it that the other watch was called. Even Serena began to see something was real wrong and when she cried Van got up his dander and addressed Jimmy immediate. "You forlorn rag of a Chinese stays'l," says he, "you mud-eyed son of a turtle, you pigeon brained skimming of a cook's skillet, smash that gear and get a man at the wheel. Are we going to circumnavigate the sixty thousand oceans, not to speak of rivers, sounds and harbors, on a foggy night, at the bidding of an unconsecrated coffee mill? Look at your wife here, crying on her wedding night and you driving this God-forsaken tub over the whole Pacific with a tinker's toy. Lemme have an ax, I'll fix it."

"No, you don't!" bawls Jimmy. "It'll be all right in a minute."

"In a minute!" yells Van. "Hell got hot in such minutes. We've butted up against every obstruction to navigation and warning to mariners in the Western hemisphere. Lemme at it!"

Van would sure have busted it, only the patent pilot got ahead of him and landed the *Willowisp* hard on a shoal among the breakers.

"Thank Heaven, we're stopped, anyway," says Van, when we got to our feet again from the throw. "I wish I knew where we are."

"It must be off Cape Lookout," says Jimmy, anxious.

"Cape Pinfeather!" snorts Van Olinda, smelling the air. "We ain't ten miles from home, are we, Spiddles?" Spiddles was come up from his engines to get out of the wet and have a look round. He whiffs the air, peers over the side and lights his pipe. "Dunno," says he. "This is as far as we go, anyway. My engine room's full of ocean."

So we hangs about. Then daylight comes and presently a breeze wipes up the fog from the water.

"Why there's the *Jetty!*" cried Serena. And it was.

"Will you walk to Astoria?" asks Van of Jimmy who was staring at the bay we'd left not much over twelve hours before. "Or shall I signal that tug?"

I signalled the tug. She came close as she dared and put off a boat to take us aboard with Serena's wedding trunks.

"I'll stay on the *Willowisp*," says Hicks," "and see if I can't save her. I must have got that gear reversed."

Seeing he was captain, Van and me says nothing. But Serena does. "Look here, James Hicks," says she, wabbling on her feet in the small boat, "you come right down and go home with me."

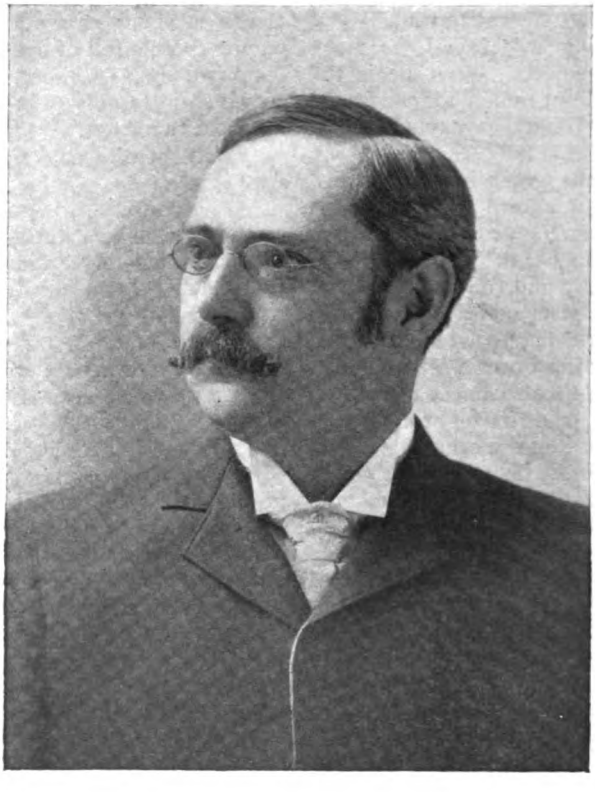
"But the money for the ranch is all in this gear and I—" Jimmy commences.

"Come down!" says Serena. "I've waited five years for a husband. I didn't wait for this. Come down off that wreck."

Jimmy comes, meek as a pup sheep, and Serena took him home and he ain't never been to sea since. He's wonderful attached to Serena and keeps books for the pilots and hoes the garden evenings.

Van and I never said much about that trip. A big English bark came in a few days later and reported that a steamer had collided with her and run away after doing a terrific lot of damage. North Head telegraphed that a strange vessel had been seen near the rocks not under control. From Tillamook came word that seven steam schooners, all of a size, had gone by in the night with a terrific noise. The captain of the lightship signaled that six dozen coasters had passed in every direction within four hours. "There ain't no need of us getting mixed up in any such scandals," said Van to me. "Let them as talks talk on, and them as keeps dark keep dark still, like the Bible says."

So we said the invention worked. Which it did—backwards. But Jimmy hoes his potatoes by hand.



John Findley Wallace.

THE BUILDER OF THE PANAMA CANAL

WHEN actual work of excavation was begun on the Panama canal, in 1880, Ferdinand de Lesseps, then an old man, predicted that he would live to witness the realization of the dream of Columbus for a northwest passage to the Pacific. Fraud, incompetency and disaster followed the efforts of the first Panama canal company, and De Lesseps died thirteen years after the beginning of the work of construction, leaving but the mere scratching of the surface on the route of the canal. The reorganized company, wringing new millions of francs by appeals to the patriotism and cupidity of the French people, under promise that the canal would surely be completed before the end of the nineteenth century. When these millions had been expended, very largely in extravagances that hindered rather than hastened the work of canal construction, bankruptcy again overtook the canal company, and the dream of De Lesseps was apparently far from fulfillment.

Since the United States has undertaken the task of constructing the canal more promises have been made as to the time when the great project will be completed. Members of the Isthmian Canal Commission have employed expert engineers to examine the cuts, fills and other engineering problems connected with the proposed waterway. Members of the Congress have made special studies of the engineering and labor problems involved, and the public, always eagerly credulous, is being assured that the canal will be completed within eight years, or by 1912.

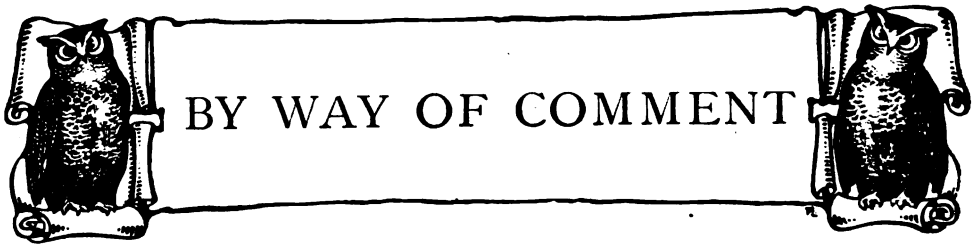
This statement is interesting, in view of the fact that John Findley Wallace, the man who is to have active superintendence of the construction of the canal, will make no prediction as to the date of the completion of the work and will hazard no estimate of the actual cost of the enterprise in dollars and cents. He does not care anything about what effect promises of speedy completion of the project might have on political fortunes or stock investments. He refuses to make any estimates that are not based on the best judgment of John Findley Wallace, after he has personally investigated every condition that will influence canal construction.

"If it were a question of removing dirt or blasting rock or doing masonry work," said Mr. Wallace, "I could furnish an estimate of time and cost of construction by a little figuring, but I must first know how many muscular ohms the workman we will have on the canal exerts in a day as compared with what a husky Irish laborer does in this country. It is necessary to know how much a team will stand, how many hours men can work and with what energy. No intelligent estimate of the time to build the canal can be made until we have made the start. I can only make one prediction, and that is that the United States will build it more promptly, better, and with less waste of money than any other nation in the world possibly could. We will do our best, and, you know, the American best is a whole lot better than any one else's best."

In that last sentence Mr. Wallace gave the key to his character and the secret of his success. He never makes promises, but always does his best, and tries to make his best a little better than any one else's best. Stuyvesant Fish declares that he is the greatest engineer living, and Mr. Fish would try to get a better if there was one. Mr. Wallace was born fifty-two years ago, of New England stock, but was educated in the West, and it is there that his work has been done. He went into the railroad work as a rodman in 1869, and was the best of the rodmen. He worked on the U. S. Engineering Corps in the construction of the arsenal at Rock Island, Illinois, in 1871 to 1876, and by the invention of certain appliances did some work in drilling through rocks that saved fifty per cent. of the estimated time for that job. After winning rapid promotion in the engineering field—among other things he built the bridge over the Missouri at Sibley—Mr. Wallace was selected to plan the terminal facilities for the Illinois Central for the Chicago World's Fair. His success in that work, in the time allotted, was the marvel of the railroad engineers of the nation, and won him the appointment as assistant general manager of the road, with all construction work directly under his supervision. In a few years the Illinois Central had been almost rebuilt, without any fuss, excitement or exceptional expense. The company decided to build a line from Chicago to Omaha, and figured that it would require two years' work. Mr. Wallace took charge, and the Illinois Central was running its own trains from Chicago to Omaha, over its own tracks, five hundred and twenty miles, in just one year from the time work was begun on the line. That won him promotion to the general managership of the railroad he had been so instrumental in rejuvenating that it to-day stands almost as a physical model system.

Mr. Wallace's salary as chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission will be twenty-five thousand dollars a year. His record is such that his friends predict he will devise methods of saving the government more than that sum each month by improving labor-saving devices, systematic organization of the working forces, and by prompt utilization of every element and influence that may be employed in prosecuting to a successful finish the most prodigious engineering project in the history of the world.

W. H. HUNTER.



The Land of Disasters

We give below a few, a very few instances, drawn from the history of the last few months, where somebody blundered and some thousands were killed or mangled:—

		Killed	*Injured*
1903			
December 21st	Wreck at Laurelville, Pa.	65	4
December 23d	Wreck at Godfrey, Kans.	10	32
December 26th	Wreck at East River, Mich.	22	29
December 30th	The Iroquois Fire at Chicago	582	
1904			
January 1st	Wreck at Willard, Kans	10	40
January 3d	Wreck at Edgemont, Mich	2	38
February 20th	Wreck at Jackson, U.	24	13
March 2d	Collapse of New York hotel	21	
March 5th	Wreck at Hammondsville, Ind	6	42
March 14th	Wreck at Kewanee, Miss.	14	37
April 1st	Wreck at Maywood, Ill.	3	23
April 30th	Wreck at Kinswick, Mo	8	15
May 25th	Wreck at Houghton, Ala	25	6
June 15th	Burning of *General Slocum*	1031	180
July 19th	Wreck at Chicago Heights	25	45

THE wreck of the *General Slocum* added a fearful chapter to the sickening chapter of American accidents. If no nation in the world rivals the United States in the dash and energy of its business methods, no other nation is willing to pay the price we pay in the flesh and blood of citizens. We laugh at the old fogey methods of Englishmen. We ridicule the impertinence of German officialdom poking its nose into what we regard as private business. We congratulate ourselves on unfettered American energy and then we shudder as we read of some new harvest of destruction.

"The Land of Disasters," the Germans call this country. The term stings because it fits. Had the *General Slocum* been sailing in the harbor of Hamburg or Bremen, there could have been no such loss of life. There could have been no overcrowding, no packing of women and children into the pen of a slaughter house. In Germany, officials are present daily at every dock to see that the regulations are enforced. The truth is that in a German harbor the *Slocum* would never have sailed at all. Years ago she would have been broken to scrap-iron as a menace to public safety.

In America things are different. Here men mind their own business.

They are all horrible enough, these successive stories of blunders worse and wickeder than crimes, whether they tell of a dozen mangled by a bungling railroad, or a score crushed in a tunnel that ought to have been reconstructed ten years ago, or six hundred locked in a blazing theater, or a thousand burned and drowned in a floating tinder box.

And when each is over comes the disheartening investigation, as horrible in its way as the accident. The verdict means little. Blundering, incompetence, carelessness,—call it one thing or call it another, it's all the same. We may as well front the facts. Deep down at the bottom of every awful story, down under layers and layers of the frightened testimony of incompetent employees, it is always

the same. *The reason for every fearful accident in the United States is just plain lack of business thoroughness.* The men to blame are the men who run the business. They claim the credit for the dividends. Let the debit side of the ledger be charged to them as well.

It is pitiful after one of these accidents to hear good people talk about the Act of God. God does not blunder. He does not fail to throw a switch or make an asbestos curtain that won't drop, or let life preservers rot on a pleasure boat. The awful responsibilities of life He leaves to his creatures, that they may become men.

The issue is not to be dodged. These "accidents" are not accidents at all. They are the direct, almost the inevitable results of inefficiency. When the army is ill-drilled, the general is to blame. Remember that. Don't cry out against subordinates. It wastes determination and confuses the issue. Whether he is legally responsible or not, it is the man at the top who bears the full weight of the moral responsibility. Let him feel it. Let the retribution of public opinion, swift and inevitable, fall on the man who runs a business that can destroy innocent people. From that day America will cease to be the "Land of Disasters."

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

VIII. THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE

IT is not the circumstances of life that trouble or weigh upon us, it is the way we take them. If a man is playing a difficult game of chess, the more intricate the moves the more thoughtfully he looks over his own and his opponent's men, and the more fully he is aroused to make the right move toward a checkmate. If, when the game became difficult, the player stopped to be depressed and disheartened, his opponent would probably always checkmate him; whereas, in most cases, the more difficult the game the more thoroughly the players are aroused to do their best, and a difficult game is invariably a good one,—the winner and the loser both feel it to be so,—even though the loser may regret his loss. But—the reader will say—a game of chess is a game only,—neither one's bread and butter nor one's life depend upon winning or losing it. If, however, we need to be cool, and quiet, and trustful for a game, which is merely an amusement, and if we play the game better for being cool, and quiet, and trustful, why is not a quiet steadiness in wrestling with the circumstances of life itself just as necessary, not only that we may meet the particular problem of the moment truly, but that we may gain all the experience which may be helpful in meeting other difficult circumstances as they present themselves.

We must first convince ourselves thoroughly of the truth that CIRCUMSTANCES,

HOWEVER DIFFICULT, ARE ALWAYS—WITHOUT EXCEPTION, OPPORTUNITIES, AND NOT LIMITATIONS.

They are not by any means opportunities for taking us in the direction that our own selfishness would have us go; they are opportunities which are meant to guide us in the direction we most need to follow—in the ways that will lead us to the greatest strength in the end.

The most unbelieving of us will admit that "there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," and it is in the stupid resistance to having our ends shaped for us that we stop and groan at what we call the limitations of circumstances.

If we were quickly alert to see where circumstances had placed the gate of opportunity, and then steadily persisted in going through it, it would save the loss of energy and happiness which results from obstinately beating our heads against a stone wall where there is no gate, and where there never can be a gate.

Probably there is hardly a reader who will not recall a number of cases in which circumstances appear to have been only limitations to him or to his friends; but, if he will try with a willing mind to find the gate of opportunity which was not used, he will be surprised to learn that it was wide open all the time, and might have led him into a new and better country.

The other day a little urchin playing in the street got in the way of a horse, and just saved himself from being run over by a quick jump; he threw up his arms and, in a most cheerful voice, called out, "It's all right, only different!" If the horse had run over him, he might have said the same thing and found his opportunity to more that was good and useful in life through steady patience on his bed. The trouble is that we are not willing to call it "*all right*" unless it is *the same*,—the same in this case meaning whatever may be identical with our own personal ideas of what is "all right." That expressive little bit of slang is full of humor and full of common sense.

If, for instance, when we expect something and are disappointed, we could at once yield out of our resistance and heartily exclaim "it is all right, only different," how much sooner we should discover the good use in its being different, and how soon we should settle into the sense of its being "all right!" When a circumstance that has seemed to us *all wrong* can be made, through our quiet way of meeting it, to appear "all right, only different," it very soon leads to a wholesome content in the new state of affairs or to a change of circumstances to which we can more readily and happily adjust ourselves.

A strong sense of something's being "all right" means a strong sense of willingness that it should be just as it is. With that clear willingness in our hearts in general, we can adjust ourselves to anything in particular,—even to very sudden and unexpected changes. It is carrying along with us a background of powerful non-resistance which we can bring to the front and use actively at a moment's notice.

It seems odd to think of actively using non-resistance, and yet the expression is not as contradictory as it would appear, for the strength of will it takes to attain an habitual attitude of wholesome non-resistance is far beyond the strength of will required to resist unwholesomely. The stronger, the more fixed and immovable the center, the more free and adaptable are the circumferences of action; and, even though our central principle is fixed and immovable, it must be elastic enough to enable us to change our point of view whenever we find that by so doing we can gain a broader outlook and greater power for use.

To acquire the strength of will for this habitual non-resistance is sometimes a matter of years of practice. We have to compel ourselves to be "willing," over and over again, at each new opportunity; sometimes the opportunities seem to throng us; and this, truly considered, is only a cause for gratitude.

In life the truest winning often comes first under the guise of failure, and it is willingness to accept failure, and intelligence in understanding its causes, and using the acquired knowledge as a means to a higher end, that ultimately brings true success. If we choose, a failure can always be used as a means to an end rather than as a result in itself.

How often do we hear the complaint, "I could do so well if it were not for my circumstances." How many people are held down for a lifetime by the habitual belief in circumstances as limitations, and

by ignoring the opportunities which they afford.

"So long as I must live with these people I can never amount to anything." If this complaint could be changed to the resolve: "I will live with these people until I have so adjusted myself to them as to be contented," a source of weakness would be changed into a source of strength. The quiet activity of mind required to adjust ourselves to difficult surroundings gives a zest and interest to life which we can find in no other way, and adds a certain strength to the character which can not be found elsewhere. It is interesting to observe, too, how often it happens that, when we have adjusted ourselves to difficult circumstances, we are removed to other circumstances which are more in sympathy with our own thoughts and ways;—and sometimes to circumstances which are more difficult still, and require all the strength and wisdom which our previous discipline has taught us.

If we are alive to our own true freedom, —we should have an active interest in the necessary warfare of life. For life is a warfare—not of persons, but of principles—and every man who loves his freedom loves to be in the midst of the battle. Our tendencies to selfish discontent are constantly warring against our love of usefulness and service, and he who wishes to enjoy the full activity of freedom must learn to fight and to destroy the tendencies within himself which stand in the way of his own obedience to law. But he needs, for this, the truthful and open spirit which leads to wise self-knowledge; a quiet and a willing spirit, to make the necessary sacrifice of selfish pride. His quiet earnestness will give him the strength to carry out what his clear vision will reveal to him in the light of truth. He will keep his head lifted up above his enemies round about him, so that he may steadily watch and clearly see how best to act. After periods of hard fighting the intervals of rest will be full of refreshment, and will always bring new strength for further activity. If, in the battle with difficult circumstances, we are thrown down, we must pick ourselves up with quick decision, and not waste a moment in complaint or discouragement. We should emphasize to ourselves the necessity for picking ourselves up immediately, and going directly on, over and over again,—both for our own benefit, and the benefit of those whom we have the privilege of helping.

In the Japanese training of "Jiu Jitsu" the idea seems to be to drop all subjective resistance, and to continue to drop it, until, through the calmness and clearness of sight that comes from quiet nerves and a free mind, the wrestler can see where to make the fatal stroke. When the right time has arrived, the only effort which is necessary is quick, sharp and conclusive. This wonderful principle is often misused for selfish ends, and in such cases it leads eventually to bondage because, by the successful satisfaction of selfish motives, it strengthens the hold of our selfishness upon us; but, when used in an unselfish spirit, it is an ever increasing source of strength. In the case of difficult circumstances,—if we cease to resist,—if we accept the facts of life,—if we are willing to be poor, or ill, or disappointed, or to live with people we do not like,—we gain a quietness of nerve and a freedom of mind which clears off the mists around us, so that our eyes may see and recognize the gate of opportunity,—open before us.

It is the law of concentration and relaxation. If we concentrate on being willing, on relaxing until we have dropped every bit of resistance to the circumstances about us, that brings us to a quiet and well-balanced point of view, whence we can see clearly how to take firm and decided action. From such action the re-action is only renewed strength,—never painful and contracting weakness. If we could give up all our selfish desires and resistances, circumstances, however difficult, would have no power whatever to trouble us. To reach such absolute willingness is a long journey, but there is a straight path leading nearer and nearer to the happy freedom which is our goal.

Self pity is one of the states that interferes most effectually with making the right use of circumstances. To pity one's self is destruction to all possible freedom. If the reader finds himself in the throes of this weakness and is helped through these words to recognize the fact, let him hasten to shun it as he would shun poison, for it is progressively weakening to soul and body. It will take only slight difficulties of any kind to overthrow us, if we are overcome by this temptation.

Imagine a man in the planet Mars wanting to try his fortunes on another planet, and an angel appearing to him with permission to transfer him to the earth.

"But," the angel says, "of course you can have no idea of what the life is upon the new planet unless you are placed in the midst of various circumstances which are more or less common to its inhabitants."

"Certainly," the Martian answers, "I recognize that, and I want to have my experience on this new planet as complete as possible; therefore the more characteristic and difficult my circumstances are the better." Then imagine the interest that man would have, from the moment he was placed on the earth, in working his way through, and observing his experience as he worked.

His interest would be alive, vivid, and strong, from the beginning until he found himself, with earthly experience completed, ready to return to his friends in Mars. He would never lose courage or be in any way disheartened. The more difficult his earthly problem was, the more it would arouse his interest and vigor to solve it. So many people prefer a difficult problem in geometry to an easy one, then why not in life? The difference is that in mathematics the head alone is exercised, and in life the head and the heart are both brought into play, and the first difficulty is to persuade the head and heart to work together. In the visitor from Mars, of course, the heart would be working with the head, and so the whole man would be centered on getting creditably through his experience and home again. If our hearts and heads were together equally concentrated on getting through our experience for the sake of the greater power of use it would bring,—and, if we could trustfully believe in getting home again, whenever the right time come, then life would be really alive for us,—then we should actually get the scent of our true freedom—and, having once had a taste of it, we should have a fresh incentive in achieving it entirely.

There is one important thing to remember in an effort to be free from the bondage of circumstances which will save us from much unnecessary suffering. This has to do with the painful associations which arise from circumstances which are past and over.

A woman, for example, suffered for a year from nervous exhaustion in her head, which was brought on, among other things, by over-excitement in private theatricals. She apparently recovered her health, and, because she was fond of acting, her first activities were turned in that direction. She accepted a part in a play; but as soon as she began to study all her old head symptoms returned, and she was thoroughly frightened, thinking that she might never be able to use her head again. Upon being convinced, however, that all her discomfort came from her own imagination, through the painful associations connected with the study of her part, she returned to her work resolved to ignore them, and the consequence was that the symptoms rapidly disappeared.

Not uncommonly we hear that a person of our acquaintance cannot go to some particular place because of the painful events which occurred there. If the sufferer could only be persuaded that, when such associations are once bravely faced, it takes a very short time for the painful effects to disappear entirely, much unnecessary and prolonged discomfort would be saved.

People have been kept ill for weeks, months and years, through holding on to the brain impression of some painful event.

Whether the painful circumstances are little or great, the law of association is the same—and, in any case, the brain impression can be dropped entirely, although it may take time and patience to do it. We must often talk to our brains as if we were talking to another person to eliminate the impressions from old associations. Tell your brain in so many words, *without emotion*, that the place or the circumstance is nothing, nothing whatever,—it is only your idea about it, and the false association can be changed to a true one.

So must we yield our selfish resistances and be ready to accept every opportunity for growth that circumstances offer; and, at the same time, when the good result is gained, throw off the impression of the pain of the process entirely and forever. Thus may we both live and observe for our own good and that of others; and he who is practicing this principle in his daily life can say from his heart: "Now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me."

The next article will be upon "Other People."

MARGINALIA

Adding her stitch.

One of the thousand women.

THE SEN NIN RIKI

By C. Crowther

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE custom of the Sen Nin Riki is one that has risen in Japan during the present war. It has never existed before in that or in any other country in the world. Ever since the war began, at all times of the day, and even night, small groups of women can be seen gathering in the streets; one or more of the women will have a piece of cotton cloth with one thousand marks or dots stamped upon it. "Sen" is the Japanese word for one thousand. "Nin" is the word for human being—either man or woman. "Riki" is, in the Japanese language, *strength*. In combination the words mean "the strength of one thousand people."

Each one of these one thousand dots or marks in the cloth are to indicate the place where a stitch or knot is to be made by a woman, who, while making this knot, gives her best thought, wish or prayer for the safety and protection of the soldier who will wear this piece of cotton cloth as an "obi" or belt while fighting for his country. The prayers of one thousand women for one man are believed to protect him from all dangers and to give him strength to overcome and conquer the enemies of his beloved Japan. There is a Japanese "kotowaza," or proverb, which reads, "*Onna no isshin iwa omo tosu.*" Translated literally, this means, *a woman's full heart breaks even a rock.* The prayers and good wishes of a thousand women, of which the tangible evidence is the one thousand stitches in the loin cloth, are given for a man who goes forth to fight for his country and his people.

It is most touching to see women of all ages and stations eagerly awaiting their turn to place their stitch or knot in these pieces of cloth. Old women with weak and trembling fingers go from group to group and fervently offer their "knot" in the belief that the wearer of the "obi" would be shielded from shot or shell, and all other dangers to which a soldier is exposed. They feel that they have done something to strengthen the army of Japan. When a foreigner stops to look on, old women and young children give out, with one accord, the cry of, "Nippon Bansai" (*for Japan ten thousand years*), which stands to the native populace for all that means the greatness of their country.

A CORNER IN BEANS

By Donald G. Hughes

"OH, yes!" said Sulphur Jim in reply to my inquiry, "I've been held up a number of times, but about the low-down, meanest, insignificantest wart that ever tried it, was an eatin'-house guy in Auropa when I went to Chicago with ten car of Short-horns.

"You see, as soon as we shifted the critters to other hands, and got our legal tender, we calculated the sooner we jilted the city, with its grafters and wicked ways to pry you loose from your coin, the richer and inexperienceder we'ed be, so we hit the first train our way and piled on.

"We were ditched twenty minutes at Auropa for lunch. It happened a Sunday school excursion train had tied up, just ahead of us, for the same purpose; and it were a fright, the way they had swept the eatin'-houses near-by of grub! It impressed one of famine! Actually, they didn't leave hardly enough to wad a respectable shot gun! Fact!

"I poked my nose in three places before I could round up anything. At the last place, I flopped myself down on a stool, lookin' about as mean as a sand hill buzzard. I punched the counter, impressively, with a big fist and informed the white coated jockey runnin' the layout, that when I was just ordinarily hungry and couldn't get my cravin' soothed, I tore up things worse than a locoed mule in a carnation green house!

"'I'm five and three-quarters inches of starvation, now!' I says, 'so you can judge of my condition; and, if you've a masticatable morsel on the turf, and value life and liberty, you had better get it under the wire before you get the flag!'

"He hadn't nothin' but a lot of canned stuff, he told me, and named over a mess of the indigestives.

"'Well, put into a manger a can of them Boston baked beans, and be quick,' I says, 'for the front of my stomach has collapsed against my backbone with a distressin', sickenin' thud!'

"After rumagin' among the spoils, he brought to light a one pound bomb and dumped the contents in a bowl. Then, he armed me with a big spoon and I had just five minutes before my train left, in which to give them right of way to my storage pit without any stop-overs.

"'Ain't got any boxin' gloves,' I asked, spittin' out a chunk of lead they had thrown in the can for good measure, 'that I can mingle, in alternatin' mouthfuls, with these beans and other foreign substances?'

"'Boxin' gloves?' he says.

"'Yes, sandwiches! Boxin' gloves! Samhamwiches maybe you call them!'

"'Clear out!' he says, so I gave my attention to the beans, and after three minutes of activity, everyone had disappeared.

"'What's the damage?' I asked gettin' up with a sigh.

"He was very gently polishin' a glass. 'Two dollars,' he says in a matter-of-fact way.

"I stared hard at him. 'Guess I misunderstood you, pard!' I says; 'please repeat that hyperbole!'

"'Two dollars,' he repeated without blinkin' an eye.

"'Beg pardon!' I says, 'guess *you're* the one that misunderstood *me!* I beg to advise, I didn't ask for quotations on a gross lot. I inquired the value of the one can I just devoured.'

"'Sir! I said two dollars, didn't I?' he said gettin' indignant.

"'I see it's a case of mistaken identity,' I says, 'you take me for my friend John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie; or were those beans cap jeweled and damaskeened shelled?'

"'This is a respectable house,' he snorted, 'and I won't stand any insults!'

"'But, pardner, I think you charge me too much for them beans!'

"'Our regular price, sir!'

"'What's your discount?'

"'You'll either pay me or I'll call a policeman!' he yells.

"I looked at my watch. It was less than a minute before the train went. He had the drop on me and no mistake. It was either pay him his gold brick price or number a policeman among my acquaintances; and, while I was explainin' to an officer, the train would pull out and leave me with a worthless ticket.

"'Now look-a-hear, my religious friend,' I says, 'you've sure got a corner on those

beans that are beginnin' to undergo the process of digestion. Might I ask if you're the owner of this joint?'

"'Yes sir! I'm James Morrison!'

"'Well sir, my name is Jim—Sulphur Jim. Here's your two bucks' (I slammed two silver dollars down some forcibly); 'if I had just three minutes, I could use them profitably by gettin' quite intimate with your pugilistic instinct and development of same!'

"'Good-by, old pal,' I continues, edgin' towards the door; 'I'm glad I've made the acquaintance of the measliest critter this side of the range. You've surely got the makin of a congressman, and I'll bear you well in mind, for if I ever run for governor I want you to conduct the campaign, for you're the boldfacest, gallest thief I have ever met!'

"I didn't have time to heave any more choice bouquet at him, for, as it was, I had to go it hot-foot-Charley to catch the train.

"I certainly was humiliated! The idea of havin' to pay two dollars for one little, two-inch canister of beans, that you could buy anywhere for fifteen cents and let the seller make a couple hundred per cent. at that. It was right down disgraceful—that's what it was!

"I did a little headwork, and after a while hit on a plan to play even. When we stopped at Galesburg I telegraphed Mr. James Morrison somethin' like this:—

"'I still think you charged me too much for them beans. I can feel their invigoratin' influence, but not strong enough to compensate me for the price I had to pay.'

"Of course, I sent the message 'collect,' and it cost him about as much to get it as he charged me for the beans. This was the first step in retribution. At Lincoln we laid over a couple of days to look around. This gave Mr. Morrison time to somewhat forget the first blow. Just before we left I telegraphed him again like this:—

"Were those beans cap jeweled and damaskeened shelled?"

"'I've been considerin' the matter, but I still think you charged me too much for those beans.'

"This communication didn't cost him quite as much as the first, but I allow he was some heated when he read it!

"When we got to Denver I sent this message to him to keep him posted:—

"'Jimmy, the more I think about it, the more firmly I am convinced you charged me too much for those beans.'

"I think this sent him in a rage. It wouldn't do, however, to send him many more paragraphs by wire, for he'd likely refuse to receive them, suspectin' the polite sender.

"But, after careful consideration, I decided

it might be safe to risk one more thrust through the Western Union service, so at Orni Junction I sent him this:—

"'Try as I will, I cannot help but think you charged me too much for those beans.'

"We had to lay over twelve hours at this place. The message was sent about eight in the mornin'. At two p. m. I inquired of the operator if he could find out if it had been delivered. He was an accommodatin' cuss, and after fingerin' his instrument a little he got a reply, and said there was some misunderstandin' regardin' it. However, at half past seven, when I came down, he told me the message had been properly delivered.

"Maybe you think I didn't shake hands with myself proudly! I had made those beans cost 'Jimmy' somethin'. I've learned since he had a divorced wife tourin' through the West at the time, and this probably accounts for his acceptance of my telegrams, for he was tryin' to make up with her. He had made her an offer to induce her to recast her lot with his, and wrote her to telegraph her answer, so you see he couldn't afford to refuse the messages I sent him, for they might come from her. If I had known this, you can bank I'd sent him several more that would 've made him love-sick! As it was, I thought it wise to change my manœuvers.

"I calculated it had cost him about six or seven dollars by this time for gettin' cute; but I wanted to get just one more thrust at him, then I'd be satisfied. To do this I wrote to a friend in California, as soon as I got home, and inclosed in my letter a note that ran somethin' like this.—

"'MR. JAMES MORRISON, ESQ., etc.

"'My very dearest friend:—In strikin a balance of the expenses incurred in my trip to Chicago, my eye encounters, as I run down the items, this entry:—

"'Heavy Auropa Repast - - - $2.00

"'As my optics linger here, fond memories and lost opportunities flood before me. Do you know, Jimmy, I can't help but think you charged me too much for those beans!

"'Your bean-eradicator,

"'SULPHUR JIM.'

"This little missive I instructed my California friend to gently sandwich between two of the heaviest bricks he could find, and, after boxin' same, to mark the package 'Jewelry' and express it to my old pal in Auropa.

"This he done, and poor 'Jimmy' had to dig up a dollar and a half express charges to get it. Guess he thought his divorced wife had sent him a box of diamonds!

"So you see, if we place the first cost of them beans at say eight cents, then add six or seven dollars in Western Union messages, and a dollar and a half express on my final communication, he didn't make a very heavy profit off me when he only charged two dollars per canister, and then threw in the wear and tear on that spoon and bowl I used.

"Oh, there's some thievin' people in this world!"

SHE

By Joe Cone

O, sing ye of the summer girl
Down by the swirling sea;
Or sing ye of the winter girl
With furs and filagree.

But any girl, if good and fair,
Is good enough for me;
And so I've lost my heart to her,
For such a girl is SHE.

SEEING THE EDITOR

By Katherine Perry

IT was at a studio tea, where all things are possible, that I met a lioness, not the greatest in the menagerie of art, but sufficiently impressive to me. It was so short a time since she had been a common garden cat, that with a little appreciative stroking, she purred autobiography and even advice.

"Always see the editor, my dear," she announced delphicly, "you've no idea what a difference it makes, the personal element, you know, the contact of spirit at first hand. Without it, I never would have been where I am now!" And I listened with grateful awe to the simple secret of success thus generously laid bare to me.

I was not impersonally interested; I needed the information for my own immediate use. Having caused a devoted but regretful mother to leave the proverbial peace of a rural home for the shocks and chasms of New York that I might enjoy the necessary, "art atmosphere," it behooved me to justify my genius by some tangible fruits thereof. I aimed at being an illustrator, but hitherto the public eye and sketch of mine had very seldom met. However, since my talk with the lioness we would readily change all that.

Next day I donned raiment keyed rather to appeal than dazzle, and with her recipe stiffening my courage and a few of my best efforts under my arm, I started out. My first mecca was the sanctum of a well-known humorous weekly, and in spite of the chill demeanor of the doorkeeper and an interminable wait, I insisted on "seeing the editor."

Eventually I was permitted to confront him, a keen-eyed, businesslike looking man with a decisive manner. He heard my little recital impatiently while he ran over the drawings, and at its close said with brisk finality:—

"Not without ability of a sort, perhaps, but nothing we could make use of, nothing. Have you ever thought of going in for applied design, wall paper and carpets, that sort of thing?"

In a chastened mood I reached the habitation of a more dignified magazine, and was admitted with a promptness that was oil and wine in my wounds, was courteously entreated, and ushered into a pleasant room where sat a dear old gentleman with white hair. As I told him why I came, he listened with kindly interest punctuated with comprehending nods. I spread the poor, maligned children of my pencil before him and watched eagerly as he looked them over. His genial face took on a shade of sadness as one by one he laid them down. Then he leaned toward me and, emphasizing his words with a gentle little tap of his eye-glasses on my sleeve, said, in a tone full of sympathy and benevolence, "My dear young lady, why don't you marry?"

To appeal rather than dazzle.

Since then there have been illustrations of mine in prideful places, yet in every case the insensate mail has been my medium or the callous office boy, who received my contributions with patronage and delivered the acceptance with unflattering surprise. But never again, officially or socially, as business or as pleasure, in this world or in any other, do I wish to "see the editor."

The Magazine as a Good Citizen

Readers * * * who have followed with interest.

TO accomplish a difficult and important work; to arouse the thinking minds of a great nation; to set on foot a revolution to disestablish one of the most important functions of the federal government, and replace it by a new and practical plan; this is something to fire the soul of the publisher who desires to be a good citizen.

This is what LESLIE'S MAGAZINE has done.

The readers of LESLIE'S who have followed with interest Broughton Brandenburg's story, "Imported Americans," will be interested in knowing that behind it there lies a real and sincere experience.

Steamship officials dump the refuse of the world on our shores.

When Mr. Broughton Brandenburg had completed his intimate articles on modern seafaring life, LESLIE'S saw in him the proper man to investigate the immigration question.

Every American citizen knows that the American immigration system is faulty. He knows that the designing steamship officials dump the refuse of the world on our shores, despite futile restrictions and laws too easy to evade.

These immigrants are the sort that cannot, even in years, become assimilated. They will not make good citizens; they are paupers and outcasts in their own country, who will never be any better anywhere.

Steamship immigration authorities have taught him his little lesson.

Recognizing this fact, LESLIE'S sent Mr. Brandenburg and his wife to Europe in the steerage. They traversed the great immigrant producing districts, and returned with over a thousand immigrants, passing through Ellis Island as immigrants themselves.

In this process Mr. Brandenburg found that the key to the faults of our immigration system lay in the inability of inspectors on this side of the water to get at the truth. A physical requirement was the only one exacted. The officials are compelled to take the testimony of the immigrant and his friends, and you may be sure they have been properly coached on the voyage.

The right place to learn the truth is the old country villages, where the commune records show who are paupers, insane, criminals, prostitutes, social malcontents.

Supported by LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Brandenburg went on probing conditions until he was ready to construct a new and comprehensive system to recommend.

His work attracted the attention of the government at Washington. Mr. George B. Cortelyou, then Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, a department embracing the Immigration Bureau, headed by Mr. Frank Perley Sargent, made an appointment for a conference with Mr. Brandenburg. At this conference his plan was laid before Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Sargent.

"I wish to Heaven you could say that on the floor of Congress," exclaimed Mr. Sargent when he had finished.

Mr. Brandenburg cannot go on the floor of the House, but he has free entry to the columns of LESLIE'S, and now that the needed machinery of legislation is beginning to turn in his support, LESLIE'S feels like stretching its arms and extending its chest. To be able to wield so powerful a weapon as a magazine bought regularly by over a quarter of a million persons, and to strike such a blow for the betterment of one's country, makes it worth while being a publisher.

This is but an instance of the way in which the press of a country helps to better legislation. It merely happened to be LESLIE'S which sent Mr. Brandenburg to Italy for this purpose. It might just as well have been any other magazine. But it so happened that it was LESLIE'S that undertook the government's business, and the results of these investigations were so important that the government cannot ignore them.

The Magazine as a Good Citizen

The public looks upon the magazine as a business enterprise. For that matter publishers themselves look upon it in that way. No magazine can fulfil its greatest mission which remains purely a business enterprise. A good magazine accomplishes things, improves the way in which its readers live, gives them new thoughts, widens their horizon, and in addition to this, reaches up to the laws which govern them to bring about a wiser and better legislation. Only those magazines which take a large part in the national life can become great national magazines. LESLIE'S feels that it has been up and doing. It has seen a great national evil; it has found the man who can point out the remedy. This man has interested the officials who move the machinery of legislation.

Now it is not merely the reading pages of a magazine which accomplish these things. The advertising pages are just as potent. It is safe to say that the greatest educational force of to-day, aside from the newspapers and the public school, is advertising.

Advertising has taught us to use many new and modern appliances. It has taught us household sanitation, given us open plumbing, tiled bath-rooms, refrigeration, porous underwear, air-tight, sealed packages for foods, and a hundred and one small, useful devices which make life a little bit easier for every one.

Advertising can create a general prejudice or break down one—make or mar a fashion, give us new words for our vocabulary, new phrases for our ideas, and in the end, change the whole course of national life.

Some of the greatest advertising that has been done is found in the pages of the magazines, as for instance, in LESLIE'S. This advertising connected with the reading matter, makes the power which a magazine exerts.

The United States would be a very different country to-day if it were not for its faculty of magazines which every month entertain, instruct and amuse, enlighten, illustrate, reform and teach. As an active unit in this force it is to be considered as doing its share in the world's work. LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE brings to its thousands of readers a greater realization of their own possibilities and the possibilities of their country. It is doing its share in finding leaks in our social and national life and suggesting a better way of living. It is offering its pages as a great clearing house for hundreds of articles of manufacture for which every one will be better off. And this is but another illustration of unity between the reader and the advertiser. The difference between the two parts of a magazine, the advertising pages and the reading pages, grows less not only in LESLIE'S but in all magazines.

The press * * * helps to better legislation.

This man has interested the officials who move the machinery of legislation.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

LESLIE'S clearing house.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"KIN O' KTAADN," by Holman F. Day.

The people of the north country where Katahdin is king of mountains, are Mr. Day's familiar friends, yet the sweet, homely sentiment of his little book of songs addressed to them makes an appeal that is no whit more local than the love of an American for his own home and for the things which make it dear to him. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

"THE SEINERS," by James B. Connolly.

The salt breeze blows as strong through the pages of this book as through short stories. But the responsibility of plot-making has obviously lain heavy on the author's mind. Let him return again to the descriptive tales which we love as well to read as he to write. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," by Randall Parrish.

A story of the Indian massacre at Fort Dearborn, in 1812. The easily flowing narrative is enlivened by the many heroic feats of a phenomenal backwoodsman. A fairly good example of the historical novel of the day. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"THE COST," by David Graham Philips.

Business begins to pervade our novels as it does our life. In "The Cost," a successful speculator, as unscrupulous in business as in his private life, and a number of other men and women, each disagreeable in their own particular way, are combined in a picture of modern life as distorted as it is unpleasant. (The Bobbs, Merrill Co.)

"THE CROSSING," by Winston Churchill.

A good deal of interesting history is combined by Mr. Churchill with a large amount of commonplace, but inoffensive, fiction. The hero, a wonderfully precocious boy, is rather absurd, but the presentation of the real Colonel Clark and the other men and battles of the period—that of the Purchase of Louisiana—is clear and striking. (The Macmillan Co.)

"THE YOKE," by Elizabeth Miller.

This is a tale of Egypt and Israel at the time of the Exodus. Historical facts and accounts of manners and customs have not interfered with the presenting of lifelike characters and the unfolding of a good, exciting plot. (The Bobbs, Merrill Co.)

"THE RAINBOW CHASERS," by John H. Whitson.

The excellent picture of the settlement of a new region in the West, and the men and adventures found there, give an interest to this book that the more purely fictional part of the narrative fails entirely to arouse. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"MEMOIRS OF A BABY," by Josephine Daskam.

Cleverness and pertness are the prominent qualities of this amusing story. It lacks both the freshness and finish of "The Madness of Philip," but it is really enjoyable and won't take long to read. (Harper & Bros.)

"BRED IN THE BONE," by Thomas Nelson Page.

Of the stories contained in this volume only the title story and "Mam' Lyddy's Recognition" are up to Mr. Page's standard. These are truly interesting and give delightful glimpses of Southern life and people. The other stories are labored and dull, entirely without the breath of life. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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OCTOBER, 1904

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ON THE MARSHES

By Lloyd Roberts

Out on the marsh in the misty rain,
The air is full of the harsh refrain ;
The long swamps echo the beat of wings ;
The birds are back in the reeds again.

Down from the north they wing their way.
Out of the east they cross the bay.
From north and east they're steering home
To the inland ponds at the close of day.

Hid in the sea of reeds we lie,
And watch the wild geese driving by ;
And listen to the plover's piping,—
The gray snipe's thin and lonely cry.

All day over the tangled mass,
The marsh-birds wheel and scream and pass.
The smoke hangs white in the broken rice.
The feathers drift in the water-grass.

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood.

See page 595.

Together they were flung against the rail.

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVIII. OCTOBER, 1904 No. 6

THE GREAT THEATRICAL SYNDICATE

How a Group of Speculators have Gained Despotic Control of the Amusements of the American People—The Results, Good and Bad

By The Editors*

I.—THE DICTATORS RISE FROM OBSCURITY

THE definition of a trust as an aggregation of business enterprises controlled from a common center is the one popularly accepted, but when the Standard Oil trust dissolved in 1892 it was because the Ohio courts had denounced "the trust agreement to be monopolistic and against public policy." Now this particular Standard Oil trust was the pattern for numerous other organizations; and in writing of any particular one, to the parent head must we go for analogies. From grain to cranberries, from meat to coal, the entire land has been at one time or another gridironed by so-called trusts. Even if their various officers protested their innocence of the sin of the three C's—combination, coalition and conspiracy—the public, patient and judging crudely from results, always has been the sufferer.

Is it surprising then, that some shrewd men, their business hitherto hampered by lack of system, should say: let us form a theatrical trust! At first blush the enterprise would seem a foolishly impracticable one. How could theatrical managers pool their issues when the enterprise itself was in the air! Gambling with the aid of the inconstant roulette wheel would be a sure thing when compared to the fearful odds laid by fate, time, tide and the histrionic temperament against the presumptuous mortals who proposed to defy these contingencies. But the men who had conceived the idea were not mere gamblers of the old-fashioned theatrical type. Experienced in the chief point of attack—the booking of companies—long-headed enough to see that their tactics must be those of a general whose army is besieging a city—that is—the cutting off of supplies for the beleaguered town—and with a capacity for using their friends until they were as dried-up sponges

*For over a year we have been superintending the preparation of these articles, which are the work of many heads. The information is accurate and, we believe, fairly put.—THE EDITORS.

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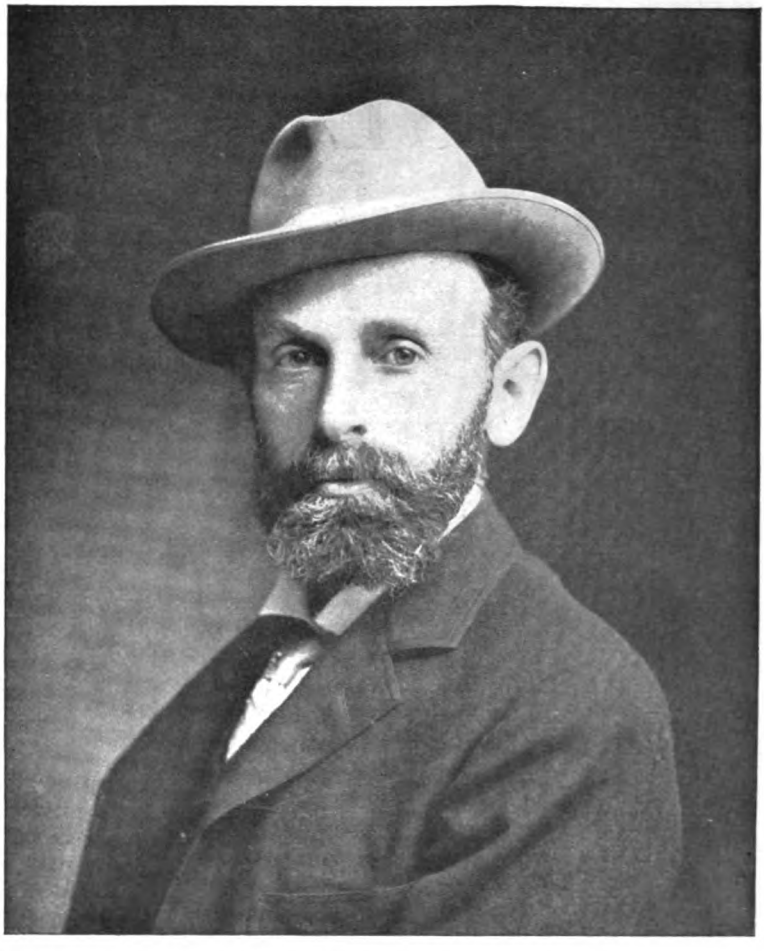


Marc Klaw.

Senior partner of the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, which has immediate charge of all Syndicate theaters. Originally in control of the principal theaters on the route between Washington and New Orleans, they were essential to the formation of the Syndicate.

and then dropping them, these and other qualities, denominated by thin-skinned rivals as selfish and heartless, were factors which counted heavily in the future success of the scheme.

The idea of a coalition is no new thing in the theatrical world. Over a half century ago, Ethelbert A. Marshall was the ambitious manager of his day. He made several futile attempts, but to no end. The condition of theatrical affairs was too chaotic. A manager went out with his own company and suffered with it, for booking agencies were in their infancy and the circuit a dream of the future. Yet a quarter of a century later a bold man arose who actually did succeed in getting a chain of theaters under his thumb. J. H. Haverly was his name, otherwise known as "Colonel Jack." So energetic was he that he controlled Niblo's, Thirty-fourth Street Theater, Fifth Avenue Theater, Brooklyn Theater, Haverly's in Chicago, Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia, one in San Francisco and also several road companies. The famous "Haverly Circuit" was talked of and written of, but at the apex of his prosperity Haverly collapsed and, it is said, returned to his earlier and safer vocation of dealer in a faro bank.

Henry E. Abbey, was another theatrical speculator who contrived by an ingenious combination of newspaper advertising and charlatanry to keep his name before the

Abraham Lincoln Erlanger.

In striking contrast to his meek little partner, Mr. Erlanger would do credit to a prize ring. He is a brother to Mitchell L. Erlanger, Tammany Sheriff of New York City, and lives sumptuously on a fraction of his income.

public. He was christened the Napoleon of Managers, and not until the failure of Abbey, Schoefel and Grau did the world learn that owing to the professional acumen of Maurice Grau—who laid the foundation of prosperous grand opera in America—and the united labors of Grau and Schoeffel, Henry E. Abbey was boosted into a position nature never intended him to adorn. He, too, was a gambler, theatrical and otherwise.

SIX MEN IN CONTROL

It was on an August day in 1896, that after any amount of preliminary rumbling, the storm finally burst on upper Broadway and the Theatrical Syndicate was the fruit thereof. If chance, mother of all mortal destinies, had purposely selected the men who composed the organization, they could not have been more carefully or suitably picked. Six in number, they literally apportioned out the theatrical country amongst them. Their names are Al. Hayman, Charles Frohman, Marc Klaw, Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, Samuel F. Nirdlinger—who calls himself Nixon—and J. Frederick Zimmerman. This grouping is a significant one.

Charles Frohman to-day controls the Empire Theater, Criterion, Lyceum, Garrick, Savoy, Madison Square, Knickerbocker and Garden theaters in New York; in London, the Duke of York and Vaude-

Daniel Frohman.

Not an actual member of the Syndicate, Daniel Frohman is a power in its affairs, and can fairly be said to supply the only desire for the artistic discoverable in Trust productions.

ville theaters. Some say that he will successfully straddle London as he has New York.*

Except Albert Hayman, Mr. Frohman is the least well-known manager in America. He avoids first nights and divides his time between London and New York. He has a country house at Port Chester and when in the city lives at Sherry's. He is a roly-poly man, short, apoplectic, good-hearted and very much liked by his friends and associates. He dresses carelessly, is, according to the newspapers, a great eater of pie and cake, and a worker who seems tireless. He walks with a jerky step and avoids public cafés and the haunts of men. Unlike his brother Daniel, he is not artistic and his one idea besides business is his home. He is unmarried.

Al. Hayman is a clubman, a millionaire, and, naturally, a yacht owner. He is curt in his business affairs, dislikes theaters,

* In connection with this statement, it is interesting to note that Mr. Frohman has recently boasted of being to-day in control of thirty-one English and American stars and of fifty productions for the coming season —THE EDITORS.

Margaret Illington.

Recently married to Mr. Daniel Frohman. She will be the leading lady of the New Lyceum Stock Company next season.

plays and players, and worships art if the box office is of the same opinion. He spends much of his time cruising in foreign waters. His brother, Alfred, looks after his elder brother's affairs in his absence. He is not a member of the Syndicate, but he ought to be. He is good-looking, blue-eyed, blond, and an ardent golfist, swimmer and general sportsman. The only Abraham Lincoln Erlanger is a man undersized and with a bald pate. He is not handsome, but he is useful. Infected with the notion that he may be attacked by some discontented actor or manager, Mr. Erlanger is always in physical training. He makes a punching bag of a trainer who accompanies him everywhere, and he is said to be a dead shot with a revolver. Erlanger goes to his theaters on first nights and never seems awed by the dramatic critics. He has been overheard expressing opinions of their capacity. But he is a kindly man at times, and does not look ill in a Tuxedo—which he *will* wear with a silk hat! Otherwise, he is rich and lives and entertains lavishly in a sumptuous

Mrs. Clara Bloodgood.

A typical star of Syndicate creation, who has acted in a number of the plays which Clyde Fitch turns out methodically for the Trust.

house on the West side, just around the corner from his troublesome friend, David Belasco. He is a member of the Lambs and the Democratic Clubs.

His partner, Marc Klaw, is slim, sandy of complexion, and resembles a member of the Slavonic race. He is timid, deferential, and spends his time placating his energetic associate. Rather inclined to home life, Mr. Klaw is very fond of his children. He is a great schemer in business.

Nixon and Zimmerman spend their entire time in Philadelphia, where their business interests are chiefly located. Mr. Zimmerman had an interest in the ill-fated Iroquois Theater, as had Klaw and Erlanger. His son, J. Frederick Zimmerman, Jr., is a rising power in the theatrical world, and will probably succeed his father in the Syndicate. He manages several theaters.

In addition to the managers actually in the Syndicate there are half a dozen who are closely related to them. Frank McKee, one time the partner of Charles Hoyt, and once lessee of the Garrick and Savoy theaters, manages several stars. Mr. McKee was formerly an advance agent, and is a native of Louisville, Kentucky. He is popular, rubicund, a pleasant companion, and so suspicious that, as he often says, he expects to wake up some morning and

Miss Blanche Bates.

A star of Belasco's creation, who figures only in his productions and has made her greatest success in "The Darling of the Gods."

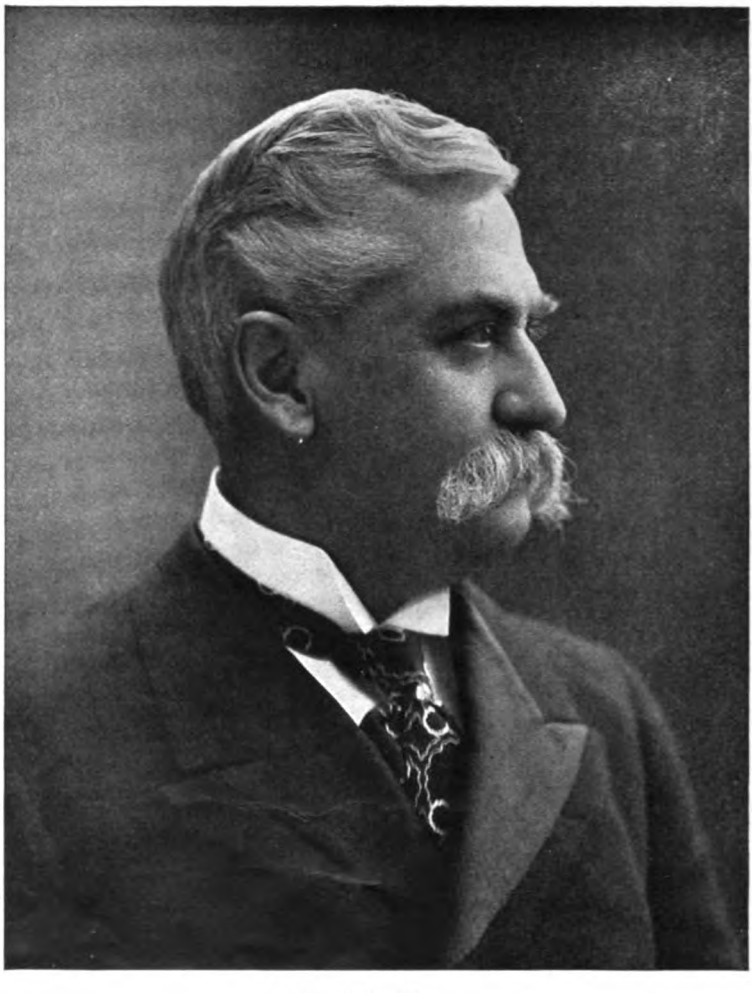
find the roof gone over him. He has evidently studied the methods of the Syndicate closely!

THE SMALLER FRY

Charles B. Dillingham is an ex-journalist. He was a writer of theatrical paragraphs in an evening newspaper and graduated to the Frohman academy, where he kept house so faithfully that he is Charles Frohman's private secretary and right hand man. He is known as the Faithful Shadow, and he never speaks unless spoken to. In restaurants, where he goes to eat—for he is a bachelor—Mr. Dillingham is even subdued. When the Syndicate has retired or has gone to the country, he rides in showy motor cars said to be of great value.

William B. Harris is the manager of the beautiful Hudson Theater. He, too, like Mr. McKee, has the "roof off his house" facial expression. He is a reserved man and boasts many friends.

Daniel Frohman is next door to the Syndicate by relationship and business connections. He was formally a newspaper man, and is cultured, a lover of books, pictures and high-class music. He sometimes manages musical artists, such as Kubelik and Veczey. Mr. Frohman is a gentleman, and averse to all rude, bulldozing methods in theatrical management.



Samuel F. Nixon.

His name originally was Nirdlinger. The firm of Nixon & Zimmerman control the theaters of Pennsylvania.

He recently married Margaret Illington, who is to be the leading lady of his New Lyceum stock company. He also manages Daly's Theater.

It is unnecessary to dwell just now on the personalities of the managers supporting the Syndicate in its great fight for absolute supremacy. They are to be furnished when needed, no matter what their private views on the subject, or whether or no their sympathies are with the minority in the one-sided conflict. Oscar Hammerstein, good-natured, impulsive, egotistic, hard-working Oscar, always building theaters, only to lose them somewhere on the way; the young, energetic Schubert brothers, the irrepressible "Billy" Brady, husband of Grace George; Jacob Litt, the Sires, Gilmore and Tompkins, A. W. Dingwall, J. Wesley Rosenquest, J. H. Springer, J. P. Adler, A. Lichtenstein, Charles N. Schroeder, Henry Rosenberg, Charles Burnham, and others who say nothing, but accept the attractions sent them by the Syndicate. And you cannot criticise them for this. They are in the business for their health—precisely that; the health that comes from well-filled coffers. Herr Conreid, conducting a German Theater and managing the opera at the Metropolitan is a Syndicate in himself. Colonel Savage is considered a possible rival

J. Frederick Zimmerman.

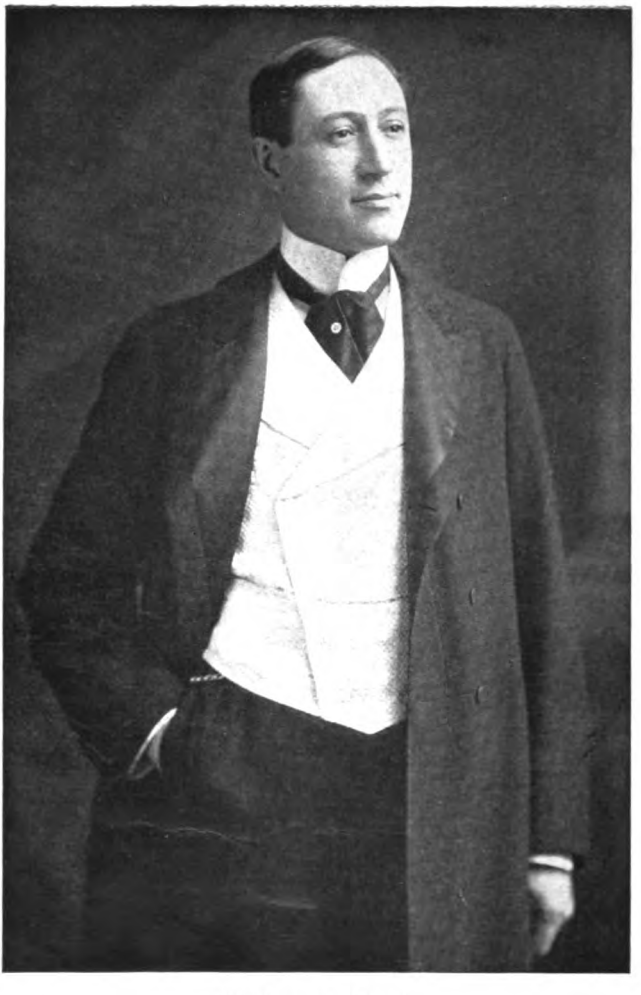
With his partner, Mr. Zimmerman is the traveling representative of the Trust, with headquarters in Philadelphia.

in the field by the Syndicate and his moves are closely watched. He is a growing power.

Mr. Hayman began his career on the Pacific coast. He controlled many theaters in the middle and far West before he contemplated this wholesale partnership. Klaw and Erlanger had for years controlled the Southern States, not only for theatrical but for musical companies. The routes that lead from the North and East to the South have felt and still feel their iron dictation. Nixon and Zimmerman control Philadelphia, that is, Pennsylvania; Charles Frohman, New York City and State, Boston and the East generally. These were established facts years previous to the inception of the Syndicate. It is easy to see in the combination, not chance, but design. There are no more men directing the machine and participating in its profits than are absolutely necessary. To alter the figure of speech, it is a small crew for such a large ship, but it is as large as it ever will be. There is room for no more and mutual jealousies would forbid any infusion of new blood until through death, disaster or a quarrel such a thing will become a necessity.

THE SYSTEM

When once the Syndicate methods were firmly established and the system began to



William B. Harris.

One of the younger managers entirely in harmony with the Syndicate and its methods.

run smoothly from Maine to California, it was impossible to withhold a tribute of admiration for such formidable results. "What a system!" one involuntarily exclaims, thereby echoing the remark of the peddler who was so unceremoniously kicked from floor to floor in a large mercantile skyscraper. And it may be noted for the benefit of those who are interested in ethnological influences as applied to modern business methods that only *one* Christian is a member of the Theatrical Syndicate and he is said to be a convert.

The principal point of departure in the new venture was the stern abolition of the gambling element. Luck, good or bad, was always a contingency; but the reckless "plunging," the unpremeditated dashes into doubtful speculation, the whole bag of cheap-John manager's tricks were thrown aside by the Syndicate. Business methods, not of Wall Street, but the procedure of any first-class banking establishment were the model of the Syndicate. At first it was nothing else but a booking agency and its genuine offers to put theatrical affairs on a sound footing and a cash basis were accepted with alacrity by grateful managers. Previous to this, the business of booking a company was conducted on a haphazard, go-as-you-please, slapdash basis. The forty odd booking agencies could and did guarantee engagements in cities at the time desired. The trouble

was that these people promised everyone the same thing, so that it was no unusual occurrence for two or three light opera companies, two or three rival stars, to be playing simultaneously in one place. When these clashes came at the holidays, Christmas or Easter, the financial results were disastrous, and interfered with holiday good feeling.

Another thing: twenty-five years ago the names of theatrical managers of sound financial standing were few. It was no uncommon sight in a Western or Southern town for the company to decamp owing hotel bills and theater rent. All the current jokes about actors and their barn-storming and pacing railroad ties in lieu of decent theaters, hotel and transportation, had in those "good old days," a foundation. Signed contracts were mere waste paper when hard times supervened. An unwritten law prevailed in the profession—no play, no pay. The reverse is the rule today. And then the skipping from one point to another; from Washington to New Orleans, from Bangor to San Francisco, without a single stop on the way! Railroad fares soon swallow profits.

It must be admitted that these and kindred evils were crying ones. The wretched credit of the theatrical manager was, as a rule, the result of his equally wretched business habits. He may have been more picturesque, but he did not always pay salaries. He drank and smoked, but sometimes went without a meal. It is not difficult to recall him—big, domineering, vociferous, a swearer of round oaths, wearing broadcloth and diamonds if business were good; if it were bad, he d—d all creation and drank for consolation. However, there were reputable men, men of brains with artistic talent and with grand business heads on their shoulders, at the time when their noisier brethren were rampant throughout the land. We need not recall Wallack, Palmer, Augustin Daly and a few others. They stood for all that was elevating in the drama. But they were sadly in the minority.

Such then was the condition of affairs when Charles Frohman was an advance man for J. H. Haverly. Previous to this he had sold tickets at Hooley's Theater, Brooklyn, and in 1877 went West with an "Our Boys" company. When in 1881 he bought the rights to "Shenandoah" —he was only twenty-one years old at the time—and went on the road with it, his fortune was assured. Everything he has touched has succeeded.

THE COMPACT

The last day of August, 1896, the six men mentioned above coalesced and called themselves the Theatrical Syndicate. Their rivals and the world call them a Theatrical Trust. Their object was set forth in the signed agreement, long held the closest kind of a secret, the gist of which is as follows:—

"No attractions shall be booked in any of the said theaters or places of amusement (*i. e.*, the theaters owned by the combination) or in any which may hereafter come under the agreement, which will insist on playing in an opposition theater or place of amusement, unless the party hereto having the theater or place of amusement in said competitive point shall give his or their consent in writing to permit said attraction to play in the opposition theater or place of amusement. The parties hereto mutually covenant that so far as the attractions owned by them respectively are concerned, they will play in the theaters hereinabove mentioned or they will remain out of the cities in which said theaters or places of amusement are respectively located. It is hereby understood that the respective parties hereto can only play against any other attraction in any opposition theater, if they obtain the written consent of the party having a theater at said competitive point. No theater or place of amusement shall be admitted under the agreement without the written consent of all the parties thereto. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger shall have charge of all the theaters specified in article two.* Messrs. Hayman and Frohman shall have charge of the finances and the profits received from the theaters mentioned, and Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman shall be the traveling representatives."

And now the theatrical pot began to boil and bubble. Every first-class theater in nearly every city of the Union was virtually in the hands of the Syndicate. Shortly after the combination thirty-seven houses were controlled. The big bait offered was thirty weeks of attractions. We fill your theater for thirty consecutive

* This list, enormously increased by the growth of the Syndicate, will be given in the third article.

weeks, said the Syndicate; and what manager had the heart to refuse! There were no ugly gaps or broken weeks throughout the season. More was promised—better terms from traveling managers. Independent managers viewed with consternation the progress of this theatrical army, which began with a mere battalion skirmishing about the big cities. And the danger grew more apparent month by month when the Syndicate began to outstep its legitimate functions and became the actual producer of attractions. Finding that it was profitable to book your own attractions as well as those of other managers, the Syndicate equipped more of its own companies and sent them on the road. Soon these companies were given the choice dates and theaters, soon outside managers saw themselves in the cold, while wondering how the trick was done. Now what can be said in favor of tactics like these? If you compete with your own customers, what chance has the unfortunate who buys goods of you? Grossly unfair in its conception and worse in its consequences, this one particular practice is the key to the Syndicate's position—and lack of conscience.

The fine strategy of all, one that proved the Syndicate to be well counseled in a legal way, and also conversant with the practical conditions of the "road," was the ability to keep an alien company from playing in a given city at a given time. This was easily accomplished, because the Syndicate held the keys to the situation. As no company can afford to jump from Washington to New Orleans, Klaw and Erlanger secured the most important houses between these points—Richmond, Norfolk, Columbia, Atlanta, Montgomery and Mobile. Then the routes from Ohio or Pennsylvania, passing through Tennessee, were captured. A company desiring to go from Pittsburg, Cincinnati or Chicago to New Orleans had to secure the privilege from the Syndicate. Nor need, by reason of this strategic superiority, a city be completely under the subjection of the Syndicate. It might boast a stock company and one or two independent theaters. But of what use were these? They were like an army walled in by the foe, unable to communicate with the outside world. No manager with any knowledge of geography and his own finances cares to hop over the map of the United States in search of a theater. San Francisco boasts of an independent theater or two; but of what avail are these if your company must pass Denver, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Toledo, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Kansas City? Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and Detroit are excellent cities, though closed ones if the managers are not friendly with the powers that be.

Then the alternative. Suppose your manager, being an independent man who resents such high-handed tyrrany, avows his intention of avoiding the first-class houses and of taking his company to the second. What then? Mr. Joseph Brooks, a connection of the Syndicate, offered this question at the outset and was probably silenced for his acuteness by the usual means. He asked:—

"Suppose a trust controlled the best theaters in Boston, and for some reason tried to shut out Mr. Crane. What would be the result? Why, I should simply go to a second-class house and raise the prices, and thus bring another first-class house into the field."

Yes, but would he have been able to accomplish this desirable object? The question was answered in no uncertain tones by the experience of the dissenters, and we shall refer to it in another chapter.

The way in which the Trust has dealt with the actors, playwrights, producers and critics who fought it, and the theatrical despotism of the present day, will be described in the November and December numbers of this magazine.—THE EDITORS.

THE CAREER OF JEAN RANDOLPH

By Harriet Gaylord

WITH DRAWINGS BY CLARENCE T. UNDERWOOD

IT was nearly two hours after they had left the landing stage at Liverpool before Mrs. Randolph went to her stateroom. Jean always made the necessary arrangements, and it had been restful just to sit idly watching the sea gulls swarm in the sunset light between the ship and the fast receding curves of the shore. A tiresome night journey from Paris had culminated weeks of strenuous servitude to shops and dressmakers, and the petite, white-haired woman registered gratitude in high heaven that she and her niece might claim at least one week of rest before the exacting strain of the winter's work.

Tapping lightly on the door she called:—

"It is I, Jean. May I come?"

"O, yes, dearest, do. I want you. How do I look?"

"Why, Jean! what pranks are you up to now? Aren't you going back to the stage soon enough without improvising on this boat?"

"O, I'm just so tired, I thought this would keep people at a distance. They can't recognize me as 'Mary Martin' now, because all the magazine pictures have powdered hair and a big pompadour. Is it so dreadful, sweetheart? Don't you think I'm safe? Say you do!"

She rumpled her aunt's pretty hair, kissed her, then stood back, casting down her eyes demurely for inspection.

Mrs. Randolph looked her over critically, glad to find she had not acquired ugliness. The big fluffy mop of chestnut hair was parted and drawn back as tightly as the obstinate waves allowed into a non-holiday appearing coil at the back of her head. This gave her the appearance of an unornamented English girl. Her violet eyes were shrouded behind heavy steel-rimmed spectacles. Her mouth, bewitching in its curves, she had been unable to maltreat,—and yet?—yes, a bit of carmine had turned the corners downward. A severe blue serge, with white linen bands at neck and wrists, accentuated the lithe grace of her tall, slender figure, but the trim Puritan *ensemble* had little affiliation with Jean Randolph, the fastidious mistress of chiffons, laces and nainsook.

Her aunt shook her head disapprovingly, then smiled as she answered:—

"I think you are quite safe from casual observers. Are you sure there is no one on the boat whom we know?"

"I think not, dearest. I've studied the list carefully. And remember I'm not well known in the East. It's the last time so slight a disguise will serve—Oh, let me do that!"

She lifted a heavy suit case from floor to birth, opened it and her aunt's trunk, and then, in the attitude and tone of an orator, declaimed:—

"In another month, dearly beloved aunt, the critics of New York will make or mar me forever, and your humble handmaiden will be famous as a rising star in the heaven of matinee girls, or doomed to total metropolitan extinction." With a sudden whirl to the wash-stand, she continued naturally. "Say your prayers, dearest. You know 'the road' gives me a beastly temper."

"To just what sort of female am I supposed to be chaperon, by the way?" asked Mrs. Randolph.

"I'm a trained nurse, honey. You have taken me across for a hasty trip in the sea air after a long, nerve-wearing case with a patient whom I killed off and buried. Don't you see this will give me aplomb for

His quizzical gaze fell on her frills and flummeries.

the second act of my play, and also make it possible for me to rest after the giddy whirl of keeping up with a young woman of your rapid tendencies in Paris? Gracious! There's the second bugle. I'm glad this isn't a fashionable boat."

Mrs. Randolph found Jean had secured seats at the captain's table, but near the middle, where they need not be agreeable to their neighbors unless they chose. On the whole her survey was satisfactory. The people opposite were wholly possible. Decidedly the most interesting face was that of a man in clerical dress. Tall, slightly angular in frame, he was evidently a ritualist. His face was ascetic, almost sad in repose, but she divined that beneath the melancholy eyes and repressed outlines of that grim mouth lurked great capacity for tenderness. Perhaps his hands attracted her most. They were long, slender, eloquent in their nervous movements. Several times her eyes met his with the slight shock which betokens in strangers the infallible instinct underlying magnetic selection, and she saw he glanced at Jean with the same keen interest. Afterwards

she asked Jean if she had noticed him.

"Yes, isn't he interesting?" drawled the girl in bored tones. "Auntie, dear, he is just your type of man. I foresee a glorious flirtation for you, and when we land I shall have to assist at the obsequies! You do give me so much trouble, dearest."

The trouble began next day, and Jean beat a hasty retreat to a corner of her own on the hurricane deck, leaving her aunt with the English curate, Mr. Grendall, who did not seem prone to burden his listeners with parochial statistics. In fact he was not very talkative and appeared a trifle weary of himself. In spite of Jean's indifference, she lost no remark of her aunt's concerning the new acquaintance. She herself avoided all companionship.

When her brother-in-law's second marriage had caused Jean unhappiness, Mrs. Randolph had cast in her lot with the high-spirited girl who now saw the path open to the Mecca of her girlhood dreams. She had been fortunate in securing instructions from a prominent actor, an old family friend, and had made her début with him in San Francisco.

"Thank Heaven, a gifted *ingenue* has mercifully escaped the dramatic schools!" wrote the critic whose verdict she had most dreaded. Her charm was individual, but her extraordinary success testified to a subtle magnetism whose source lay deeper than mere physical beauty. It vibrated in every velvet note of her voice. It beamed in her piquant humor.

Three days out there came a furious storm. Mrs. Randolph was not one of the happy, sure-footed minority, and when Jean went out on the promenade deck after dinner, she was practically alone.

"Be careful to keep near the rail, Miss Randolph," shouted the captain through the storm. "I see you have your sea legs on, but be careful!"

"Never fear," she answered. "I've experienced worse storms than this on the Great Lakes in tramp schooners. Why, this deck is as steady as the floor of a church."

"Not like mine!" sounded in ringing tones behind her, and she turned to see Mr. Grendall. "Do take my arm and let us breast this together. Glorious, isn't it?"

His bored manner was gone; he looked eager and dauntless, keyed to harmony with the tumult of nature.

There was mischief in Jean's eyes as she called back:—

"Isn't that just like a man? You see me independent and proceed to wound my vanity by offering me support! Thank you, lord of creation, but I love to battle with fierce things—alone! Let us go forward, though, where we can really bask in these zephyrs."

Turning, she grappled with the huge wind surges. Once or twice she was forced to clutch the rail, and even Mr. Grendall was shaken as he followed her impetuous lead. This on the leeward side of the boat. When she turned the corner, still in advance, a tremendous blast shook her, twisted her for a moment, then lifted her from her feet and hurled her straight back into his arms. Together they were flung against the railing which he clutched with one arm, while he held her closely for a moment, her white, frightened face almost against his own.

"We had the little zephyrs, didn't we?" she gasped as he released her. "Now let's crawl humbly back and nurse our drooping pride in calmer atmosphere? Ah! but that was glorious, even so." She smiled at him with more warmth than he had yet seen her display. "Thank you so much for meeting the emergency of insufficient avoirdupois."

That night, just before she fell asleep, she felt her face grow hot with the recollection of that compulsory embrace.

"He is actually a man," she admitted to herself.

It was not so possible to avoid the Reverend Richard Grendall the next day, and Jean found herself gradually learning to understand his attraction for her aunt. One little incident strengthened this feeling. As they stood leaning over the railing amidships the chief steward approached.

"Mr. Grendall," he said, "will you take charge of the Sunday service to-morrow? I am sure the other clergymen on board will be glad to render you any assistance."

Jean looked up quickly to meet Mr. Grendall's tentative glance. Then he said deprecatingly: "I would gladly help in any way, really, but I am sure the service will be far more satisfactory without my aid. Try the others, won't you?"

Mr. Grendall's inflection closed the sub-

ject, and the man was forced to depart in search of easier prey.

"Tell me about your work," said Jean impulsively. "That is if you don't mind."

He smiled again as he quoted:—

"'From where these sorts of treasures are,
There should our hearts be—Christ how far!'"

"I wonder if that does apply to a clergyman's shop?"

"Why not? Wouldn't he as well as another defeat his influence for good by narrow absorption in his own work?"

"Apparently few feel that way."

"Perhaps I am rather heterodox on the subject," he answered, "but always the men who have appealed to me have been those who were men first, specialists afterward. We are after life in this age, not theory and dogma. I fancy that is even more true in America, isn't it?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Randolph," said a voice from behind. Turning she recognized the ship's surgeon. He continued hurriedly:—

"I understand you are a trained nurse. Both of my staff are ill, and there has been a fight in the steerage. One man has an ugly wound, and I have to operate at once. Will you, of your charity, help me out in the emergency?"

This time Jean's eyes sought Grendall's questioningly, as she checked the impetuous words which rose to her lips.

"I am so glad you asked me," she answered. "Of course I will come. Please don't let my aunt know where I am, Mr. Grendall."

When they were inside she said in a low voice:—

"Doctor, can I trust you not to betray me?"

"Why, certainly!" he answered.

"Then I'm nothing but a fraud, not a nurse at all. I'm an actress traveling incognito, but I'll come and help you if you'll trust me. Do! I'd love to. I'll not faint. I've seen operations before, and I really think I can assist."

There was keen admiration on his face as he scanned the girl's clear eyes, firm chin, and cheeks flushed with pleading.

"Come!" he said. "I'd trust you even if it weren't Hobson's choice."

After the amputation was over, he held out his hand.

"Congratulations! You're good stuff. Was that acting?"

Her voice trembled from the strain as she answered:—

"No, 'first aid to the injured.' The interest was wholly genuine. Poor man! we've saved him, but at what cost! You'll call me again, if I can help you, won't you? It makes me feel more worthy of my shell."

"Indeed I will. If you hadn't handed me artery forceps when I asked for ligatures, I should never have known you were faking."

When Jean reached the hurricane deck, she found Mr. Grendall stretched in her chair. Springing to his feet he said:—

"I had to wait for you. I've been chewing the cud of humiliation ever since you left, thanks to your gentle reproof. You must think me an awful duffer for shirking my duty."

She looked at him meditatively as he tucked in her rugs.

"It's queer, isn't it?" she answered. "I should have despised you if you'd been a doctor, or a sailor, or a fireman, but to have had you lead those services would have irritated me. It's instinctive. I wonder why?"

He flashed a keen glance at her, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Right or wrong, I'm glad you feel that. I shouldn't want you to think I had failed to stand by my guns. Some day I shall explain my dereliction to you."

"Do you know where your work will be in America?"

"I am thinking of New York at first. Later I may be driven to smaller towns. We shall see. But tell me about your profession. Are you fond of it?"

"Infinitely!" she exclaimed, her face radiant.

"It is one of the noblest callings in life for a woman," he declared.

"Oh!" she said blankly; then with hasty conviction, "yes."

"Why do you look so sphinx-like?" he demanded.

"Because I am a woman, and it is our trump card."

"And your thoughts?"

"On the nobility of my calling." Her eyes were very demure.

"Take off those spectacles!" he ordered.

Jean fairly jumped.

"O, I beg pardon," he said. "That seemed awfully sudden didn't it? But it isn't. I've been mortifying the demands of my æsthetic nature by a mighty effort ever since I looked across the table and discovered you that first night at dinner. After four days' constant self-restraint, don't you think I might relax a bit? Please take them off. Please! Oh, you're offended," he pleaded as she rose and shook herself free of the rugs. "That's narrow! I didn't think you'd be ungenerous."

She could hardly speak for fear of laughing.

"I'm not in the least angry," she asserted, "but my aunt will need me. Good-by."

As she went down stairs she murmured again: "There is not the shadow of a doubt. He is a man."

There was competition for the girl's attractions, and after that Grendall did not see so much of her. The second day before the landing he joined her as she went in to dinner. His eyes were commanding.

"Miss Randolph, drop the surgeon and the rest of the fraternity to-night and give me my innings. I have something I must say to you before we land."

"At nine," she answered.

In her stateroom after dinner she sat like a statue, her hands clasped on her knees, her eyes fearful.

"What have I done?" she whispered. "It's come, and I am afraid! Afraid! I knew it must come to me some time, but not like this. A clergyman! Great Heaven, I!"

They stood far aft in silence, the air pregnant with words unuttered. Nature had painted a wonderful background. All along the eastern horizon were thrown up in clustering mountain peaks, great, jagged, precipitous masses of cloud, with the moon looking through them.

"It is the land of the midnight sun," said Jean dreamily, her sensitive nature athrill with the beauty.

He put his hand firmly over hers on the railing. One moment so, then she drew away and turned her face calmly towards him.

"I know I am not worthy," he said, "but I have loved you from the first moment. I must be many years older than you, but never before have I seen the woman I wished to make my wife. Will you give yourself to me?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Grendall, very sorry, but I cannot marry you."

"May I know the reason?"

She hesitated before answering.

"I am not fitted to be a clergyman's wife. He is the last man on earth whom I could make happy."

He smiled.

"May I not be judge of that? Who could help him more than a nurse, a woman of that noble profession?"

She spoke deliberately. Perhaps he subtly understood that she struggled with herself, and so forgave the harsh words.

"I will not marry you! Mothers' Meetings, Dorcas Societies, Sunday School classes, parish gossip, last year's clothes turned, starvation salaries, narrow standards—I! I am utterly unfitted for such a life. At heart I am a butterfly."

"I should be very sorry to have you marry a clergyman. I want to know if you can marry the man. You give up your frivolities for nursing—why not, if necessary, to be the wife of the man who loves you?"

"I nurse only when and as I want to. I could not escape the man like that."

"Look me in the eye. That's it, straight. You are not a liar. Tell me you do not love me."

She began fiercely:—

"I do not—"

"Say it! Say it!" he broke in triumphantly as she caught her breath and paused.

She closed her eyes, clutching the railing hard. This new force was so compelling, and the man who had given it birth so near. Then her lashes curled up bewitchingly. To-night she had left the spectacles below.

"— marry you!" she finished defiantly.

In spite of himself his sigh breathed relief. She looked interrogation.

"I wasn't sure before," he said. "I was only whistling to keep up my courage. Now I know you—can't lie!"

"Oh!" she stamped her foot angrily. "Such conceit!"

"Perhaps, but you see I have never lost my boyhood faith that when the woman meant for me came I should know her. Please!" holding out his hand.

She gave him hers for a moment, saying formally:—

"I shall have to say good-night, Mr. Grendall. It would only pain you to talk with me longer. Please forgive me, but I love my work and my life too much to marry you. I thank you for the honor you have done me. Good-night."

He raised the hand to his lips, then released it.

Only once more were they alone together. Lying in their chairs under one of the lifeboats, they watched through gloriously clear sunlight the Long Island shore. Suddenly they passed into a shimmer of white fog and the hoarse blast of the fog-horn startled them.

"I take that as an omen," said Grendall. "You send me into the mist, but it is bright with the promise of unclouded light beyond."

Leaning over abruptly, he read something in her eyes which caused the triumph to dawn in his before her lashes fell. After a moment she spoke:—

"I am sorry you have read my weakness. It is the effect of the water and the voyage. Nature stirs me profoundly, and I am not myself. But you entertain a futile hope. Once in New York, I shall be wholly myself."

"Perhaps you have not yet found what it is for a woman to be herself," he answered. "We won't talk about it any more. May I come to see you?"

She gasped: "Oh, no, don't! At least not yet. For two weeks I shall be overwhelmingly busy. Then you may come once if you wish—to say good-by. I will write you. Promise you won't try to see me before."

"Surely. You will not forget?"

"I shall not forget." Nor did she.

"Dearest," she said one morning as she sat at her desk, "I think I shall invite Mr. Grendall to join you in our box at the theater Monday evening. I suppose the universal instinct of novelists for that dénouement to an actresses' flirtation is correct, and as a conventional heroine I must follow the beaten path. Then, blessed woman, the blow will fall. Few clergymen would risk the unpopularity of marrying an actress." There was a bitter note in her voice, considering the avowed reason for her refusal.

Mr. Grendall wrote that he had already made an imperative engagement for that evening, but begged to be allowed to call on Tuesday afternoon.

"'Hm! How tame!" said Jean. "He'll probably be too shocked at my deceit to ever step inside the walls of a theater again. I should have liked to have him see me once at my best."

There was something lacking in her triumph Monday evening, for triumph otherwise it was. Her audience, star-steeped to cynicism, came to criticise, and stayed to enjoy. As she portrayed the caprices of a maiden's heart, throbbing with the power to love, running the gamut of complex and bewitching emotions, yet holding her lover long at bay, the reality of the girl struck home.

"I'm glad he isn't here," she acknowledged at last. "I greatly fear me he would have understood."

Afterwards, at Sherry's, her leading man, Neil Purdy, put down his wineglass with sudden interest.

"By Jove! Miss Martin," he exclaimed. "There comes Thorpe Cleverdon. They tell me he has had a howling success tonight in 'The Parson or the Man.' I think they are bringing over too many English actors, myself."

Jean smiled. "Which is your hated rival?" she asked; but as she spoke amazement on her aunt's face changed to pleased recognition and a bow. A chair was pulled back and she heard a quick:—

"Excuse me, please," and Richard Grendall was greeting her aunt, then her, and nodding to Purdy. She smiled with amusement as his quizzical gaze fell on her frills and flummeries.

"I like it better!" he declared.

"So do I," she challenged back, her eyes on his expanse of linen.

"I didn't know you knew Cleverdon," broke in Purdy.

For one moment the world and all the powers therein hammered and clanged at her heart and brain. Then, to her eternal credit and her aunt's temporal discomfort—a vigorous kick serving both as a safety-valve and incentive to silence—without the quiver of an eyelash, she said with nonchalance:—

"Oh, yes, we had the pleasure of crossing with Mr. Cleverdon. Didn't I tell you?"

The puzzled expression on Cleverdon's

face was almost too severe a strain on her gravity.

"No, you didn't," answered Purdy, aggrieved, "and what's more, I gave you every chance. I hope you two rowed on the ship—it's the solemn duty of stars forced into international association."

"What? What's that? What stars?" demanded Cleverdon.

"Why, you and Miss Martin."

"Miss Martin?"

Jean decided to interpose. In the face of Cleverdon's self-betrayal she could afford to be generous. She laughed.

"Do you know, Mr. Purdy, Mr. Cleverdon actually fancied I was a trained nurse, and the mistake was so flattering that I never undeceived him. It was good practice for my play. Really he seemed quite the parson, too."

"Good for you! Then he knows you can act."

"I certainly do." Cleverdon's eyes were fastened on the piquant face before him. "We'll discuss it to-morrow. I am awfully glad to meet you again."

When he came next day she gave him her hand coldly, but her eyes were glad.

"I'm sorry I cannot come see you act," he said.

"It is hardly necessary, is it? I don't regret that I cannot hear your sermons."

"I don't know if one of us ought to apologize," he suggested tentatively. "If so, which one?"

She smiled.

"We were both sinned against and sinning, weren't we? I think we can drop it all." Then impulsively: "Did you suspect me?"

"You darling! Never!" He rose from his chair and came to sit on the divan at her side. "We are wasting precious moments. Dearest, hear me! It is not the clergyman, but the man now. There will be no Dorcas Societies or turned clothes. I can give you everything you wish if you will accept my love. Please say yes!"

She withdrew her hands from his, saying coldly:—

"I don't care for actors. As a class they combine unpleasantly the vices of men with the vanities of women."

"Cheap clap-trap! There are as fine men on the stage as off,—men and cads in every profession."

"You force me to say that neither the clergyman nor the actor is my real reason. Under no circumstances can I marry you."

"You're not married already? You don't love any one else?"

"O, it isn't a question of love." She spoke impatiently. "I should think you would understand. I have my name to make, success to win. I love my work, and my ambition is high. Nothing shall come between me and my career."

He rose and walked across the room, then returned.

"Look up at me, please, dear," he said. "It is all I live for now. I shall not change. Since you are not ready for me, I must wait. Play with that dazzler, fame, longer if you will, but when you have weighed all the world holds against the joy of being just a woman, wrapped close by the love of the man to whom she has surrendered her life,—then send for me."

For a moment he waited. Her lip quivered, but she did not speak. He turned to the door, and a dreary ache settled down on her heart as she watched him go.

She sent him no word during the long winter in which she feasted at the banquets of the God Success, and at the season's end, fled with her aunt for a holiday in Switzerland. She looked across at Grosshorn and Breithorn defiantly, and when she saw them unmoved by her reprobation, two great tears rolled down her cheeks, at which she made vicious little dabs with a tiny handkerchief.

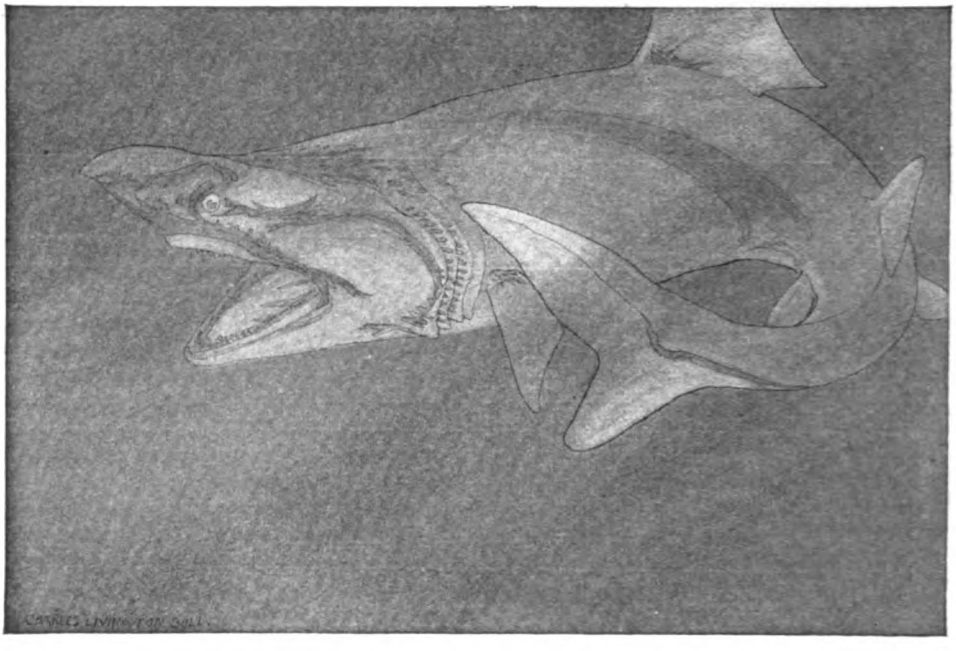
"O, I hate you!" she wailed aloud. "You are just as icy and meager and barren as fame, and that's the emptiest thing I know."

She heard footsteps rattling the stones on the cliff above, but was too dejected to care. Turning her face away, she waited for the intruder to pass, but the sound ceased, and she realized that a man stood looking down on her misery. Then, wonder of wonders! Heaven and earth broke forth into singing:—

"Jean, you didn't send, but I had to come."

Had the world ever held so vain a chimera as selfish ambition for a career? Wing of angel was not so swift as the abandonment which drove her to his arms.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, it is your moment!" she whispered, though none but the Mönch and the Jungfrau could possibly overhear.



THE SHARK

By Frank T. Bullen
Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," Etc.

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

LET it be admitted at the outset that the shark is not beautiful. In color, no matter what branch of the *Squalidæ*, the family to which the shark belongs, may be represented, there is always an absence of any tint pleasing to the eye. A dirty gray or dirty slate color alternating with livid white is the prevailing shade of the shark, and even the stripes of the tiger shark are not, as one might suppose, of the deep, rich color of the animal from which the name is taken. As to shape, the same strictures may apply. Unbeautiful in any case must be the verdict, most emphatically so when we come to the *Raiiæ* or skate branch of the great family. Then all sharks have a sinister, villainous appearance from the shape and position of their jaws and the cold, deadly expression in their eyes. Especially is this the case with the least known of the family, such as the thresher and the saw-fish. One of the most awful-looking of ocean monsters—although I believe quite harmless to man—who belongs to the *Raiiæ*, is the giant skate or "Alligator Guard" of the Mexican Gulf, known locally by the sinister sobriquet of "Piscau del Diablo," or Devil-fish. And as if all these disadvantages were not sufficient to load the poor creature with, hundreds of yarns have been invented, published and incorporated in authentic natural histories concerning the shark of which it is only stating the barest fact to say that not one per cent. of them contain a grain of truth.

Let it also be admitted as part of the indictment of the shark, that he is an eater of human flesh and does not always wait until the subject is dead. But what

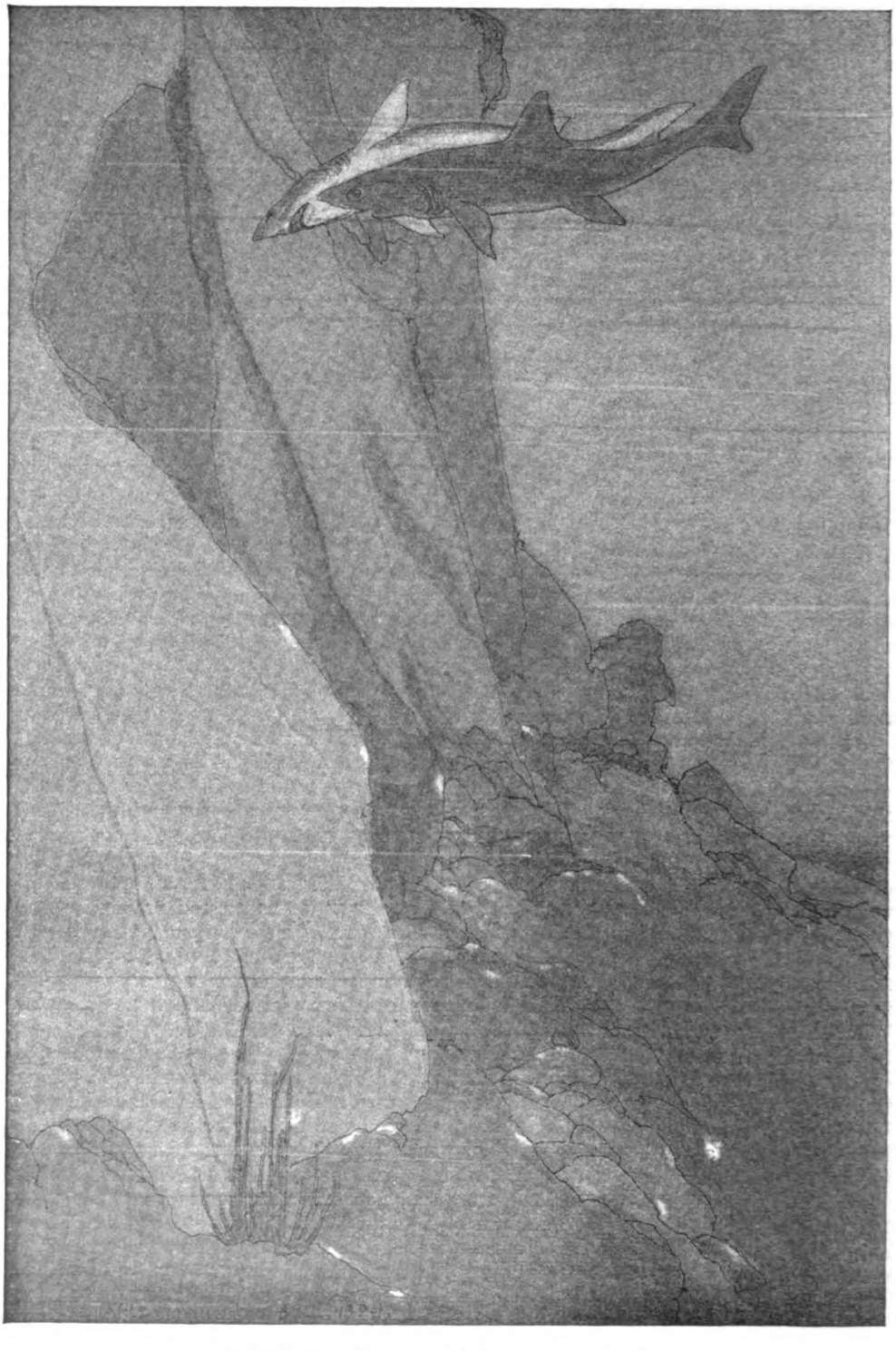
fish is not. It cannot be too clearly understood that fish are all omnivorous as regards flesh or fish; nothing comes amiss to them, any of them. But to single out the shark for opprobrium on this head is absurd, as absurd as is the invention of such idiotic stories as a shark following a ship at sea because there is a sick man on board. Much better to recognize in the shark an evidence of the eternal wisdom of God, who has here provided a race of large creatures in the sea possessed of an amazing appetite and absolutely indifferent to the quality of the food they eat except that it must be flesh or fish; living or dead matters nothing. And in their agony of hunger they do not always stop to make sure that what they are swallowing is succulent flesh. I have seen a shark swallow a bag of cinders flung overboard purposely. Consider how great must be the torment of an appetite that can thus drive a carnivore to so bitter and unsatisfying a morsel.

Now, having stated all that can with truth and honesty be said against the shark, let us consider him a little more closely. And in order to do this it will be necessary I think to use a little imagination, yet imagination restrained by fact.

At the base of that great mountain in the South Atlantic, whose summit is named on the charts Fernando de Noronha, there lay side by side in the cool gloom of that depth two ordinary sharks. Male and female, husband and wife, they had enjoyed each other's society as only monogamous creatures can, and now the time had come that they must part. For the rule of the shark tribe is solitary hunting, or if crowds gather at a banquet all ties for the time are merged in the one overmastering desire for food. Whether they would ever meet again troubled them not at all (we are the only creatures of God's great family who are troubled about the future), but they felt bitterly the present pang of parting. They lay side by side all silently with fins and tails gently vibrating and conveying all that they needed to express between them. Suddenly the male shark gave one great sweep of his tail and was gone. Yet not so swiftly but that a bright blue spot behind him had darted forward and taken up its station just over his broad snout as he steadily plunged southward toward the roaring forties.

Only a little elapsed and then sedately as became a matron with growing responsibilities the lady shark got under way and proceeded due East. And in like manner to the departure of her husband a tiny blue form shot out from the shadows behind and took up its station over her broad nose. She was a fine specimen of the common shark, about nine feet long with a dark gray skin and a dorsal fin (gaff-topsail of the sailor) that when she neared the surface stood up nearly a foot out of water. He head was nearly eighteen inches across and the upper lobe of her tail was nearly two feet long with an auxiliary fin on it six inches deep. She was six years old and had been round the Cape of Good Hope as many times as she had years of age, and yet she was entirly dependent upon the good will, fidelity and skill of that tiny blue thing which kept its position above her nose without any apparent movement as she steadily made her way to the East. It was a "pilot" fish, one of the most beautiful as well as one of the smallest of the *Scombridae*, the great mackerel family, unique, however, in its strange love for the society of the shark and its self-constituted pilotage of that great fish. Here, in parenthesis, I would remark upon the strange way in which men's minds are constituted. The fantastic tales about sharks before noted will be accepted without a boggle by the very men who will scornfully reject absolute facts concerning the pilot fish's relation to the shark. Yet there are thousands of facts in natural history as well authenticated as sunrise and sunset that are far stranger than is this bond between shark and pilot fish, concerning which I shall only use facts of my own observation, and none whatever of hearsay.

The strangely assorted pair proceeded in symmetrical order for some hours upon a course as definite as if laid down on a chart and steered by compass. And while they are thus wending their way together so harmoniously, let us consider briefly the pilot fish, since apart from his association with the shark he has little interest for us. A beautifully shaped little fish, marked with transverse bands of blue and gold, the blue of that intensity seen only in fish and tinted to show against the blue of the sea. A pair of golden rimmed eyes keep unwinking watch ahead, and the



Side by side in the cool gloom of that ***depth.***

golden fins, dorsal, pectoral, ventral, and caudal seem as if frozen stiff so rapid are their vibrations. A fish built for speed, but one of the feeble folk of the deep sea, for he is only about eight inches long. But why, oh why, does a pretty picture like that attach itself to the shark? Nobody knows, nobody can know. We must take the facts as we find them and be as contented as we can. Suddenly, like a flash of blue light the little fellow has left his station. So swiftly has he sped that the eye can hardly follow him. He reaches a huge mass of seaweed, goes round it, and returning, visits first one side of the shark's face and then the other, then resumes his station just over the nose. Now during the time of the pilot's absence the shark has never swerved from her course, has neither accelerated nor diminished her speed. Apparently she has perfect confidence in her little attendant. And who, possessing any observation whatever, can doubt that on his return from his scouting journey the pilot has in some mysterious way conveyed a message something like this: "I smelt something good; went and had a look. Nothing but a bundle of seaweed. No use to you." I had always felt sure on seeing such a manœuver performed that in some way or another, I know not nor can I speculate how, a conversational message like that has passed from pilot to piloted. On, ever on, by day and by night, through the clear sea, not far from the surface, the strangely assorted pair proceed with occasional deviations on the pilot's part in chase of the tiny organisms upon which this little chubby mackerel lives. But alas for his huge friend, times are indeed hard. No corrupting mass of offal in the shape of some dead sea monster is found, nothing at all to eat for two days, with the demon of hunger savagely gnawing at that massive liver and goading the starving creature to frenzy. A floating log covered with parasitical sea growths, and attended by a swarm of fish of many kinds, but principally dolphin *Coryphenae* and skipjack, another species of mackerel, is passed within a mile or so. Pilot sets off at top speed to reconnoiter. Shark unable to wait, follows, and reaching the object launches herself fiercely at it, tearing at the solid wood as if she would compel nutriment to spring from it. The attendant fish vanish affrightedly, there is no danger of any of them feeling those lethal jaws, for they are in speed and agility far superior to any shark.

In a little while her rage moderates, a considerable quantity of gelatinous matter, mostly foot-stalks of barnacles, torn off the log, has gone down into her aching maw, which it appeases though it does not satisfy. When suddenly the little pilot, which has been flitting about at a little distance from its principal, agitatedly watching her manœuvers, darts off to the southward followed closely by the shark. By what amazing powers of intuition or of sight this little creature knows that some miles away there lies a ship, I do not know. I only know that such powers as enable it to know assuredly of such a presence at such a distance it does possess. Presently they come up with the vessel and pass under the shade of her broad bilge, sniffing at the smell she gives forth of something edible. Several of the shark's poor relations, the semi-parasitical *Remoræ* or suckers, hastily detach themselves from the ship and dart away into the depths, compelled to action for once by the knowledge that otherwise they will immediately be devoured. Round and round the ship they go, the pilot in a high state of excitement, darting to and fro between shark and ship as if carrying perpetual messages, while the shark's cold, greenish eyes never cease their steadfast gaze upon that vast shadow which may presently yield something to eat.

Meanwhile, some of the sailors aloft have caught sight of that stealthy form gliding along beneath them and, in spite of their modernity, feel cold chills creeping down their spines as they view the messengers, as they think, of evil. These sailors do really believe that the presence of that shark means that one of them will presently fall sick and die, or that one of them will fall overboard and be devoured, and that the shark knows this and has come purposely for this terrible bequest. And one of those sailors, a young man, awfully ignorant, steeped to the lips in superstition, which in the ignorant nearly always takes the place of Christianity, whether in a religious form or otherwise, trembles so that he misses his footing, and with a wild clutching at vacancy falls a hundred feet or so into the sea. There is a wild running to and fro, a frantic tearing at boats

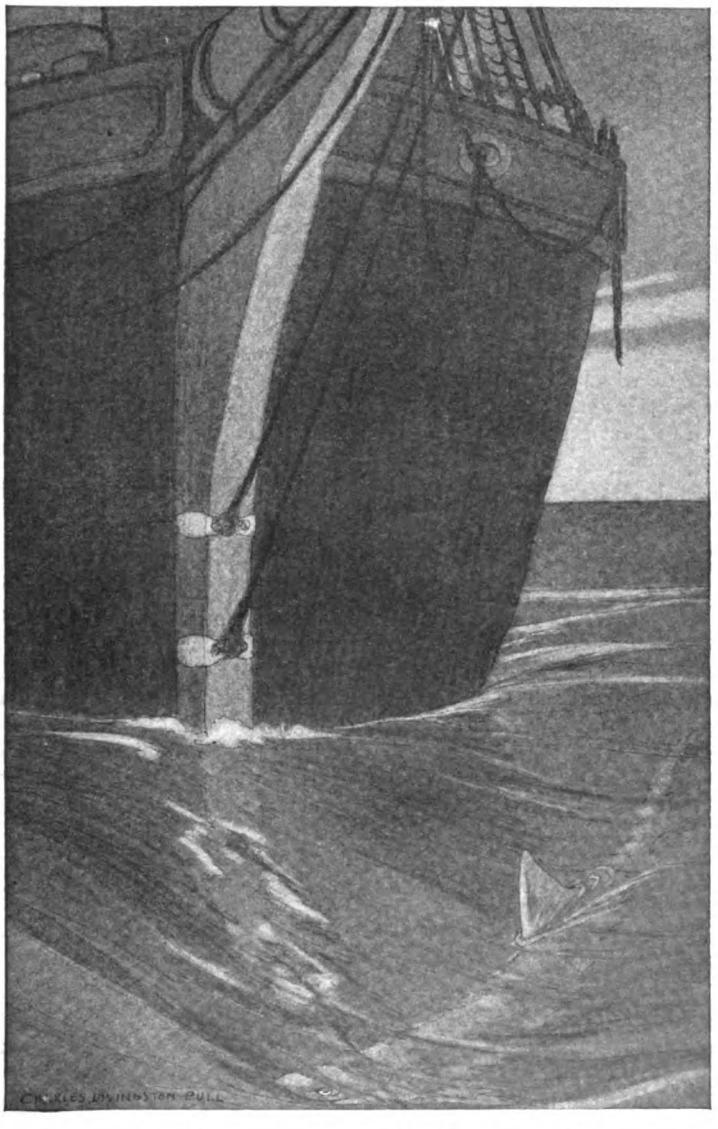
with gripes rusted fast by months of disuse, but before the boat is freed from her trammels it is remarked that, calm though the sea is, our shipmate is nowhere to be seen. And the boat is not lowered, there is no need.

Far beneath the surface the shark is finishing her meal, the first really satisfying one she has had for three days, and who shall say that she does not feel grateful to some invisible, non-understandable Power who has provided it? But in the hearts of all on board there is a dull, solemn feeling of hatred for the unconscious scavenger of the deep sea who happened to be on the spot at the right time to eat a man who fell overboard and was killed by the impact of the water. So that when next morning, again hungry, the shark cruises around, great preparations are made to prevent this hideous, man-destroying monster from committing any more crime. A four-pound piece of pork is stuck upon a great hook riveted to a foot of stout chain, which is secured to a rope strong enough to lift a ton. This is lowered over the stern and then splashed up and down once or twice. In a moment the little pilot is there quivering with excitement, nosing the meat, darting off a little way and returning, with a curious, undecided air. At last he vanishes, returning in another minute with the shark following slowly. She comes up to the bait and turns slowly on her back, sinking slightly until the bait is just entering the glistening cavity of her mouth. And then the second mate, who has been watching her movements with almost feverish anxiety, being young, makes a grab at the rope and the bait leaps out of the water. The anxiety of the pilot at this strange phenomenon is almost painful to witness. He seems to know that all is not well, and his passing to and fro between the shark and the newly lowered bait is like the glinting of summer lightning. For some time the shark hesitates, that compact mass of pork is so tempting, but at last, as if suddenly making up her mind, mistress shark turns at right angles to the ship and hastens slowly away. A greater power than even hunger has called her, and next morning the daybreak sees her lying quietly upon the waves at the surface of the sea surrounded by sixteen sharklets, among whom the pilot moves with a comical air of proprietorship. And they, the newcomers, take no heed of the busy, friendly, little creature until, with a leap like that of a dolphin, he herds the lively group together and leads the way down the shark's gaping mouth into the haven of refuge she provides for her young. It was only the advent of a hungry male shark, a lithe, sinister brute, who, to the mother, loomed large as a veritable demon of destruction to her offspring, for, strange as it may appear to most people, the shark is a most loving parent, and although she can only shelter her young within her body, not knowing how to protect them by fighting for them, she is nevertheless torn by anxiety on their behalf.

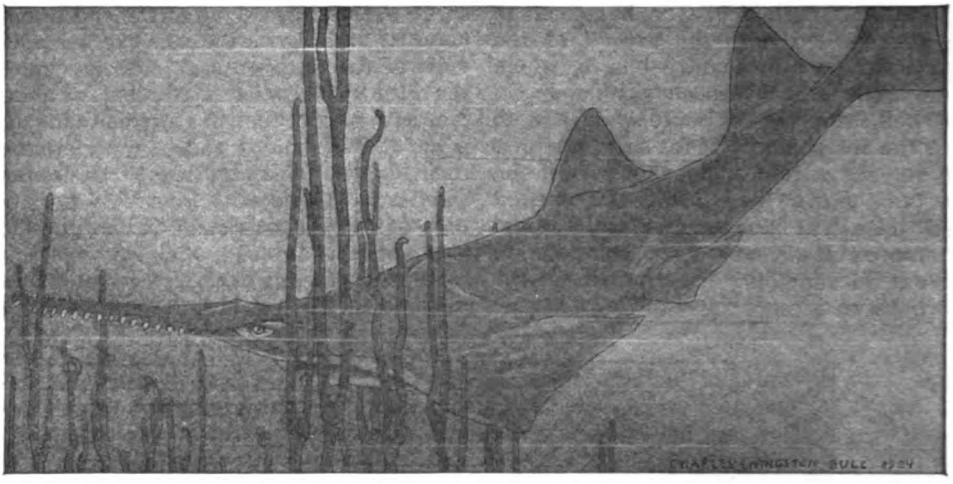
Now for many days she has no rest at all. With the solicitude of the mother hen for her chicks she watches over that group of sharklings, shepherded by the pilot whom they are rapidly outgrowing, sheltered in her bosom and fed, yes fed, though often the mother feels as if vultures were tearing at her liver. Until at last there comes a day when the youngsters, having grown sufficiently to take and make their own way through this watery world, leave her one by one, and melt into the void to lead henceforward an independent existence in that great ocean world, and the deserted mother seeks another mate who may provide her with another family to suffer for and be deserted by, in due turn.

In the few preceding pages I have dealt with the shark as if there were only one kind, but as a matter of fact there are more varieties of the shark family than of any other fish family living, with the possible exception of the mackerel. Sharks with wide mouths, armed with seven rows of teeth, each an inch long and with triangular saw-toothed edges finer than any surgical instrument ever made. Sharks with wide mouths armed with fifty rows of needle-like teeth, the use of which one can hardly conjecture, and sharks whose vast jaws are lined with a sort of mosaic of pearly surface as if the mouth were a mill in which could be ground or triturated the most obstinate substances. Then there is the wondrous saw fish *Pristis* a most amazing shark abounding in eastern seas, who has grown from his skull right out before him a flat mass of stiff cartilage edged with ivory teeth set at regular intervals of about three-quarters of an inch. For some strange reason, which I do not pretend to

fathom, this curious weapon has come to be confounded with the *sword* of the sword fish and in country houses, where there are one or two specimens hanging in the hall, the visitor is calmly invited to view the weapon with which ships are sunk. No one seems to consider that even if the saw (not sword) were made of tempered steel, instead of stiffened cartilage, it would be impossible for any force behind it to drive it into anything harder than fat, because there is no point to it, as a sort of snout slightly turned up at the end terminates it; and, again, the saw-like arrangement of the teeth on each side precludes the idea of its being a piercing weapon. No, its function, though gruesome enough, is not that of sinking ships by perforating their bilges. This particular shark has the wide mouth lined with from forty to sixty rows of infinitesimal needle-like teeth. He is a specialist in food, and although not averse to mumbling decaying carrion should it come in his way, has a pleasant little



Passed under the shade of her broad bilge.



The saw fish is a specialist in foods.

fashion of disemboweling fish by a push of his saw beneath them and then nuzzling in the soft entrails, the only food that he really cares about. These sharks grow to a length of fifteen feet and weight of a ton.

Then there is the thresher shark, the sole peculiarity of which is the abnormally long upper lobe to his tail used as a sort of flail wherewith to beat his hapless enemy. Sharks of weird aspect but of no great capacity of mouth abound also in the great depths of the sea, and are only brought to the surface in a more or less mutilated condition owing to the tremendous change of pressure during their passage upward. But one of the most interesting of the shark tribe is the parasitical or semi-parasitical remora. This small shark (seven pounds weight is about their maximum) has an extraordinary arrangement on the top of its head (which is perfectly flat) whereby it can attach itself so firmly to any floating body as not to be detachable by any force applied except at the cost of rending the fish asunder, unless, indeed, one knows the trick which the fish itself uses, in which case the creature is detached in a moment without difficulty and darts off at a high speed to find some other host to which it may attach itself. A ship or a whale matters little, its object is to be carried along in the immediate vicinity of food which it may obtain by merely opening its mouth and closing it at intervals. I have already noted the sucker's delightful quarters in the mouth of a right whale, adhering to the palate, with its head pointed in the direction from whence the whale's food enters, so that it easily receives tithe of all without the slightest effort on its part to obtain it. So you shall find a whole family of remoræ attached to one whale, outside or inside matters little, all contented and happy in their utter dependence upon their gigantic host.

Of the voracity of the family generally I could tell many stories. We once caught a humpback whale in Van Van which sank as we were preparing to tow it to the ship. The sun had set and the swift tropical twilight had descended, so that we saw it was useless to attempt before daylight next morning the long, weary task of raising our spoil from the coral bed on which it had settled. So our boat lay by the carcass all night. It was only twenty-five fathoms down, and we watched with crawly sensations the brilliant bands of green light beneath, showing where the great scavengers came and went. It was a very long night, and many an inaudible prayer was put up during those hours of darkness I know. At last day dawned and work commenced immediately. At last we were gratified to find the great mass beneath becoming lighter and lighter, until at last, with almost a bound, the huge body reached the surface. It was the center of a host of ravenous sharks, some of them as long as our whaleboats, and all of them tearing at the body as if they had fasted for years and their first meal was now about to be

taken from them. It had only been at their mercy for about eight hours and it was half gone, that is to say, in that brief time these useful sea-scavengers had eaten about thirty tons of meat, blubber and bone, and were now apparently as unsatisfied as ever. We started to tow, feeling that it was hardly worth while, and accompanied by an uncountable horde of the devourers, but after towing for an hour we were compelled to let go because we were drifting on to a reef. And I was right glad. I felt sure that by the time we arrived at the ship, another six or eight hours, we should have had only our labor for our pains.

I dismiss as utterly unworthy of any notice whatever all the stories that have been told of the shark's innate ferocity and calculating devilishness. The shark eats man, not because he loves man to eat, but because man, when he falls overboard, is usually easy to get. If the man be a good, noisy swimmer no shark will venture near, for they are, though tormented with hunger, a most nervous and timid race and indeed always seem to me to lose a great many opportunities through diffidence.

A very large section of the shark family live at immense depths. But unlike most of the deep-sea fishes as opposed to the surface, or near-the-surface fish, the sharks do not confine themselves to the profundities. They apparently seek those mysterious depths to breed. Some sharks spend all their time in the depths except when the family is coming, at which time they come up into the upper and warmer strata. For it cannot be too carefully noted that below a depth of about a hundred fathoms the temperature of the sea is the same everywhere from pole to pole. The exceptions to this rule are the bursting-up places where boiling springs arise from subterranean fires and of necessity raise the temperature of the surrounding sea, or the outlets of submarine volcanoes fiercely struggling to assert their destructive power against the unthinkable mass of superincumbent water. Apart from these exceptions the temperature of the sea below one hundred fathoms is about thirty-one degrees Fahrenheit, or just above the freezing point of salt water.

THE HEIRESS' LOVE STORY

By George Hibbard

WITH A DRAWING BY W. B. KING

THERE never was any secret about the money—or what we were—or anything. "West's Unexcelled Axle Grease" was on every fence, and papa was so proud of it that at first he would talk about it to any one he met. That was before he got to be a "financier" and a "financial power." However, the Axle Grease set us running, and the newspapers have always reminded the world of it ever since. Not that this has made any difference. A good trade-mark is really as good as a coat of arms nowadays. Indeed what was a coat of arms but a sort of trade-mark—under which the old robber Baron carried on his business. I think a winged wheel argent, which used to be on the Axle Grease cans, would be extremely pretty at the head of my note paper.

The money came very suddenly when I was about fifteen, and I found myself at Miss Luddington's School, in Fifth Avenue. Then I went to Europe with mamma, and had governesses and tutor a tour hotel in the Champs Elysées. It was one of the most splendid in Paris. Why, even the Americans had to receive us. For the regulation *bal blanc* in the spring, the year before I came out, they tumbled over each other for invitations.

At that period "Burke's Peerage" and the "Almanach de Gotha" first became prominent features in my life. The big, fat, red book and the little, fat, red one got very familiar to me. They were the Bædeckers of our social career and I consulted them as a Cook tourist does her guide-book. Of course, we had the foreigners from the start. They did not know—or appreciate—the difference between Miss Virginia West and Miss Abigail Wentworth Millington, whose family always shivered gently when the United States was mentioned, as if the subject were not quite a proper one. Her father had always lived in Europe. He had collected French and Italian "primitifs," and crippled a moderate fortune in doing it. While papa had been a collector—they called him something else at home—of mines and companies and railways and everything else valuable which any one wasn't holding down with a grim grasp. Even then he had a wonderful way of making them let go. However, the foreigners seemed to prefer the kind of a collector that he was.

There were pages in "Burke" and the "Almanach" which gradually came to have a more worn look than the others. In fact, they grew decidedly dog-eared. I turned to them so often the books naturally fell open at a certain place. In one I read—I can remember perfectly the way the words began—"Campfield, Baron William George Edward," and further on "Lineage; The Chillinghams of Chillingham, are a family of great antiquity. There still remains among the family a deed of gift *temp* William Rufus"—William Rufus was far enough back for me. In the little red book I found something else. "De Perdigo," and then "Maision féodal de Limousin," and then "François Gaston Louis, duc de Perdigo." I must say that I fancied the Hon. Arthur the most. He would be Lord Campfield some day. He was slow enough, but had dignity and was ruddy and strong. Little de Perdigo was more amusing, but I could not help confessing to myself that I laughed at him as one laughs at the "clown" in the troop of trained dogs. However, to be a Duchess, if only a French one! The de Perdigo title was really old and respected and no English duke out of the whole twenty-seven of the United Kingdom was just then available. The Hon. Arthur had a place in England where Queen Elizabeth had slept—she did more "one night stands" than George Washington—and one in Scotland with a particularly horrid ghost. However, de Perdigo had a chateau in the Loire Country where a royal prince had been murdered, and his coat of arms was among the shields of the Crusaders in that room of the Palace at Versailles. Such things count with a girl if she has imagination. They seem to make a background for a man or an "atmosphere," and that brings me to "Breck" Stanton.

I don't suppose that I should ever have known him if his mother had not been born in the same place as my mother—mamma was really somebody in her native village and they had been girls together—and she wanted to be nice to him. Otherwise as an art student he would not have been likely to come very much in my way. I must say, however, that as soon as he did appear he managed to keep himself prominently in the foreground. Breck hadn't any background unless one might call an attic in a modern and civilized Latin Quarter a background. And as for any suggestion of romance he always rode on an omnibus and I felt that he whistled while he blacked his own shoes. I confess I never thought of him seriously. Why, if I'd said one of a thousand things to the Hon. Arthur or de Perdigo that I said to him the family solicitor or notary would have appeared the next morning about the settlements. But he understood. That was what was so nice about it. He understood and I could trust him not to make mistakes.

About this time mamma made up her mind to go home. I suppose that she concluded that the real thing after all is to be a prophet with honor in one's own country. She had the assurances, more or less official, of certain traveling prophets—great Brahmins in New York—who had given her pledges of their support. At any rate she thought the die was worth casting and so we crossed the raging main.

I won't tell you about the winter in New York, where we were easily he, she and it, but get directly down to the country place we took for the following summer and what happened there.

One morning before Christmas I saw in the newspapers that de Perdigo had arrived.

He came to the house at once before luncheon and of course stayed. By New Years the Hon. Arthur was also on the ground. He came on with all the ponderousness of a British General attacking the enemy and blundered straight into the thick of it. I had them both all winter and by spring I was thinking of giving up. Really they were the best of their kind and I began to be more interested when I saw how many girls were ready to jump at them. I was honestly touched by their constancy, for some of the others had fathers who were nearly as great "collectors" as papa.

One day I went into a picture exhibition and came directly on Breck. There had been no announcements in the newspapers about his coming. He was simply an ordinary American and of course he could take a studio up town without any one's noticing it.

"Why haven't you come to see me?" I demanded crossly.

"Because I've been busy," he answered none too pleasantly. "Did you want me to come?"

"I don't know," I replied. "If you had I might have found out."

He came. He came as if some one were dragging him by the collar. He came though. Then I had the three of them. When in May we went into the country I was the chief character in an emotional society drama of great "human interest." It was not a three-ringed circus—but a three-heroed comedy. I could easily see that such a state of things could not continue. Indeed Breck was getting more restless all the time. He "pressed the pace," and I got quite desperate.

"I can't stand it and I won't," he announced. "I want to know the worst."

"Oh, do you?" I asked him maliciously.

"You understand perfectly what I mean," he said a little confused by my "counter." "I won't go dangling on this way—the others may be willing to sit up on their hind legs and beg but I can't do parlor tricks. You've got to decide."

"I will," I said plaintively, "as soon as I can."

So matters stood when the unexpected happened. I don't know what I should have done, though I realize now what a little fool I was not to know. However, if Fate has a way of getting people into difficulties in a surprising fashion, quite as astonishing things happen by which one gets out of them. I knew that we were getting to the finish, but what it would be I could not tell and then—

They had all three come to stay at Idlehurst—that was the name of our place near Oysterport. Of course there were other people in the big house, but being so busy with my three guardsmen I didn't have time for any one else. The evening before on the terrace the Hon. Arthur had proposed for the sixteenth time. De Perdigo used to ask me every other day or so, and I had quite given up keeping count of his declarations. However he had taken a moment after breakfast to ask me with more vigor than usual to marry him. Breck had said nothing more but I could see from the way he scowled that he was thinking. I understood that if I did not say what he wanted he would go away—and did I want him to go away? It was up to me.

I am sure that when I seated myself in the automobile I was as far from any decision as I had been at any time. The comparative advantages and disadvantages of any course were equally clear to me and I was irresolute.

At luncheon there had been talk of what should be done in the afternoon.

"I am going to the baseball game," papa announced.

"Where?" I asked in surprise.

"I see in the local newspaper," he answered, "that the Oysterport nine are going to play the Wansket fellows at the County Fair Grounds. Never missed a game yet when I was able to go."

"I'll go too," I announced without a thought.

"Oh!" said de Perdigo. "The national sport. I have not yet witnessed him."

"Rounders, isn't it?" sniffed the Hon. Arthur.

I felt strangely impatient with both of them as they spoke.

We packed into the automobile. Papa and the chauffeur in the front; the four of us crowded into the tonneau. When we got to the village I could see that we had come on an event, and that local enthusiasm was high. A stream of people was coming down the road. About the gate of the high, board fence of the County

The great American situation had arrived.

Fair Grounds a crowd was gathered. The big entrance was thrown open for us and we swept in.

A short click sounded sharply.

I seemed to prick up my ears. At least I sat up at once and began to take notice. I had not heard the sound for a long time, but I knew at once what it was. The clean, clear snap of a ball hit with the bat. I smiled and I knew that my eyes lighted up. The past came back. I remembered how I had sat on the fence as a little girl and seen the nines of the miners and furnacemen play. How I had clapped my little hands and cheered with my small voice, not knowing very well what was happening. Then at school I had gone with parties made up by the families of the other girls to college contests—wearing the college colors and split my gloves and almost worn my handkerchief into tatters waving it. Then sometimes papa or uncle

Jim had taken me to great League games, and I had crouched trembling and watched breathlessly the play and heard the roar from twenty thousand onlookers.

"Hurry! Hurry!" I cried now. "They may begin, and I don't want to miss any of it."

"Shall we sit in the car or go on the stand?" papa asked.

"The stand," I announced imperatively. "We can see so much more there, and I want to see everything."

Indeed I felt a strange impatience to be up there, knowing what was going on. As we stood waiting for papa to buy the tickets, I saw a little boy—the very little boy I seemed to expect—dart forward with a basket—just such a basket as I knew he'd have.

"Peanuts! Oranges!" he cried in the very voice I could have foretold.

Seeing that I was looking he came up.

"Fresh roasted peanuts," he announced.

"Go away—go away, little boy," cried de Perdigo. The Hon. Arthur frowned on him forbiddingly. But Breck — Breck gave the boy some money — seized half a dozen of the small boy's bags and thrust one into my hand. Our eyes met. We smiled in sympathy. He understood. Of course, one bought peanuts at a baseball game. What did the others know about it?

As we took our seats I glanced over the field. The nines were practicing. I thought of the minutes before other games in the past, when the intensity of the anticipation was almost better than the thrill of realization; when the result of the coming battle was all unknown and only a matter of delightful conjecture to be decided by moments of mad excitement. As I entered I saw a fly struck into the air. I watched it eagerly. I saw it settle safely into the hands of a running player.

"Good catch," I cried generally.

A man who looked like the local undertaker, with sporting proclivities, glanced at me and spoke to me directly.

"That's McCarthy," he said intimately.

I didn't care. The democratic camaraderie of it all had returned to me.

"What's his position?" I asked glibly.

"Left field. He's great. They want him on one of the Leagues."

As soon as we were settled in our places my eyes were all over the field at once. Directly in front of us the pitcher was getting into shape with a few balls to the catcher.

"The man," said de Perdigo wonderingly, "how he contort himself. Why do he do it?"

"Don't you see," I said angrily. "He's putting a curve on the ball. He's doing it magnificently. Look at that out shoot."

"An' the man who wear the mask an' the cushion—why?"

"If you got hit with a foul tip you'd know and I wish you might," I answered vindictively.

"It is ver' hard," said de Perdigo with a shudder as a thump against the front of the stand told where a ball had hit.

I wanted to watch. I didn't like to be interrupted. I seemed to expand. I felt as if I were really breathing my native air again. The sturdy, red-legged figures of the men against the brilliant grass, the throng pouring into the bleachers, all the animated scene was exciting me. I felt that something was going to my head.

"With that round stick there can be no particular skill," the Hon. Arthur commented loftily in his usual scornful voice. "Not like cricket."

"Good Heavens, man," I responded furiously. "Have you never heard of a 'bunt.' Don't you know what a sacrifice hit is?"

He appeared surprised at my tone.

"What are they doing now?"

A change was in progress. Some of the men came trotting in from the outfield. Others wended their way outward. Stray balls were thrown from hand to hand in an irregular course back to the players benches.

"They're beginning," I answered most intolerantly.

Quiet fell on the stand. The spectators settled themselves. Down on the ground the umpire took a new white ball which he rolled along the grass to the pitcher.

"He is making it all dirtee," said de Perdigo in amazement.

The pitcher had picked it up and was rubbing earth from his box upon it.

"So that he can get a good grip on it," I explained.

"Mais—" began Perdigo.

"Hush," I ordered authoritatively.

The batsman took his place. The field-

ers spread out. The umpire bent forward, paper in hand. The pitcher seemed to revolve on himself. With his right knee apparently raised to his left ear he sent the leather spinning toward the plate. The game had begun.

"Strike," the umpire declared sententiously.

I have no hesitation in saying the words fell pleasantly on my ears. I leaned forward, my elbows on my knees, my chin on my hands. At once the old familiar growl of disapproval rose from the audience. It stirred my fighting blood. I began to sniff the battle from afar. I wanted to cry "ha—ha."

"But he did not strike," remarked the Hon. Arthur.

"Oh keep still," I said with more vigor, "if you can't be sensible."

The first crisis of the game came with the very first man. He reached first on a drive between second and short stop. The next man hit a fly. The man at first waited for it to fall into the hands of the short stop, who had run back. The moment it touched the fielder's fingers he started. The ball slipped to the ground. A bad error. Quick as a flash though the short stop picked it up and sent it with whizzing accuracy to first.

"Oh—oh," I exclaimed. "He could have made a double play."

"Second was too far from his base," said Breck briefly, turning round. "The error was really his."

I felt at that moment that he was the only person in the world who really knew anything. Papa had gone off where he could smoke; I was left with the two foreigners, who sat watching everything with a blank ignorance that exasperated me.

With the man safe at second the Wansketts brought in a run. How the calls and cheers, as the man started from third racing a ball that had been caught in the outfield, filled my heart with joy. The shouts of the coach behind the foul lines entranced me.

"Home you lobster! Home," he cried dancing up and down. "Slide—slide."

I had risen from my seat as the man appeared to reach the plate and the ball the catcher's hands at the same instant. I watched with an eagerness of which I did not think myself capable the little cloud of dust raised by the figure lying on the ground with outstretched arm.

I looked quickly at Breck as the only one who could tell me anything.

"He made it," he assured, and we nodded.

"A close decision," I said.

I had only come the day before. I had never really heard of Oysterport. In a moment, however, I was heart and soul for the home nine.

"Good for our side," I cried joyously, with all the vigor of a local "fan."

I think from the third inning, when the score stood two and two, I became completely unconscious of the existence of de Perdigo and the Hon. Arthur. Their stupid questions and comments had driven me quite wild. At such a moment and in the glorious sunshine, with the bat ringing pleasantly against the ball—with something happening every minute—not to know seemed to me idiotic. Breck and I talked to each other as if we were completely alone—indeed, to all intents and purposes, we were. The others did not understand—could not share our feelings. When I spoke of a "two-bagger" de Perdigo looked stupidly astonished. "Stealing a base" left the Hon. Arthur in his usual unmoved blankness. Plays that set the stand clapping and the benches yelling left them perfectly indifferent. The game was great. It would have been good anywhere. Sometimes men were shut out in one, two, three order. In other innings a man would get as far as second or third only to be left by some splendid play. As the minutes went on the interest became greater. I did not seem to be breathing—it was all one long breath of thrilling emotion. At the eighth the score stood unchanged. The Wanskets had the first of the ninth and went out without a tally.

As the Oysterports came to the bat the excitement, which had been growing all the time, turned into the intense, silent kind. Not a word could be heard, only a deep sigh seemed to go up as ball or strike was announced. The first man got his base through a wild throw. He promptly stole second. The next man made first while the first man got to third by the fraction of a second. Then two men went out. The man on first had stolen second. I could see what was coming. When the man was given the base by the pitcher, who was rattled, I knew that it would happen. Breck and I looked at each other in

soulful sympathy. The great American situation had arrived. The last of the ninth. Two men out. The bases full. The score a tie. I gave a little gasp of pleasure. My heart stood still.

At that moment the Hon. Arthur rose slowly.

"I think I'll go outside and have a smoke while I wait for you."

I knew at once that he had finished himself forever. A man who could indifferently go away at such a moment was not one with whom an American girl could hope to find any true and lasting companionship.

"Go—go," I said scornfully. I felt like adding, "And never come back."

What a hush there was everywhere as the next man took his place. The catcher was close up behind the bat. All over the field the men were standing, rigid with the strain. Each base runner, poised for instant action, had stolen as far as was safe, and a little farther. Well—

"Strike," the umpire declared; even his official tone a little stirred.

I felt that I was trembling. I saw that de Perdigo was about to speak. I could not stand it. I climbed down into the seat in front, and placed myself beside Breck. He understood. He knew. He felt the importance of the moment—the significance of the occasion. And yet, as he glanced round at me, I saw the adoring look in his eyes—which made me realize even then that I had never looked better in my life.

"Three balls."

Human nature could not stand it. The people in the stand stirred uneasily. Each base runner edged an inch further on. The outfielders drew a foot closer.

"Strike two."

The end was on us. One way or the other the next ball must decide. I was not breathing at all now. My hand stole out and the first thing I knew Breck was holding it. I say the first thing I knew—but I didn't know—I didn't realize it. The thing seemed so natural as we sat there thrilling with the same entrancement. Our eyes blazing with the same interest.

Click. The stand rose at it. Almost before the ball had left the bat the "fans" on the bleachers were yelling themselves hoarse. I sprang to my feet, seeming to follow the ball in its upward course—seeming to soar with it—my spirit lifted with it in its flight—drawing my heart after it to hang palpitating for one delectable moment. Up—up and on it went. The runners were waiting. On and on. The fielder was running back. But in the closeness of the game he had played too far forward. The ball was over his head. Run as he might he could not overtake it. It must strike the ground beyond him. Seconds must pass before he could reach it. And in the meantime—

That was the instant when I think I knew—as man after man came tearing in over the plate, the pitcher jumping up and down in frenzy. As the whole home nine stood at the line yelling, as the spectators shouted and shouted again, throwing their hats up and out even into the field, I knew. As Breck and I looked at each other we understood. We spoke the same language—the good American language, of which the words of the diamond are a part. We had the same thoughts—the same experiences—the same memories—we were the same. What could the Hon. Arthur, smoking outside, be to me? What could de Perdigo mean, sitting there and staring about him with little, amazed, blinking eyes? A home run in the ninth, with the bases full and the score tied. That was what showed me my heart—and that was the reason that the matter is strange rather from the way it happened than from the result. I feel now that it would have been Breck anyway—of course, it had to be.

As the batter came in—while the demented cheers still went on—I seemed to recover myself. I appeared to know myself as I had never known myself before. I was in my own land, with my own people. I was at home, and I wasn't going to leave it again. With a quick blush and a little squeeze of Breck's fingers I slipped my hand from his grasp.

He looked at me questioningly.

"Yes," I said nodding shortly. "It's all right. I've made up my mind. I know now."

THE PASSION FOR PUBLICITY

Being an Account of the Ingenious Arts of the Press Agent

By W. Bob Holland

WITH DRAWINGS BY L. D. FANCHER

Standing between his employers and the press.

THE press agent is not a modern institution though he has not been known long by that title. The work he does has been done since before the invention of the art of printing, and nowadays it is done very often by men who are not known as press agents, publicity promoters, press representatives or by any other title which suggests their real duties. For instance, the best known press agent in the United States to-day is United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew. He does not assume the title, nor did he when he was actively engaged in railroad work as the President of the New York Central. But during the last forty years Mr. Depew has been the press agent of the Vanderbilt family and of the railroad with which the Vanderbilts have been most closely identified.

Did a newspaper want to know anything about the Vanderbilts the reporter must see Mr. Depew. He was the mouthpiece when births, engagements and weddings were announced. He was the family mouthpiece. Even to-day a reporter would be sent to see him to learn the truth regarding any rumor that might concern members of the Vanderbilt family.

There is not a large financial institution, an important industrial corporation or a railroad company which does not employ a press agent. That title is not used but there is always some one whose duty it is to stand between his employers and the press, to give out such information as is considered desirable and to prevent the publication, when possible, of news that it is best should not be made public.

The press agent of a big corporation may be its president, he may be the president's secretary or he may be the salaried attorney. But no matter what his title is his duties are the same as those of the alert young man whose name appears on a theater programme as "press representative."

The press agent is a necessary adjunct to many other institutions just as much as he is to the theater, the circus and amusement enterprises of the same nature. Publicity is either valuable or dangerous, and financiers, politicians, business men and social aspirants appreciate the wisdom of having their affairs looked after by a man who can obtain desired publicity and can, at times, prevent the undesirable kind.

The theatrical press agent is primarily engaged to supply the newspapers with information regarding coming attractions, with notes of interest regarding new productions, facts about performers and to see that newspaper men who can be of service are properly treated when they visit the theater. In New York City, where one play will remain at a theater for four, six or ten months, the press agent has less

of the perfunctory work to do after the first few weeks and he utilizes his spare time and inventive faculties in devising means to obtain publicity for his theater and his company which would not otherwise come to them.

On Manhattan Island there are about fifty theaters and there are fifteen daily newspapers printed in English. This does not include several financial and commercial dailies. Fifteen or twenty weekly papers devote space to theatrical affairs and have circulations sufficiently large to make their space worth struggling for and there are a dozen or more monthly publications in which it is possible to obtain publicity.

It is the duty of the press agent to know the man or men on each of these half hundred publications who can "put a piece" in his paper, and then it is his duty to see that "the piece" is printed. As each of the fifty theaters has a press agent the struggle is spirited and the man who can furnish the best "stories" or who makes himself most popular with the dramatic editors is the one who obtains the most publicity for his theater or star.

Theatrical men believe that any publicity that is not detrimental is valuable. That is, any mention of a theater, a play or a performer, if it is merely the printing of the name of the one or the other, is worth something. Consequently the press agent devises ways and means to have the name of the theater, the play or a performer appear in print. Law suits, automobile accidents, whipping "mashers," gifts to charities, announcements of engagements of marriage, these are some of the more common methods to which the publicity promoters resort.

A few years ago, when Miss Anna Held had recently come to America and was appearing in vaudeville, the papers contained statements that she had been sued by a milkman for payment for hundreds of gallons of milk delivered at her apartments. The question was asked, "What possible use did Miss Held have for so much milk?" And the explanation was made that she had been taking milk baths and by their use had acquired her remarkable beauty and her clear complexion. The idea of the milk baths pleased the editors and Miss Held received much free advertising.

Newspaper men knew that this story was a "fake," and that it was designed for publicity purposes, but it was clever, it created talk, and Anna Held's milk baths became historical and added much to the gaiety of New York, and to the profit of Miss Held and her husband-manager.

Mr. A. Toxin Worm—you would think a press agent had given him the name, but it's really his own—caused almost as much amusement by having tanbark spread over the pavements near the theater in which Mrs. Pat Campbell was appearing. Similar means to prevent noise had been used near court houses, and at times near the residence of some millionaire or other influential person when there was serious illness in the house. But Mr. Worm was the first publicity promoter to use tanbark as an aid to the drama, and his ingenuity obtained the reward which it deserved.

The loss of diamonds by theft was worked so earnestly for a time that it became a jest, and if some actress were actually to lose her jewels at the present day no press agent would dare to say a word about it. Engagements of marriage are likewise under suspicion, and city and managing editors are now inclined to wait until the ceremony is performed before they are willing to print pictures of bride and groom unless the bride is particularly handsome and has photographs that will reproduce well in half-tone.

But lawsuits are still available, especially when they are unusual. Thus the actress who began a suit against a former friend for five thousand dollars for alienating the affections of her bulldog received much

By the use of milk baths she acquired her complexion.

She left her bulldog in care of the defendant.

publicity. Her complaint, which was in due legal form, set forth that, having gone away for a short time, she had left her bulldog in the care of the defendant. When the actress returned she declared that her pet would pay no more attention to her, but trotted along contentedly behind its brevet mistress. Wherefore the plaintiff "prayed for damages in the sum of five thousand dollars, and for such other relief as the court might grant."

Her pet would pay no attention.

This lawsuit suggested another to a thoughtful press agent, and a suit was brought some months ago against a bird fancier by an actress who claimed that the fancier had corrupted the language and manners of her parrot. She declared that she had left the parrot with the bird dealer for three months, and that when she returned, and the bird again became an inmate of her household, its language was shocking. It swore so vehemently that even the sensibilities of a chorus girl were shocked. The lawyer for the defense claimed that instead of the bird fancier having done the parrot harm he had increased its value in direct proportion to the increase in its vocabulary. It was a good story, even if the suit was bogus.

Many of the entertainments given in jails, almshouses, prisons and hospitals by stage people are given more for the advertising that the performers hope to receive than for the benefit of the inmates of the institutions. Occasionally actresses have invested large sums in dogs and horses and entered the animals at shows in hopes of winning prizes and consequent publicity.

Actors have had rumors circulated of their engagements to girls prominent in society and have then denied that there was any engagement. Having printed the story, editors felt called upon to print the denial and thus double publicity is the actor's reward.

Only a short time ago, Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, received advertising worth thousands of dollars through an idea suggested by his press agent. Dressed as a negro he posed on the White House grounds before a moving picture machine, while another man, made up to represent President Roosevelt, helped him into a carriage and gave him a cigar. Mr. Roosevelt and his friends, possibly scenting a campaign scheme of his opponents, made a protest. Mr. Dockstader was apprehended by the New York police, and the film—if there was one—of the moving picture machine was destroyed. It is doubtful if Mr. Dockstader, in his wildest dreams, imagined that Mr. Roosevelt would come to his aid so sensationally.

Prominent visitors who are receiving much attention from the daily papers are often used as advertising material by theaters. Sir Thomas Lipton was invited to scores of theaters in New York during his visit last year while he was making his third struggle for the America's Cup. He went to only one theater, the Majestic, where he sat in a box towards which one of the actresses of "The Wizard of Oz" sang a

Prayed for damages in the sum of five thousand dollars.

song called "Sammy." On the night in question the song was changed to "Tommy," and verses referring to the Irish yachtsman were interpolated. All of which pleased Sir Thomas, advertised him and his teas, and incidentally increased the patronage of the Majestic Theater.

For such advertising does increase business. Last winter a young man applied for the position of press agent with a melodrama appearing at the American Theater. He was told to furnish a sample of the sort of schemes his fertile brain could produce. That night he arose in a box during the progress of the play, leveled a revolver at the villain and fired two shots. Then he ran through an emergency exit and escaped. The papers the next morning told of the attempted murder, and various theories, ranging from a wronged husband to a lunatic, were brought forward to explain the affair.

The day after the papers became suspicious and doubts were thrown on the genuineness of the attempt at murder. Then the too ambitious press agent was arrested and he confessed. This meant still more publicity. And it is a fact that the business of that particular melodrama tripled immediately after the affair.

Even the sensibilities of a chorus girl were shocked.

Last winter, during the run of "Babes in Toyland," at the Majestic Theater, a baby was found during a night performance in a box. The little one, extravagantly dressed in silks, laces and other infant finery, was turned over to a policeman who took it to Bellevue Hospital. Next day the papers had display heads telling of "Real Babe in 'Babes in Toyland,'" and the advertising received was valuable. The press agent, who naturally comes under suspicion, managed to keep the news "alive" for two days by sending out a story that several actresses in the company wanted to adopt the little one. The baby was actually turned over to a Catholic Society and is still in the charge of that organization.

"That baby story may have been a 'plant,' and it certainly looked like one," said a city editor in speaking of the affair, "but we had to print the story because it was news, and even if it was a press agent story, the press agent 'delivered the goods.'"

The awful disaster that cost six hundred lives in the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, spread terror among patrons of theaters all over the country. How tremendous was this terror no one knows better than theatrical managers. Efforts were at once made in New York City to offset the effect of the Chicago horror. John S. Flaherty, manager of the Majestic, one of the newest and safest theaters in New York, began lowering and raising his asbestos curtain during the wait between the acts at each performance. The audience appreciated the demonstration.

Then the story was started that the asbestos curtains in use in theaters were not fireproof but were made of burlap and were worthless as protection against fire. Several newspaper reporters called at theaters with the suggestion. Some of them called on Mr. Flaherty.

"We bought our curtain for asbestos and we suppose it is all right," said Manager Flaherty. "Come around at noon tomorrow and I will build a fire under it."

The next day large sheets of steel were placed on the stage, kindling wood was placed on them and lighted and then the asbestos curtain was lowered until it was in the blaze. It stood the test and refused to burn even when a plumber's gasoline blow lamp was held against it for ten minutes.

In connection with the panicky feeling that lasted for months after the Iroquois disaster, another incident at the Majestic Theater is interesting. An usher left a box of matches one night in the pocket of his coat in a closet under the stairway leading to the balcony while he was on duty wearing his uniform coat. In some way the matches caught fire. The coat was in what was practically a fire-proof vault. Forty suits of clothes could have been burned there without injuring the theater.

But when the burning coat was found and was carried out, the odor of the

smouldering cloth went through the house and the audience almost stampeded. Quiet was restored by cool-headed work and by the coolness of the actors and actresses who went on with their parts as if nothing had happened. An hour later some one in the balcony let a programme fall. It fluttered down and fell on a woman in an orchestra seat. She fainted and again there was danger of a panic which might have been disastrous.

Some one who left the theater when the first trouble occurred had turned in a fire alarm and in this way the newspapers learned of the affair. Clever work of the press agent, who knew all of the city editors and who personally called them up on the telephone, saved the theater from a "roasting" and the stories that were printed praised the theater management and the audience for bravery and coolheadedness.

It is an old dodge of press agents this of excluding items that they do not wish published by telephoning them to the city editors. Not many months ago a girl belonging to the chorus of a big musical production in New York fell down a stairway on the stage. She broke one arm in two places, knocked five or six teeth out and fractured her skull. Naturally the management was not anxious that the accident should receive much publicity. The press agent called up the city editors and gave them the story, knowing that they would get it anyway from the hospital to which the injured girl had been sent in an ambulance. The city editors, naturally suspicious, concluded that the press agent was trying to "work" them and few of the papers mentioned the accident and those that did refer to it gave it only a paragraph.

That baby story may have been a "plant."

In their zeal to attain publicity, press agents do not always exercise good taste. For instance at the time of the accident to the excursion steamboat *General Slocum*, last spring, in which more than one thousand persons lost their lives, an effort was made to get publicity for a Coney Island enterprise. While four or five hundred dead bodies lay on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street awaiting identification, a young woman appeared and began examining the dead. Reporters went to her as they had to hundreds of other grief-stricken relatives and asked her name and for whom she was searching. She gave the information, saying that her father and mother had come from Poughkeepsie to visit a brother and she believed they had gone on the excursion.

She had a bandage over one eye and when an inquiry about that was made the young woman gave the snap away. "I hurt my eye in my work," she said. "You see I am employed to jump from a burning building into a life net in a show at Coney Island. (She mentioned the name of the show). Last night I missed my calculation and hurt myself. The jump is really dangerous, you know. But I do wish I could learn something of my dear parents."

So far as I know the effort to trade on the grief of a city did not result in one line of advertising for the Coney Island show.

But the work of the press agent at a theater is not confined to evolving and working schemes to attain publicity. He is in charge of the distribution of free tickets to members of the press, and it is his duty to know who should receive such courtesies and who should not get them. When an attraction is playing to good business, what the manager calls "capacity," when signing a pass for two seats is like taking three dollars or four dollars out of the cash drawer, the press agent must exercise discretion or he will offend some one whom it is wise to favor. On the other hand if the total of the passes he issues runs up too large he will have to explain to his employers.

Tickets worth from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred dollars are distributed with newspapers at the opening performance of a big production in New York, and during its run the press agent uses tickets worth from fifty to two hundred dollars each week in keeping repre-

Not particularly vicious.

sentatives of the press friendly with his theater. But while issuing tickets is a part of his business, refusing to issue them is another part quite as important. A successful production is deluged with requests for tickets. These requests come from all sorts and conditions of men, from correspondents of papers of whom no one ever heard, from editors, advertising managers and subscription solicitors of trade papers, ranging from the *Undertaker's Own* to the *Quarterly Review of Foreign Missions.*

During the course of his investigations one New York press agent learned that enterprising young men often had fifty or one hundred letterheads printed, with the same number of envelopes, and with these letterheads, which represented them as editors of a paper which had no actual existence, they set about acquiring theater tickets. Over in Jersey City one chap was found who actually printed a few copies of a paper at intervals to send to managers of theaters. He paid his printing bills with theater tickets and had enough left to pay him for his trouble. No one ever saw his publication except the theater managers to whom marked copies were sent.

Singularly enough the men to whom it is really advisable to give tickets often refuse to ask for them, and if the press agent wants to do them a favor he must hunt them up and give them passes and seats.

The press agent who looks after the publicity department of a circus has a wider scope for his talents than his theatrical brother, as he has not only the human performers to use as tools, but he has the animals as well, and animal stories are always interesting. During the past few years three or four elephants have been killed by circus managers on the plea that they were vicious. The idea was started by the killing of Tip, a big, vicious brute that formerly belonged to the Central Park menagerie. The daily papers devoted much space to the various efforts to poison Tip, and circus press agents did not fail to take notice. Last summer one elephant was electrocuted at Coney Island, the plea being made that the animal was vicious and dangerous. But when a keeper told Topsy to raise her feet while the electrodes were being fastened on, the intelligent brute obeyed as calmly as could be desired.

"Not particularly vicious," commented one reporter, but he wrote a two-column account of the killing, and the owner of the menagerie was repaid financially by the advertising he received, though the elephant was worth about eight hundred dollars.

Several wealthy women who have recently made efforts to enter what is known as "Society" in New York have utilized press agents in furthering their aims. These publicity promoters have supplied the papers with accounts of the comings and goings of their employers, have sent reports of dinners, balls and parties to the newspapers, and have arranged for the publication of pictures of the would-be "social leaders" in the Sunday papers. This course gives the women a certain vogue and continually seeing their names in the same columns with those of the real members of "Society" will finally convince many that they are really within the inner circle.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has been skilfully advertised and so has Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg and Mrs. James L. Kernochan. Harry Lehr, another society pet, owes his good fortune to persistent advertising. He did his own press work, and did it mighty well. Incidentally, while advertising himself, he performed the same service for Mrs. Astor, by whom he was engaged at one time as "social secretary." His

Two society pets.

wading in a fountain in Baltimore at midnight, his appearance on the beach at Newport with a rag doll, his entertaining a monkey at dinner, all these exploits were designed to advertise Harry Lehr and they all succeeded admirably.

Educational institutions appreciate the value of advertising, and the Chicago University has been skilfully exploited by an alert press agent working under the direction of President Harper. Queer theories advanced by instructors with queer names have been sent out time and again. One professor solemnly declared that John D. Rockefeller, whose gifts of millions made the Chicago University possible, was greater than Napoleon or Shakespeare, and the editors had fun with him while advertising the University. Another professor said something harsh one day about the Standard Oil Company and again the advertising followed. Another professor fell in love with a fellow worker, and this time Dan Cupid was used as a means of advertising.

Politicians and political candidates have often employed publicity promoters. Perhaps the most recent example was William Randolph Hearst, owner of a chain of newspapers extending from San Francisco to Boston. While conducting his campaign for the Democratic nomination for President he had a press bureau—several of them, in fact—and his booming was done by some of the cleverest newspaper men in the country as well as by men skilled in theatrical advertising. Mr. A. Toxin Worm, mentioned above in connection with the tanbark episode, was for a time on Mr. Hearst's publicity staff.

OIGO (I HEAR)

By Edwin Warren Guyol

THE Outer World is calling, calling; calling soft and low;
Whispering seductively of places that I know.
Along the Southern mainland, where the sea's alive with light,
The splendid, vibrant Tropics are calling through the night.

Although the muck around me—drabby sky and dirty rain—
Shrieks aloud, incessantly, of soul-destroying pain,
Far down the sounding halls of Space the Voice, above the din,
Calls: "Come away, my Brother; come wander with your kin."

Within my heart are ringing, ringing; ringing night and day,
Melodies of color; symphonies in gold and gray—
Green brilliance in the water, purple shadows on the sand,
Pearly sky-line blending orange clouds and crimson land.

From overseas are calling, calling; calling down the wind,
Voices of the Wilderness (known only to their kind);
"Where green-and-purple shore-line dips into the opal foam,
"We await you, Little Brother, knowing you will come."

A CORNER IN ANTITOXIN

The Story of a Broker and a Doctor

By Dr. A. Cary Seely

THE Doctor dropped in to see the Broker, quite unprofessionally; they were great friends, so his visits were not infrequent. At the door he stopped a moment to have a word or two with Teddy—Teddy was the office boy.

Teddy was a general favorite with everyone and they always liked to chat with him. The Broker was fond of Teddy—"foolishly fond," some said, and he meant that Teddy's future should not be an ordinary one, if he could manage it, and it looked as if he could. Teddy's parents were dead, so he lived, in a semi-detached sort of way, with a married sister, whose husband was not kindly disposed toward his little brother-in-law. Because of these things the Broker looked forward to having an establishment of his own where he could always have Teddy with him.

The Broker was jubilant; he had just completed a "deal" in wheat for a patron, whereby his commission netted him much money. He bubbled forth this news to the Doctor through a cloud of blue smoke that curled up from their two cigars.

"Oh, Teddy and I will soon have a home of our own," he said gaily, finishing the "news" as Teddy came into the room.

"'Member what that cotton broker said: 'Broker's houses are jes' bubbles,'" said Teddy, who was a person of large privileges.

"But he forgot he was a broker and dabbled," said the Broker.

"A lot of 'em f'rgits," sniffed Teddy.

Then the Doctor gave congratulations, but they were tinged with envy as he bewailed the Fate that had made him a doctor and not a broker.

"Don't you be a envyin' the Broker," counselled Teddy. "Some day he'll f'rgit he's a broker, jes' like the cotton man did, an' he'll git to dreamin' 'bout 'corners'; then he'll see a chance an' take a plunge, promisin' himself, all the time, that he'll quit if he makes a killin'."

They both smiled at Teddy's concern for his employer's welfare.

"No plunging in mine," said the Broker. "All I want is my quarter per cent. for making the 'deals'."

"It's like playin' with fire," said Teddy gravely, "bound to git burnt, sooner 'r later. You'll think you see a good thing an' you'll chase it like them sure thing guys 'at comes here with their pipe-dreams 'bout gittin' rich quick."

"By the way," said the Doctor to the Broker, "what is your idea about these popular contentions going on in the press just now that speculation is a crime?"

"All nonsense," growled the Broker. "The whole bunch would cover margins, fast enough, if they got next to a good thing."

"Sure," broke in Teddy, "that's jes' what I said; ain't anybody but what'll take a chance if they get a hunch—even brokers."

"Well, I wouldn't plunge," said the Broker. "But, Doctor, every one, who lives, speculates; life, itself, is a great speculation and only death is sure. Every farmer, when he plants his seed wheat, is the initial speculator to the 'pit,' for he expects to get out more than he puts in; and yet, he stands a chance to lose all he has invested, and that is precisely what your Board of Trade speculator does."

"But you can't say the doctor speculates," said Teddy grinning.

"No," said the Doctor with an answering smile, "I wish I could."

Then the doctor listened, as one learn-

ing great secrets, while the Broker good-naturedly argued with Teddy concerning the legal and moral aspect of speculations, trusts and monopolies. The boy had not been among brokers, operators, and finan ciers for nothing; the little pitcher's ears had caught a great deal from the overflow, and his mind was deft beyond his years in arranging things to his understanding. Teddy held, as a cardinal law, that investments were legitimate, that speculations were not; and that "cornering" was a menace to the safety of the people and should be made a criminal offense. These are not Teddy's words—he put it far more tersely and comprehensively.

The Broker shook his head negatively, the doctor fell to wondering, and Teddy's duties called him from the room.

"He's great," said the Broker proudly, "he's got some queer ideas in that brainy little head of his, and I am going to give him a chance."

"Speculation?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"No, I think I'll consider it a very conservative investment."

Then a patron of the Broker's came in and the Doctor took his leave.

A week later the Broker was very much surprised when the Doctor came in hurriedly and asked for a private interview.

"Anything wrong?" asked the Broker, in some alarm.

"No, nothing," said the Doctor, with some hesitancy; then, as if taking a plunge, he went on quickly: "I came to see you on business."

"On business! What kind of business can you have? You never speculate!" said the astonished Broker.

"It's never too late to learn," said the Doctor cheerfully.

"What is it, a speculation or an investment?" smiling.

"Is there a difference?"

"Considerable; ask Teddy."

"I don't think I want Teddy to know about this, he might not approve," said the Doctor smiling, then he asked: "Is 'cornering' an investment or a speculation?"

"A speculation, most decidedly, unless it's a corner lot," answered the Broker in an amused tone.

"Then it's a speculation. I've got a chance to make a 'corner,'" said the Doctor, "and I want you to make the—the 'deal,' I think you call it."

"A 'deal,' yes, that's right—but a 'corner'!" said the Broker in astonishment. Then it occurred to him that the Doctor might be joking.

"Crops or corporations?" he said quizzically.

"Neither," the Doctor answered with a slight smile.

Then the Broker leaned forward and whispered mock-tragically:—

"*Pills!*"

"I am quite serious," said the Doctor with dignity, and his manner was such that the Broker apologized for his levity and asked:—

"What is it, Doctor—what is it you want to 'corner'?"

"*Antitoxin!*" The Doctor almost whispered it.

"Antitoxin?" repeated the Broker bewilderment.

"Yes, it is the serum for the cure of diphtheria. My idea is to buy all there is on the market and to contract for the entire production of the laboratories for the next thirty or forty days."

"How many of these laboratories are there?"

"Only three, and there is a prohibitive duty on the imported product. What do you think of the scheme?"

The financial side was the Broker's first consideration.

"Is it expensive?" he asked.

"A bit."

"Then it will require considerable money to 'corner' it?"

"Yes."

"Have you got it?"

"I've gathered quite a bit, say about half of what will be required, if my calculations are correct."

"And the other half?"

"You must furnish that."

"But I never speculate," protested the Broker. "I am only a broker."

"Any man will make a 'killing,' I think that is the term you used, when he gets a chance," said the Doctor smiling easily.

"But I've made it a rule to never indulge," the Broker objected.

"Then you'll have to break that rule, for you are going in with me on this thing, and we've only got a day or two to fasten it down."

The Broker raised a protesting hand, but the Doctor kept on.

"Listen," he said. "In something like a week a demand for antitoxin will spring up; in another week the demand will be unusually great; and from then on it will be unprecedented. We will have the entire supply in our own hands, and we can command any price we ask."

"What will create this demand?" asked the Broker, getting interested—his speculating instincts coming to the fore.

"The disease—diphtheria."

"In what way?"

"There will be an epidemic of it."

"How do you know?"

"I saw a case at the Union Station this morning. It was diagnosed as croup by a woman in short hair, short skirts, and nose glasses, who was taking the affected child to a Christian Science sanitarium for treatment," explained the Doctor.

"Were you called in as a consultant?" asked the Broker.

"No, but I noticed the child was sick, and the symptoms seemed suspicious. I thought the emancipated woman was the mother, so I asked her what was the matter with her child. I explained that I was a physician. She gave me her card, I forget the name, but it was followed by enough titular abbreviations to make King Edward's court physician look dizzy."

"Well?"

"Well, I managed to get a look at the child's throat—it was diphtheria and not croup!" said the Doctor triumphantly.

"You ought to have informed the authorities," said the Broker indignantly, "as becomes a proper citizen, when he thinks his country's laws are being flouted."

"It wasn't my case," said the Doctor shrugging his shoulders.

"But it will spread all over the country," protested the Broker.

"Certainly; and that will boom the demand for antitoxin—I thought of that at once."

"But, as a doctor—" the Broker began.

"As a doctor, I am weary—the monetary side of medicine is too unsatisfactory. The burden of other people's troubles with mere gratitude as a recompense has ceased to be appealing. Ever since you told me of that wheat 'deal' I've been on the lookout for a big financial opportunity, and when I saw this unrecognized case of diphtheria I knew I had found my chance."

"But innocent, unprotected children will catch the deadly disease," the Broker objected as a humanitarian.

"Sure, and the station was unusually full of them. They were going out in all directions through various States; I took the trouble to inquire."

"It will be disastrous," said the Broker frowning.

"There will be a widespread epidemic, of course, but not necessarily disastrous; the antitoxin is fairly a specific for it."

"But the suffering?"

"It will be no greater than a food or fuel famine, when provisions are 'cornered,'" said the Doctor. "The antitoxin will be procurable, but at a greatly advanced price. Oh, there's millions in it, and I am tired of poverty, utterly, utterly tired of it."

The Broker nodded understandingly.

"And you," continued the Doctor, "just think what you could do for Teddy with the millions."

"Yes," said the Broker, his frown relaxing a little.

"And there is nothing to prevent us," the Doctor urged.

"But taking an advantage like this—" began the Broker.

"The laxity of the government gives us the opportunity and we will take advantage of it," the Doctor interrupted.

"In what way is the government to blame?" asked the Broker quickly.

"In every way. If the medical supplies were under the supervision of the government, we could not 'corner' antitoxin; if the practice of medicine was properly regulated, a widespread epidemic could not occur; if every man or woman, who has developed a fad and tacks on an imposing but misleading degree and poses as a physician, was promptly suppressed, the possibility of these glaring mistakes would be averted. As it is, these things do occur and we simply take advantage of an opportunity to force a higher price on the consumer," concluded the Doctor.

"But if the serum is a specific, withholding it will mean death."

"We are not withholding it," the Doctor answered. "We are merely increasing the price, by shutting out competition in supplying an unusual demand."

"I see," said the Broker, beginning to view the "deal" favorably. Then, after a slight pause, he asked: "About what are the dimensions of this scheme, Doctor?"

Then the Doctor submitted a resumé of his computations and the Broker went over them carefully. When he realized the almost fabulous fortune to be so easily acquired, he became as enthusiastic about it and as eager as the Doctor. When he had finished the calculations he asked:—

"You say this demand will begin in a week?"

"About that; the period of incubation varies from two to ten days," the Doctor replied.

"Then we haven't a moment to lose," said the Broker, wheeling round to his desk with sudden energy.

"Then it's a 'deal'?" said the Doctor.

"Sure, I'm all in," answered the Broker tensely. "Now, give me the addresses of these laboratories and the principal jobbers."

Then they began planning systematically to "corner" the antitoxin serum, with never a thought for results, except for the enormous profit the "deal" promised. They were so completely carried away by the vision of millions that their sense of human sympathy was entirely submerged.

The Broker's mind was quick to grasp both the advantages and difficulties to be encountered. He realized, far better than the Doctor could, that the "deal" would require considerable manipulation to make it a success. The Doctor had originated the primal scheme and he had shown the Broker the possibilities of it, but beyond that he had to submit to the Broker's superior business knowledge and take his orders, for the Doctor, like most of his professional brethren, was a child in finance—Teddy could beat him at any time, hands down.

The Broker took care to impress upon the Doctor the necessity of keeping the newspapers in complete ignorance of the "deal."

"The press, Doctor, the meddlesome press must know nothing—absolutely nothing," said the Broker at parting.

Teddy waylaid the Doctor in the hall as he was leaving.

"What's the matter—is he sick?" he asked anxiously.

"Sick? No, why do you ask?"

"You was so long in comin' out," said Teddy, "thought mebbe it was a consultation."

"No, we were just arranging a little surprise," said the Doctor, hesitatingly. Then he smiled and continued on his way; but Teddy was not reassured.

"Somep'n up," he said, shaking his little head sagely.

The Broker went into the "deal" with all his might, giving it his entire attention to the exclusion of everything else. Quietly, and without exciting the slightest comment or suspicion of his designs, he managed to get control of the entire visible supply, arranging so deftly with the jobbers for handling the product that they never suspected that a "corner" was in process of forming. Even the producing laboratories had not the slightest idea of what was being planned. Their only concern was to dispose of the serum. Since there was no epidemic of diphtheria reported anywhere, they cared but little for anything beyond getting their price, so they caught eagerly at the opportunity to contract for their entire product—it simplified business transactions and saved expense.

It was a part of the Broker's plan to raise the price on the antitoxin so gradually, when the diphtheria should begin to spread, that neither the trade nor the consumer would ever suspect the advances were due to any other causes than the unusual demand arising from the epidemic. To carry out these plans effectively, required considerable personal supervision and the Doctor was also pressed into service. He found it necessary to give up his practice in order to attend strictly to the demands of the "deal"; perhaps it was because of this withdrawal from the presence of the sick that he grew less mindful of them and their needs.

Teddy was more and more mystified as the busy days went by, days of which he knew no more than did the public of what was being planned. He knew "somep'n was up," and he shrewdly guessed that it was a "deal" of some kind, but he could not determine what was being "cornered." He tried to piece together the chance words and phrases they let fall in his presence to fit the things that were usually bought and sold at the Broker's office, but

they bore no relation to either grain, cotton, stocks, minerals or oil. He felt that they must be purposely keeping it very quiet, for there were but few callers at the office, and he could find nothing in the market reports that pointed to any particular manipulation. So he quietly waited between hope and fear for the end, wondering, always, which it would be—a "coup" or a "break."

The two men watched the newspapers closely, not for the market reports, but for the health reports, and Teddy wondered still more. A few cases of diphtheria were casually reported, and there was a slight demand for antitoxin. Then, almost startling in its suddenness, came the news from various points of a widespread epidemic of diphtheria. It extended throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, while a few isolated cases began to crop up in several other States.

Neither the Doctor nor the Broker were cruel-minded men, but they were so blinded by the extraordinary wealth they expected to acquire that they had no thought for anything outside of winning the "deal." Each new outbreak of the epidemic created an increased demand for the antitoxin and enabled them to continue in gradually advancing the price, and each advance brought them enormous profit and a step nearer the realization of their dream of wealth. Thus it was they welcomed the constantly enlarging area of infection, and each report from a newly invaded district helped them to forget everything but the success of their "deal." They even forgot Teddy when he remained home because he was not feeling well, and only remembered to continually advance the price.

So far the mortality reports had not been great. As the Doctor had said, the antitoxin was procurable and fond parents had procured it though the price was criminally extortionate. But what was mere money besides their children's lives? Nothing at all, the merest trifle, but when the price went beyond their ability to purchase—then they were helpless, and the mortality reports began to swell. Infirmary and charitable hospitals were the first to suffer. They were crowded with orphans and the children of the very poor, and their means were no longer sufficient to procure the antitoxin, and children's lives were going out like the snuffing of so many candles.

One morning the daily paper on the Broker's desk bore the following announcement in startling headlines:—

CHILDREN DISAPPEAR!

BEFORE THE DEADLY DIPHTHERIA!

THOUSANDS OF HOMES ARE BEING ROBBED OF THEIR CHILDREN BY THE GRIM DEATH AS IF SWEPT AWAY BY THE INVISIBLE!

It is said that men forget their very souls at the prospect of great wealth. Perhaps the Broker and the Doctor had forgotten theirs, for they passed over this terrible announcement and the mortality report following it to read with considerable gratification that the epidemic had extended to the Mexican border and to the Pacific coast. Possibly they would not even have been interested to know that on this same morning Teddy, delirious with fever and ousted by his sister's husband, had been picked up on the street by an ambulance.

The two manipulators were at the top of their bent—tense with the thirst of battle and selfish with the greed of money; they had not a single idle moment. Quite suddenly, when they felt most secure, they found themselves plunged into a very awkward dilemma by a cipher message from the Philadelphia laboratory, threatening to break their contract if the price was not reduced to the public.

"We ought to have bought those laboratories outright instead of contracting for their output," growled the Broker.

"What are we to do about it?" asked the Doctor in alarm.

"We'll see these people in person and make them stick to their contract."

They went together to interview the protesting firm. The Broker opened the subject tersely and without prelude.

"You get your price, why do want us to reduce ours?" he asked.

"Our reasons are purely humane," said the manager. "The price is now exorbitant beyond all reason."

"Humane fiddlesticks!" sneered the Broker. "It's an advertising scheme of yours at our expense."

"Have either of you read this morn-

ing's paper?" the manager asked quietly.

"No," they replied.

They were handed the latest edition, and in startling "scare-heads," they read:—

THE MOST DASTARDLY CRIME OF HISTORY!

A "CORNER" IN ANTITOXIN.

Last night, in the charity ward of the Good Samaritan Hospital, through the delirium of a little waif, smitten with the dread diphtheria, the first inkling of a "corner" in antitoxin was brought to light. The interne and the nurse of the ward were regretting aloud that they had no antitoxin to give to their suffering charges, when the boy, as if in a lucid moment asked:—

"What's antitoxin, doctor?"

"A cure for diphtheria," the interne answered.

"Oh!" cried the boy, "then that's what they've 'cornered!'"

Then he grew delirous again and nothing more could be learned, but every effort—

The Broker suddenly clutched the Doctor's arm as if in agony and cried:—

"Oh, Doctor, it's Teddy!"

And the Doctor repeated in a whis per:—

"Teddy!"

Then these two men, who had strode into the office as if clothed with power and authority, hurriedly stole away, silent with a horrible, terrible misery. On reaching the hospital their first inquiry was for Teddy and they went to him at once. Their souls quivered as they looked down upon the child's wasted, shrunken form. Death did not seem far away.

"What have you done for him?" asked the Doctor of the nurse.

"All that we could," said the nurse coldly.

"Antitoxin?' the Doctor questioned.

"We could not obtain it—this is a charity ward," said the nurse.

The Doctor drew out some tubes of the serum that he happened to have in his pocket and he gave them to her.

"Too late," she said in a tone of condemnation.

"Intubation been tried?'

"Yes; it was a failure."

"Why not tracheotomy?"

"Useless, the surgeon said so and he ought to know," she said spitefully.

"But it is the one thing that might save his life," said the Doctor.

"Then do it," begged the Broker, "do it, Doctor, we must save his life, he must not suffer for what we have done."

"The surgeon isn't here and he left orders to let the boy alone," said the nurse stiffly.

The Doctor's eyes narrowed swiftly and his lips tightened.

"Get me the necessary instruments and prepare the patient for a tracheotomy at once," he ordered.

The nurse hesitated, but the Doctor's frown and the look he gave sent her away.

The preparations and the unusual scenes of the hospital unnerved the Broker.

"Doctor, I am going, I can't stand it any longer," he whispered, white lipped. "Send me word of the—the—result."

The Doctor nodded, he could not trust himself to speak.

"Is there anything I can do?" asked the Broker at the door.

"Yes, we can save thousands of children yet, by turning the antitoxin free to the public," said the Doctor.

"Free—yes, that's it, free—I never thought of it," said the Broker, a hopeful light coming into his dull, tired eyes.

"Be quick about it," the Doctor's voice had a note of command in it—he had come back to his own.

"I'll wire," said the Broker.

Then he was gone and the Doctor turned to the operation, cool and decisive.

There was a gush of dark, carbonized blood into the Doctor's face and a swift, glad rush of air into the choking lungs; then the tubes were soon put in place and Teddy breathed again.

The Broker had finished his telegrams and sat in his office waiting for a message from the hospital, as a murderer awaits his sentence. Then it came:—

"Teddy reviving. Have used the antitoxin. Hope for recovery."

THE DOCTOR.

Marquis Hirobumi Ito, Founder of Modern Japan.

THE FUTURE OF JAPAN*

With Special Reference to the Chinese Problem

By Marqui. Ito

I WAS one of the first Japanese to visit foreign lands, and was only able to do so by stealth, escaping to Shanghai in 1863. The country was only just opened to foreign intercourse, and Japanese subjects were not yet allowed to leave the country.

I have always been very much in favor of the adoption of the principles of Western civilization by Japan, and I have been enabled to use my services in the direction of assisting the present progress and transformation in Japan's estate. In the thirty-four years during which I have held office I have always tried to help, and sometimes even to force on antagonistic spirits, measures necessary for the growth of modern Japan. From the beginning we realized fully how necessary it was that the Japanese people should not only adopt Western methods, but should also speedily become competent to do without the aid of foreign instruction and supervision. In the early days we brought many foreigners to Japan to help to introduce modern methods, but we always did it in such a way as to enable the Japanese students to take their rightful place in the nation after they had been educated. I must say that sometimes the foreigners, and even the foreign nations themselves, endeavored to take advantage of the Japanese inexperience by passing men off as experts when they really knew next to nothing of the subjects for which they were engaged. We were, however, able to secure the serv-

*This article was written during the negotiations with Russia which preceded the war.—THE EDITORS.

ices of many excellent men whose names are still honored in Japan, although they themselves have long since left her shores.

On the occasion of my second visit to London as one of the Ambassadors of our country, it was suggested to me that it would be most beneficial to establish a special Engineering College in Japan, where every branch of engineering should be taught. Such a college would be quite unique, no other nation having one. The idea seemed a very good one, and on my return to Japan I took the necessary steps, and with the assistance of foreign professors we founded an Engineering College, now incorporated in the Tokyo University. From this institution have come the majority of engineers who are now working the resources and industries of Japan. I consider the establishment of this college as one of the most important factors in the development of Japan of to-day.

It was most necessary that Japan should not only be educated, but also provided with suitable codes of laws, before there could be any question of a revision of the treatise with foreign nations, and for a considerable time all our efforts were turned in this direction.

There are two events in Japanese history that have been all-important. The first was the change of regime of government of the country and the promulgation of the Constitution, and the other was the Chino-Japanese War. I spent much time away from Japan studying the Constitutions of various countries; the Emperor having ordered me to undertake the arduous task of framing a draft of the new Japanese Constitution. The work was very difficult and necessitated much thought. Never before had there been a Constitution, in the modern sense of the word, in Japan, to help me to know what were the most vital points to be provided for in the new code. The country had been so essentially a non-constitutional and feudal one that it was difficult to sit down on the debris of its past history and prepare off-hand a Constitution for it; and even when I had decided as to what was most necessary, it required very great care to insure the proper working and execution of the various provisions. I had always to remember that my work was intended as a permanent measure, and therefore I had to examine all the possible effects likely to arise from it in the distant future. Above all, there was the pre-eminent importance to be attached to the necessity of safeguarding the sacred and traditional rights of the Sovereign. With the assistance of my secretaries and collaborators—all of them as devoted to the work as myself—I accomplished my task as well as I could, and it is not without some satisfaction that I see that it has not been found necessary to amend the Constitution since its promulgation.

The old election law, however, having been found unsatisfactory, we have introduced an improved one, one of the principal changes in which is that the voting is by secret ballot, instead of by signed ballot, as at present; another important change being the insertion of provisions for more ample representation of commercial and industrial elements of the country, and the business tax. According to the new law, if any candidate should resort to corrupt means to secure his election, the proceedings would become, owing to the secrecy of the ballot, much more uncertain and much more costly than at present. This new law was experimented with at the election of 1902.

I have always recognized the vital importance of a supremely efficient navy and army. The former is made the more important by our insular position. Our programme of naval expansion laid down after the Chinese War in 1895 is practically completed, and Japan possesses now a homogeneous and powerful modern fleet. In its numbers are included several of the largest and best armed battleships and cruisers, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the Japanese sailors and officers are fully as efficient in every respect as the ships they man. Our navy is largely of British construction, and we have made that country our model in this department, although, following the principles that have enabled us to make our progress in the past, we are always anxious and ready to take advantage of improvements from any source.

Although it has been necessary first of all to develop our fleet, the army, too, has not been neglected. It has been more than doubled of late, and has now a war footing of over five hundred thousand men. The bold experiment of conscription, tried at the beginning of the New Era, has proved itself on many occasions—notably,

the Satsuma Rebellion, the Chinese War, and the Boxer outbreak. On the last occasion the Japanese army was enabled to play a very great part in the relief of Peking, and showed to the other allies a striking illustration of organization, morale, personnel, and equipment; and this efficiency and thoroughness are to be found through and through our army system. First based on French, and later on German models, with foreign instructors, the Japanese army has since developed a model of its own, and has proved its capability of training and further developing itself.

In commercial and industrial matters Japan is becoming well established, and is making secure her hold upon the markets of the Far East. The resources of the country are very good, the coal supply especially being abundant. Although many of the beds are not of first-class quality, still, the fact that there is an abundance of coal is a very important factor in the national economy and strength. Besides coal, there are considerable oil deposits in the northern provinces of Japan, and these are now beginning to be systematically worked in connection with the Standard Oil Trust. The iron deposits are also considerable, but largely undeveloped as yet, Japan relying on foreign countries for the greater portion of her present supply of iron ore. Copper, a metal of which the importance becomes yearly greater, is found and worked in very considerable quantities.

Japan's financial position is by no means so bad as often depicted, thanks to the growing material prosperity of the empire. When the effects of the economic depression of 1900-01 shall have passed away, Japan will advance still more rapidly than at present.

But whatever causes may have helped Japan in her progress, and however much we may have been instrumental in the achievements of the past years, they become insignificant when compared to what the country owes to His Majesty the Emperor. The Imperial will has ever been the guiding star of the nation. Whatever may have been the work done by those who, like myself, tried to assist him in his enlightened government, it could not have achieved such wonderful results had it not been for the great, progressive and wise influence of His Majesty the Emperor, ever behind each new measure or reform. From the Emperor, Japan has learned that lesson which has made her what she is at present.

Is there any country in the Orient, except Japan, which preserves the full right of an independent State? A country cannot be said to have preserved the full right of independence unless it is able to exercise its own jurisdiction freely, and conduct its own administration without restriction in the interior. Then, what is the case with Japan? Preserving the full right of independence, she has now brought all the foreigners residing within her empire under her own jurisdiction and administration, and is protecting them like the subjects of the empire. Such being the case, it is not exaggeration to say that Japan far surpasses all the rest of the Orient.

As for the State finance, I firmly believe that the Government has proper schemes for administering the State affairs and undertaking various public enterprises in a most satisfactory manner with the present resources of the country, and that the readjustment of the finance will be perfectly effected in future by means of the increase or reduction of tax, according to circumstances. Another important question of the day is that of our military armaments. It is very easy to speak of the completion of armaments, but when we undertake this great task practically, we shall meet with many difficulties on account of the fact that it extends over a number of years. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the completion of armaments will be promptly effected to our entire satisfaction.

Besides the complete victory in the war with China and the success of treaty revision, Japan may be proud of the speediness of her material progress, because she has made a progress seldom paralleled in the modern history of the world. For instance, the system of conscription having been introduced into our country shortly after the abolition of a long-rooted feudal system, it seemed to foreigners improbable that it would be successfully carried out; but it was introduced easily and perfectly, and may serve as a demonstration of how Japan surpasses her neighboring countries, China and Corea.

Next we come to the marked development of the national resources. According to the statistics of our foreign trade

for 1872 and 1873, the total amount of our annual exports and imports stood then at about thirty million yen* only, while it rose to over four hundred and forty million yen in 1898, the rapid increase being unexampled anywhere else in the world. And, furthermore, our commerce and industry have suddenly made a marked progress since the year 1885 or thereabouts. When I was still holding the office of Premier, I made a full investigation of the general features of our commercial and industrial progress, and found that the total amount of capital invested in various enterprises of the country stood then at about nine hundred million yen. Of course, this figure represents the aggregate sum of the authorized capital, and I cannot now tell you the exact amount of the capital actually paid up, but I think the latter may be safely estimated at about five hundred million yen. It is true that there are included in this figure those funds needed for the undertaking of Government works, such as the construction of railways, the extension of telegraphic service, etc. But, at any rate, it is certain that such a large amount of capital has been invested in various enterprises of the country. Thus, commercial and industrial enterprises of various kinds have sprung up in Japan in recent years with such rapid strides as is seldom seen in the newly developed countries of the world; and in this respect she does not stand behind the European States, with the exception of rich countries such as Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia. Then we may fairly say that our national resources have made a marvelously rapid development in recent years.

The population of Japan has increased over ten million since the Restoration. In this connection I made full investigation of old official records concerning the population, and found, strange to say, that the increase of our population was very slow in the time of the Tokugawa Shogunate. According to the official estimates made in the Genroku era, our total population numbered only twenty-six million or twenty-seven million, notwithstanding the fact that it made an unprecedented increase in the said era, while its numbers have increased by over ten million during the past thirty years only. It is evident that such an increase of population would not be made unless it was accompanied by a corresponding increase of the national wealth, for a man can find employment only when there is a place to use his labor, and thereby secure a means of livelihood. Then, the great increase of population may be taken as another good evidence of the marked development of our national wealth.

However, if we wish to compete successfully with the nations of the world, we must co-operate with the Government to devise a scheme for the gradual progress of the country. It must be remembered that the greater the progress is of a country, the greater is the increase of its national wealth and prestige, though at the same time its people are compelled to take a greater responsibility upon themselves. For should the national wealth be greatly increased, and the country be regarded by other Powers as one of the powerful States of the world, those powers would certainly watch every action of the country. Our earnest desire is to make the country continue in its progress permanently, without a stop of a single moment, but it is not an easy task to do so. In some cases we may be exposed to such a danger as to injure our national prestige, should we undertake the proceedings on that occasion. It is therefore very necessary for us always to act with great caution; particularly must we refrain from the abuse of military power, for if we abuse military power, and suffer a complete defeat, not only our national prestige is greatly injured, but the ruin of the country is not unlikely.

The future of China is a question of the world, not of the Far East only. Then, the following questions may be asked:—What will be the future state of affairs in China? What position will Japan hold in China in future, who has a much greater interest there than anyone on account of her being situated in such close neighborhood? In answer, I can but say that it is at present too difficult to express any definite opinion. Since the war with Japan, China has been exposed to an increasing danger day by day, and almost all the powers of the world have had close relations with China from various causes. This state of things makes me think that it is very necessary for China to maintain her own independence at this juncture, and to take steps to place her country on a firm

* A silver yen—52.8 cents of our money.

foundation; while, on the other hand, this line of action on the part of Japan lays her open to the thought held by some, that Japan has a great interest indirectly in the independence of China. This was the reason of my making a tour of China, and having interviews with notable Chinese statesmen, who, having the great respect and esteem of the people, are holding the administrative power of the State, and expressing to them my views on the most important subjects which ought to have their careful consideration. On my inspection of the actual condition of China, I found that, although she is now running a danger day by day which might plead for prompt action, it would be difficult to reform at once the prevailing customs and usages, as well as the present system of administration, which has been handed down from ancient times, and thereby improve the state of things in the country. It must be admitted that many favorable opportunities to carry out these reforms have already been missed. Thus, in the interviews which I often had during my stay there, with the notable Chinese statesmen, I expressed my views above referred to, and they all agreed in theory, but unanimously said that it would be very hard to carry out such reforms as I suggested.

China possesses a vast dominion of many times the total area of Japan, and her population is not less than ten times that of the latter. She is abundant in products, with facilities for inland navigation; her people are generally very diligent, and the condition of their life very low. If, therefore, the proper method of improving her commerce and industry were adopted in China, she would be able to produce abundant commodities to supply almost all the markets of the world. Unfortunately, however, she could not adopt such a wise policy in the past on account of her adherence to old usages, and even the adoption of it in the future seems doubtful, as it seems to be improbable that she will exert herself to promote her domestic commerce and industry to a great extent. Such being the case, several Powers of the world are competing with one another to develop the abundant resources of China with their own funds by means of the construction of railways, the setting up of various industries, the undertaking of mining operations, etc. If the resources of China, whose population numbers over four hundred million, are greatly developed by foreigners, our trade with China is sure to make marked progress, and we shall be able to supply that neighboring country with large quantities of commodities before it becomes fully developed.

The foreign trade of Japan has made considerable progress since the Restoration of 1868, with the United States of America as her best customer. But we must not rest contented with this, but try to make China a great market for our products. In my opinion, China is a country to demand our products to a much greater extent, and to become our best customer in the future, so that it behooves us to always pay a keen attention to the state of affairs in that country.

It will be seen from the above statements that, merely from the point of view of our trade relations with China, it is a very important question which requires our careful consideration. Besides, we have a great interest in the changes of the political state of affairs in China, so that in some cases our country might stand in such a position as not to be able to look upon them with passive inactivity. Under these circumstances, it is very necessary for our country to complete its military preparations and to put the state of finance upon a sound basis as soon as possible. I think the Government should be bending their efforts toward making various necessary preparations, but the people must also bear the above facts in their minds and take steps to provide for contingencies.

NOTE:—*Readers interested in preserving this article by Marquis Ito, may care to know that it is to be incorporated in a forthcoming volume entitled "Japan by the Japanese."—The Editors.*

THE BATTLE OF YALU RIVER AS I SAW IT

By a Brigade Commander in the Japanese Army

Japanese custom revolts at the idea of the exploitation of the army by any of its officers. The name of the field officer who wrote the vivid description of this first conflict in history between the troops of Japan and of Europe is therefore withheld, but it is known to the Editors, who are willing to guarantee the genuineness of this article.

IT is the second day of May, and here I am at Antung, stealing—which does not sound either dutiful or correct—the first opportunity to jot down a few things that came and went before my eyes in the crossing of the Yalu.

Yesterday!—I do not know what shade of red History would paint that day. The crossing of the Yalu? the occupation of Kiuliencheng? and, the greatest of all, can an Oriental power meet on equal footing an army of the West and manage to entertain it at all?—these were the questions which troubled many a mind. As the luck would have it we were honored in helping to bring these questions to a rather happy conclusion. Gods are partial after all.

The sun fell upon the last day of the fourth moon of the thirty-seventh year of Meiji.

The moon was dreaming over the sleep of things; the night was beautiful. By about midnight all preparations came to an end. I looked out upon the Yalu. Ripples were all silver. Beyond, silken fogs were kidnapping the hill ranges which raced up the Yalu from Husan (Tiger Hill), and also those along the Ai to Yusukau, and they looked for all the world like a dragon asleep in banks of clouds. The moon, which seemed to be indifferent to our patience, neither hastened nor slowed down her pace by so much as a moment, and in her serene manner fell finally upon the western sea. Upon the silent wavelets of the Yalu fell the pallor of the break of day.

The fogs which screened the sleeping Russians on the other side of the river prevented our gunners to open fire with the first waking of day. It was close on seven o'clock, with the lifting of the mists, that the hostile positions came to view. All along the line our guns searched the Russians. Precisely at eight o'clock, as was planned, the general order for attack was given.

Before us was the stretch of sand. Cultivated fields patched it. It was about fifteen hundred meters in distance. Beyond that was the Ai River. The stream was about two hundred meters wide, and at the point we were expected to ford the water came up to our breast. Now in all the fifteen hundred meter stretch of soft sand there was not a shelter for our men. To be sure there had been a number of Korean huts, but these the Russians took care to burn down to the ground. Now what our men did was simply this: we rushed over this stretch of sand, waded through the water and took the Russian positions across the river within one hour and thirty minutes. Mind you, the Russians had all the magnificent advantages which nature had built as if she were building a huge fortress in the early days of creation against the tides of the river and of the sea. It is small wonder, therefore, that the foreign military attaches and newspaper correspondents were taken by surprise. Especially those of Great Britain and of the United States seemed to take an unlimited delight in watching the manner in which we carried the positions. After the battle I heard a number of foreign attaches say

among themselves that Russia was the biggest fake that they ever saw. One of the gentlemen, from a power that is more friendly to Russia than to us, remarked to one of our staff officers and said: "I suppose your Second Division is a model division among your army?" "I would not be surprised," was the reply, "if you would not hesitate to count it as the model of army divisions of the world." A bitter smile which rose to the lips of the foreigner was not quite becoming, but happily he did not seem to be aware of it.

As I was rushing over the sandy stretch in front of the Kiuliencheng I almost stumbled over a private who was seriously wounded, spite of blazing haste as I then was, I could not stand the temptation of stooping over the poor fellow. I said: "Are you wounded?" On the pallor of his face broke a broad smile, he raised his hand—he said, in a voice as slender as a cobweb thread, "His Majesty, Banjai," then he added, "Oh! it is very slight; let your heart be at ease. Only I pray you to bring the battle to a victory for our country."

I rushed on. Another body became entangled between my legs. Looking down I found that he was about to cross into the Unknown. Before I knew what I was doing, I paused; stooped over him. He tried to talk. He could not. Then he pointed to his waist, where was a belt of cartridges, and his tremulous fingers tried, because his voice refused him and his tongue still, to tell me what was in his mind,—he tried to tell me that it was his desire that a better man than he should take that cartridge belt and send the shots home to the Russians on the other side of the river. I unstrapped it, threw it to a fellow who was brushing past me. As I jumped into the river to ford it there was a terrific shower of shots from the other side. Nothing prevented the Russians on the "Bowl Hill" and on the walls of Kiuliencheng from picking us as fast as they could feed their rifles. Just then, not far from where I was wading, a bullet struck a soldier in the arm which was supporting his rifle. At once he turned to his neighbor and shoved his rifle into his care. The arm which was broken happened, very happily, to be his left. With his right hand he unsheathed his sword and, without stopping one second, he rushed on frantically, his sword flashing over the rushing waters of the Ai. This fellow was not able to handle the gun, but he was determined to treat his Russian friends to a taste of the Nippon sword. There was a fellow to the right of him somewhat above the stream, who was also pushing ahead. Suddenly he turned a somersault in the stream. The stream brought him down rather close to where I was wading, and he gained his feet almost in front of me. He seemed to be dazed for a fraction of a second. He raised his hand to his forehead from which blood was dripping. It was very evident that a spent bullet hit him upon the forehead and knocked him down into the water. He dug his finger into the bullet hole. The bullet did not strike him square against the forehead, it glanced around his head, piercing the skin only, and stopped just above his temple. He stuck his finger into the hole and took out the bullet. He looked at it curiously for about a tenth of a second and put it into his pocket, and rushed straight ahead. I saw two soldiers who were pretty badly shot, one of them had at least three bullet wounds. The only thought of these men seemed to be to conceal their wounds. They hurried into the thick of the fray—and upon them was that thievish air which you sometimes catch in a bad boy or a man who is hounded—the air which seemed so ill at ease on the face of a Nippon soldier, and so striking, too, because so rare. They were frightened, these fellows who laughed in the face of death, lest they might be caught by the hospital corps.

Were you upon the hilltop in the quiet of Korean hills, free from the fever of fight in your blood, the wounded of that May day must have seemed so many lunatics. Even in the frenzy of pushing on (always rushing ahead—it mattered not where), the sight of many a wounded man made me pause; very often they compelled me to take to my handkerchief—think of a soldier of Nippon shedding tears in the very thick of a battle! And the reason why I did not overwhelm them with praise was simply because my tears drowned my voice. So it came to pass that one could see a very singular sight all over the blood-red field—the heavily wounded always smiling, some of them laughing, and the men who are sound were everywhere weeping, touched at the sight of the wounded comrades.

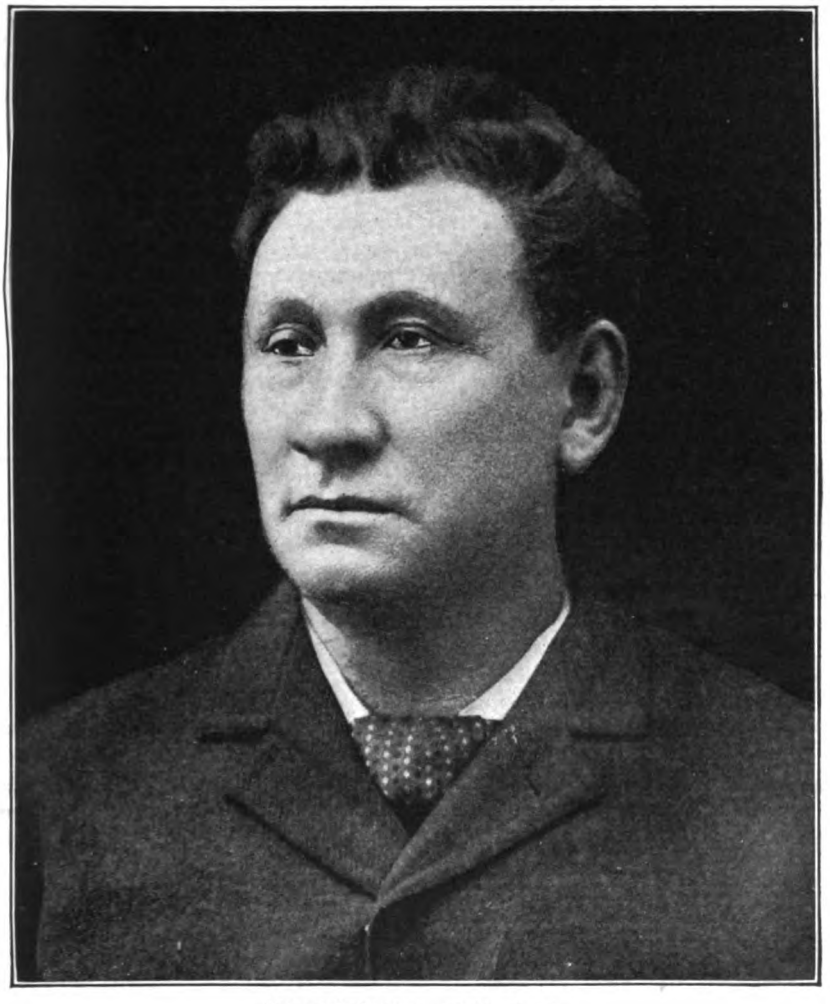
Now, with a number of men under my command, this was the first call of the Flag to tell History what make of men they were. I knew that our men were brave; I knew also that for them death had a smiling face, provided always that it was for His Majesty. Nevertheless these were new soldiers; and what commander could be sure of untried men? The coolness and steadiness with which they met the situation quite surprised their officers. Our commander-in-chief was gracious enough to say of them that rarely, even in maneuvers at home, their behavior was excelled.

Captain Yoshida rushed up a hill to the north of Kiuliencheng; as he drove off the enemy from the height, there burst a shell in the midst of his men, killing and wounding over twenty of them. Captain Yoshida knew the importance of this point. It commanded a slender thread of Russian retreat. A few guns atop of it, ably served, could turn the masterly retreat of our friends into a rout. It must have been very important indeed and its importance very apparent; even the Russians saw it. So soon as it was occupied by our men they deluged it with their gunfire; they smothered it with the smoke of shrapnels and the dust of common shells which plowed it. The captain stood amid the tempest of fire and iron, refusing to move one inch. His coolness was superhuman; it fell upon his men like a magic presence of the divine. The sight of him seemed to make the men forget that there ever was a bursting shell. They mounted the guns at last which told so fearfully as soon as the "Bowl Hill" was abandoned.

The enemy on this occasion certainly fought with credit. Our gunfire was savage; we had an advantage in the number of our guns. When the earth beneath their feet was shaking quite as much as the air above their heads, doggedly they held to their position. Wonderfully well, too, did they stick to their ground when our assaulting parties were clearing their trenches with the points of their bayonets. As to their officers, permit me to add here that I saw them running back and forth in the torrents of shots and shells from us, and directed the fighting lines with calmness. When we had outflanked them and they were forced to retire, they disputed with us almost every foot of the ground. They took every advantage which geography offered to them; they did not fail to cover their retreat as much as the circumstances allowed on this occasion.

It was at the time when the fording of the river was decided upon. The officers wanted a small band of picked out men to whom death for the country was more pleasing than luxury. They wished these men to set the pace for their comrades. By the way of experiment some of us called for volunteers. Promptly everybody under my command offered himself, so the experiment was not a brilliant success. Now I have had under me the men of the North Seas; in our country, as you know, there is a common saying that runs something like the following: "The men of the Northern Seas are rather primitive in their devotion to the Samurai ideal; they are somewhat lacking in that dauntless bravery common to children of the Samurai." Moreover, these men had never been tried on a great battlefield; they were an unknown quantity to commanding officers. This was the virgin battlefield in which they were to show what they could do. Naturally I was somewhat anxious. A few minutes which they took in fording the river, however, was quite enough for them to write, in their all-silent way, a deathless chapter in history. Rarely have I seen either among the veterans of the Restoration of '67 or of the China-Nippon war of ten years ago the daring energy and persistence shown on this day by these men under me.

We have all heard that on a rare occasion now and then, and only when he is besieged—when provision is out, when ammunition chest is empty, when starvation has broken the heart and muscle of the Russian—he sometimes permits himself to see the wisdom and grace of a white flag. Never before in the history of the world's military operations have we heard that the Russian laid down his arms on the field of battle, his belt full of cartridges and his comrades fighting all about him. These men of the North Sea, of the Sixteenth Regiment Infantry of the Fifteenth Brigade of the Second Division, therefore, have the proud distinction of giving to those fond of tales of the brave the first heroic instant when the Russian in the very thickest of the fight raised a white flag.



Edward Butler, of St. Louis.

FROM BLACKSMITH TO BOSS

The Story of the Shrewdest Manipulator in Municipal Politics

By Joseph J. McAuliffe

A GREAT race was to be run on Long Island. Hiram Woodruff, owner of Kimball Jack, had backed his faith with his money on the result. Preparatory to the race, Kimball Jack lost a shoe.

"Ed," said Woodruff to the stable boy, "take the horse to the shop and have him shod."

The blacksmith's shop was a mile away. The stable boy rode the racer to the shop. He found no one there. There was a woman in the house back of the shop and she said the blacksmith was too drunk to come down.

Knowing the importance of his errand, the stable boy did what has been char ac-

teristic of him ever since. He found a way out.

He picked up a shoe weighing two pounds. "That will fit," he said, measuring with his eye, and he proceeded to nail it on tight. Then he went back. Woodruff looked at the shoe and shook his head. The other shoes were light; this was heavy. He reprimanded the boy, but it was too late to withdraw his horse from the race.

To Woodruff's astonishment, Kimball Jack won, cut down his own record and came in without a mark of his knees interfering.

The horse had a defect on the foot the boy had shod. The knees always interfered, but in this race he lifted his weighted hoof so that they did not strike and from that simple fact, fifty years ago, horsemen learned the use of weights on the hoofs of horses to make them step high.

Woodruff's stable boy quit the race track to pull the heavy pole that works the big bellows. He took Horace Greeley's advice and came West. St. Louis, before the Civil War, was little more than a thriving village.

Edward Butler had no money, no friends, no kin, none to whom he could turn for counsel or encouragement.

But—

He found a way out.

To-day the "stable boy" of Long Island is the dominant political master of the fourth city of the Union. He has a fortune of five million dollars. His holdings embrace a dozen blacksmith shops, two theaters and blocks upon blocks of improved city real estate. He is the controlling genius of several semi-public corporations and a heavy stockholder in some of St Louis' largest financial institutions. The dictator of the Municipal Assembly, he is recognized as the most powerful ally of corporations seeking favors and franchises from that body.

In his sixty-ninth year, Edward Butler —still rugged, self assertive, arrogant, vindictive and uncompromising—shows the scars of many hard-fought battles.

Twice within a short period he has faced the law on charges of bribery growing out of the wholesale corruption of public officials, and won. Had he lost, the penitentiary would have been his fate.

"I admit I am no saint, neither am I half so black as the reformers paint me," is Butler's self-satisfied estimate of his own good and evil traits.

Of his childhood days Edward Butler remembers little. Born in Ireland, his parents died when he was quite young, and at the age of fourteen he set out for America, accompanied by a party of adventurous lads like himself. The party separated in New York, and Butler was left to paddle his own canoe.

St. Louis had not been his home a year when he owned a profitable interest in a blacksmith shop; at the end of two years the sign above the door read: "Edward Butler, sole proprietor."

With no education, save the precarious scraps picked up from his associates at the blacksmith's forge, but blessed by a quick, native wit, with a muscular frame capable of enduring any physical hardship, an abundance of grit, self-reliance, determination and hard common sense; big hearted, glib-tongued and coarsely diplomatic, the young blacksmith slipped gracefully into the arena of politics.

Tom Allen, a famous pugilist of the Seventies, was the boss of the First Ward, in which Butler lived. One day the blacksmith noticed Allen earnestly conversing with a well-dressed, intelligent looking stranger. Out of curiosity he asked Allen the man's name.

"Oh, he is the president of the Cass Avenue Street Railway Company," replied Allen. "He wants to lay two more blocks of track and I am going to get the bill through the Assembly for him." Butler meditated a moment, then walked slowly away.

If he could control the politics of the First Ward, was the thought which flashed through his mind, he could also control the representative's vote. Now, he reasoned, if he could control the representative's vote, he would be able, probably, to secure a contract from the street car company to shoe its mules.

The problem was simplicity itself. At the succeeding election the blacksmith made his debut as an active politician. He startled the opposition by subscribing ten dollars to defray the expenses of the Democratic candidate. He patronized the saloons and bought drinks for the "boys." The generosity of the new Richmond delighted the workers and sent Butler's can-

didate to the House of Delegates. Six months afterward the village blacksmith got a big contract from the street car company. Shop No. 2 was opened.

Butler's friendships widened. Gradually he extended his influence to other wards. In a few years his grip on the Municipal Assembly was complete. In every campaign, from the day he defeated the prize-fighter at the polls, Edward Butler has paid the expenses of various aspirants for the House of Delegates and the Council, in some instances the individual contributions amounting to a thousand dollars.

James Campbell, one of the moving spirits in the consolidation of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, and the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Companies, and John Scullin, a multi-millionaire street car magnate, were contemporaries of young Butler. They had more brains than money. Together Scullin and Campbell began the construction of street railroads, issuing bonds to defray the cost.

In return for the blacksmith's legislative services they sent all of the companies' horses and mules to him to be shod, and let him in on the "ground floor" of speculative deals.

Then a man named Goodenough came along. Goodenough invented a patent horseshoe and he wanted Butler to put it on the market.

"If you'll give me the sole agency for the West, I'll accept," said Butler. Goodenough agreed. The first year's receipts from this source netted the blacksmith fifteen thousand dollars. In a decade the revenue had doubled.

The year 1880 witnessed a boom for the Western metropolis. With a population of three hundred thousand St. Louis began a march of phenomenal progress. Butler saw the drift of things. He bought real estate. For every dollar invested he got two dollars back.

Capital flowed St. Louisward. Giant industrial institutions added to the era of commercial expansion. Desiring concessions from the Municipal Assembly the promoters of public-service enterprises were advised to "see Butler." Pushing the wheels of legislation became a sort of profession with the boss. He accepted employment from the franchise-seeking corporations as an attorney. He exacted his "fee" upon the delivery of the desired franchise.

Apropos of the failure of the notorious attempt to steal a franchise for the St. Louis and Suburban Street Railway Company, Butler remarked:—

"I am no cheap man. I work for fees and I deliver the legislation wanted in sixty days. How I do the job is a business secret."

The boss's talk cost him dearly. His secret was soon out. The Municipal Assembly passed a measure specifying the use of a certain process in the reduction of the city's garbage. The St. Louis Sanitary Company, controlled by Butler, had a monopoly of this patent. Previously, Butler had obtained the contract to haul the city's garbage at an annual expense of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars. The additional contract to dispose of it was worth one hundred and thirty thousand dollars per annum.

Two members of the St. Louis Board of Health told the Grand Jury how Butler had asked them to ratify the garbage reduction contract which had been referred to the board for action.

One testified that Butler offered him twenty-five hundred dollars; the other said he was offered twenty-four hundred dollars. Butler's indictment on the charge of attempted bribery followed.

He was tried before a jury at Columbia, Mo., whence he had taken a change of venue, alleging prejudice on the part of the people of St. Louis against him, and his punishment fixed at three years in the penitentiary.

Not denying the defendant's guilt, but asserting that under the municipal charter the Board of Public Improvements and not the Board of Health was the only body empowered to make such a contract, the Supreme Court reversed the verdict and ordered Butler's discharge.

Persons unfriendly to Butler and diposed to criticise the Supreme Court point out that the judge who delivered the opinion of the court was nominated and elected two years ago with the aid of Edward Butler.

In September, 1902, Butler again was caught in the meshes of the boodle dragnet.

This time he was accused of distributing a fund of forty-seven thousand five hun-

dred dollars to nineteen members of the House of Delegates for the passage of a franchise in behalf of a New York gas illuminating company.

He was tried at Fulton, Mo., and acquitted. Six of the assemblymen who turned State's evidence related the story of the deal. Graphically, it was described how Butler approached John K. Murrell, the leader of the House Combine and said: "Johnny, if you boys hurry up and get that bill through for me I will give you forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. The "boys" rejected the proposition. "We ain't 'scabs,'" they said, "the bill ought to be worth at least seventy-five thousand dollars." Informed of the Combine's action, Butler hurried to the City Hall. It was after dark and the Assembly had just convened. Butler summoned three or four members of the Combine before him.

"I simply want to say, that if you fellows don't take forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, you don't get a d——n cent." The "boys" felt that Butler meant what he said and decided to accept his offer. A few minutes later the lighting bill was called up and passed. The Combine appointed two members to receive the money from Butler at his office down town. A third was selected to "shadow" the other two members. The formal distribution of the big corruption fund took place later, in the same evening, at the home of Delegate Julius Lehmann, whom the voters of his ward had six times chosen as their representative.

Previous to Butler's trial two of the assemblymen had been convicted of bribery in connection with the lighting scandal. How Butler could escape seemed a conundrum to many. It was the defendant's least worry. He found a way out.

The legal talent employed by the defense included the prosecuting attorney of Callaway County, to whom Butler paid a fee of five thousand dollars.

Under the Missouri Statutes there is nothing to prevent the prosecuting officer of any county from assisting the defense when the case at bar does not originate within its jurisdiction. Lawyers and laymen, however, did not hesitate to criticise the local prosecutor's anomalous attitude as a serious breach of official propriety. The panel of twenty-four from which the jury was selected consisted wholly of Democrats. Edward Butler is the truest friend the Missouri Democratic machine ever had.

To the State's startling and vigorous array of testimony the defense presented an alibi. Three or four witnesses, friends of the defendant, swore that Butler was neither at his office nor in the House of Delegates' chamber on the night the lighting bill was passed, hence he could not have bargained to pay the Combine forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

When the verdict was announced, Edward Butler, who had undergone the ordeal of a long and bitter trial with the indifference of a stoic, burst into tears, thus evidencing for the first time his well-concealed feelings of mental distress. He thanked the jurors for their decision, and then hurrying from the courtroom, he walked to a near-by saloon, and throwing a fifty dollar bill on the counter said:—

"Let the boys have what they want."

"Letting the boys have what they want," is one of the secrets of Butler's success.

To the followers, who never desert the Butler standard, the "old man" does not fail to show the proper spirit of reciprocal loyalty. There is a telephone attached to his bed in the stately mansion that is pointed out to visitors as the "boss's home." It rings at all hours of the night. "Oyster Jack," "Serpent Henry" or "Tony the Fox" has got into trouble. No matter how unseasonable the hour, Butler never hesitates to render the desired assistance.

To his worst enemy the old man has extended the olive branch of charity.

No man denounced Butler more scathingly as a "dangerous enemy to society" than the late James L. Blair, son of General Francis P. Blair, who saved Missouri for the Union.

James L. Blair attained considerable renown as a lawyer and a lecturer. He was general counsel of the World's Fair. He led St. Louis' smart set. But above all things else he was a reformer, and Blair's phillipics on civic subjects fairly teemed with anti-Butler references.

Blair fell from grace. It was noised about that he had robbed estates committed to his charge. His shortage was said to approach four hundred and twenty thou-

sand dollars. Without ample verification the newspapers dared not print the story.

James Campbell, Ed Butler's boon business companion for forty years, went to Blair's rescue. Butler knew the whole story of Blair's disgrace, but revenge was not so sweet to him that he would tell it.

I went to see Butler myself at the time.

"I ain't got no use for Jim Blair," said he to me. "The Lord knows he has done all in his power to ruin me. I know he was the chief contributor to the boodle fund raised for the purpose of prosecuting me. Let me tell you something. When my boy Jim ran for Congress the first time, one of the campaign managers on the other side sent out some pretty dirty literature about him. That man stole thirty thousand dollars. The boys wanted to expose him. I said, 'No.' The blow would fall not upon the thief but his family. So with Jim Blair. Let him get out of his trouble if he can. As for me, I wouldn't breathe a word against him. He has a wife and family, and they are the innocent ones who would suffer."

Butler's family pride manifested itself when, in 1896, he asked the Democrats of the Twelfth Congressional district to send his son, James J. Butler, to Congress.

Butler thought that he had served the party long and faithfully enough to exact this one favor; he felt that the victories he had achieved and the friends he numbered would count as a serious consideration. The "silk stocking" leaders refused the request. The district went overwhelmingly for the Republican candidate, and in the following election the Republicans encountering no opposition from the Butler forces, carried the city by six thousand. The next time that Butler made his request it was met with prompt approval. James J. Butler has been elected to Congress three times, twice he has been ousted and a third contest is now pending before Congress. The Republicans alleged gross frauds.

"It don't make any difference how often they throw Jim out," remarked the boss recently, "we have got enough votes to send him back again."

When Circuit Attorney Joseph W. Folk crushed the Democratic ring that had grown arrogant and despotic with its long lease of life and compelled his party to nominate him for governor on a platform whose paramount plank is a pledge to exterminate public corruption and drive the boodlers from Missouri, Edward Butler realized that the crowning struggle of his struggle-scarred career was at hand.

It has been iterated and reiterated that "Folk will put an end to the reign of Butler and Butlerism." As the present campaign proceeds this conclusion does not appear illogical. Heavy odds weigh against the boss. To win he must whip down popular sentiment and popular determination for better civic conditions. He must fight his own party.

Under the flag of the enemy is Butler's only hope to fell the ambition of the man who has prosecuted him with such unrelenting vigor.

And what sort of man is he upon whom Butler can or will unite the full force of his political power?

One of the best known business men in the West, formerly mayor of St. Louis and at one time President of the Municipal Assembly.

Cyrus P. Walbridge is not a reformer. He makes no pretensions at reform. Nominally he is the candidate of the Republican party; in fact, he is the choice of the franchise seeking corporations.

He is the president of a great public service company which maintains a lobby at the State Capitol.

He is wealthy, astute, clever; a fine talker and a good "mixer." That is the extent of his gubernatorial qualifications. In the Municipal Assembly he served the purposes of a notorious combine; was the chief promoter of legislation which gave to Edward Butler a monopoly on the famous garbage contract and otherwise contributed his influence to measures opposed by the great body of the people.

As mayor, Mr. Walbridge devoted himself to the upbuilding of a mighty political machine, which, under the administration of his successor, Henry Ziegenhein, developed into an agency for unparalleled dishonesty and graft.

Nobody doubts that Boss Butler, as conditions exist, is delighted over the candidacy of his old friend, Walbridge, nor does anybody doubt that the two will be found fighting side by side on election day.

For Edward Butler must beat Folk or forfeit his political kingdom.

THE MOST REV. HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

By Curtis Brown

ONE of the chief educational authorities in England was talking recently with the Archbishop of Canterbury about that very distinguished clergyman's intended trip to the United States, and afterward made the following pregnant comment to the writer of this article: "The Archbishop wants to go to the United States to solve a mystery. The American boy, receiving no religious instruction in the public schools, should become, according to all the theory of the Church of England, a graceless ruffian. The American public school boy, however, persistently refuses to become a graceless ruffian, and comes out of school with just as good an average character as the English boy on whom the Established Church has bestowed its most careful attentions. The Archbishop cannot understand it, and is going over to find out how it happens."

Of course, the Archbishop has been yearning to go to the United States for a number of other reasons, too, for he is more of a citizen of the world than some of his recent predecessors have been. There is more of urbanity and less of fiery zeal about him. Tact, discretion and common sense were the qualities in him that appealed to King Edward VII, and caused that shrewd monarch to lift Dr. Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, over the heads of various older, and perhaps, more scholarly candidates, into a position so high that those who have occupied it have sometimes had more power than the king.

Perhaps it is not generally realized what a tremendous personage the Archbishop of Canterbury is, quite aside from his glory as head of the Church of England. In social precedence he comes next after the king and his family, and ahead of all the dukes except the royal ones. Like a duke he is addressed as "Your Grace," and if you want to write a letter to him you must address it:—

"To the Most Rev. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury," and must begin it, "My Lord Archbishop." If you get a personal answer to the letter—and no autograph collectors need apply—the epistle will be signed "Randall Cantuar."

The Archbishop's salary is just half as much again as that of the President of the United States—or at least it is in theory. In practice he has to meet so many charges out of the seventy-five thousand dollars a year paid him that only a small share of it has any chance of remaining in his own pockets. His official residence, the ancient and picturesque Lambeth Palace, is a much bigger place than the White House and costs far more to maintain and keep in repairs.

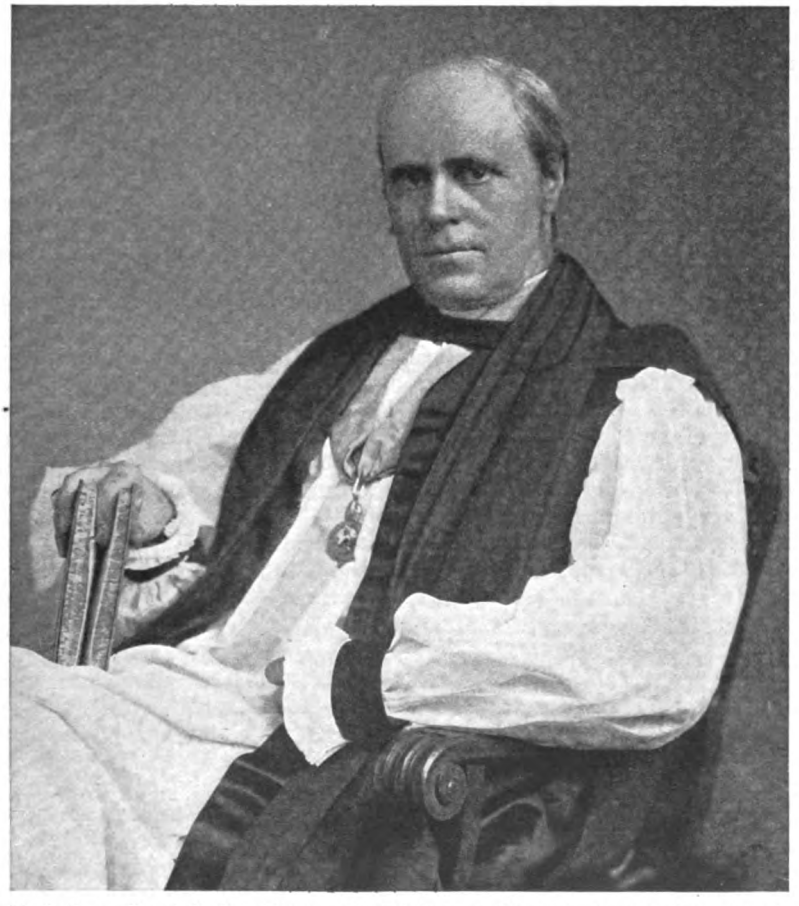
While custom no longer demands that the Archbishop should keep open house there, as was done for instance in the time of Queen Elizabeth, he is still expected to carry out the scriptural injunction "to be given to hospitality." Out of his own purse, therefore, he has to provide a liberal table and maintain a large staff of servants. At Canterbury, of which see he is diocesan bishop, he has another residence which must be kept up. He is president of nearly all the leading church societies, which involves a further drain on his resources, for he is expected to set an example of liberality in the matter of donations to them. As a matter of fact the Archbishop of Canterbury has a hard time of it making both ends meet out of his princely salary.

His secular offices are numerous. He is one of the lords of the Privy Council, one of the three principal trustees of the British Museum, a governor of Wellington College and of the Charterhouse, and is

closely associated with several other institutions of learning. From his seat in the House of Lords he is expected to take the lead in all matters pertaining to ecclesiastical legislation, and presides over the private conclave of bishops at Lambeth Palace, where the policy of the church in such matters is decided on.

The Archbishop was born in Edinburgh of the Tweed, there was little in the early life of Randall Davidson that gave promise of an exceptionally brilliant career. As a youth he was fonder of sport than of books.

His devotion to the gun came near making an end of him when he was sixteen. Through an accident he received a charge of shot at the base of the spine and ever since his health has been precarious.



The Most Rev. Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who has come to this country to attend the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Boston.

fifty-six years ago and is one of several illustrious examples that might be cited of the present ascendancy in English affairs of men of Scotch birth. The Prime Minister, Arthur Balfour, is a Scotchman; the leader of the opposition, Campbell-Bannerman, is a Scotchman; Lord Rosebery is a Scotchman and that other lesser primate, the Archbishop of York, is a Scotchman. But aside from the fact that he was born north

Every autumn he is threatened with peritonitis, and for months at a time, sometimes for a year, he lives on nothing but milk foods. It is surely evidence of an heroic spirit that despite the physical martyrdom he has since frequently had to endure, his disposition has been in no wise soured by it. His sweetness of temper is the first thing that impresses all who are brought in contact with him.

It was his ill health, due to the gunshot wound, that caused him,—so his friends declare,—to leave Oxford with no higher mark than a mere pass degree. But at Oxford he gained the friendship of Crawford Tait, the son of Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. This led to his being received on terms of intimacy by the Archbishop's family, and to his appointment as the Archbishop's private secretary soon after beginning his clerical career, in the usual way, as a curate. The Archbishop's interest in him was further strengthened by his marriage in 1878 to his daughter, Miss Edith Tait.

Thereafter his ecclesiastical progress was phenomenally rapid. Through Archbishop Tait he was introduced into the charmed circle of royalty. Queen Victoria took a great liking to the young man who so happily combined piety with polish, earnestness with serenity. In 1882 she appointed him her honorary chaplain and sub-almoner; a year later he was made her domestic chaplain and Dean of Windsor, holding those offices until 1891, when he was made Clerk of the Closet to the Queen, simultaneously with his elevation to the bishopric of Rochester, which was followed a few years later by his promotion to the more desirable see of Winchester. The office of Clerk of the Closet, which he held until the Queen's death, is the nearest approach to that of Father Confessor the English Church admits. Into Dr. Davidson's discreet ears the good old queen poured her troubles, domestic and temporal, as well as spiritual. When Archbishop Benson died in 1896 it was her wish that he should accept the primacy, but because of his health he could not be induced to take it. All the world knows that when the queen lay dying at Osborne it was Dr. Davidson whom she summoned to administer the last sacrament.

The close relations that existed between the shrewd Scotch ecclesiastic and the late queen have been maintained with King Edward, and he is now King Edward's Clerk of the Closet. The pay attached to the office is fifty-five dollars a year.

In appearance there is little to suggest the courtier about the Archbishop. He is a man of middle height with a homely face, big forehead and bushy eyebrows. No one ever called him good-looking. On one occasion, when he was Bishop of Rochester, a zealous, but somewhat maladroit cleric, intending to compliment him, remarked in the course of his speech: "No one can say that our Bishop is ornamental, for—" But a roar of laughter, in which Dr. Davidson joined, prevented him from finishing the sentence.

THE NITRATE CROP

A Story of Some Homeseekers

By Kennett Harris

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

THERE was sunshine at Wachihulpee, Fla. In that respect the booklets and folders of the Wachihulpee Land and Improvement Company had not exaggerated. It beat fiercely down upon the sandy soil out of a cloudless sky and made the little knolls quiver in an uncertain way that was trying to the eyes. Struson acknowledged the sunshine freely and admitted the pine timber on the knolls, which, if it was somewhat scrubby and knotty, was still pine timber. There was sand everywhere—sand and dwarf palmetto. Struson spoke of the sand to Mr. Reeder, the company's agent, who had come down to the little ten by fifteen platform to meet

"If we only had lime and hair we could plaster up the whole United States."

him—spoke disparagingly of it. Mr. Reeder, a cheerful looking plump little man with restless, beady black eyes and a silken voice and manner waved his plump, white hand deprecatingly.

"Of course, of course," he said, "it is a little sandy, but sand is a good thing in soil, you know. You mustn't allow it to depress you. You may like the place better than you think."

Struson showed his white teeth under his clipped moustache and his gray eyes twinkled appreciatively for an instant; then he frowned. "Do you mean to tell me that you can raise oranges in this blazing, God-forsaken desert?" he asked.

"I can show you a grove with five hundred trees in full bearing any time you come over to my place," replied the agent. "Naturally the soil takes a little working to get the best results," he added. "But we'd better get your things into the wagon and then Pete here can take you over to your property."

"I hope that my property shows up better than this," said Struson, "because if it doesn't there's going to be fifty-seven varieties of trouble. I didn't come down here to be skinned by a set—"

"Now there's no use trying to quarrel with me, Mr. Struson," said the agent, "I'm just the company's representative and I'm trying to carry out its agreement with you. You've got a clear title to your eighty and here's your free transportation of household effects waiting for you. You can't expect everything for six dollars an acre, you know. You're a young man, but I can see that you're a man of sense."

"I used to think so," said Struson, "but I've been doubting it seriously in the last ten minutes."

In the course of half an hour Struson was making the last stage of his journey to his newly acquired orange grove, seated in a lumber wagon piled with his rather elaborate tent and camping outfit, beside Pete, the big, stolid man in overalls, who had come down to the depot with the agent. After a drive of about two miles over a scarcely indicated road the driver pulled up his team. They were then on the crest of a ridge overlooking a sort of a shallow depression in the wilderness of sand, palmetto and jack pine. The only relief to the eye from the monotony of the scene was a patch of dark green in the distance made by a swamp, the only sign of human habitation two or three rough board shanties about which there seemed to be a poor show of cultivation.

"Well," said Pete, "Here we are."

"Do you mean that this is the land of which I am the proud owner?" asked Struson.

"East ha'f of the north-east quarter of eighteen," replied Pete, with an exasperating grin. "This is it."

Struson looked at him with a peculiar expression. "I think Mr. Reeder showed good, hard, horse sense in sending you out here instead of bringing me himself," he said, "I don't believe that I could lick you. Well, help me pitch the tent and I'll call it square with you. I see there's a barrel of water under that pine. Does that go with the land?"

"Mr. Reeder had me haul that for you," said Pete, "you can get one of the neighbors to fill it after this until you get a team of your own. I can tell you where you can get a good team cheap."

Struson made the acquaintance of the nearest of his neighhors early the next morning. He was awakened from an uneasy slumber by a drawling salutation ot "Howdy!" and raising himself on his elbow, saw a brown, hatchet-faced man peering in through the opening of the tent.

"How are you?" returned Struson, cordially, "come in, won't you?"

"I thought I'd come over and see you," said the hatchet-faced mnn, entering. "Pete told me that you'd come an' neighbors is scarce here. I don't reckon you've got any fine cut?"

"I reckon I have," replied Struson. He got up and regaled his guest with tobacco. Entering into conversation with him he found that his name was Hopkins, and that he was one of four actual settlers on the Wachihulpee orange growing tract. He had come out of the Egypt which is in Illinois two years before, with his wife and family and worldly possessions, to this Land of Promise and since then had felt but one ambition—to get back again to his flesh pots. The other three settlers, he informed Struson, were Green, Schneider and Burrows. "Me an' Schneider, bein family men it comes harder on us," he concluded dolefully. "Green an' Burrows ain't only got their wives. But we can't none of us get away. We make out to live an' that's all."

"Can't raise oranges then?" queried Struson.

"Oranges, H—l!" said Mr. Hopkins. "We're in luck to raise taters an' enough fodder to feed a hog or two an' Schneider's mule team. We swap work and make out to live. I don't reckon you'll stay. Some has stayed for good." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder and Struson seemed to know without asking that there was a graveyard in the direction of the thumb. "Mostly though they don't even come. They buy an' reckon that they will come some time an' that's all there is to it. They get tired of payin' taxes after a spell."

"How does Reeder manage to raise oranges enough to photograph?"

"Hauls muck from the swamp an' makes the land. It pays him, but it wouldn't pay us. Then he's got a hundred an' fifty foot well an' irrigates. We can't do that. We've hauled enough muck with Schneider's team for the garden patches, but we like to starved afore we got the first crop raised."

Struson lit an oil stove and put on his coffee pot to boil in thoughtful silence. It was not until the water began to bubble that he spoke. Then he turned to Mr. Hopkins, who was watching him with mild interest, and said with an air of decision and an outward thrust of his square chin, "I reckon I'll stay."

In the next week Struson made the acquaintance of the rest of his neighbors. Hopkins rather grew upon him. The lean Egyptian proved to be a man of much natural shrewdness and possessed of a sense of humor. Schneider was a stocky little German, industrious and invincibly goodnatured; Warren and Green were more or less nonentities, still Struson's sympathy for them and their hopeless-looking wives bred a sort of liking. Struson thought much in those two days.

Then it came about that Struson met Griel, the president of the P. & D. W. He went down to the little railroad station one morning to flag the train that ran daily as far as Wilton, the county seat. He was out of provisions. As the train slowed down for the stop Struson noticed that there was a special car attached to the caboose that usually represented the passenger accommodation on the Wilton stub, and, as he swung himself aboard, a big, florid man with an expansive white waistcoat appeared on the car platform and looked curiously, first at the Wachihulpee depot and then at Struson. Then he hailed the conductor. "What's this place and what's that sidetrack?" he demanded briskly.

"Wachihulpee, sir," answered the conductor. "Land company. They built the sidetrack, but it's never been used since the agent's building material came in."

"Humph!" ejaculated the big man turning on his heel. Then, as he entered his car, he said, "Come in here, I want to talk to you."

The conductor followed him and Struson, going into the caboose, stretched himself out on the slippery cushions and lit a cigar. He had hardly taken a dozen whiffs when the conductor returned.

"You're the gentleman I took down about three weeks ago, aren't you?" he asked, addressing Struson. "Settled at Wachihulpee?"

"I'm beginning to feel that I'm settled," returned Struson. "What about it?"

"Mr. Griel wants to see you a minute, if you don't mind stepping into the next car."

"Who's Mr. Griel?" asked Struson blowing a ring of smoke in an uninterested way.

"Who's Griel!" repeated the conductor. "Why, he's the king pin, right hand man—president of the road. You ought to know Griel, if you come from Chicago."

Struson went into the private car and found the magnate seated at a table littered with papers, thoughtfully studying a blueprint. He greeted Struson with flattering cordiality and placed a chair for him with his own august hands. "I thought that you wouldn't mind coming in here and smoking your cigar, Mr.—er—"

"Struson."

"Mr. Struson. Glad to know you. My name's Griel. The conductor tells me that you're located at Wachihulpee, and as I'm naturally interested in this orange growing experiment I thought that I would ask you about the crop prospect. The company bought from us, you know—twenty sections. It was at a nominal figure, but the land appeared to us valueless."

"You made a mistake there," said Struson gravely. "The land is valuable. If we only had lime and hair with it we could plaster up the whole of the United States. It's the best soil for scouring purposes I ever saw in my life."

The railroad magnate smiled grimly. "I infer that the crop prospect isn't particularly good then," he suggested.

"It depends upon whether you refer to oranges or the hardy, perennial, blooming sucker," replied Struson. "I don't think that the company expects big returns from oranges this season, and I'm sure that I don't. What I want now is a good market for my sand."

"Suppose you tell me all about this," said Griel. "I don't want this country to get a bad name. It's a good country, with abundant natural resources, and I want it built up. I suppose you have heard that they have found nitrate over near Tipton—or think they have!"

"I hadn't heard of it," replied Struson, "but—" He stopped as if struck with an idea, and then continued slowly, "there ought to be extensive deposits of nitrate at Wachihulpee. It stands to reason that there must be. I'm morally convinced of it. Now, Mr. Griel," he continued with sudden energy, "I want you to help me. You may think that this isn't any of your obsequies, but it is. This company is going to be the means of giving the country a large, purple eye if it isn't checked up. I know the company quite well. The Chicago end of it is a good friend of mine—he induced me to buy. The Florida half is this man Reeder. I'll tell you my experience with them."

He related the story of his investment upon the representations of his friend, of his later determination to employ the rest of his small capital in the development of the land, of his arrival and disillusionment. Then he told the experiences of Hopkins, of Schneider, of Warren and of Green, swindled into settlement upon this desert, and as he talked the railroad man listened attentively, a frown deepening on his face.

"Now I've got a scheme," Struson concluded. "These fellows are making money at the game, but they haven't got much. They make a front at Chicago—nice little suite in the Mastodon and all that, but they keep most of their stock in the window. I've an idea that I can put them to the bad with your assistance."

"Let's hear your scheme," said Griel in a non-committal way, yet in a friendly tone that Struson felt was encouraging.

Within a week of this conversation several things happened. To begin with,

Struson's groceries came down from Wilton and among them there was a box labeled "Salt," that the conductor handed out with particular care, and which Struson and Hopkins, who was with him, received with much interest. The day following Struson and Hopkins were again at the depot, and this time they loaded into Schneider's wagon a thousand feet or so of two-inch plank and four-square timbers. It happened that Mr. Reeder and his man Pete were also at the station to receive freight, and they regarded this consignment with some curiosity.

"You must be going to make improvements, gentlemen," observed Reeder.

"You've guessed it the first time," returned Struson cheerfully. "We're starting in to make the desert blossom as the rose and two blades of grass grow where none grew before. We've set our mark at two blades; one won't satisfy us. Easy with your pipe around that powder, Hopkins."

"What are you going to do with powder?" asked Reeder.

"Not sure yet," answered Struson. "Have a little Fourth of July celebration, maybe."

Reeder's little black eyes twinkled suspiciously. "I'm getting in some number one flour here, Mr. Hopkins," he said, addressing that gentleman, "I'd like you to try it."

"Much obliged, colonel," said Hopkins, "but I don't reckon I'm needin' none now. The company's fixin' us out tol'able well."

"We've formed a partnership, you see," explained Struson throwing a pick into the wagon. "It's Struson, Schneider, Hopkins, Warren and Green, Limited. Capital also limited. Assets, five hundred odd acres of highly desirable land situated in the celebrated Wachihulpee orange growing district. Sunshine all the year round. Pure, invigorating air. No malaria. No mosquitoes. See our descriptive pamphlet, 'Wachihulpee the Beautiful.'"

Mr. Reeder frowned slightly at the allusion to the pamphlet, but he smiled the next moment and wished the new company success. Then, his wagon being by this time loaded, he climbed up into the seat beside Pete and waved the partners a graceful adieu.

As he drove off he said, "I wonderl what the devil those fellows are up to now. What do you think, Pete?"

Pete chewed on a straw thoughtfully and at last uttered a brief "Blamedfino."

"Suppose you happen around there tomorrow morning, Pete," said Reeder, "and see what they are up to."

At noon the next day Pete reported. "Well," he said, "I seen the whole crowd of them down in the basin an' I guess they're diggin' a well sure enough. I couldn't say for sure cause Struson come an' met me an' told me that he'd got the ground seeded down to Tangerines an' didn't want it tromped on. 'I'll have to trouble you to travel along the section line,' he says, 'Keep off the grass—un'erstand?'

"I says, 'I wanted to see Fritzy Schneider.'

"'All right,' he says, 'you stay where you are an' I'll send him to you.' An' he goes back to where the rest was an' sent Schneider back. 'What you doin' Fritzy?' I says, when he come up. 'Ve're settin' out dose Early Nordern Spy orangches,' he says, 'Vot you vant to see me for?'

"'Jest out of curiosity,' I says, 'I've seen you now an' you can go back, you Dutch son of a liver sausage.' So he went on back an' that's about all that I found out."

"You're an idiot," said Reeder, petulantly, "there wasn't any occasion for you to get him mad. Well, I guess I'll have to try and find out for myself."

Before he took any active steps in that direction he learned something in Wilton that turned his vague uneasiness to actual consternation. Egbert Hollinsbee, the recorder, met him on the piazza of the Planters' House and hailed him with the cordiality due to the political power Mr. Reeder was promising to become. "Say Sam?" said the official, after he had satisfied himself concerning his friend's health and general well being. "What's happening down your way? Wachihulpee real estate going to take a boom?"

"Booming all the time," answered Reeder, guardedly, "but how did you find it out?"

"Man in here looking up the records," said Hollinsbee, "started in with the east half of the north-east quarter of section

eighteen and got an abstract of it. Then he got abstracts to Green's and Warren's and Schneider's and Hopkins' tracts and made a list of all the owners in eighteen and nineteen—and Griel was with him. He said his name was Struson."

"Griel!"

"Sure enough. He went on by stage to Tipton. Say, they've struck that nitrate there all right, and all on P. and D. W. land. Ain't that luck for you! Them as has, gets. And that land there looks about as inviting as Hades on a hot day—good deal like that Wachihulpee land of yours."

P. and D. W. Griel.

"What you doin' Fritzy?"

Mr. Reeder was emphatically a man of action. He nodded indifferently at the recorder's intelligence, but as soon as that worthy had proceeded on his way to the court house he hastened over to the telegraph office at the depot and scribbled off the following dispatch:—

"CORY SIMPSON,
Mastodon Building,
Chicago.

Drop everything and come down here to Wilton with hard cash. Something big doing."

Three days later Struson and his four partners got off the train at Wilton. As he left the platform he turned and nodded coolly to another passenger, a smooth-faced, oldish-young man who was hesitating before the Planters 'bus. "Expect I'll see you later, Simp," he said, "you take my advice and stay here and grow up with the orange trees. But I needn't tell you the advantages of the country. If you're looking for Reeder get into that 'bus and they'll drive you straight into his loving arms."

The oldish-young man thanked him in an embarrassed way, and following his direction was presently greeted with fervid delight by Mr. Reeder as "Cory Simpson, by Gad! And just in the nick of time," he added. "I've been sweating blood for fear you wouldn't come, though I knew my second telegram would bring you if you were alive. Come into my room and we'll have a council of war, for we're going into action, my son, before you're half an hour older." He led his partner into the hotel and up-stairs to a bedroom, carefully closing the door behind him. Then, seating himself on a bed he proceeded to explain matters.

"You think that they've got nitrate then?" queried Simpson, when Reeder had outlined the situation.

"It's an absolute cinch," replied Reeder with emphasis. "It's there, but Struson hasn't got any. Some of those ten and twenty acre tracts may edge on it, but the bulk, as near as I can figure it, is on Hopkins', Schneider's and Warren's land. It's in a sort of a sink—just where you'd expect to find it—an old lake bed, likely. They've got three shafts sunk and timbered up. I happened around there after dark and picked up some of the rock they'd thrown out. I found Struson had shipped samples for assay and the expert at the Tipton beds say that what I picked from the shafts and the chunk that I swiped from Struson's tent is much the same thing they've got there. He showed me some of it. That means millions!"

Simpson moistened his lips with his tongue. "I don't see what good it's going to do us though," he said, gloomily, "Struson's no chump. I wish I'd never sold him. He's got friends in Chicago and they're knocking me already. I needed the money then though."

"Wait till I finish," said Reeder, "the other fellows don't know what they've got. Struson's made them believe he was prospecting for water. They've got their land

yet. The consolidation was just a gentleman's agreement—nothing binding about it. I've done some good work with them in the last day or two. They're beginning to think that it's a scheme of Griel's to get their land for a right of way to Isidora. I wouldn't have 'em get the nitrate idea for a pretty. Struson's played into our hands there. Hopkins is in my pocket and he tells me that Struson's going to get them to deed the land this morning. We butt in on the meeting and make 'em an offer. We've got the cash and he hasn't. We bluff it through before Struson can get into communication with Griel, and he's either got to show down and not get a cent beyond the satisfaction of beating us or we buy him out on the same terms as the others and he can think himself lucky—see?"

"There's a chance," said Simpson, hopefully.

"Leave it to me," said Reeder, "and now it's time we got over to the court house."

They found Struson sitting at a table in the recorder's office, reading rapidly from a paper in his hand to his four neighbors, who were disposed in various picturesque attitudes around him. At the sight of the intruders he started and uttered an exclamation of anger.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Reeder, suavely, "but I've been looking for you gentlemen for half an hour."

"Call around in about an hour and we'll talk to you then," said Struson, shortly, "we've got some business on hand now." And he resumed: "And that he will warrant and forever defend the same to the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns forever, together with all and singular the—"

"That means millions!"

"Excuse me," persisted Reeder, "I suspect that our business is of the same nature—the Wachihulpee land. The fact is that we (Mr. Simpson, president of our company, gentlemen) are here to make you an offer for that land. Perhaps you'd better wait before you do anything decisive."

Struson arose, an ominous gleam in his eye, "Will you get out, or would you prefer to have me throw you out?" he demanded.

Reeder retreated a step toward the door, but Hopkins thrust his long body in between. "Go easy, Mr. Struson," he

said, "I guess we're interested in this some. It won't do no harm to hear what these gentlemen have to say."

"Dot's right," said Schneider, approvingly, and Warren and Green chorused, "that's right."

"Well," said Struson, with a baffled air, "I may as well tell you how the matter stands. I've been doing some digging with a view to finding out whether irrigation is practicable on that land and I think that it is. My friends here, however, are not willing to await results so they've sold to me. I don't care to consider any offer now."

"I ain't so sure about that," said Hopkins, "there hasn't been no money paid and they may make us a better offer. It may be better for you too than to monkey with that land."

"Led's hear vot dey brobose," said Schneider, and Warren and Green said, "sure!"

Struson regarded them with a look of amazement and chagrin; Reeder smiled and Simson laughed unpleasantly.

"This is some of your underhand work," exclaimed Struson, in a burst of anger.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Struson!" said Reeder, "there's no use losing your temper. We're business men discussing a business proposition. Let's be sensible. Now, on the part of the Wachihulpee Land and Improvement company, I offer you gentlemen seven dollars an acre for your land—an advance of one dollar over what you paid for it. I call that liberal."

"Oh, very liberal," said Struson, sarcastically, "that means eighty or a hundred dollars apiece for two years' work and improvements. It's liberal, but not liberal enough."

"I don't know," said Green, "you only offered us five."

"Wait," said Hopkins, "don't you be in a hurry. I think that Mr. Struson's right."

"I'm not talking to Mr. Struson," said Reeder, rather spitefully, "my offer doesn't include his land and I don't think that he has anything to say. I'll stretch a point and say eight dollars. You may take that or leave it."

"We're not going back on Mr. Struson altogether though," said Hopkins, apparently stricken with compunction. "We've been in this together and if you buy our land you buy his, too—if he wants to sell."

"I agree to that then," said Reeder, "only I don't want Mr. Struson to dictate."

"I'll dictate to this extent," said Struson, "I'll pay nine dollars for the land myself. It's not worth it. It's not worth a dollar an acre."

"Then what do you want it for?" asked Reeder, pertinently.

"Nine dollars," said Struson, turning to Hopkins and ignoring the question, "you don't want to sell to those men anyway."

"Oh, I guess they do," interrupted Simpson, "they know when they have a good thing. We'll make this ten dollars to wind it up. It's the last cent we'll pay and you can accept or reject right now."

"What do you want it for?" asked Struson quickly.

Reeder answered, "We have understood that there has been dissatisfaction with the land," he said. "Our company can't afford to have dissatisfaction. We have faith in our property, and we are willing to back it up with our money. We give you back what you paid with interest. You needn't take it, but we feel bound to offer it."

"That seems fair," said Hopkins.

"It seems likely," said Struson sarcastically. "Anyway I'll give twelve for the land."

"Have you got the money?" asked Simpson with a sneer.

"I can get it," replied Struson.

Simpson stepped forward and without a word laid a certified check on the table for inspection. The faces of the settlers beamed at the sight, but Struson's fell perceptibly after he had examined the check.

"Ten dollars," said Simpson with an air of finality. "Of course, Mr. Struson can promise you anything, but he admits that he hasn't got the money. There's our check. But I'm not going to wait any longer. Make up your minds now."

"I'll get you twelve to-morrow," said Struson.

"Misder Sdruson," said Schneider, "ven you haf sveated on Vachihulpee sand for tvelve years ten dollars to-day is better as tventy dollars to-morrow."

"Them's my sentiments," declared Hopkins bringing his fist down with a bang

"I'll pay nine dollars for the land myself."

on the table. "Ten dollars goes with me."

"It goes with me," said Warren.

"And you bet it goes with me," said Green.

"Mr. Hollinsbee," said Reeder to the recorder, "bring four warranty deed blanks here and fill them out for us."

"Here!" said Struson, seemingly recovering from his stupefaction, "I'm in this, I guess."

"You bet you are," said Hopkins manfully, "or it don't go."

"An oversight," smiled Reeder. "Bring five blanks, Hollinsbee."

Five elated men, four radiant women, and a miscellaneous assortment of jubilant children, foregathered in Schneider's cabin amid a chaos of half-packed household effects that night. They held high revel, for the next day they were to leave Wachihulpee forever. The barren, obdurate land had suddenly smiled in a harvest of dollars. Ten shining dollars for each arid acre, and that golden crop safely garnered in the breeches pockets of the heads of the households. To-morrow the Wachihulpee Land and Improvement Company would again take possession of the re-purchased soil, and the two gentlemen representing that enterprising corporation would gnash their teeth and strew ashes on their heads. Life was before the settlers, and the living death of two years past was at an end.

Something to this effect was said by Mr. Struson of Chicago in a speech that was received with tumultuous whoops and shrill screams of applause. Shortly after this effort of his life he left the festive scene to do his own packing. Hopkins and Schneider walked with him across the moonlit sand and by the timbered shafts to his tent, where he produced his last bottle of whiskey.

"Well," he said exultantly, as he poised his tin cup and knocked it convivially against the other two, "it worked like a charm, didn't it? We digged a pit and they tumbled—no, they didn't tumble, they just fell therein. I'd like to see their faces when they look for nitrate in those shafts."

"There's some of it left in that salt box," grinned Hopkins.

"We'll leave it for them," said Struson. "Hopkins, you did well. Oh, men, to think that I had planned to horsewhip Simpson and kick Reeder! Horsewhip! Kick!"

"Ve vouldt nefer haf done mitout Griel dough," observed Schneider. "Here's to der president ohf der P. & D. W.!"

"Hoch der president!" cried Struson. "Hoch der nitrate industry!"

And the tin cups came together with a bang.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. *In a football game between Toronto University and McGill College, "Shock," the 'Varsity center, distinguishes himself before the eyes of his mother, Mrs. Macgregor, and of Helen and Betty Fairbanks. Shortly afterwards a missionary from the west of Canada comes to town in search of young men for the work in the new country. Shock determines to respond to the call, to the dismay of Helen Fairbanks and of his mother.*

CHAPTER V.

"YEA, AND HIS OWN LIFE ALSO"

WHEN Helen entered her own room she had leisure to analyze the tumult of emotion filling her heart. Amazement, shame, anger, dismay, grief, were surging across her soul.

"How can Shock think of leaving his mother? It is a shame!" she cried indignantly to herself. But why this hot sense of shame? "Nonsense!" she protested vehemently to herself, "it is that poor dear old lady I am thinking of." She remembered that sudden stab at her heart at the old lady's broken words, "He will be going away, lassie," and her cheek flamed hot again. "It is all nonsense," she repeated angrily, and there being no one to contradict her, she said it again with even greater emphasis. But suddenly she sat down and before long she found herself smiling at the memory of the old lady's proud cry, "Could not? Ay, he could." And now she knew why her heart was so full of happy pride. It was for Shock. He was a man strong enough to see his duty and brave enough to face what to him was the bitterness of death, for well she knew what his mother was to him.

"He will go," she whispered to her looking-glass, "and I'd go with him tomorrow. But,—" and her face flamed hot—"he must never know."

But he did come to know, to his own great amazement and overwhelming, humbling gladness.

Shock's determination to offer himself to the far West awakened in his friends various emotions.

"It is just another instance of how religious fanaticism will lead men to the most fantastic and selfish acts," was Mrs. Fairbanks' verdict which effected in Brown a swift conversion. Hitherto he had striven with might and main to turn Shock from his purpose, using any and every argument, fair or unfair, to persuade him that his work lay where it had been begun, in the city wards. He was the more urged to this course that he had shrewdly guessed Helen's secret so sacredly guarded. But on hearing Mrs. Fairbanks' exclamation, he at once plunged into a warm defense of his friend's course.

"The finest thing I ever heard of," he declared, "no one knows what these two are to each other, and yet there they are, both of them arriving at the opinion that Shock's work lies in the West."

"But to leave his mother alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairbanks indignantly.

"She is not to be alone," said Brown, making there and then a sudden resolve. "By the greatest of luck for me I am turned out of my quarters, and she is to take me in, and while I can't fill Shock's place, still I am somebody," added Brown, fervently hoping the old lady would not refuse him shelter.

"I am not sure that a man is ever called to leave his mother to the care of strangers," said Lloyd who, after long indecision

and much consultation with various friends, had determined that his particular gifts and training fitted him for Park Church.

"Well, mother," said Betty, "I think he's fine and I never admired him so much as now. You know he may never see her again and she has the whole of his heart."

"Not quite, I guess, !" said Brown in a low tone to Helen who, blushing vividly replied in like tone, "You seem to be remarkably well informed."

"I know," said Brown confidently. "But he is a mine of blind stupidity! If some one would only dig him up, explore him—blast him, in short. Confound him!"

But when the Superintendent learned of all that Shock's decision involved, he made a point to insert among his multitudinous engagements a visit to the Macgregor cottage.

"It was a great scene, I assure you," said Brown who was describing it afterwards to the young ladies. "Those two old Spartans, all ice and granite outside, all molten lava within, stood up looking at each other a minute or two without the quiver of an eyelid and then the old chief burred out:—

"'You are to be congratulated upon your son, Mrs. Macgregor.'

"'Ay,' said she in a matter of fact tone, 'he will be doing his duty, I warrant.'

"'And believe me your mutual sacrifice has not been unnoticed.'

"'It is not great beside his own, but it iss all we could. It iss our life.'

"The old chap bowed like a prince and then his voice burred like a buzz saw as he answered, 'Remember I did not ask you for him!'

"'No, it wass not you.'

"'But I want to tell you,' said the chief, 'I am proud to get a son who for the cause can forsake such a mother, and I thank God for the mother that can give up such a son.'

"And then he gripped her hand with that downward pull of his—he gave it to me once when he heard I was Shock's friend, and nearly jerked me off my feet—and without more words he was gone, while I stood behind them like a blubbering idiot."

"Oh, isn't she a dear !" exclaimed Betty. "poor thing !"

"Poor thing !" echoed Helen warmly, "indeed she doesn't think so. She's as proud of him as she can be, and feels herself rich in his love; and so she is."

Her tone and manner struck Brown with sudden pity.

"Hang his stupidity," he said to himself, "can't the old bloke see? But he has got such a blamed low opinion of himself that he can't imagine any girl, much less a girl like that looking at him, and even if he did come to see it he would not think of asking her to share the life he's going to out there; and, by Jove, it would be hard enough for her. I guess I won't take the responsibility of interfering in this business."

But Brown had no need to interfere. Mrs. Fairbanks, of all people, did what was necessary. On the morning of Shock's departure it was she who declared that some one should take pity on "that dear old lady," and should stand by her in her hour of "desertion."

"So I think I shall drive over this afternoon, and Helen, perhaps you had better come with me. You seem to have great influence with her."

But Helen was of quite another mind. She shrank from intruding upon what she knew would be a sacred hour to mother and son. But when Mrs. Fairbanks expressed her determination to go, Helen finally agreed to accompany her.

"Oh, let's all go, mother," said Betty.

"I do not think they will want you, Betty, but you may go along," and so the three ladies proceeded in the afternoon to the Macgregor home.

But at the parting of Shock and his mother there were no tears or lamentations, or at least none that any could witness. Through the long night before they each knew the other to be keeping the watch of love and agony; yet each alone they drank the cup of sacrifice. It was only when the morning was nearing that Shock could bear it no longer, and hastily dressing, he came into his mother's room and, kneeling by her bedside, put his arms about her.

"Mother, mother, why have you not been sleeping?" he whispered.

His mother turned to him and took his head to her bosom in a close embrace, but no words came from her.

"But, mother, don't be grieving like

this," sobbed Shock, "or how can I leave you at all?"

"Laddie, laddie, why did you come in to me? I had minded to give you up without tears, and this iss my hour of weakness. There, now, let your head lie there. Whist, lad, och-hone. It iss twenty-four years since first you lay there, lad, and though grief has come to me many's the day, yet never through you, never once through you, and you will be remembering that, lad. It will comfort you after—after —after I'm gone."

"Gone, mother!" cried Shock in surprise.

"Yess, for this iss the word given to me this night that you will see my face no more."

"Oh, mother! mother! Don't say that word, for I cannot bear it," and poor Shock buried his face in the pillow, while his great frame shook with sobs.

"Whist, now, laddie! There now. It iss the Lord." Her voice grew steady and grave. "It iss the Lord, and He gave you to me for these few happy years, and, Shock, man, you will be heeding me."

Shock turned his face toward her again and laid his face close to her cheek.

"Remember, I gave you to Himself in covenant that day, and that covenant you will keep now and—afterwards, and I must be keeping it, too."

"Yes, mother," said Shock brokenly, while he held her tight. "But it is only for two years, and then I will be coming home or you to me, and before that, perhaps."

"Yes, yes, laddie, it may be—it may be," said his mother soothingly, "but whether or no we will not be taking back with the one hand what we give with the other. I had minded to give you without tears, but—but—oh, lad, you are all—all —all I have. There is no one left to me."

There was a long silence between them. Under cover of darkness they let their tears freely mingle. In all his life Shock had never seen his mother sob, and now he was heart-stricken with grief and terror.

"Whist, now, mother, you must not cry like that. Surely God will be good to us, and before long I will get a little place for you yonder. Why should you not come to me? There are missionaries' wives out there," he said.

"No, lad," his mother replied quietly. "I will not be deceiving myself, nor you. And yet it may be the Lord's will. But go away now and lie you down. You will need to sleep a bit; to-morrow will be a hard day to you."

For twenty years and more she had thought first of her boy, and now, even in the midst of her own great sorrow, she thought mostly of him and his grief.

"Let me stay here, mother," whispered Shock. And so in each other's arms they lay, and from sheer exhaustion both soon fell asleep.

The morning sun was shining through the chink by the curtain when Mrs. Macgregor awoke. Gently she slipped out of the bed and, before dressing, lighted the kitchen fire, put on the kettle for the tea and the pot for the porridge. Then she dressed herself and, stepping about on tiptoe, prepared breakfast, peering in now and then at her sleeping son.

It was with a face calm and strong, and even bright, that she went in at last to waken him.

"Now, mother," exclaimed Shock springing off the bed, "this is really too bad, and I meant to give you your breakfast in bed to-day."

"Ay, it's myself knew that much," she cried with a little laugh of delight.

"Oh, but you're hard to manage," said Shock severely, "but wait until I get you out yonder in my own house."

"Ay, lad," answered his mother brightly, "it will be your turn then."

They were determined these two to look only at the bright side to-day. No sun should shine upon their tears. The parting would be sore enough with all the help that hope could bring. And so the morning passed in last preparations for Shock's going, and the last councils and promises, and in planning for the new home that was to be made in the shadow of the Rockies in the far West.

"And the time will soon pass mother," said Shock cheerfully, "and it will be good for you to have Brown with you. He will need your care, you know," he hastened to add, knowing well that not for her own sake could she have been persuaded to receive even Brown into her little home.

"Ay, I will do for him what I can," she replied, "and indeed," she added warmly, "he's a kind lad, poor fellow."

"And the young ladies will be looking in on you now and then, so they said," and Shock bent low over his trunk, working with the roping of it.

"Yes, indeed," replied his mother heartily, "never you fear."

And so with united and determined purpose they kept at arm's length the heart's sorrow they knew would fall upon each when alone.

To go to the ends of the earth in these globe-trotting days is attended with little anxiety, much less heart break, but in those days when Canada was cut off at the Lakes, the land beyond was a wilderness, untraveled for the most part but by the Indian or trapper, and considered a fit dwelling place only for the Hudson Bay officer kept there by his loyalty to the "Company," or the half-breed runner to whom it was native land, or the more adventurous land-hungry settler, or the reckless gold-fevered miner. Only under some great passion did men leave home and those dearer than life, and casting aside dreams of social, commercial or other greatness devote themselves to life on that rude frontier. But such a passion had seized upon Shock, and in it his mother shared. Together these two simple souls, who were all in all to each other, made their offering for the great cause, bringing each their all without stint, without measure, without grudging, though not without heart break, and gaining that full, exquisite joy to so many unknown, of love's complete sacrifice.

To none but themselves, however, was the greatness of the sacrifice apparent. For when the carriage arrived with Mrs. Fairbanks and her daughters there was no sign of tears or heart break in the quiet faces that welcomed them. And Mrs. Fairbanks, who had come prepared to offer overflowing sympathy to the old lady "deserted" by her "fanatical" son, was somewhat taken aback by the quiet dignity and perfect control that distinguished the lady's voice and manner.

"We thought we would like to come over and—and—help, perhaps drive you to the station to see your son off," said Mrs. Fairbanks, who was re-adjusting her scenery and changing her rôle with all speed.

"That was kind indeed," said Mrs. Macgregor, "but Hamish will be walking I doubt, and I will just be waiting at home."

She had the instinct of the wounded to hide in some sheltered and familiar haunt.

"I shall be glad to remain with you, Mrs. Macgregor, if I can be of any service," repeated Mrs. Fairbanks.

"It will not be necessary; everything is done, and there is nothing needed."

The voice was more than quiet, as if it came from a heart whose passion had been spent.

"It is very kind indeed, and we are grateful," said Shock feeling that his mother's manner might be misunderstood.

"Yess, yess," said the old lady hastily, "it iss very good of you and of the young ladies," turning to look at Helen with kindly eyes. "You will not be thinking me ungrateful," she added with a suspicion of tears in her voice. "I have been spoiled by Hamish yonder," turning her face toward her son.

"Whist, now, mother," said Hamish to her in a low tone in which deprecation and warning were mingled. He knew how hard the next hour would be for himself and for his mother, and he knew too that they could not indulge themselves in the luxury of uttered grief and love.

At this moment, to the relief of all, Brown entered with an exaggerated air of carelessness.

"Here's a man for your 'settler's effects,'" he cried cheerily. "Lucky dog ain't he?" he cried turning to Helen, "and don't I wish I was in his place. Think of the times he will have riding over the claims with those jolly cowboys, not to speak of the claims he will be staking, and the gold he will be washing out of those parish streams of his. Don't I wish I were going! I am, too, when I can persuade those old iron-livered professors to let me through. However, next year I'm to pass. Mrs. Macgregor is to see to that."

"Indeed, I hope so," cried Betty. "An hour's study at least before breakfast, and no gallivanting at night. I will help you, Mrs. Macgregor. We will get him through this time."

"Ay, I doubt I will not be much the better of your help," replied Mrs. Macgregor with a shrewd, kindly smile.

"There now, take that," said Brown to Betty, adding ruefully to Shock, "You see what I'm in for."

"You'll survive," said Shock.

Then he rose and lifted his coat from the peg behind the door. At the same instant Helen rose hurriedly and, with paling face, said to her mother, "Let us go now."

"Well, Mrs. Macgregor, if we cannot serve you we will be going," said Mrs. Fairbanks, "but we would be glad to drive Mr. Macgregor to the station."

She was anxious to justify her visit to herself and her friends.

"That's a first rate idea," cried Brown, "that is, if you can give me a lift, too."

"Of course," cried Betty.

"Thank you, I shall be very glad," said Shock, seeing it would please Mrs. Fairbanks.

"Come along then," said Betty. "I suppose we have not too much time."

"Good-by for the present," said Mrs. Fairbanks offering her hand to the old lady, who was standing erect, white, but calm, facing the hour whose bitterness she had already tasted.

"Good-by," said Betty softly, kissing the white cheek and trying to hurry her mother towards the door.

At this Helen, who had been standing with face growing whiter and whiter, went to Mrs. Macgregor and put her arms around her and kissed her good-by. When she was nearing the door she came hurriedly back, "Oh, let me stay with you, I cannot bear to go," she whispered.

The old lady turned and scrutinized steadily the young face turned so pleadingly toward her. Slowly, under that steady gaze, the red crept up into the white cheek, like the first dawning of day, till the whole face and neck were in a hot flame of color. Yet the gray, lustrous eyes never wavered, but unshrinking answered the old lady's searching look. At that revealing wave of color Shock's mother made as if to push the girl away from her, but, with a quick change of mood, she took her in her arms instead.

"Ay, poor lassie, you, too! Yes, yes, you may stay with me now."

The motherly touch and tone, and the knowledge that her secret had been read, were more than Helen could bear. She clung to Mrs. Macgregor, sobbing passionate sobs.

At this extraordinary outburst Mrs. Fairbanks came back into the room and stood with Shock and the others gazing in utter amazement upon this scene.

"Whist, now, lassie, whist, now," Mrs. Macgregor was saying, "never ye fear, he'll come back again."

"What on earth is this nonsense, Helen?" Mrs. Fairbanks' voice was haughty and suspicious. "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Mrs. Macgregor with quiet dignity, "what neither you nor I can help or harm."

"Helen, speak to me."

At the stern, sharp command Helen lifted her face, still hot with blushes, and stood looking straight into her mother's eyes. Her mother turned from her impatiently.

"Do you know what this means?" she said to Shock.

"What? I don't understand," replied Shock gazing helplessly at the haughty, angry face turned toward him.

"Have you dared to speak to my daughter?"

"Oh, mamma," cried Helen in an agony of mortification, "how can you?"

"You may well be ashamed," said Mrs. Fairbanks, who had quite lost control of herself, "throwing yourself at the head of a man so far beneath you, with no prospects, and who does not even want you."

"So far beneath, did you say?" cried Mrs. Macgregor quickly. "Woman, say no more. You shame yourself, let alone your child. Whist"—checking the other's speech—"the blood in the veins of Hector Macgregor yonder" (pointing to the portrait of the Highland soldier on the wall), "was as proud as that in any Lowland trader of you."

"What sort of conduct, then, is this?" answered Mrs. Fairbanks angrily. "Have you encouraged your son?"

"Hush, mother," said Shock suddenly awakening to an understanding of what was happening, "let me speak."

The stern voice compelled silence. Shock was a new man to them all. He was thinking quickly, now for his mother, for himself, but most of all for the girl he loved, who stood with face turned away and eyes cast down in intolerable humiliation.

"Mrs. Fairbanks," said Shock speaking slowly and with quiet dignity, "if I have not spoken of love to your daughter it

is not because I have not loved her well and for long, but because I could not feel myself worthy of her. Hush, mother, I am not worthy of her, nor shall I ever be, not by reason of any difference in blood—for there is no difference—but because of what she is herself, so far above me. I have never spoken with my lips of love, and yet for many and many a day I have feared that my eyes, and all else that could speak, must have told her I loved her. And if it should be —for I will not pretend to misunderstand you—if it should be that it is possible she should ever love me, then there has come to me a joy greater than I could have hoped, and whatever may come of it, this day is the happiest of my life."

As Shock began to speak, Helen lifted her face, and as she listened her look of grief and shame fled, and in her eyes a light of joy began to dawn, then grew till it seemed to overflow in waves across her beautiful face. And as Shock continued his calm, manly words, pride mingled in her joy, and her head lifted itself with a grace and dignity that matched that of the old lady standing by her side.

Mrs. Fairbanks stood fairly speechless at Shock's words and at the look of joy and pride she saw upon her daughter's face.

"This is absurd," she cried at length. "It's preposterous and it must end now and forever. I forbid absolutely anything in the way of—of engagement or understanding. I will not have my daughter tie herself to a man with such prospects."

"Wait, mother," said Shock, putting his hand out toward the old lady who was about to speak. "Mrs. Fairbanks," he continued quietly, "far be it from me to take advantage of your daughter in any way, and I say to you here that she is as free now as when she came into this room. I shall not ask her to bind herself to me, but I will be false to myself and false to her, if I do not say that I love her as dearly as man ever loved woman, and come what may I shall love her till I die."

The ring in Shock's voice as he spoke the last words thrilled every one in the room.

"Ay, lad, that you will," said his mother proudly.

"Oh, ain't he great," whispered Brown to Betty, who in her excitement had drawn close to him.

Betty responded with a look, but could not trust herself to speak.

The moment was pregnant with possibilities.

As Shock finished speaking, Helen with an indescribable mingling of shy grace and calm strength came and stood by his side. For the first time Shock lost control of himself. He flushed hotly, then grew pale, then with a slightly defiant look in his face he put his arm lightly about her.

"Time for that train," said Brown, who had slipped to the outer door. "That is," he continued in his briskest manner, "if you're going."

With a quick gasp Helen turned towards Shock. He tightened his arm about the girl and putting his hand upon her shoulder turned her face toward him and looked down into her face.

"Good-by," he said gently. "Remember you are free, free as ever you were; I have no claim upon you, but don't forget that I will always love you. I will never forget you."

"Good-by Shock," she replied in a low, sweet tone, lifting her face to him. "I will not forget. You know I will not forget."

She slipped her arm around his neck, and while his great frame trembled with emotion she held him fast. "I'll not forget," she said again, the light in her great gray eyes quenched in a quick rush of tears. "You know, Shock, I will not forget." Her lips quivered piteously.

Then Shock cast restraint to the winds. "No," he cried aloud, "you will not forget, thank God, you will not forget, and you are mine."

He drew her close to him, held her a moment or two looking into her eyes, and as she lay limp and clinging in his arms he kissed her on the brow and then on the lips, and gave her to his mother.

"Here, mother," he said, "take her, be good to her, love her for my sake."

He put his arms around his mother, kissed her twice and was gone.

"He'll never get that train," cried Betty.

"Take the carriage," said Mrs. Fairbanks shortly, "and follow him."

"Come along! hurry!" said Betty, catching Brown's arm.

"The station, John!"

"Oh, I say," gasped Brown, seizing

Betty's hand and crushing it ecstatically, "may I embrace you? It's either you or John there."

"Do be quiet. It seems to me we have had as much of that sort of thing as I can stand. Wasn't it awful?"

"Awful? Awfully jolly," gasped Brown, hugging himself. "Haven't had a thrill approaching that since the McGill match, and even that was only a pale adumbration of what I've just been through. My prayers, tears and alms-giving haven't been without avail. The terrors and agonies I've endured this last few days lest that old blockhead should take himself off without saying or doing anything, no man will ever know. Do you mind if I yell?"

"I, say," went on Brown as they caught up with Shock, "pull up beside Mr. Macgregor there, will you? Here, Shock, get in. You'll miss your train. Here, you old bloke, come along, don't gape like a sick duck. Get in here. You have got to get that train *now*."

"Mr. Brown," said Betty in a severe whisper, "mind, don't say a word to him about this business. I can't stand it."

"Certainly not," said Brown in a matter-of-fact tone. "There's nothing to be said."

But there was one last word to be said, and that was Betty's.

"Good-by, Shock," she whispered to him as he stepped upon his train. "I think—I know—I'm very glad."

Poor Shock could only grasp her hand in mute farewell. It was just dawning upon him that he had some further offering to bring to make his sacrifice complete.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TRAIL

"That's the trail. Loon Lake lies yonder."

Shock's Convener, who had charge for his church of this district, stood by the buckboard wheel pointing southwest. He was a man in middle life, rather short but well set up, with a strong, honest face, tanned and bearded, redeemed abundantly from commonness by the eye, deep blue and fearless, that spoke of the genius in the soul. It was a kindly face withal, and with humor lurking about the eyes and mouth. During the day and night spent with him Shock had come to feel that in this man there was anchorage for any who might feel themselves adrift, and somehow the great West with its long leagues of empty prairie through which he had passed, traveling by the slow progress of construction trains, would now seem a little less empty because of this man. Between the new field toward which this trail led and the home and folk in the far East there would always be this man who would know him, and would sometimes be thinking of him. The thought heartened Shock more than a little.

"That's the trail," repeated the Convener, "follow that; it will lead you to your home."

"Home," thought Shock with a tug at his heart and a queer little smile on his face.

"Yes, a man's home is where his heart is, and his heart is where his work lies."

Shock glanced quickly at the man's tanned face. Did he suspect, Shock wondered, the homesickness and the longing in his heart.

Last night, as they had sat together in late talk, he had drawn from Shock with cunning skill (those who knew him would recognize the trick) the picture of his new missionary's home, and had interpreted aright the thrill in the voice that told of the old lady left behind. But now, as Shock glanced at his Convener's face, there was nothing to indicate any hidden meaning in his words. The speaker's eyes were far down the trail that wound like a wavering white ribbon over the yellow-green billows of prairie that reached right to the horizon before and up to the great mountains on the right.

"Twenty miles will bring you to Spruce Creek Stopping-place; twenty miles more and you are at Big River—not so very big either. You will see there a little school, and beside it, on the left, a little house, you might call it a shack, but we make the most of things out here. That's Mr. McIntyre's manse, and proud of it they all are I can tell you. You will stay with him over night—a fine fellow you will find him, a Nova Scotian, very silent, and better than himself is the little, brave woman he has for a wife; a really superior woman. I sometimes wonder—but never mind, for people doubtless wonder at our wives, one can never get at the bottom of the mystery

of why some women do it. They will see you on your way. Up to this time he was the last man we had in that direction. Now you are our outpost, a distinction I envy you."

The Convener's blue eye was alight with enthusiasm. The call of the new land was ever ringing in his heart, and the sound of the strife at the front in his ear.

Unconsciously Shock drew in a long breath, the homesickness and heart-longing gave back before the spirit of high courage and enterprise which breathed through the words of the little man beside him, whose fame was in all the Western church.

"Up these valleys somewhere," continued the Convener, waving his hands towards the southern sky-line, "are the men —the ranchers and cowboys I told you of last night—some good men, and some of them devils, men good by nature, devils by circumstance, poor fellows. They won't want you, perhaps, but they need you badly. And the church wants them, and" —after a little pause—"God wants them."

The Convener paused, still looking at the distant, flowing hills. Then he turned to Shock and said solemnly, "we look to you to get them."

Shock gasped. "To me! To get them!"

"Yes, that's what we expect. Why! do you remember the old chap I told you about—that old prospector who lives at Loon Lake—you will come across him, unless he has gone to the mountains. For thirteen years that man has hunted the gulches for mines. There are your mines," waving his hand again, "and you are our prospector. Dig them up. Good-by. God bless you. Report to me in six months."

The men shook hands over the wheel and turning from each other they went each their way.

The Convener looked at his fingers after Shock had left, spreading them apart. "Well, what that chap grips he'll hold until he wants to let it go," he said to himself, wrinkling his face into a curious smile.

Now and then as he walked along the trail he turned and looked after the buckboard heading toward the southern horizon, but never once did his missionary look back.

"I think he will do. He made a mess of my service last night, but I suppose he was rattled, and then no one could be more disgusted than he, which is not a bad sign. His heart's all right, and he will work, but he's slow. He's undoubtedly slow. These fellows will give him a time I fear," and again the Convener smiled to himself. As he came to the brow of the hill, where the trail dipped into the river bottom in which the little town lay that constituted the nucleus of his parish, he paused and once more turning looked after the diminishing buckboard. "He won't look back, eh! All right my man. I like you better for it. It must have been a hard pull to leave that dear old lady behind. He might bring her out. There are just the two of them. Well, we will see. It's pretty close shaving."

He was thinking of the threatened cut in the already meager salaries of his missionaries, rendered necessary by the disproportion between the growth of the funds and the expansion of the work.

"It's a shame too," he said, turning and looking once more after Shock in case there should be a final signal of farewell, which he would be sorry to miss. "They're evidently everything to each other." But it was an old problem with the Convener, whose solution lay not with him, but with the church that sent him out to do this work.

Meantime Shock's eyes were upon the trail, and his heart was ringing with that last word of his Convener. "We expect you to get them. You are our prospector, dig them up." As he thought of the work that lay before him, and of all he was expected to achieve, his heart sank. A horrible fear had been growing upon him ever since his failure, as he considered it, with the Convener's congregation the night before. It helped him not at all to remember the kindly words of encouragement spoken by the Convener, nor the sympathy that showed in his wife's voice and manner. "They felt sorry for me," he groaned aloud. He set his jaws hard, as men had seen him when going into a scrim on the football field. "I'll do my best whatever," he said aloud, looking before him at the waving horizon, "a man can only fail. But surely I can help some poor chap out yonder." His eyes followed the waving foothill line till they rested on the mighty masses of the Rockies. "Ay," he said with a start, dropping into his mother's

speech, "there they are, 'the hills from whence cometh my help.' I do not think He would surely send me out here to fail."

There they lay, that mighty wrinkling of Mother Earth's old face, huge, jagged masses of bare gray rock patched here and there and finally capped with white where they pierced the blue. Up to their base ran the lumbering foothills, and still further up the gray sides, like attacking columns, the dark, daring pines swarmed in massed battalions, then, where ravines gave them footing, in regiments, then in outpost pickets, and last of all in lonely, rigid sentinels. But far above the loneliest sentinel pine cold, white, serene, shone the peaks. The Highland blood in Shock's veins stirred to the call of the hills. Glancing around to make sure he was quite alone—he had almost never been where he could be quite sure that he would not be heard—Shock raised his voice in a shout, again, and, expanding his lungs to the full, once again. How small his voice seemed, how puny his strength, how brief his life in the presence of those silent, mighty, ancient ranges with their hoary faces, and snowy heads. Awed by their solemn silence, and by the thought of their ancient, eternal unchanging endurance, he repeated to himself in a low tone the words of the ancient Psalm:—

> 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place,
> In generations all,
> Before thou ever hadst brought forth
> The mountains great or small."

How exalting are the mountains and how humbling! How lonely and how comforting! How awesome and how kindly! How relentless and how sympathetic! Reflecting every mood of man they add somewhat to his nobler stature and diminish somewhat his ignobler self. To all true appeal they give back answer, but to the heart regarding iniquity, like God, they make no response. They never obtrude themselves, but they smile upon his joys, and in his sorrow offer silent sympathy and ever as God's messengers they bid him remember that with all their mass man is mightier than they, that when the slow march of the pines shall have trod down their mights dust, still with the dew of eternal youth fresh upon his brow, will he be with God.

Then and there in Shock's heart there sprang up a kindly feeling for the mountains that, through all his varying experiences, never left him. They were always there, steadfastly watchful by day like the eye of God, and at night, while he slept, keeping unslumbering guard like Jehovah himself. All day, as he drove up the interminable slopes and down again, the mountains kept company with him, as friends might.

A little after noon Shock found the trail turn in toward a long, low-roofed log building, which seemed to have been erected in sections, with an irregular group of sod-roofed outhouses clustering about.

An old man lounged against the jamb of the open door.

"Good day," said Shock politely.

The old man looked him over for a moment or two and then answered, as if making a concession of some importance, "Good day, *good* day! From town? Want to eat?"

A glance through the door showing the remains of dinner on a table determined Shock. "No, I guess I'll push on."

"All right," said the old man, his tone suggesting that while it was a matter of supreme indifference to him, to Shock it might be a somewhat serious concern to neglect to eat in his house.

"This is Spruce Creek?" inquired Shock.

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it," said the old man with slow deliberation, adding, after a few moment's silence, "because there ain't no spruces here."

Shock gave the expected laugh with such heartiness that the old man deigned to take some little interest in him.

"Cattle?" he inquired.

"No."

"Sport?"

"Well, a little perhaps."

"Oh! Prospectin', eh? Well, land's pretty well taken up in this vicinity, I guess."

To this old man there were no other interests in life beyond cattle, sport and prospecting, that could account for a stranger's presence in this region.

"Yes," laughed Shock, "prospecting in a way, too."

The old man was obviously puzzled.

"Well," he ventured, "come inside anyway. Pretty chilly wind that for April. Come right in!"

Shock stepped in. The old man drew nearer to him.

"Pain-killer or lime juice," he inquired in an insinuating voice.

"What?" said Shock.

"Pain-killer or lime juice," winking and lowering his voice to a confidential tone.

"Well, as I haven't got any pain I guess I'll take a little lime juice," replied Shock.

The old man gave him another wink, long and slow, went to the corner of the room, pushed back a table, pulled up a board from the floor and extracted a bottle.

"You've got to be mighty careful," he said. "Them blank police fellers instead of attending to their business nose round till a feller can't take no rest at night."

He went to a shelf that stood behind the plank that did for a counter, took down two glasses and filled them up.

"There," he said with great satisfaction, "you'll find that's no back yard brew."

Shock slowly lifted the glass and smelt it. "Why, it's whiskey!" he said in a surprised tone.

"Ha! ha!" burst out the old man, "you're a dandy; that's what it is at home."

He was delighted with his guest's fine touch of humor.

Shock hesitated a moment or two, looking down at the whiskey in the glass before him.

"How much?" he said at length.

"Oh, we'll make that fifty cents to you," said the old man carelessly.

Shock put down the money, lifted his glass slowly, carried it to the door and threw the contents outside.

"Hold on there! What the blank blank do you mean?" The old man was over the counter with a bound.

"It was mine," said Shock quietly.

"Yours," shouted the old man beside himself with rage, "I ain't goin' to stand no such insult in this place as that."

"Insult!"

"What's the matter with that whiskey?"

"All right as far as I know, but I wanted lime juice."

"Lime juice!" The old man's amazement somewhat subdued his anger. "Lime juice, well I'll be blanked."

"That's what I asked for," replied Shock good-naturedly.

"Lime juice!" repeated the old man. "But what in blank blank did you throw it out for?"

"Why, what else could I do with it?"

"What else? See here stranger, the hull population of this entire vicinity isn't more than twenty-five persons, but every last one of 'em twenty-five 'ud a told you what to do with it. Why didn't you give it to me?"

"Why," said Shock in a surprised tone, "I don't know the ways of your country, but where I come from we don't take any man's leavings."

This was new light upon the subject for the old man.

"Well now, see here, young man, if ever you're in doubt agin about a glass of whiskey like that one there, you just remark to yourself that while there may be a few things you might do with it, there's just one you can't. There's only one spot for whiskey, and that's inside some fellow that knows something. Heavens and earth! Didn't know what to do with it, eh?"

He peered curiously into Shock's face as if he found him an interesting study.

"No," said Shock seriously, "you see I couldn't drink it—never did in my life."

The old man drew nearer to him, "Say," touching nim with his forefinger on the chest, "if I could only be sure you'd keep fresh I'd put you in a case. They'ud come a mighty long way in this country to see you, you bet."

(*To be continued.*)

AMERICA VS. CHARLES EDWARD

By Harrison Rhodes

WITH DRAWINGS BY BAYARD JONES

NOT even the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Charles Edward Austin and his exploits would claim for him that he is, broadly speaking, a great public influence, or that in the realms of politics or the high finance he is generally recognized as a man of force.

Still, there is a story in which young Mr. Austin may be seen moving in unaccustomed regions and producing therein somewhat astonishing results. Indeed, to put the matter concisely, Charles Edward, upon the occasion of a visit to Washington shortly after his marriage, may be said to have brought the Government of the United States to terms.

A dinner and a ball which it was supposed would present Washington society to Lady Angela in a singularly favorable light, as both elegant and cosmopolitan had been the reason urged upon the Austins for running over from New York for a few days with a gay party. The reasons were sufficient, for Charles Edward could always contemplate a dinner with pleasure and a ball with resignation. Still he preserved an open mind and hoped for better things. It is always possible, and particularly in a strange town, that more than one expects will occur. So as he slowly descended the steps of the Capitol, after a morning spent in the gallery of the Senate chamber, he wondered if anything were likely to happen. A vaguely familiar figure was preceding Charles Edward down the steps; this, when he overtook it, proved to be George Turner, whom he had known in Harvard. Turner, an intelligent, plodding and earnest person, had in no way adorned the somewhat frivolous circle in which his friend had been intimately known. His acquaintance with that young gentleman had begun when they had been detailed to perform experiments together in the laboratory of the Department of Chemistry. Turner, though of unquestionable ability, had never seemed to his more volatile companion a man of practical gifts, so it was no surprise that his clothes looked shabby and that his whole aspect was correspondingly dejected. Fortune had not, thought Charles Edward, treated the student of science kindly. So much Turner admitted, after the first burst of pleasure at seeing his old friend.

"Yes, I am, I must confess, down on my luck."

"You've got to tell me all about it, and about yourself," said Charles Edward, with one hand on Turner's shoulder. "But first you need cheering up. The woman who bears my name is to be at the only decent restaurant this capital affords at half past one. We'll lunch and you'll feel better. Ordinarily I don't approve of it at this hour, but if necessary there could even be champagne."

Turner objected vaguely. It was to be gathered that he had doubts of Lady Angela's welcoming at a fashionable place a guest so unfashionable in appearance.

"I hear from London," remarked Charles Edward with a casual air, "that it is no longer good form to be perfectly well-dressed."

Turner had a flicker of humor.

"I'm afraid that view hasn't reached Washington yet."

"It will to-day then," came the answer. And in passing it may be mentioned

that some people who recognized in Turner's hostess the offspring of a British peer discussed seriously that afternoon the correctness of entertaining guests so informally attired.

Charles Edward hailed an electric cab. Within a quarter of an hour Lady Angela had made it evident to Turner how thoroughly it pleased her that he should have come to lunch. And there even was champagne. When the Austins are in a mood to invite confidences most men tell their troubles at once. It was only the shortest time before Turner was engaged in a somewhat long account of his experiments in artificial refrigeration.

To Lady Angela, whose mind was innocent of scientific knowledge, and to Charles Edward, whose half-year's laboratory experience had not given him any remarkable grasp of the subject, a great part of what Turner said verged on incomprehensibility. But they understood in the end all that it is perhaps essential that a reader of this tale should know. Turner, after a long study of the problem of refrigeration by means of liquid ammonia had perfected what one may describe briefly as an ice-making machine of great efficiency, of the smallest possible size and the least possible weight. Turner's invention enabled one, with a trifling expenditure of money and trouble to carry the inestimable comforts of cool drinks and of healthful and fresh food everywhere.

"This is no longer experimental?" inquired Charles Edward. "You can really do this?"

"Yes," said Turner.

"Then," his friend went on, "I gather that you have to all intents and purposes reclaimed and made inhabitable both the Sahara and the infernal regions."

"Perhaps even New York in August," suggested Lady Angela.

"But what I don't understand," continued Charles Edward, "is why I find you coming down the Capitol steps with a dejected air saying you're down on your luck. You ought to be, within fifteen or twenty minutes, the richest living man."

The look of earnestness and efficiency which had been on Turner's face while he talked of science had changed to one of vagueness and uncertainty at the mere mention of commercial matters.

"Oh, I don't know," he murmured, "I don't understand anything about business. And I thought—you see my father was in the army—"

"Yes, I see," said Lady Angela, vaguely, but sympathetically.

"I don't," put in Charles Edward. "Neither do you really, Angela. Go on old man."

"Well," continued the inventor, "there's so much talk now of this possible war of ours in Mexico and Central America, and of course it's hot there, and I thought my invention would be so splendid for the army."

"Wonderful for field hospitals," said Lady Angela.

"Yes," assented Turner, brightening, "and so I've been trying to sell the whole thing to the government. But it's no good."

"Oh, well, of course if it has anything to do with the War Office—" began Lady Angela. At last the conversation had reached a point where as an English woman she felt that she thoroughly understood it.

"I don't understand," said Charles Edward. "You must ask too much for it, don't you?"

"I don't know," replied Turner doubtfully, "I tried to be businesslike of course. It's very difficult to start manufacturing yourself. Still I thought I had better not sell my patent altogether, so I offered to sell the government for five years the right to make my machine for the use of the army, for—" and he hesitated— "for fifteen hundred dollars."

"Business-like!" commented Charles Edward scornfully. "This, Angela, is the image of an inventor, as you read of them. Do you wonder they die poor in garrets? Would it annoy you in the least, George Turner, if I told you that of all the blithering idiots you are—no, perhaps it might annoy you. Fifteen hundred! Fifteen thousand would be more like a price. Naturally they wouldn't even suspect that anything they could get for fifteen hundred could be worth anything. The question of spending such a trifle just isn't a question at all when you're as rich as the United States Government If your price were twenty times as high they might think of it. The papers might discuss it. The public might become interested in it."

"But people like getting things cheap," protested Lady Angela.

"Do you yourself, my dear?" enquired her husband. "I have never seen you succeed. Suppose that a dressmaker should come to you and say that she could produce a gown equal to one of Paquin's for twenty-five dollars—"

"It's no good being absurd. She couldn't do it. If she could, naturally she would charge the same dreadful price they do."

Charles Edward turned to the inventor.

"Your machine is worth fifteen thousand, well worth it, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it really is."

"Then why," pursued Charles Edward, "when you only ask fifteen hundred do you expect the War Department will ever think it equal to one of Paquin's? It's the same principle, you see."

"You may take it from me," he went on—"that if you offer a thing for less than its worth no one will believe it is worth anything. No one will trust it, no one will believe it is genuine. Why, I dare say I might go up to the Capitol and offer to every one who came along—"

Charles Edward stopped with extraordinary abruptness and his eye gleamed. Lady Angela leaned forward. It was the moment she had learned to know, when an electric spark flashed, and as she described it in the most modern phraseology, her husband paused like a quivering automobile about to plunge forward at a terrific pace. The silence in which the three sat was eloquent of unknown possibilities.

"We may consider it settled then," said Charles Edward at length with the utmost calm, "that to-morrow upon the steps of the Capitol I will publicly prove all that I have just been saying, and I trust end in selling your invention to the War Department for a reasonable price."

"Would you mind explaining?" asked Lady Angela.

"I think I should," replied Charles Edward slowly.

For a moment there was a puzzled look on his wife's face. Then it cleared.

"Ah, I see," she said. "You want it to come to Mr. Turner as a surprise."

"Why not to both of you?" was the polite inquiry.

It was a suave and apparently harmless answer. To Turner, for example, it did not show how complete a revolution of custom in the Austin family was implied. They had always played games together; now some passing imp had prompted Charles Edward to this policy of secrecy.

"I should be sorry to discourage you, Mr. Turner," Lady Angela said, "but I cannot possibly lead you to hope that Charles Edward will succeed in this or any other enterprise in which he has not my assistance."

"I can only do my best," put in her husband with an air of humility and moral earnestness.

"You won't mind my talking about myself," continued Lady Angela to Turner in tones of singular sweetness. "And I'm sure you will not be surprised in these modern days to learn that I am a '*femme incomprise.*' There are in me possibilities that no one, my husband least of all, understands or appreciates. For example, if I choose to move in the matter, I feel quite capable of ruining his present plans, whatever they may be."

"What I have always so liked in women," remarked Charles Edward, "is the sprightliness of their imaginations. At any rate, to return to the original subject, to-morrow on the steps of the Capitol—"

"Would you mind mentioning the hour?" asked Lady Angela. "Mr. Turner and I will want to be there."

"It would be," said Charles Edward with engaging frankness, "a pity for you to miss it. At about eleven, I should say."

At about eleven a Western member, hurrying to an appointment for which he was already late, descended the steps of the Capitol two at a time. Half way down he was stopped by a young gentleman who had been standing contemplatively in the sun.

"I beg your pardon," began the stranger, in a tone at once confidential and confident, putting his hand upon the legislator's arm.

"I'm sorry," broke in the Congressman, "but I can't give you a moment. If you want an interview come to the Ebbitt House to-night about nine and ask for me."

"That would be delightful," said the young man. "But I don't know who you are."

"Don't know who I am! Then why the dickens have you stopped me?"

"I wished to propose to you," was the

response, "that you should buy this five dollar gold piece for a dollar."

"As I live," said the Western member at last, after a stare of great intensity, "you are a cool one. Sell your gold-brick to some hayseed from the prairies. I'm from California where we make the metal."

"It might be worth mentioning," said Charles Edward, "that this is a genuine piece and is worth five dollars."

"Then why do you want to sell it to me for one?"

"Just to prove," was the answer, "that you wouldn't buy it when it was a real bargain. That's all," he continued, turning languidly away. "You'll hear more of this." The Congressman gazed after the young man in astonishment and indecision. As he stepped into a street car he turned and saw the unknown young gentleman address Hoffsted, of Pennsylvania, who is so strongly for a "vigorous foreign policy."

"Do you," asked Charles Edward suavely, "take any interest in the army?"

"I do, sir," answered Mr. Hoffsted.

"Then for the sake of the country I hope I may find you more enterprising than the war department. I can offer you this twenty dollar gold piece for five dollars. Will you buy?"

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, naturally you wouldn't buy it at this price. You don't believe it's good. Neither do the people in the war department."

"Have you been trying to sell twenty dollar gold pieces to them for five dollars?"

"Not exactly," said Charles Edward, "but a friend of mine has been doing what amounts to the same thing."

People with strange crazes and curious manias are not unknown in Washington, but they are apt to be shabby and wild looking. A young man with a clear, twinkling eye and a coat of the latest cut is a novelty. Mr. Hoffsted could not decide whether this was an ordinary case of lunacy or not.

"Is your friend as mad as you are?" he asked at last, surprised at himself for putting the question so seriously.

"There is more method in my madness. You stay and watch if you like. No one will buy from me."

"Hi, there, Joe!" shouted Mr. Hoffsted as if in response to this. A fat man with a red tuft on his chin turned and came towards them. "Here's a good thing for you, Joe," continued his friend. "Twenty dollars for five."

The newcomer's comment was in almost too picturesque and extravagant language, yet the would-be salesman did not seem downcast.

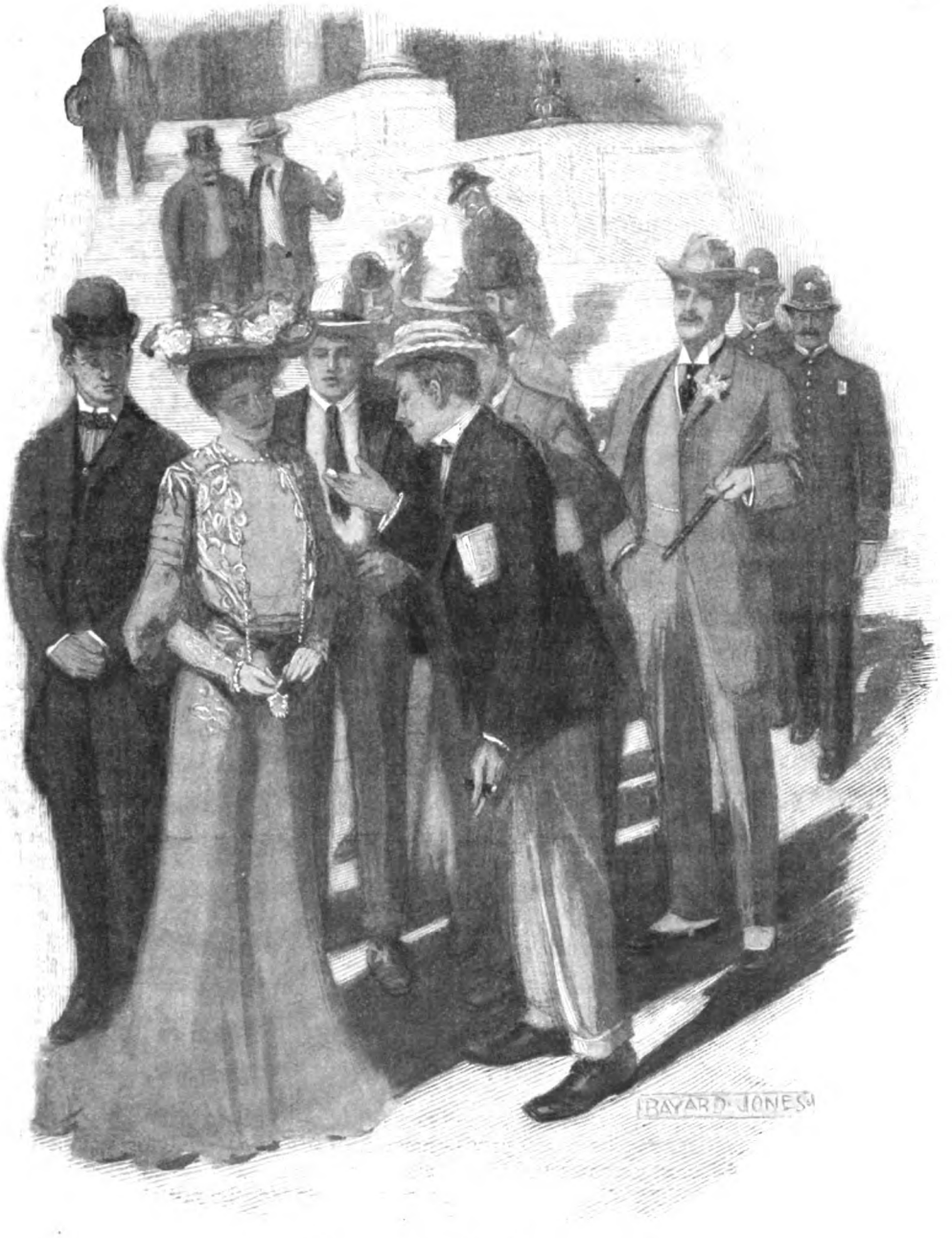
"Of course you won't, Mr. Joe," he said, and then turning to the Congressman from Pennsylvania. "No one will."

"I will," said Mr. Hoffsted bluntly, as if with a sudden resolution.

"No," said Charles Edward, "the offer doesn't remain open. The price is raised now, and gold pieces cost what they are worth. The war department will have to pay my friend a bigger price also. Now you two say nothing and stay and see the fun. Hello, there, gentlemen," he exclaimed as two men in straw hats commenced the ascent of the steps.

The story of the morning may be read to greatest advantage in the newspaper accounts of it. The report in the New York *Daily Daily* of how a young man had unsuccessfully offered a five dollar gold piece for a dollar to five hundred and sixty nine people can be read by any one with pleasure. And the version in the more conservative *Evening Globe*, which gave twelve as the probable number, acted as a tonic corrective and enabled those who might care about it to guess that the truth lay somewhere between these extremes, without especially detracting from any one's pleasure in the more generous narrative, if one may call it that.

But for one part of the morning's events nothing can serve the purpose of this narrative better than the actual facts. At about eleven fifteen a young woman, dressed in a cream-colored gown adorned with a considerable quantity of Irish lace, and wearing a hat enriched by many pink roses, trailed a somewhat negligent way up the Capitol steps, accompanied by a gentleman who failed, at least in his attire, to do her complete justice. She paused for a moment near our hero, and was a witness of one of his unsuccessful attempts to induce a passer-by to accept his whimsical offer. Nothing happened to suggest that she had even seen the strange young gentleman before. But by dint of meditative smiling and idle tapping of the



"I hope it is a—a 'good thing.' Is it?"

stone with her foot, she apparently evolved some plan of action. With the utmost abruptness she turned to her companion.

"Wait here for me, Mr. Turner. I shan't be long. And don't do anything in the meantime."

She cast one glance, a mocking one it almost seemed, at Charles Edward, went down the steps with great speed, and in the twinkling of an eye was being rapidly whirled away in the motor cab which had conveyed her to the Capitol.

It has been ascertained that she drove straight to the Mint, and it is a significant

fact that the night before, at dinner, chance had placed her next to a certain person —one cannot wisely be more definite than this—prominent in the administration of that institution. It would only be natural that he should have asked her to come to see the processes of coinage and the various curiosities in the shape of coins, good and bad, and of all countries, on view in its small museum. Twelve minutes and a half would not ordinarily be considered sufficient for an inspection, but this space of time was, as near as one can discover, as long as Lady Angela found it necessary or expedient to remain.

When the automobile drew up twenty-five minutes later at the foot of that long, white flight, a group of some fifteen persons was gathered about Charles Edward, who was engaged, apparently, in delivering an oration. The young gentleman's eye was one trained to observation, and it did not fail to notice his wife's second appearance, though his flow of eloquence did not appreciably abate. Was absenting herself, he wondered, all of Angela's revenge for his secrecy? It seemed commonplace; besides, the adventure had been really worth her seeing. He now thought it as well to let a point well proved alone. So, having sent word by a willing bystander to the reporters in the press gallery that it was hoped they could spare time to attend to a slight matter outside, he had started an impromptu address. Angela's advance he viewed with lurking suspicion, but one cannot stop to think of the possible mischief a wife may do, when one hopes to have one's words served up hot, so to speak, the next morning, to hundreds of millions of people.

"The time has unquestionably come," said Charles Edward, "to end this interesting experiment. It has been my privilege to prove satisfactorily a profound truth concerning human nature. This is in itself a beautiful and admirable thing to have done —you will, I trust, let me go so far as that. The practical application, to which I shall shortly direct your attention, is equally important. I look to the American public, guided by the American press, to right a crying wrong. But to take things in order—" And Charles Edward told of the thirty-seven unsuccessful offers.

"This story," remarked the representative of a Metropolitan journal, "with care, can be made a warm one. Would you as soon as not," he asked Charles Edward, "try it on again, just to let me see the game?"

"I might, I suppose," was the response, not too enthusiastically given.

"Well, here comes somebody, and she's a 'corker,' too," exclaimed the journalist, espying Lady Angela and paying this prompt tribute in the vernacular to her charm of appearance.

It was manifestly the wish of his audience that Charles Edward should renew his offer to this interesting stranger. He could scarcely refuse, yet he felt somehow that fate was placing him like a toy in his wife's hands.

"Madame, I offer you a most unparalleled opportunity of behaving discreetly," he would have liked to say—"of purchasing a five dollar gold piece for a dollar," he said instead.

He went no further, for the young woman clasped her hands together in an apparent ecstacy of innocence and rapture.

"Oh, I should just love to," she said.

What Charles Edward said beneath his breath was fortunately almost wholly inaudible. The crowd gathered round, the transfer of gold and silver was effected, and Lady Angela, carelessly dropping her prize into a kind of network purse she was carrying turned as if to go. Meanwhile her husband had recovered something of his equilibrium. Angela had made him fail, in a sense, and yet—

"I have not," he remarked, to the representative of the Metropolitan journal and to the crowd generally "found the thirty-eighth misguided and foolish person. I have instead"—and the speaker glowed at the thought of the personal and private generosity of spirit he was displaying—"I have instead discovered for you a pearl among women. It would be my proposition that this lady be put at once in charge of the Department of War. Then no such unfortunate event as has recently taken place would be possible. If a valuable invention were offered to her at a low price she would none the less perceive its value. Up and down these marble steps have passed this morning the rulers of the nation, but it has been reserved for this young woman, a foreigner by her accent, to know a good thing, in the classic phrase, when she sees one."

Charles Edward was about to make clearer his allusions to the War Department. But the ingenious creature with the network purse had opened it and was enquiring prettily, although she hesitated in a lady-like way at the slang phrase.

"I hope it is a—a 'good thing.' Is it? This looks very funny to me somehow."

Everyone started. This then was the explanation of the young man's seeming madness.

Lady Angela produced a gold piece and looked appealingly at the men around. Moved by chivalry and by the love of sensation also, the representatives of the press rushed forward to examine the coin. Charles Edward caught murmurings of "counterfeit," but he smiled rather scornfully. He had secured his supplies at the United States Treasury itself, and he could swear by patriotism that they were genuine. But the excitement in the little group around Lady Angela was rising.

"It's a bad one, madam, if ever there was," said a reporter with red hair.

"I think its horrid of him," complained the young woman, turning an accusing face upon Charles Edward. "What ought I to do," she asked of the red-haired gentleman who seemed so markedly sympathetic.

"Arrest him of course," and he bounded away towards the policeman at the top of the capitol steps.

"This is absurd," said Charles Edward, plunging a hand in his pocket and bringing out a handful of gold. "Look at 'em, all of you, I ask you to. They're all right."

"*They* may be," said Lady Angela plaintively, "but look at this one." And she advanced, displaying upon the palm of her hand a singularly pale and anemic looking coin.

The young gentleman was visibly startled.

"Yes, it does look a bit overtrained," he muttered. "I don't understand—"

At this point he was interrupted by a stalwart blue clad arm laid upon his own. One must content oneself with saying that Mr. Austin bore himself perfectly and cast no more than a dignified word of reproach at Lady Angela.

"Woman," he said solemnly, "does it mean nothing to you that you are sending me to prison?"

"I felt sure," she replied, "that it would have to happen some time! Why not now, and get it over? Besides, we're not engaged any where for lunch."

"But we are for dinner."

"True," said Lady Angela languidly, "well I suppose I must get you out by then."

Charles Edward has a generous spirit and he would be the first to admit that his wife's intervention had given to the whole affair a publicity beyond anything to which his own unaided efforts could have attained. It was a sheer delight to read the headlines:—

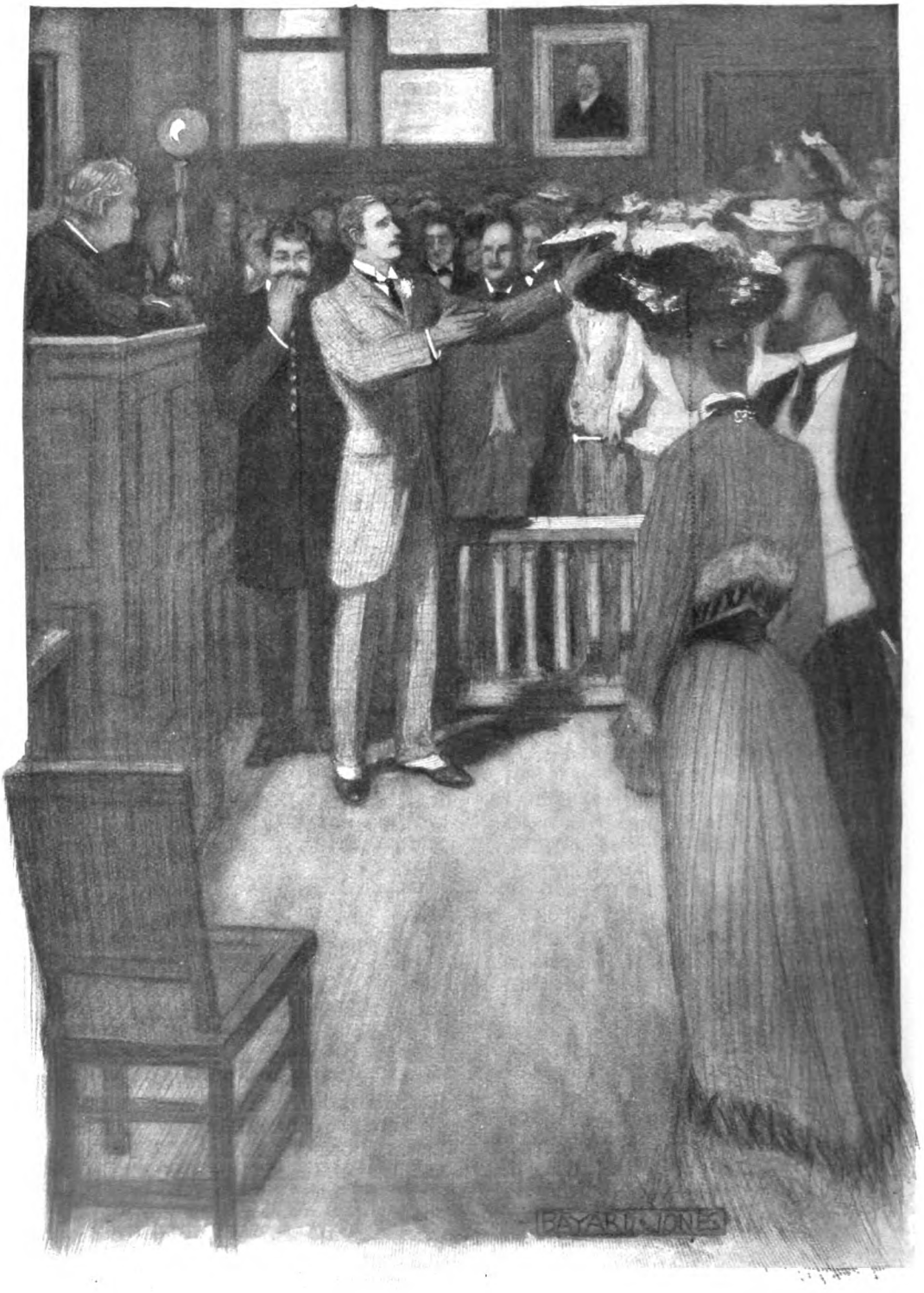
Member of Smart New York Society
Arrested for passing
Counterfeit money
Earl's daughter accuses husband
Of being blackleg.

There had been no particularly interesting murder that day, so that one may say without exaggeration that the affair, even at this step, was the sensation of the moment the country over. As for Washington, especially in fashionable circles, it did nothing less than bolt its lunch and precipitate itself upon the dingy police court, where it was understood that the examination was to be held that afternoon.

The procedure was perhaps a little informal. The remarks of the prisoner were certainly so. To take things in order, evidence was first given that every gold coin found upon Mr. Austin's person at the time of his arrest was genuine.

"Naturally," interpolated Charles Edward lightly, as though they were all at a pleasant, large party, "I hastily swallowed the thirty-three counterfeit ones which I had concealed upon me."

Several persons screamed "Silence!" in fiercely official voices, just audible above the rippling of laughter, and then the appearance in the witness box of Lady Angela, in a mauve costume of Parisian origin, quieted the assemblage. Charles Edward's reputation for eccentricity had become common property. A bet of some sort would have satisfactorily explained everything. But it was difficult to see why his wife—and it was supposed to be a happy marriage—should wish to put him in what might easily prove an awkward situation. To pass counterfeit money, even as a joke, is simply not a joke. By expert testimony the piece was counterfeit and legal pro-



A picture of the horrors of war.

cesses would act; though Charles Edward were thoughtless and Lady Angela forgiving.

Then, as if to ease the strain on every one, including the hostess of that evening's dinner party, the witness, in the prettiest, most ladylike and completest way, broke down in her evidence. Yes, she had just admitted, she did buy a gold piece from her husband, paying him a silver dollar.

"And he gave you this coin, now in the possession of the police?"

Well," said Lady Angela, "that's just what, now I think of it, I can't be sure of at all. You see I put it at once into this purse," and she held up a network article for inspection; "there were a good many other gold coins there. They may have got mixed up."

"But you assumed at the time that you had the right one."

"I took out the one on top, and the next moment a gentleman with a red beard had taken it and my husband was arrested."

"But you said nothing of this at the time."

"Well, you see we weren't lunching—I mean I didn't suppose I could do anything until I got into court. You see I am easily confused," which was not the impression Charles Edward was receiving.

"Do you usually carry much gold coin with you? Where do you suppose what you had came from?"

"Oh," said Lady Angela, "I might have got it a week ago in New York."

"As though she kept money a week!" muttered Charles Edward satirically.

"Then you have no idea how you came to have this coin?"

"I cannot possibly tell," replied Lady Angela, evading the question and the necessity of lying at one and the same moment. One gentleman, squeezed uncomfortably into a corner of the gallery, heaved a sigh of relief. The American public appreciates a joke—still that an important official in a government department should have lent any kind of aid to an escapade like the present one—fortunately he and we may let the matter lie where it is.

It was evident Charles Edward must be acquitted. There it was. But the judge experienced a pardonable curiosity to know the reason of the prisoner's behavior.

"Let me tell you then," cried Charles Edward enthusiastically,—and did so. An enunciation of a great moral truth, such a description of Turner's portable ice machine as in the over-heated atmosphere of the court-room moved everyone, a picture of the horrors of war *without* the machine and its happy conclusion *with* it, and in peroration a ringing denunciation of the War Department and an appeal to the American people to buy Turner's patent at once and at an honorable price—all this he managed to pack into his brief oration.

At first, it must be confessed, the incongruity and humor of the whole thing were what chiefly struck people. Then the representations of the press regained headway, as it were. Turner, being at hand, was interviewed at length. Then they descended upon the Secretary of War. Somewhat confused, that gentleman admitted that he had heard nothing of the Turner machine, that it was doubtless being investigated, that he would himself personally see that it was so investigated.

"He had better," was succinctly put, the editorial comment everywhere next day. Telegraphic news from the South was war-like, and the opponents of the administration began to inquire in what condition the army was likely to be found. There was a vigorous attack in the House of Representatives upon the clauses in the Appropriation Bill relating to the army. Charles Edward's photograph appeared in sixteen weeklies and in two hundred and fifteen dailies. A leading merchant in New York put on sale the "Lady Austin Dust Cloak," and the proprietors of three patent breakfast foods approached Charles Edward with propositions to manage their advertising. And on the fourth day the Department of War offered Turner twenty thousand dollars for his invention.

Everyone of course now knows the value of the machine. It has become celebrated even though the war in Central America never took place. Lady Angela has apparently some kind of a theory that Charles Edward prevented it. Also as Charles Edward generously says, if she had not behaved in a most unwifely way, they probably could never have bullied the United States Government. Alone, he says, it is probable that he could do little more than bring a second or third rate power to terms. Lady Angela, incidentally, he classes as first rate.

"I picked out a house of the most virulent propriety."

THE SAMPLE COPY

By Katharine Perry

WITH DRAWINGS BY MARY T. HART

COUSIN Peter's wife leaned back in a low wicker chair on the piazza of the Country Club and squinted critically at the harmony of the emeralds on her fingers with the green mint in the fragile glass they held. "I may be old-fashioned," she proclaimed, while every line of her, from the transparent neck of her inexplicable black gown to the wee green serpents embroidered on her silken ankles, gave the lie courteous to the remark, "I may be old-fashioned, but I cannot approve of the wild ways of the modern girl. Call it spirit, individuality, what you will, it is shocking to a thoughtful woman who feels any responsibility

for the tone of the society around her."

"And the rice hardly out of her hair!" I meditated aloud, "the newer the matron, the greater that sense of responsibility, you'll find."

It was the luxurious hour after a good dinner that we were idling away,—Cousin Peter's wife, but lately entered upon matrimony, and her devoted and indulgent husband,—Tom Gates, a polo playing bachelor with a healthy enjoyment of life, —Sidney Ramsdell, spare, clever and reserved, whose sentiments I knew, but not because he had voiced them,—and Frances Holt, myself, an undeniable specimen of the class arraigned as "modern girl," and a most appreciative guest of the fair arraigner.

"Even so," pursued Cousin Peter's wife unbendingly, "some one should guard the conventionalities in these days of their wholesale slaughter! Remember Flossy Dane's coasting party down the haymow in her uncle's barn, everybody in evening dress too, the most disgraceful scramble!"

Tom Gates laughed with joyous remembrance.

"And you do not condemn such things, you laugh at them," tragically declaimed Cousin Peter's wife, "they are nothing to laugh at, I assure you. They are shameless escapades!"

"I did one once," I remarked nonchalantly, breaking the stricken silence that had ensued.

"One what?" demanded Sidney Ramsdell with flattering directness.

"A shameless escapade," I rejoined with conscious importance.

"Frances!" exclaimed Cousin Peter's wife in horrified erectness, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, it was early in the summer, before I came to Meadow Croft; you must admit that I have been a meek and blameless guest beneath your roof."

"My dear girl, you have indeed. You are only joking to insinuate anything—"

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," I protested, "no haystacks, no front teeth lost, only a little injured vanity that might revive under kind treatment.'

"Since you have gone so far, you had better tell it all, or their unbridled imaginations will make it worse," commanded Cousin Peter's wife.

I looked at Sidney Ramsdell to be urged and he looked back. He looked so much and said so little that I had grown into the habit of listening to his eyes.

"None but the experienced traveler," I began impressively, "knows the difficulty of leaving Massachusetts horizontally. I'd rather try a cross country ride with a strange hunter, than a cross country train with a strange time table,—one gets lost and thrown just as often. It's always better to go back to New York and start over again. But when I tried to come here from Lenox, no ancient mariner had told me that. So I worked out an elaborate itinerary on several roads too small to be called branches, just twigs, and the keystone of my system was a two-minute connection at Dumsbury Junction. I missed it—I found they always missed it, except once a summer, just to keep the schedule from being an out-and-out liar, and I did not strike the once."

"'Never the time and the place,'" murmured Sidney.

"Don't quote Browning for that occasion," I cautioned sadly, "the language of the army in Flanders would apply better, for I found the next train would not saunter past until twenty-nine minutes after five, which gave me just three mortal hours to wait! And even the refuge of the hot, little, dirty box of a station was denied me, the agent remarking pleasantly, as he urged me forth and locked the door, that he 'gen'ally lotted on doin' a spell o' hoein' in the garden afore that afternoon local.' I thought of disposing myself *à la Récamier* upon the baggage truck on the platform, but it was too tropical for that, and as I had no hoe and no garden, I started out to assassinate time by exploring the hamlet. First there was an appetizing cemetery, but as I expect to spend a lot of time in one some day, I hate to forestall the charm of novelty."

Tom Gates grinned at this mortuary sally, while a pained look on Sidney's face rebuked my levity, but then I hadn't wanted *him* to find it funny.

"Then," I continued, "came a broad street with the inevitable spreading elms and comfortable old houses couchant in their dooryards, like dogs asleep with their heads on their paws. They looked so self-satisfied, drowsing there in the afternoon sun, that I had an impertinent impulse to shake them up a bit and spoil their naps.

Providentially some one had given me that stupidly popular 'Rose of the Rebellion' to read on the journey; it had such a taking cover, you remember, the spiky garland of bayonets and the miniature of the little fool heroine with her simper and shoulder curl—"

"Why, I thought it was lovely," put in Cousin Peter's wife argumentatively.

"So did two hundred thousand others, if the advertisements spoke the truth, and it was on the prevalence of just that feeling," I resumed, "that I based my plan, which was to go from one old dormitory to another and try to sell the much admired volume."

"A book agent? Frances Holt!" squealed Cousin Peter's wife in scandalization. "Were you insane?"

"Doubtless it was 'werry wulgar,' but just fancy three resourceless hours, one would commit crimes to escape the *ennui*, and Satan finds some mischief still," I contended airily.

"It was most original, Miss Holt, and certainly showed great initiative on a warm afternoon," hastened Sidney to my rescue.

"Thanks, champion of the oppressed. And then I was only an amateur, there was no taint of professionalism in this event, as you will see. I picked out a house of the most virulent propriety, with box bushes and a weeping willow, and I pounded on a shining brass knocker that shrank from the Philistine touch. After a long, warm while a plump, astonished little maid opened the door, which stuck from disuse, and I asked for 'the lady of the house'—that's the proper thing to say, isn't it?—and from the looks of things, I knew there wasn't any man. I waited in the best parlor on a haircloth un-easy chair—ugh!—and gazed at the wax water-lilies under glass on the marble-topped table, and little, hot trickles of sun leaked through the crevices of the blinds. Finally a female with the contours of a hop-pole, in a creaking black silk, appeared and asked me what I wanted. She wasn't at all kind and encouraging, and when I showed her the book and asked her to add to her library this thrilling and instructive tale of the Civil War, which she must remember so well, etc., etc., she just puckered in her lips and stared. Then I ran down, as I didn't know any more things to say, and she remarked: 'Young woman, I've always thought book peddlin' about the meanest, pesterin'est job folks could take up with. Why don't you do plain sewin' or scrub, or somethin' where there'd be more honest work and less impudence?' I was so rampant I could just hold on to my temper with one hand and grope my way out of that stuffy hole with the other before exploding. Now wasn't she atrocious?"

Cousin Peter was chuckling gleefully, but his wife was not amused. "You deserved it; you laid yourself open to the insult, and from such an underbred person!"

"But it was too hard luck," sympathized Sidney, "it didn't fit the crime. Were you still game after that?" he asked quizzically.

"I was," I promptly rejoined, "too realistically game, for a mongrel monster, mostly bull-dog from his jaw, kept a goodly mouthful of my new tussore traveling cloak as a memento of my call at the next house. But I didn't complain, I could ill have spared that much skin."

"That was beyond a joke," sternly from Sidney. "You shouldn't have gone near such a creature."

"I didn't," resentfully, "he came near me and quite abruptly. I'd have run had I seen him in time, for he was an appalling beast, quite made my knees cleave to the roof of my mouth with terror, as the Psalmist says. *In propria persona*, I can get along with any dog that wears hair—it was the book agent he attacked, not really me."

"It would been 'really you' all right if he had taken a munch of you. I'll give odds that sent you meekly back to the station," commented Tom Gates.

"No-o," I hesitated thoughtfully, "not immediately."

"Don't keep us in this soul-searing suspense," mocked Sidney, but with a note of intentionality. "There must have been a climax, something spectacular, to round out the experience."

"Not exactly; it fell rather flat as far as I was concerned," my recital didn't seem so amusing after all. "There was another house, where a shady library with striped awnings made a most refreshing gloom, though I couldn't see things very distinctly, coming in out of the glare, and there was a young man, astonishingly thin as if recovering from a severe illness, just slate around a soul, for his mind was acute

enough. He looked at me like a corkscrew through big, dark glasses, and asked me the most trying technical questions—what firm of publishers I traveled for, how much commission I got, and if I sold 'Grant's Memoirs' by subscription there in 1885! And he wanted to buy the book on the spot, so I had to say it was only a sample copy—it had my name in—and that I'd order him one and send it later."

"He saw through you quick enough," and Tom Gates wagged his head sagely. "Any man with half an eye would, you know," he added with clumsy gallantry.

"Was he rude to you? Did he distress you?" broke in Sidney's clear-cut voice.

"Oh, dear, no," I returned. "His manners were above reproach, not the regulation bumpkin brand at all; only he didn't seem to take me seriously—in my professional capacity. He kept me there talking quite a while and wore my ingenuity to the bone, until I had some difficulty in making an orderly retreat with my incog. on straight."

"And then," icily observed Uncle Peter's wife, "I hope in the name of decency and common sense, you went your way and took your train like a Christian."

"If a chastened and downcast spirit indicates that same, I certainly did," I replied, "for I discovered that somewhere on my orgy of fiction that afternoon I had lost my heirloom gold pencil, the one Lafayette gave my great-great-grandmother, the original Frances Holt, when he was her guest in Philadelphia, and said she had the best French accent and the most patrician instep in the Colonies. I valued it above rubies—it had a topaz in the end—and I have missed and mourned it something prodigious. It has kept my proud nature meek and craven all summer, fearing that if I gave way to another unconventional impulse I might lose—"

"He asked me the most trying technical questions."

"Your head, probably," interrupted Uncle Peter's wife, rising in cumulative disgust, "but as circumstances seem to have punished you very neatly for being an outrageous lunatic, Frances, I will simply indorse them and not add further comment." (I breathed an inarticulate thanks.) "And in view of that coaching trip to-morrow, I think we should all be seeking sleep by now," so, with imposing dignity, she sailed off with Cousin Peter

across the moonlit, tree-dappled turf that stretched between the club-house and her own colonial porch.

Thereupon Tom Gates gathered himself up and made his good-nights, explaining that he was due at the bedside of an injured polo pony.

"You're not half a hard-hearted sort, Tom," I said benevolently. "Hold Larkspur's hoof all night if it will comfort him any, for he's a good little beast and saved you the game this afternoon."

And so Sidney and I were left to come slowly down the steps together.

He was silent for a while, then: "Your description of Dumsbury was capital. I have an aunt living there," he began, as one imparting an important fact.

"Indeed," I remarked politely. Considering that I was going home on the morrow, his aunt in Dumsbury seemed peculiarly irrelevant to the moonlight and other things.

"Are you supposed to resemble your great-great-grandmother—the accent and the rest of it?" he questioned.

"So they say," I answered absently; we were already half way across the dividing lawn in spite of our slow steps. Sidney's flood of feeling—if he had any indeed—certainly struck on queer, commonplace promontories like aunts and grandmothers, and quite without boiling into dangerous rapids, either.

"Then you certainly ought to have the gallant little Frenchman's gift, even if you were so careless of it," he said judicially, and thereupon drew out his fob, fastened to which I could see a familiar object hanging from the same ring as his watch.

"My long-lost pencil," I gasped dramatically, almost grabbing at it, "where could you have found it?"

"As I told you when you were so uninterested, my aunt Susan lives in Dumsbury and I was there convalescing from typhoid in June. I hardly realized that I was as thin as you describe, and the beard and dark glasses must have made me a fearsome object, but I never meant to distress or embarrass you with my questions, Frances," in such a low repentant voice.

"But you did," I maintained stoutly, "on your own soul be the penalty of all the fibs you made me tell." Then as he began eagerly to protest, a fear of the obviously inevitable came upon me and I temporized. "Didn't I make a good book agent, after all?"

"Too good to be true, by far, that was the trouble. And your methods were hardly business-like, pretending to take my order and never asking for name or address, or even mentioning payment,—that's not a usual omission, you know."

"Did you think it was horrid of me?" I faltered, nervously fingering the pencil while he still held the seal of the fob.

"You loveliest, you couldn't do anything horrid if you tried," he laughed softly. "I was so depressed that day; life and its recovery seemed quite objectless, and then you came, the sweetest, most tantalizing apparition a gracious sphinx-like fate ever sent to the forlorn. I saw your name in the book," he continued, as I, the loquacious, stood silenced. "I couldn't help it when you gave it to me to examine, and long after you had gone and I had been dreaming preposterous things, I found the pencil by your chair. Two pretty strong clues you see, but I would have searched you out if it had taken all my life. And when I came here and found you the guest and cousin of my old classmate—why, I've lived all these weeks in a daze of gratitude and unworthiness and—hope—"

"You have seemed a trifle lost to your surroundings at times," I plucked up courage to say.

"And I have wanted so to ask you about it before, to make you admit you were really there,—I think the strength of that feeling in my heart must have impelled you to talk of it to-night."

"Oh, no, I did it just to shock Cousin Peter's wife," I protested with a dying flash of spirit. But he didn't seem to believe it.

"And now that you have established the claim to your property," he said, putting his other hand over mine,—and the pencil, "why don't you take it?"

"How can I, if you don't unfasten it and give it to me?" I enquired practically.

"It doesn't come off," he answered with great gravity, "I am the encumbrance. I go with it. It will be just as useful to you that way," he urged with whimsical pleading, as I drew back, "for if you will only let me be with you always, you'll be sure to have the pencil too, and I'll see that you never lose it. There may

be more than three lonesome hours for you somewhere in the future, dearest, and I could try to keep you from being bored,—so you needn't be a book agent again," he added, with tender teasing.

"Oh, don't," in a tremulous voice, "it was so stupid of me."

"It was a leading, a providence, a beautiful fatality. You made yourself your own predecessor in my heart,—and there never was any other." He drew closer with swift entreaty. "Won't you take your pencil, Frances, with the attachment?"

Slowly, very slowly, I held out a hesitating hand, palm upward, and as the little heirloom was tumultuously pressed into it, I whispered, interruptedly, up into a very adjacent ear.

"I think *attachment* is too mild a word,—Sidney,—don't you?"

AS IN YOUNGER DAYS

A Tale of a Tugboat Captain

By Lawrence Perry

WITH A DRAWING BY THORNTON OAKLEY

THE *Titan* and Captain John grew old together—suddenly. It was in a bobble of a sea, this side of Sandy Hook, that the knowledge came, and the skipper bowed to it. Since then he had taken to lying inside the narrows on the lookout for small schooners and other craft. It paid very poorly; sometimes there was not more than a tow a week, and Captain John became discouraged. He tried to keep it to himself, but Tonkin, the mate, and the rest of the crew who had been with the *Titan* since her maiden trip twenty years before, were quick to notice the change. They knew just what the trouble was, and they knew the hopelessness of it, too. However, Tonkin was commissioned to encourage the old man in some way when a good opportunity came.

It came early one morning when he entered the pilot-house and found his captain leaning heavily over the wheel, gazing into the mist banks that shrouded the upper bay, muttering to himself. This last was something new for the skipper, and Tonkin shook his head sadly.

"Cap'n John," he said at last, "the steward's got yer grub below. I'll take the wheel," and then, as the old man did not move, he added, "feelin' blue, Cap'n John?"

The captain pushed his derby hat to the back of his head and toyed with his silver watch chain.

"Feelin' a little glum, Cap'n John?"

"Sam, I am glum, they ain't no use trying to deny it," he said at length. "It's been a pretty long rope, and has stood a sight of strain, but I've been seeing the end for a long time."

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that, Cap'n John," said Tonkin cheerfully.

"Yes, it's as bad as that, and maybe worse," answered the captain. "I've fought hard, you all know that, Sam; I've thought and planned and schemed for three months, and it's amounted to nothing but wasted time. The fact is this tug has got to go into the water carryin' business. I could make a livin', perhaps, supplyin' boats with water, and that's more than I'm a-doin' now. It's a disgrace, but it's got to be faced."

"Water boat!" ejaculated Tonkin. "We ain't got down to that, hev we?"

"It's got to be faced all right," repeat-

ed the captain. "I ain't paid expenses for two months; there's rent due, and a doctor's bill, and the Skellys are a-tryin' to hev me kicked out of the towboat association for not payin' dues. Water business! They ain't nothin' else to do."

Tonkin, however, well knew that as a water boat the *Titan* would fare far worse even than she fared now. So he spoke decidedly.

"Water boat? Oh, not just yet, Cap'n John. Ye might better sink the boat for insurance. Water boat! It would be a disgrace. The *Titan!* D'ye remember when we used to lay off the bar with the best o' them? Cap'n John, do you remember when we prized in atween the stern o' Tom Skelly's *Gulliver* and the starboard side of the ship *Albatross?* Forced her off and got the tow?" added Tonkin, marking a new light in his skipper's eyes. "Them was great days. Fifteen hundred dollars at a whack, eh, Cap'n John? They wa'n't a tug in the harbor could lay over us then. Great days!"

"They were for sure and certain," replied Cap'n John. "I wonder—I wonder if I wasn't too skeary in keeping her inside the harbor after she got the knockdown off West Bank that time? Perhaps—perhaps we kin—" then he hesitated. "No," he said, "I saw then that the tug was gettin' old, like me, and that we had no more business out there. She's got older since, and so hev I. Yes, I'm gettin' old, Sam, and I feel it. I kin feel the tug a-gittin' old, too—sometime I kin feel it so plain that I don't know whether it's the tug or me. Look at her boilers; she's had 'em ten years, and I kin hear the piston of that single pressure engine grunt every time the steam kicks it down the cylinder."

"Well, yer all right and the tug is too," replied Tonkin cheerfully. "Johnson and I was all over her last night, and she's sound and good from her garboards to her sheer strake, and the engine is good for ten years to come, so the chief says; why, we was a-sayin' only this mornin' that we would go anywhere in her through anything."

"Did ye say that—all of ye?" inquired Captain John suddenly straightening up with a new, strange light in his eye. "No lyin' now Sam."

"Sure we did," replied Tonkin encouraged by his success, "and we wouldn't a said it nuther if the *Titan* was an ol' hooker and her skipper a seenile wreck like he makes out he is."

Captain John braced his shoulders, but he watched Tonkin narrowly.

"So you think the *Titan* could stand a spell of weather? Honest?"

"Honest! Yes, honest!" cried Tonkin impatiently.

"Well mebbe so," said Captain John musingly. "I always felt she had one good fight left in her—one would be all I ask. Ye see," he continued, looking at Tonkin, "there is a scheme I been worryin' about all night, and this mornin' when I looked over the *Titan* I threw it down and says it ain't no use—the *Titan's* too old. I saw nothin' to it but the water business. It seemed there was nothin' to do but to come to it. But now, Sam, ye've kind of braced me up to it again. Ye all said ye'd go anywhere in the boat—what?"

"We did for sartain," said Tonkin, drawing up his gaunt frame and brushing his gray, straggling mustache with his thumb and forefinger. "Why? What's the scheme?"

"No matter," chuckled the old man maybe there's a way out. Ye'll all do what I say, eh?"

"Sure," replied Tonkin, and he meant what he said; for the trust of the mate and the crew of the *Titan* in their skipper was as the implicit faith of children.

As for Captain John, he seemed like a new man after that and when the *Titan* tied up along a certain East River pier where the tugs lie five abreast at night, he walked ashore with a brisker step than in years. Then he walked home and later in the evening went down to his tug, boarding her quietly so as not to awaken Tonkin. He lighted his pipe and gazed steadily at the sky, baring his head so that he might feel the weight of the wind, listening as though to catch something that it might be saying. Captain John was wise beyond his craft, and the years he had studied and communed with the elements had not been lost. For one thing he could read in the wind with almost unfailing accuracy what the weather would be in the next twenty-four hours and that was what he was doing to-night. It told him what he had already surmised. "The wind will keep southerly until to-

morrow morning, and two hours or about after sunrise it ought to turn sou'east and be nasty," he said triumphantly, and then his mood changed.

Tugs never venture out to sea when the wind is east. The *Titan* was going to do so to-morrow.

"There'll be a hard day for ye, old girl," he said, tapping the guard rail with his hand. "I wonder can ye stand it? Ye kin pull us through to-morrow, and then we kin both get old without a thought." He started to pace thoughtfully astern, and Sam Tonkin popped inside his cabin door, out of which he had been observing his commander with bulging eyes. Tonkin often watched his skipper through the night hours thus, but never had the old man seemed in such a practical mood. Never before had the mate been so well in touch with his skipper's actions as to-night. Usually when he communed alone with his tug, Captain John was quite beyond him, all he knew was that the old man and the *Titan* had some uncanny sympathy.

"Cap'n John's up to somethin'," he muttered as he rolled into his bunk and went to sleep.

Five o'clock and out in midstream the Skelly Towing Company's great *H. J. Mcgrath* was puffing towards the point of Governor's Island with three of the city's newest and finest slide-bottom garbage scows strung out astern with two hundred fathoms of hawser between each, two men to a scow. How quickly would she have put back had her skipper but read the wind as wisely as Captain John had.

"What's up, Cap'n John?" asked Tonkin as the *Titan* backed out from among the sleeping tugs.

"No questions," replied Captain John. "We air a-goin' to follow about half a mile astern of the *Mcgrath* and her scows. They'll break the water fur us 'till we git outside—outside we'll see what we see and then do it."

"I dunno, cap'n," said the mate snuffing the air, "they is a-goin' to be a nasty sou'easter before long. The sky looks bad."

"So there is; I clean forgot to think of that," replied Captain John winking. "Never mind, it's an ill wind—ye mind? We'll keep right after the *Mcgrath*—the *Titan* will keep there as long as the *Mcgrath* does."

Tonkin went below and set the men to work to make everything snug. There was going to be fun before the *Titan* got back, if she ever did.

"If Cap'n John warn't so sot up I'd jump overboard," said the engineer. "But when he's feelin' good the old *Titan* does wonders, and I'm satisfied. I guess the engines could keep her head up if worse comes to worse, anyway. They're not so bad. I'd like to know what he is up to."

Three sharp toots of the whistle summoned Tonkin to the pilot-house and the captain greeted him with eyes that fairly shot fire. His hat was off and his white hair was bristling. They were off Robbin's Reef, and to the southward the sky was a greenish blue with white, smoke-like patches of clouds careening across. The wind was hitting the pilot-house until the windows rattled, and even in the land-locked bay there was quite a swell. The *Mcgrath* and her scows were passing out of the Narrows.

"Hev ye made everything tight?" asked Captain John turning to the mate and talking hurriedly. "Well, I'm a-goin' to tell ye what we're a-goin to do, then. I hev had an idee that the *Titan* kin tow two barges, too, and so I'm just followin' astern of the *Mcgrath* to learn the game. That's short and sweet, ain't it? Mebbe I'll tell you a little more—Cap'n Jim Skelly's a coward. To-day is a good day to follow the likes of him."

"Ye're a-goin' out in a brewin' easter just to follow the *Mcgrath!*" exclaimed Tonkin "Holee smoke! Are ye crazy, Cap'n John?"

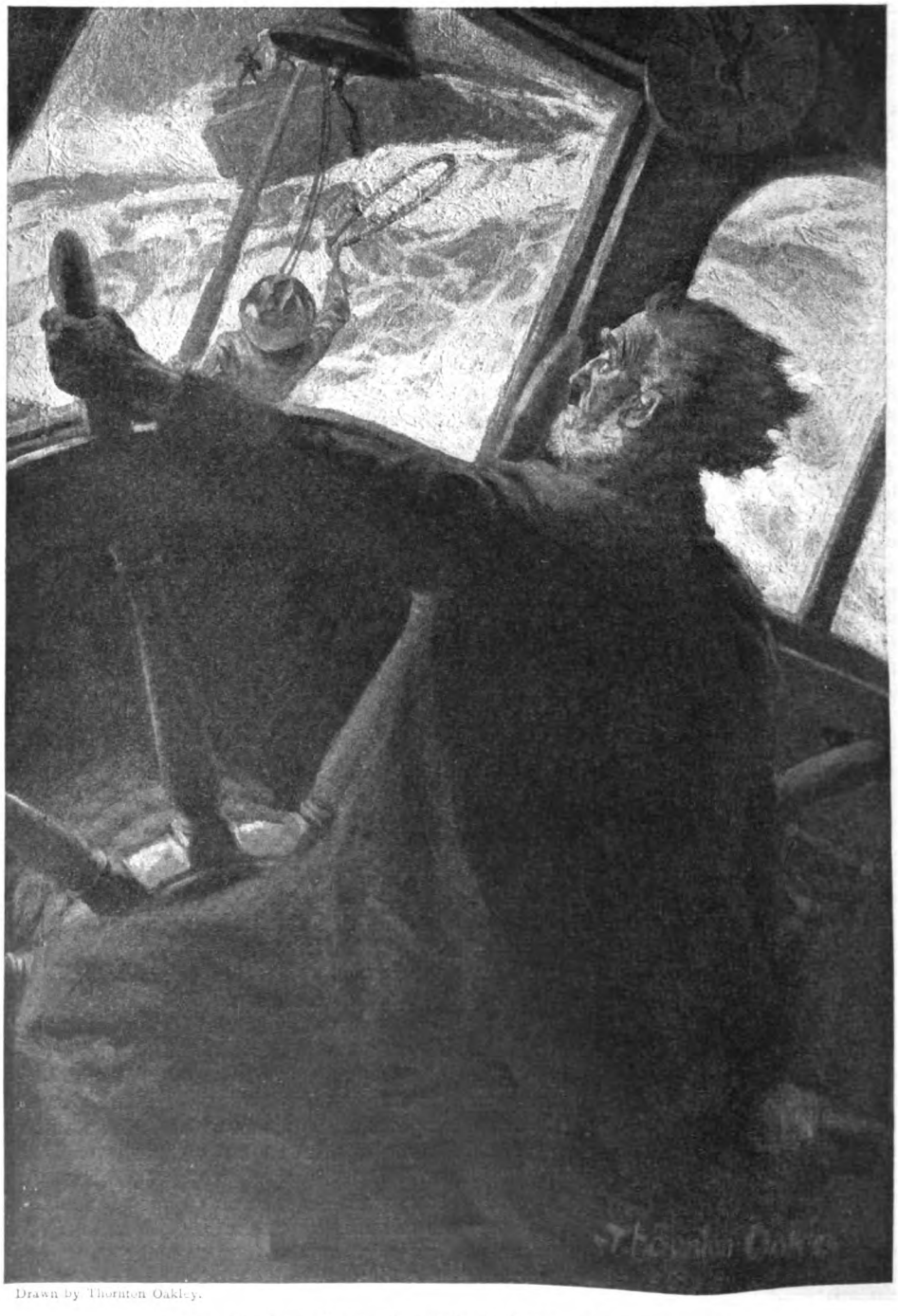
Captain John replied with a heavy wink.

Without another word Tonkin ran down the companionway and into the engine room, beating his head with his hands.

"Cap'n John has gone plumb daft; he's crazier than a lunatic," he cried to the engineer. "Johnson, the ol' man knows an east wind is comin' up, and yet he's sot on followin' the *Mcgrath* to l'arn how to tow barges—as if he didn't know! I started to talk him outen the idee, but Lor, he's just goin' outside in spite of the eternal."

"Umm!" said Johnson reflectively. That was all he said. Captain John's word had been law too long to be questioned now. It did not even occur to Johnson to do so, nor to Tonkin.

"Somethin' told me Cap'n John was



Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

Captain John threw the "Titan's" bow into the seas.

goin' wrong, but I didn't think that it would come so sudden," grumbled the mate. "I wish I had kept still about the tug being seaworthy."

The *Mcgrath* had cut across the point of the Hook, and was standing in line with the lightship, heading towards the dumping grounds. From the *Titan's* pilot-house Captain John could just make her out, her big, double funnels looming black against the gathering gloom, the scows wallowing astern. She had stopped as though her captain were undecided what to do. A minute later she had headed about and was racing for haven as fast as the scows would permit. Captain John's shouts of anger were heard above the moan of the rising tempest, for it seemed as though the *Mcgrath's* captain had become frightened in time to destroy the one chance on which Captain John had decided to risk his tug, himself and his crew. Nevertheless he still clung to the vague hope that had brought him out there.

"We'll swing to the eastward and get around astern of the coward," he yelled to his crew. "Get your heaving lines and stand by the stern bitts!"

The crew jumped to obey his orders; for all were thrilled with a strange confidence in that old white-haired man, glaring down at them through the gloom from the pilot-house. He was talking to his tug as though she were his child.

The twilight grew green, then purple, far away rose a lower, deeper moan ending with a shriek. From above a black opaque curtain fell until the bottom was marked by the crested waves.

The sou'easter had begun. Crested waves washed at the tug, spending their crushing strength against the bow which split them into harmless spray. In frenzy the wind lifted the waters out of the swirling sea, and hurling them, crashed out the pilot-house windows; the sweep of the hail was like grape shot, but Captain John never moved. From the reeling pilot-house the sea was as a giant writhing in anger—a sea of torment out of which rose ever and anon a long, black, shadowy hand—up out of the heaving darkness, grasping at the tug as though to pull her over on her beam ends. Shadowy waters coiled about her; wave after wave breasted her fearfully, and still the *Titan* bucked her way to the eastward.

It was a mighty fight; it was a mighty tempest, but high above all—more to be feared than the storm to his wondering comrades, was Captain John. His face was set, save for the slight movement of his lips on silent commands to his tug; his white hair straggling over his face, and his eyes flashing indomitable force. No need now to tell Tonkin and the rest that he was not following the *Mcgrath* and her scows in an insane caprice. There was method up there in that pilot-house—grim method; determined and unyielding.

In his efforts against the storm, he lost the big tug and her tow, and try as he would he could not raise them. They were behind that veil somewhere, and Captain John, cursing his misfortune, forced the *Titan* still on to the eastward along the course he had mapped out. But blind luck he told himself, was all he had to depend upon.

Suddenly he leaned forward and gazed intently through the lifting gloom, and for the first time was caught off his guard. The wheel twisted him off his feet, slinging him as though he were a boy. Quick as a cat though, he regained his balance, jamming the wheel back hard before the tug had fallen off six feet. Then with a death grip on the spokes he leaned forward again and strained his eyes ahead.

There was something out there, not to the eastward, but to the southward. The skipper, however, could not tell what it was. As he looked a red light quivered across the waters, then another a goodly distance ahead and still another. Captain John watched them wonderingly, pitching, reeling, swaying, but his hands never relaxed their grim hold on the wheel. One light—three lights—red—then Captain John gave a mighty shout as the truth flashed through his mind. The *Mcgrath's* scows!

"Now!" he screamed. "Now, who's crazy? Didn't I say Jim Skelly's a coward? Didn't I? The *Mcgrath's* cut her scows loose to save herself! Salvage—six thousand dollars clear! D'ye hear, men, d—, d—, d'ye hear? Now girl," he muttered, "take us over to 'em. This is yer last fight," and so speaking he spun the wheel broad off, and the *Titan* floundered away on the new course, dead into the seas. Down in the engine room the jingle bell rang full speed ahead, while Ton-

kin and his mates rushed to rig the towing hawsers.

Straight across the seaway clawed the tug. Up, down, sometimes on her lee rail, sometimes buried under green water, the screw racing astern—on though, ever on across the waters as though driven by irresistible power—by the dominant will of Captain John. Nearer and nearer. The storm was passing and in the dawning light could be seen the three scows, careening helplessly, rising half out of the water, then crashing down again with a great slap, the scowmen signalling wildly for assistance. Only a few hundred yards now; could the *Titan* make it? Once she buried her decks under water, but out she came, shaking the water out of her scuppers like a dog. On until she shot to windward of the leading scow and swung down to leeward.

Lashed to the flagpoles in the bow, Tonkin stood upright whirling a weighted heaving line around his head like a lariat.

"Nope, can't make her yet," he yelled in answer to his captain's command to throw the line.

"We can't go any nearer," screamed the skipper, "that scow'll crush us to pieces. Look out, look out, she's comin' at us anyway. Stand clear, get up above," roared Captain John, at the same time nearly pulling the full speed bell out by the roots.

The string of scows, driven by the wind and waves was drifting down on the tug with crushing power.

"Hit her up, unhook your engines," bawled Captain John down the speaking tube to the engine room, but Johnson was doing all he could.

On lumbered the scows and the *Titan* was not going to clear them. The leading scow was but twenty yards abeam and the *Titan* was barely making headway. Captain John realized this, and then his quick eye saw a chance for salvation. "Astern, full speed," sounded the bell in the engine room.

"Quick, Tonkin, stand by the rail with an axe," yelled the captain.

Tonkin jumped below and in an instant was at his post. He knew what to do. Astern ten feet and the barge would miss its prey. Five feet, then the end of the scow slipped harmlessly past, but the hawser connecting the second barge caught the tug just over the guard. Over she went until her port rail was buried under water. Then came Tonkin's opportunity, and with a mighty swing of his axe he severed the tow line and the tug righted and was saved.

The second scow could be easily cleared and Peterson stood ready with the heaving line. Down she came with a rotary swing, the third scow plunging astern. When they were in line with the *Titan* the Swede made the distance with a thirty foot heave. The scowmen caught the hissing line and bent it to a hawser which the *Titan's* crew hauled aboard and made fast to the stern bitts. Then Captain John threw the *Titan's* bow into the seas, the scows rounded to with a jerk and hung steadily astern with an even strain.

As the sun set over the Staten Island hills the *Titan* passed in quarantine with two scows—four thousand dollars—dangling astern. For hours Captain John had not spoken a word. When the scows were cast off at Red Hook and anchored he gave the wheel to Tonkin, and sat down and wrote his salvage claim.

"Now the old woman and you all are provided for," he said, and then threw himself on his bunk and closed his eyes, babbling like a child.

"Hurry up all ye kin," yelled Tonkin down the tube to the engineer. "The old man's tuck is almost gone."

But the *Titan's* tuck was about gone, too. How she stumbled up the bay! Going like the old man, thought Tonkin.

At last she hobbled alongside the pier, but before making her berth there was a dull clank. She gave a sort of sigh, the *Titan* did, and then after all the brave struggle with wind and wave, after all the success of it, she succumbed on the flat oily river water and was helpless on the tide. Being ebb she swung properly against the pier, and Tonkin lassoed her with the bight of a hawser and made fast.

Then he went below to where Johnson stood in a foot of water, gazing pensively at the ruins. The mate nodded sympathetically as he glanced at the cracked crank shaft, the bent connecting rod, and the ripped valve bonnets.

"Gineral demorilization," he said solemnly.

They helped Captain John ashore, and as he shuffled down the pier, he turned and waved his hand at the *Titan*. That night she sunk at her pier, but Captain John never knew.

COWBOY SONG

By Joseph Mills Hanson

WE are up in the morning ere dawning of day
And the grub wagon's busy and flap-jacks in play;
While the herd is astir over hillside and swale
With the night-riders rounding them into the trail.

Come, take up your cinchas
And shake up your reins;
Come, wake up your broncho
And break for the plains;
Come, roust those red steers from the long chaparral,
For the outfit is off for the railroad corral!

The sun circles upward, the steers as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod
And, it seems, as the dust turns you dizzy and sick
That you'll never reach noon and the cool, shady creek.

But tie up your kerchief
And ply up your nag;
Come, dry up your grumbles
And try not to lag;
Come, larrup those steers from the long chaparral,
For we're far on the way to the railroad corral!

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean
When the grub wagon sticks in a marshy ravine
And the herd scatters further than vision can look,
For you bet all true punchers will help out the cook!

So shake out your rawhide
And snake it up fair;
Come, break your old bronco
To taking his share!
Come, now for the steers in the long chaparral,
For it's all in the drive to the railroad corral!

But the longest of days must reach evening at last,
When the hills are all climbed and the creeks are all passed
And the tired herd droops in the yellowing light;
Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight!

So flap up your holster
And snap up your belt;
Come, strap up the saddle
Whose lap you have felt;
Good-by to the steers and the long chaparral!
There's a town that's a trump by the railroad corral!

Adjutant-General Sherman M. Bell.

THE MILITARY DICTATOR OF COLORADO

By William MacLeod Raine
Special Correspondent of LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

IF one were to harrow the country with a fine-tooth comb he would find no man more fitted for the hero of a soldier-of-fortune novel than Sherman Bell, sometime trooper in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, now adjutant-general of the State of Colorado. Nor would the author remain long in doubt about the title of his novel. He would naturally call it "The Dictator." Because Governor Peabody's hammer is vain, fearless, obstinate, theatrical, and an untrammeled leader of men by grace of natural fitness, Mr. Richard Harding Davis should put him into immediate requisition.

The outcropping stratum of General Bell's mental make-up which first catches the observer's attention is his cocksureness. He never showed doubt in his gusty lifetime. That quick, lop-sided brain of his sums up the matter, largely regardless of the evidence, and comes to an immediate decision. He is one of the most unfettered of men. It is a safe guess that deep down in his heart he does not care one jackstraw for abstract law. He decides what course is best to follow and the legality of it does not trouble him at all.

A case in point occurred during the

recent stormy times of the Telluride and Cripple Creek strikes. President Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, had been arrested on the rather flimsy excuse of having desecrated the American flag. The real reason for his detention was the fact that his speeches and his presence were believed to have an inflammatory effect on the heated strikers. The courts ordered the release of Moyer, but though it fairly rained writs of *habeas corpus*, General Bell shed them as a duck does water. The Supreme Court of the State demanded that his prisoner be produced at Denver. The adjutant-general complied with the mandate of the court, but he announced his intentions to anybody that cared to know: if the Supreme Court sustained him, well and good; if not—he regretted to say that he would then probably be in contempt of court. Mr. Moyer was being held as a military necessity, and he proposed to continue holding him so long as that necessity existed.

Sherman Bell is a frank egotist. In his talk the first personal pronoun singular flashes frequent as the telegraph poles on a railway journey. The gentle art of conversation is unknown to him, but he is a first rate monologist. Not in the least open-minded, his opinion is unchangeable as the laws of the Medes. Furthermore, he does not value criticism in the least. The journalist may say what he likes of him without at all disturbing his poise. He reads the reporter's screed and meets him next day with the same cold, level glance that is as far from hostility as it is from friendliness. The way to his heart or his hatred is neither through flattery nor abuse.

Sherman Bell has not an ounce of tact or conciliation in his long, lithe body. Recently three prominent local politicians of the Republican party called on General Bell to remonstrate with him about the course he was pursuing in deporting the miners whose records were not savory.

"It will hurt the party," explained one of them.

"To H—l with the party. I'm not breaking up this lawlessness in the interests of any party."

"But—"

Sherman Bell walked to the door and flung it open. "I'll not discuss this matter on the basis of what will serve the interests of the Republican party. You have got to take broader ground before I'll talk with you about it, gentlemen."

Outside of the commander of the regiment, the two most picturesque figures among the Rough Riders were Bucky O'Neill and Sherman Bell. The two men were not alike, save in one respect that they were both devoid of fear. Captain O'Neill, standing carelessly on the trenches two minutes before his death and laughing at the futility of the Mauser bullets as they spattered about him, made no more dramatic figure than Trooper Bell staggering blindly with his hampering wound through the sweltering sunbeat in complete defiance of the orders of both officers and doctors. Those big, brown eyes of his had been blazing all morning with the joy of coming combat. Not one man in that army of invasion had been more alertly eager than Sherman Bell. In lending a hand to help forward a mule train that had stuck in the mud an old wound broke open. He quietly fainted by the wayside and his comrades were forced to go on without him. Hours after night had fallen Trooper Bell staggered into camp and sank to the ground. He had dragged himself, foot by foot, through the fierce heat to the front where his company was camped.

It was decided to send him back to the States. The ambulance came for him and he was not to be found. The indomitable fellow had crawled into the tropical jungle and hidden himself. He pleaded so hard to be allowed to stay that they gave him his way. He would not be sent home, but he must remain in the rear and nurse his wound.

"It doesn't matter. He'll die anyway," they said.

Nevertheless on that fateful morning when San Juan Hill was taken there was Trooper Bell in his place very much alive, pale as a sheet, but gay and debonair as a schoolboy on a holiday. Colonel Roosevelt ran across him just before they went up the hill, while the regiment was waiting in a storm of screaming shells and zipping bullets.

"What are you doing here?" he wanted to know brusquely.

Trooper Bell saluted. "Oh, I just came along to see what was doing, colonel," he said apologetically.

"Why don't you stay in the rear where you are ordered?"

"I got so lonesome, colonel."

Next time Colonel Roosevelt caught sight of Trooper Bell he was trying to establish a Cuban record for the half mile run up hill. Possibly this is why the colonel refers to him fondly as "the gamest man of a game regiment."

His reckless irresponsibility is a continual thorn in the side of his superiors. When Mr. Roosevelt stumped Colorado in the last national campaign Sherman Bell enrolled himself promptly as his bodyguard. A crowd of these same Western Federation miners mobbed him at Victor. They followed him to his special train, flinging stones at the party. Bell, on the rear platform, faced the drunken mob. The end of the car was fast being dented with stones and bricks.

"I'm going to kill somebody soon," Bell announced in that low, gentle voice of his.

Mr. Roosevelt came out from the car and Sherman Bell pushed him back into shelter.

"As your superior officer, Lieutenant Bell, I order you inside," commanded Mr. Roosevelt sharply.

The young Rough Rider saluted promptly and retired, but he organized at once a protective guard of those inside the train. His instructions were to shoot if any of the mob threw stones or struck at them with clubs. It was suggested by somebody present that it would produce a bad effect on the campaign if blood were shed.

"I'm not running the campaign. I'm maintaining order just now in Victor," retorted Bell curtly.

That answer explains General Bell's attitude toward the striking miners. There is no doubt that the Western Federation is a lawless aggregation with an appalling record of crime stretching from Cœur d'Alene days to the present time. That fact wiped out all their legal rights, according to the simple primordial view of Sherman Bell. There is, besides, this of the soldier about him, that a cause immediately becomes right when it becomes his. Then, too, the dictator in him leaps to life.

I have it on his own authority that not long ago, as he was leaving the train at Telluride, he saw a strike leader glowering at him from across the street. The man had been given to the making of threats in regard to Bell. The General stepped swiftly across and touched him on the shoulder.

"What are you thinking about, my man?"

The man looked at him in amazement. "Why—nothing, General."

"That's right, don't think. It's much safer not to," and the adjutant-general turned on his heel.

Bell is rather tall, very straight, slender, and lithe as a tiger. Strength is chisled all over the sardonic face, from the resolute jaw to the inflexible eyes.

His vanity does not extend to personal adornment. He was wearing on that occasion an old battered campaign hat, a black shirt, and a rag of a tie. But his nondescript get up could not make him look otherwise than distinguished. He is hedged about by a personal dignity quite unusual. This, I take it, is due to the fact that he is entirely devoid of humor and the sense of the ridiculous. He does not know that his excessive dignity makes him laughable. His idea of a joke is like a child's, and consists of the discomfiture of his opponent. I have never seen him smile except when he was telling how he had hammered the Western Federation.

General Bell has to an unusual degree the capacity for practical organization. When he took charge of the State militia less than two years ago there were about three hundred and fifty men ready for service. All were poorly armed with antiquated rifles and many of them were not uniformed. Within six months he had increased the working force of the National Guard to two thousand nine hundred members. It was no longer an organized mob, but an efficient army, thoroughly equipped and splendidly disciplined. From the government he secured by his personal exertions three thousand uniforms and two thousand five hundred Krag-Jorgensen rifles, as well as a thousand Colt's army revolvers. But the greatest change was in the morale of the troops. The soldier spirit was somehow infused into them by their magnetic commander, for whatever else he may be, Sherman Bell is a magnificent type of the dashing soldier. He has lived for over a year in danger of the rifles and the bombs of a dozen lawless

murderers who hunger for his death. But he carries himself as serenely poised as if he were the most popular man in the State.

To me General Bell has been most kind and courteous. He is one of the few men of whom one can tell the simple truth as one sees it, with the certainty that its object will not be affronted. I have paid him the high compliment of speaking frankly of his weaknesses, as I see them, no less than of his strength.

General Bell's military policy has subjected him to such widespread criticism that LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE *has endeavored to give its readers an absolutely impartial picture of the man himself. Mr. Raine has been at pains to carry out this editorial idea.*—THE EDITORS.

THE LAND OF DISASTERS

By Way of Further Comment

LAST month we published an editorial on "The Land of Disasters." In the thirty days that have intervened, America has earned the title afresh. Read the newspapers. Day after day there is no gap in the grisly record. Passengers and employees are sacrificed. Occasionally a switchman is discharged or an engineer laid off. That is all. The railroads and local steamship lines are prosperous. Dividends are secure. Directors are satisfied. The American public waits quietly for the next catastrophe.

It is but a truism to say that nothing smaller than a catastrophe can rouse even a temporary protest against the recklessness of human life which has become habitual in America. For how long do our readers think that the reforms in theater ordinances, which date from the Iroquois fire, will be strictly enforced? But hypothetical illustrations are unnecessary. When the *General Slocum* burned a thousand people to death within a few hundred yards of the New York water front, the citizens seemed roused to a purpose too intense to be turned aside from the accomplishment of complete reform. Yet within two weeks the newspapers informed us that the *Grand Republic*, a sister ship of the unhappy *Slocum*, equally unseaworthy, equally ill-equipped, equally criminal in fatal possibilities, was daily carrying from fifteen hundred to two thousand pleasure seekers down New York harbor. After a season Federal inspectors, acting under the somewhat shadowy authority of the Department of Commerce and Labor, boarded her. Fifteen hundred rotten life preservers made one item of their discoveries. Fifteen hundred rotten life preservers! Why, the possession of as many kits of burglars' tools would not be a circumstance to the infamy of it! Yet that was a detail. The boilers needed patching. The life rafts would not have been seaworthy in a horse trough. The very rivets on them were knobs and not rivets at all.

"Are these for ornament?" asked one of the inspectors caustically.

"No," said another, "they are for fraud."

And when the inspection was over, the owners of this precious craft announced that as their boat had been previously "inspected" and licensed, it would proceed as usual, and continue to endanger some ten thousand lives per week.

A compromise was reached, and the *Grand Republic* to-day risks only a thousand souls on any given trip. But the incident is illuminating. Intolerance of any interference with a man's business, no matter how nearly it concerns others—this is one characteristic which crops out every time the law attempts to "meddle with" a corporation or an organized body of workmen, whose duty it is to serve the public. It was the same with the Coal Barons. It will be the same with the directorates of every railroad in the United States when new safeguards are put in force.

And the second thing you notice about the incident is the heartlessness of it. When money talks these men listen, but to other arguments they are deaf, dumb and blind. In the shadow of one of the awful accidents of history, in the presence of a desolated city, the wickedness of such obstinacy is appalling. And yet we do not for an instant believe that these are wicked men. Individually they probably gave, and gave generously, to the fund consecrated to the decent burial of the victims of the *General Slocum.* No doubt they are good people in their way, charitable, kindly and affectionate to their families. But business is business. Success is the prime virtue of the generation, and how can you spell success in 1904 but m-o-n-e-y.

And let us remember that when men are in this mood there are just two ways to get at them: through their persons and through their bank accounts. Two methods, and two methods only, are effective. After the accident you can reach them through criminal procedure, or before the accident you can make them understand that safety pays and lives cost money. The only other alternative is law and men to enforce it.

It is time to act. In Chicago they wait for an Iroquois fire, in New York for a *Slocum* horror, and in Colorado for a holocaust at Cripple Creek. Even then reform, if reform it can be called, is only local and temporary. In this, as in every other great advance, the general good must come slowly and little by little through agitation, unceasing, vigorous agitation. Nothing touches Americans more nearly than this. Nothing demands more urgent action.

But how to act? In certain lines the way is plain. We want the gradual extension of the block system until its use is as universal as the automatic car couplers, which to-day save the lives of employees on every railroad in the United States. We want more stringency in the work of the Federal steamboat inspectors. We want the authority of the Department of Commerce and Labor defined as sharply in practice as it is in theory for the safety of the public. But more than any one thing we want the American people thoroughly aroused to a situation that ought to be intolerable.

For suggestions as to the most effective modes of action, this magazine turns confidently to its readers. You know as well as we that something must be done and done quickly. Next month we shall have more to say. In the meantime we need your help, and on the simple score of patriotism we have the right to demand it.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

IX. OTHER PEOPLE

HOWEVER disagreeable other people may be,—however unjust they may be,—however true it may be that the wrong is all on their side and not at all on ours,—whatever we may suffer at their hands,—we can only remedy the difficulty by looking first solely to ourselves and our own conduct; and, not until we are entirely free from resentment or resistance of any kind, and not until we are quiet in our own minds with regard to those who may be oppressing or annoying us, should we make any effort to set them right.

This philosophy is sound and absolutely practical,—it never fails; any apparent failure will be due to our own delinquency in applying it; and, if the reader will think of this truth carefully until he feels able to accept it, he will see what true freedom there is in it,—although it may be a long time before he is fully able to carry it out.

How can I remain in any slightest bondage to another when I feel sure that, however wrong he may be, the true cause of my discomfort and oppression is in myself? I am in bondage to myself, and it is to myself that I must look to gain my freedom. If a friend is rude and unkind to me, and I resent the rudeness and resist the unkindness, it is the resentment and resistance that cause me to suffer. I am not suffering for my friend, I am suffering for myself; and I can only gain my freedom by shunning the resentment and resistance as sin against all that is good and true in friendship. When I am free from these things in myself,—when, as far as I am concerned, I am perfectly and entirely willing that my friend should be rude or unjust, then only am I free from him. It is impossible that he should oppress me, if I am willing that he should be unjust or unkind; and the freedom that comes from such strong and willing non-resistance is like the fresh air upon a mountain. Such freedom brings with it also a new understanding of one's friend, and a new ability to serve him.

Unless we live a life of seclusion, most of us have more than one friend, or acquaintance, or enemy, with whom we are brought into constant or occasional contact, and by whom we are made to suffer; not to mention the frequent irritations that may come from people we only see once in our lives. Imagine the joy of being free from all this irritability and oppression; imagine the saving of nervous energy which would accompany such freedom; imagine the possibility of use to others which would be its most helpful result!

If we once catch even the least glimpse of this quiet freedom, we shall not mind if it takes some time to accomplish so desirable a result, and the process of achieving it is deeply interesting.

The difficulty at first is to believe that, so far as we are concerned, the cause of the trouble is entirely within ourselves. The temptation is to think: —

"How can I help resenting behavior like that! Such selfishness and lack of consideration would be resented by any one."

So any one might resent it, but that is no reason why we should. We are not to make other people's standards our own unless we see that their standards are higher than ours; only then should we change,—not to win the favor of the other people, but because we have recognized the superior value of their standards and are glad to put away what is inferior for what is better. Therefore we can never excuse ourselves for resentment or resistance because other people resent or resist. There can be no possible excuse

for resistance to the behavior of others, and it is safe to say that we must *never pit our wills against the wills of other people.* If we want to do right and the other man wants us to do wrong, we must pass by his will, pass under it or over it, but never on any account resist it. There has been more loss of energy, more real harm done, through this futile engagement of two personal wills than can ever be computed, and the freedom consequent upon refusing such contact is great in proportion. Obedience to this law of not pitting our wills against the wills of other people leads to new freedom in all sorts of ways,—in connection with little, everyday questions, as to whether a thing is one color or another, as well as in the great and serious problems of life. If, in an argument, we feel confident that all we want is the truth,—that we do not care whether we or our opponents are in the right, as long as we find the right itself,—then we are free, so far as personal feeling is concerned; especially if, in addition, we are perfectly willing that our opponents should not be convinced, even though the right should ultimately prove to be on our side.

With regard to learning how always to look first to ourselves,—first we must become conscious of our own resentment and resistance, then we must acknowledge it heartily and fully, and then we must go to work firmly and steadily to refuse to harbor it. We must relax out of the tension of our resistance with both soul and body; for, of course, the resistance contracts the nerves of our bodies, and, if we relax from the contractions in our bodies, it helps us to gain freedom from resistance in our hearts and minds. The same resistance to the same person or the same ideas may return, in different forms, many times over, but all we have to do is to persist in dropping it as often as it returns, even if it be thousands of times.

No one need be afraid of losing all backbone and becoming a "mush of concession" through the process of dropping useless resistance, for the strength of will required to free ourselves from the habit of pitting one's own will against that of another is much greater than the strength we use when we indulge the habit. The two kinds of strength can no more be compared than the power of natural law can be compared to the lawless efforts of human waywardness. For the will that is pitted against the will of another degenerates into obstinacy, and weakens the character; whereas the will that is used truly to refuse useless resistance increases steadily in strength, and develops power and beauty of character. Again, the man who insists upon pitting his will against that of another is constantly blinded as to the true qualities of his opponent. He sees neither his virtues nor his vices clearly; whereas he who declines the merely personal contest becomes constantly clarified in his views, and so helped toward a loving charity for his opponent,—whatever his faults or difficulties may be,—and to an understanding and love of the good in him, which does not identify him with his faults.

When we resent and resist, and are personally wilful, there is a great big beam in our eye, which we cannot see through, or under, or over,—but, as we gain our freedom from all such resistance, the beam is removed, and we are permitted to see things as they really are, and, with a truer sense of proportion, our power of use increases.

When a person is arguing with all the force of personal wilfulness, it is both pleasant and surprising to observe the effect upon him if he begins to feel your perfect willingness that he should believe in his own way, and your willingness to go with him, too, if his way should prove to be right. His violence melts to quietness because you give him nothing to resist. The same happy effect comes from facing any one in anger, without resistance, but with a quiet mind and a loving heart. If the anger does not melt—as it often does—it is modified and weakened, and—as far as we are concerned—it cannot touch or hurt us.

We must remember always that it is not the repression or concealment of resentment and resistance, and forbearing to express them, that can free us from bondage to others; it is overcoming any trace of resentment or resistance within our own hearts and minds. If the resistance is in us, we are just as much in bondage as if we expressed it in our words and actions. If it is in us at all it must express itself in one way or another,—either in ill-health, or in unhappy states of mind, or in the tension of our bodies. We must also remember that, when we are on the way to freedom from such habits of resistance, we may suffer from them for a long time after we

have ceased to act from them. When we are turning steadily away from them, the uncomfortable effects of past resistance may linger for a long while before every vestige of them disappears. It is like the peeling after scarlet fever,—the dead skin stays on until the new, tender skin is strong underneath, and, after we think we have peeled entirely, we discover new places with which we must be patient. So, with the old habits of resistance, we must, although turning away from them firmly, be steadily patient while waiting for the pain from them to disappear. It must take time if the work is to be done thoroughly,—but the freedom to be gained is well worth waiting for.

One of the most prevalent forms of bondage is caring too much in the wrong way what people think of us. If a man criticizes me I must first look to see whether he is right. He may be partly right, and not entirely,—but, whatever truth there is in his criticism, I want to know it in order that I may see the fault clearly myself and remedy it. If his criticism is ill-natured it is not necessarily any the less true, and I must not let the truth be obscured by his ill-nature. All that I have to do with the ill-nature is to be sorry, on my friend's account, and help him out of it if he is willing; and there is nothing that is so likely to make him willing as my recognizing the justice of what he says and acting upon it, while, at the same time, I neither resent nor resist his ill-nature. If the man is both ill-natured and unjust,—if there is no touch of what is true in his criticism,—then all I have to do is to cease resenting it. I should be perfectly willing that he should think anything he pleases, while I, so far as I can see, go on and do what is right.

The trouble is that we care more to appear right than to be right. This undue regard for appearances is very deep-seated, for it comes from long habit and inheritance; but we must recognize it and acknowledge it in ourselves, in order to take the true path toward freedom. So long as we are working for appearances we are not working for realities. When we love to *be* right first, then we will regard appearances only enough to protect what is good and true from needless misunderstanding and disrespect. Sometimes we cannot even do that without sacrificing the truth to appearances, and in such cases we must be true to realities first, and know that appearances must harmonize with them in the end. If causes are right, effects must be orderly, even though at times they may not seem so to the superficial observer. Fear of not being approved of is the cause of great nervous strain and waste of energy; for fear is resistance, and we can counteract that terrified resistance only by being perfectly willing that any one should think anything he likes.

When moving in obedience to law—natural and spiritual—a man's power cannot be over-estimated; but, in order to learn genuine obedience to law, we must be willing to accept our limitations and wait for them to be gradually removed as we gain in true freedom. Let us not forget that if we are over-pleased—selfishly pleased—at the approval of others, we are just as much in bondage to them as if we were angry at their disapproval. Both approval and disapproval are helpful if we accept them for the use they can be to us, but are equally injurious if we take them to feed our vanity or annoyance.

It is hard to believe, until our new standard is firmly established, that only from this true freedom do we get the most vital sense of loving human intercourse and companionship, for then we find ourselves working hand in hand with those who are united to us in the love of principles, and we are ready to recognize and to draw out the best in every one of those about us.

If this law of freedom from others—which so greatly increases our power of use to them and their power of use to us—had not been proved absolutely practical, it would not be a law at all. It is only as we find it practical in every detail, and as obedience to it is proved to be the only sure road to established freedom that we are bound to accept it. To learn to live in such obedience we must be steady, persistent and patient,—teaching ourselves the same truths many times, until a new habit of freedom is established within us by the experience of our daily lives. We must learn and grow in power from every failure; and we must not dwell with pride and complacency on good results, but always move steadily and quietly forward.

The next article will be on Human Sympathy.

MARGINALIA

THE REFORMATION OF JENKINS

By Norman H. Crowell

WITH DRAWINGS BY JULIAN OLLENDORFF

IN the privacy of her boudoir Nellie was doing considerable thinking. Her high, even precipitous forehead was wrinkling studiously as she pondered the annoying problem that had risen in her young life. It concerned Jenkins, and Nellie was deeply interested in matters that concerned him.

She had known Jenkins ever since she could remember. He had played pranks upon her at the tender age of five months ; he had boxed with her and helped her cut her teeth; he had, in fact, made life a vast playground wherein she had been supremely happy.

Nellie remembered all this, and it bewildered her the more as she contemplated the peculiarly distasteful tendencies that were now cropping out in the life of this same Jenkins. They had become extremely noticeable of late, but being a patient as well as sensitive observer, Nellie said nothing, hoping against hope that a change would speedily occur and the old, glad life begin anew.

Jenkins had distinctly soured—he was becoming boorish and tiresome. As a companion Nellie found him sad and gloomy; as a master, gruff and neglectful. Harsh words greeted her, where before he had none but gentle ones; unmerited floggings, too, had been given her when she had expected mere delightful spankings, as of yore. It all puzzled Nellie and made her just a trifle resentful.

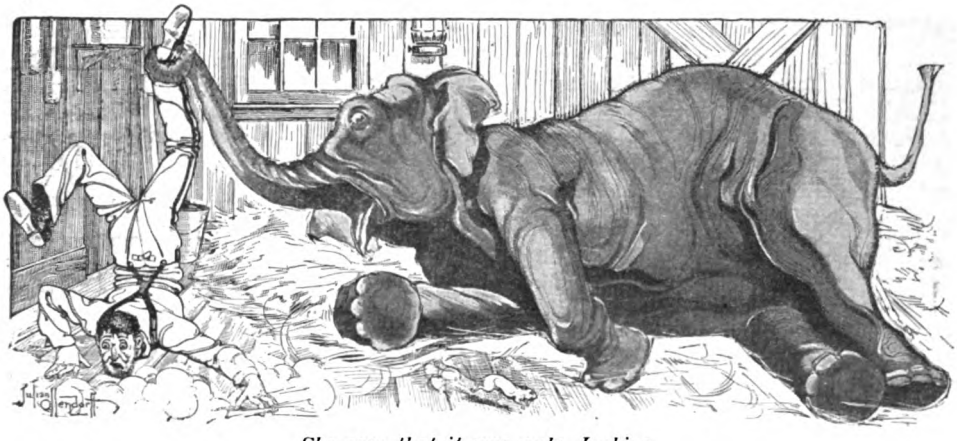
She had, of course, quietly investigated the thing to some extent and was quite sure of at least one discovery. This was a certain pungent odor—a spirituous aroma—exhaled generously by Jenkins at sundry and increasingly-frequent times, which she hailed with the tremulous puffings and deep-chested roarings that bespoke her unmeasured disgust. Nellie was beginning to associate this peculiar phenomenon with Jenkins' equally peculiar deportment, but the exact relationship was as yet a step beyond her reasoning powers, acute as she was.

Jenkins was arriving at the car very late of nights, his coming heralded by language hoarse and choky, and his gait a battleground wherein his legs disputed earnestly the right of way. Nellie would fasten a wondering eye upon him as he proceeded to wobble comically about the car, until, having lurched against her broad, quivering side, he descended contentedly to the floor in a lump, leaving his future solely in her care.

She would then feel him over judiciously, caressing his bearded face and staggering slightly as she caught the fervor of his potent breath. Carefully gripping his collar, she would then drag him to his corner and focus a disdainful glare on the tousled form of her beloved but non-understandable Jenkins.

Her critical inspections of the senseless figure were inspiring a new feeling within her—she felt that her maidenly respect was fast slipping away, and she unconsciously assumed a little air of hauteur as she realized that Jenkins' conduct was unbecoming a gentleman in the presence of a young, and moreover, unsophisticated lady. Nellie hardly believed that he meant to deliberately hurt her feelings, but her pride was being wounded and her eyes would blink unwillingly as she mused.

Nellie was thinking of the jolly times in former days when this same crumpled Jenkins had romped with her and told her good stories, emphasizing the points thereof by excited and strenuous poundings with the handle of his ice-pick. She remembered, too, the ridiculous manner in which he would grasp her trunk and massage it vigorously while she fanned her ears jerkily and released her steamy breath up his inviting trousers' leg in genuine glee. Her mind went back again to the glorious times when Jenkins had spent long hours manicuring her dimpled shoulders with a huge tobacco-tinted pocket-knife, and even now little thrills of joy ran through her as she recalled the ecstacies of



She saw that it was only Jenkins.

those moments when he pried off the hard-baked mud scales from her sensitive cuticle. But Jenkins had evidently forgotten those days now, and Nellie sighed deeply as she realized with feminine sadness that her complexion was indeed becoming muddy.

Now, as she listened to the labored breathing of her companion, she grew lonely. The sight of her Jenkins lying there irresponsive to her gentle shoves and tender squeezes was a most dismal one. It gave her chilly little flutterings in the region of the heart, and Nellie would have been frightened if she had not remembered that hysterics were not hereditary in her family.

It was spooky in there alone, and at length Nellie attempted to arouse Jenkins, even going to the extremity of coughing into his whiskers and agitating his always-interesting Adam's apple gently. Jenkins mumbled something horrible in a tone that made her shiver, while a prickly streak of fright traversed her spine.

Disheartened, Nellie studied a long time, finally deciding to sleep on the perplexing question. A minute later she was reposing restfully on her side, her trunk coiled lightly but firmly about Jenkins' exposed ankle in implicit trustfulness.

Nellie's dreams were most unnerving. Terrible visions of shiny-eyed, prickly-whiskered mice floated before her and agitated her visibly. Of a sudden a fearful, devastating white rat with luminous eyes rushed forth from nowhere and began nibbling at her feet. Horror of horrors! Nellie awoke, her trunk aloft in terror. Some heavy object was struggling queerly in her grasp, and she was nearly breathless from fear until she saw that it was only Jenkins. She cautiously lowered him to the floor and smoothed him out apologetically.

Sleep was again perching heavily on her eyelids when a sharp jolt thoroughly aroused her. The car had stopped! Nellie wondered if their destination were reached so soon. Voluminous neighings and bleatings near at hand convinced her that such was the case and that unloading was already in progress at the other cars.

She shook Jenkins timorously. A moment later she shook him again. After due deliberation and thought she seized him by the collar and stood him in the corner, where she eyed him reproachfully. Jenkins' legs bent fearfully at the knees, but Nellie kept shoving him back, and finally got him to stay in a vertical attitude. Highly pleased, Nellie breathed explosively into the bosom of Jenkins' shirt, whereat he yelled excitedly and edged away.

Jenkins grinned queerly as the noise from without reached his dulled hearing, then stumbled along the side of the car toward the door. A nervous fumbling at the catch was followed by a creak as he pushed the door back slowly.

Nellie heard him growl into the dark and judged that it must be unusually early. It was generally broad daylight when Jenkins let her out of that door, but as the bleatings and squealings met her ears with increased clearness, she only felt the old-time eagerness to be out among them.

Then ensued the delirious rattling of the gangplank as Jenkins wrestled bravely in the semi-darkness. A few anxious moments and she felt him loosening her chains, and then, taking her trunk in his hand, he piloted her unsteadily down the steep chute.

Nellie was considerably surprised at the entire absence of tall buildings near at hand —never before had she missed seeing them, and she had grown to expect them as a necessary adjunct of the unloading process. But Jenkins knew his business, and he had undoubtedly planned to let her off the car in close proximity to the "lot," thereby saving

The bridge folded up in the middle.

her a long, tiresome march. She was greatly pleased as she ruminated on Jenkins' thoughtfulness and fell to sorting out choice grass interestedly.

Jenkins was doing something funny with the gangplank, and Nellie lazily watched him, feeling amused. She judged he must be trying to climb into the car, but was not sure, for he was rolling to the bottom regularly as if he enjoyed it.

Suddenly there came a startling chunk! chunky! chunk! The train was moving! Jenkins was still heroically battling with the plank, which was now slipping and bumping along as the train gathered headway. Nellie watched the scene closely. Presently the plank tumbled off, rolling Jenkins down a sandy slope ludicrously, whereupon she trumpeted loudly and stamped her forefeet in high glee.

The train was now whisking rapidly by and soon was speeding away into the distance. Nellie was astounded to observe a second train standing on an adjoining track, and a glance was enough to tell her from whence came the bleatings she had heard. It was a cattle-train!

A critical survey of the scene failed to reveal Little Pete, Old Red and the rest, and, somewhat startled at the fact, she looked toward Jenkins inquiringly. Jenkins had climbed to the track and was swinging his arms strangely. Nellie wondered when she had ever seen him as joyful as he seemed to be now, and the sight reassured her, for she now knew that he was merely celebrating a scoop on his fellows in unloading her so near the grounds. With one eye cocked lovingly upon him, Nellie fell to nibbling the juicy grasses again.

By and by Jenkins approached her and leaned heavily against her side. Nellie liked that and stood quite still, her bosom heaving tumultuously. Jenkins was chewing a stem of fox-tail nervously, and he sneezed and choked when Nellie reached back and deposited a soft, rubbery caress on his grizzled features.

Presently he left her and proceeded to pound some wires off a post near at hand and ordered her to cross over them. Nellie obeyed and, pursuant to Jenkins' suggestion, assisted him to a seat on her cervical vertebræ.

"Go ahead, Nell!" remarked he huskily.

The air was cool and invigorating and Nellie went swiftly. The road lay between rows of tall trees with pretty white and green farm houses sprinkled here and there. Nellie trundled on steadily, her eager trunk swinging from side to side in quest of tempting foliage. She inhaled the refreshing air luxuriously and blew imaginary insects off her knitted brow with glad gusto.

The gleam of a body of water met her eye. It was tantalizingly near at hand, but Jenkins sternly refused her permission to take a dip therein, though she begged hard for it.

Down under the trees were camped some dusky-skinned horse wranglers and Nellie saw with vengeful delight their entire stock in trade vault a high wire fence with all the earmarks of haste and anxiety.

A wide, white bulldog rushed hungrily forth and stood over against them menacingly. Nellie indulged in one of her dry, hacking coughs and watched a gray, sandy cloud sweep up the lake shore with the bulldog in it. A hoarse laugh from up among her shoulder blades made her feel valorous indeed.

A wooden bridge presently appeared before her and she stopped. Nellie sometimes quailed before an audacious wooden bridge, but in response to a word from Jenkins she put a foot gingerly upon it and sagged her weight thereon. It held middling well and Jenkins thumped with his heels.

Crack! The bridge folded up in the middle and Nellie found herself in cool water that reached to her chin. The unnecessary haste with which she remained therein aroused the suspicions of Jenkins, who worked her ears out and in embarrassingly. That always was a humiliating proceeding to her.

Nellie was dreamily studying the frogs and grasshoppers along the route, when she was suddenly affrighted by a huge white thing on wheels that emerged from a dark lane just in front. Reassured by Jenkins, however, she fell in behind the strange affair. Although somewhat backward in her studies, Nellie could easily decipher the foot-high letters that were emblazoned on the back surface of the white thing.

They were M, I, L and K. Evidently the name of the man who owned the affair, thought Nellie.

After a little time she found herself overtaking the slowly moving cart and soon felt emboldened to peer through the small window that was set in the center of the flopping canvas. She surveyed a very bony horse, a pair of sagging lines and a nodding driver. Just then she felt three light taps on the top of her trunk and heard a gentle hiss like that of a disturbed goose. She knew the signal—it meant "Help yourself!"

With a studious show of reluctance, Nellie cautiously inserted her trunk beneath the cloth, her eye wide with anticipation. Ha! Something cool and round and smooth! She tugged at it testingly—it was quite heavy. Jenkins tapped again and Nellie lifted it out—a big shiny can loaded with something swishy! She passed it up to Jenkins who balanced it in front of him carefully.

The old horse presently swerved hesitatingly up a side lane and Nellie watched her furtively until she had disappeared from sight behind a clump of trees. Nellie was just wondering whether she had made a wise bargain in picking out such a heavy piece of booty, when Jenkins halted her and had her lift the can down for him. He then slid down, pulled off the cover and looked in.

Nellie's trunk swung inquiringly near and Jenkins suddenly grabbed it and plunged it into the can. It startled her but she knew that he would not hurt her and then, too, there was something delightfully cool in the can. She drew a deep, delectable draught while tears of joy sprang to her eyes and coursed down her sun-tanned visage. A shrill, blubbering noise soon told that she had sounded the depths and Jenkins cuffed her gently, as if she were an annoying creature.

Jenkins placed the empty can exactly in the center of the road, mounted to Nellie's back and the journey was resumed. The way seemed long and hard but Nellie kept at it uncomplainingly. Hours passed by before the peaks and spires of a city gladdened her eager eye. Her acute ear caught the resonant voice of Little Pete and the deeper, protesting roar of Big Ben, the lion.

But her heart was light within her and her step grew gazelle-like as she went eagerly forward. Fluttering streamers, tightening ropes and tall masts came into view and soon, with her heart oppressed with joy, Nellie rocked in between Little Pete and Old Red—safe home at last!

Little Pete was holding Nellie's trunk in silent bliss when a tall stranger approached and addressed Jenkins authoritatively and in a tone that made Nellie just a trifle resentful. But she was too happy to pay much attention to the incident. She knew, however, that Jenkins was explaining laboriously some misdeed and she idly thought how preposterous it was to imagine for a moment that he—her Jenkins—had ever made a mistake. After a long time the man went away and Jenkins turned toward her with a smile on his face. She swung her ears forward expectantly and paused in her eating. Jenkins rubbed her cheek and patted her affectionately.

"Poor girl! Poor girl!" he whispered, "I'll quit!"

He stooped to examine her foot tenderly and Nellie planted a loving kiss on the nape of his neck. She felt mightily happy for she did not know how very near she had been to a separation from her loved keeper.

Jenkins has proved true to his word and has now re-established himself in Nellie's good graces. He comes in early of nights and greets her with a friendly gouge in the ribs with his fist. He fans her ears, digs mud off her side, pats her on the teeth and relates funny stories to her before bedtime as he used to do.

And Nellie blinks and is happy in her twin loves—Little Pete and Jenkins.

"LOOK here, Mandy," yelled a sharp voice out of the second story window, "hereafter when you come for milk on Sunday you have got to go around to the back door. This family has all got religion."

Whether or not the old-fashioned revival is still used as much as it once was to fill up the church membership, every one remembers the time when it was.

It always has been an open question among people interested in church work as to whether a revival is good for the church or not. It is argued that even if a great many do backslide a certain number cling, so that in the end the church is slightly the better for it. On the other hand, the moral effect of those who backslide weakens the whole church.

Some magazines use revival methods to increase their circulation. It is not to be said even here that such methods are not good methods. Possibly in the end there is a net increase in the circulation. Possibly those who drop off do not hurt the magazine so much as one might think.

But the fact remains that that church which grows from Sunday to Sunday, simply on the strength of the old-fashioned, regulation Gospel preached from the pulpit, is a stronger and better church.

And—

That magazine whose circulation increases steadily from month to month, simply on its merits as a magazine, is after all the stronger magazine.

Readers of LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE must know that behind the editing of this monthly there is a policy, just as there is a policy behind every successful magazine, and for that matter behind every successful business.

It is not a part of the policy of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE to have overwhelming "features." It does not, as a rule, "play up headliners." Its table of contents, instead of consisting of one star and a number of minor actors, is of the nature of a stock company in which each plays its part as well as possible.

Of course, there are features. Every magazine must have features. The smartest editor who ever edited never got up a magazine every part of which was of equal merit. No editor ever will.

But features, as such, when they tower up and overshadow everything else in the magazine, when they sell copies of a given number by thousands, create a fictitious standard which is not maintained in the next number. In the end the result is reaction.

Those who drop off do not hurt the magazine.

When a man buys a magazine and finds it better than he expected, the magazine makes a friend and probably a subscriber. If at any time he gets a number which falls a great deal below his expectations, the magazine possibly loses that reader forever.

What LESLIE'S MAGAZINE believes and *insists* upon is that *each number is better than the last,* and always will be,

A man said to us the other day, "I believe that if everybody in America knew just what LESLIE'S was giving *every* month, its circulation would be 600,000 copies."

There is one special part of our policy which may have been overlooked. The individual, that is, the personality articles in this series have undoubtedly made a hit. Our daily correspondence shows that. But people who read magazines have short memories. As far as any one thing can become a fixed feature of a growing

Pushed by an upward movement.

magazine, these articles are a fixed feature of LESLIE'S.

In this complicated country of ours, about once in so often—perhaps not once a month—but about that frequently—some one man surges up above his fellows. He rises through his own ability, or he is pushed up by a movement. Such a man may be anything from a candidate for the presidency to the walking delegate of a strike.

This country is full of movements. Each movement is and can be explained by the character of one man. LESLIE'S MAGAZINE asks what man explains the most important movement of that month. Then it gets the best writer possible to explain the man.

As broad as its country.

In July two foremost men pushed up by the whirligig of politics were Cannon and Williams. Congressman J. Adam Bede contrasted these two powerful leaders, not as the conventional write-up or newspaper appreciation, but as studies of character, and characters of men who are indelibly impressed upon American history.

In August it is only necessary to mention "Spellbinders." These are studies of the men who will be the mouthpieces for the two great political parties that are contending for supremacy.

Every walk in life has its men who are to their movements what the keystone is to the arch. Industrial captains, great merchants or manufacturers, even obscure men who are centered in the focus of the limelight for an instant by a peculiar trend of circumstances, find their place.

In this way LESLIE'S MAGAZINE presents a more tangible picture of the changing kaleidoscope of national life, not found, we believe, in any other publication. It is as broad as its country. It is not the idea so much as the way in which LESLIE'S does it.

LESLIE'S MAGAZINE doesn't wish to place undue emphasis even upon this feature. It does insist that this feature should be looked at in its proper proportion as one of the factors used to create a magazine in every sense a typically American one. Then, too, about ten really good short stories are another fixed feature.

In the limelight.

Appreciation is best expressed in the terms of the box office. The sales of this magazine upon the news stands have increased from month to month during the spring and summer, and the subscription list has grown many thousands each month, and this too in the magazine's off season. What one of our contemporaries calls the "midnight month of a magazine year," has shown the greatest increase. The August number, at the time of writing this article, has been completely sold out. We can look ahead as far as October and see the same proportionate increase, with no reason for a lax end. Our list of subscribers has increased over 30,000 since March last, and this with bigger sales by the newsdealers and booksellers, makes necessary an edition for October of not less than 265,000 copies.

Steady growth.

This but demonstrates our belief in our policy, that a good magazine, good all through, has a steady growth. No revivals with their accompanying reaction of backsliders, but healthy converts convinced by the merits of the magazine itself; not any one feature, but all features welded together in a simple, direct policy. LESLIE'S is neither a newspaper nor a digest. It is a magazine in all that broad word implies, and American to the core.

Just follow the series of noteworthy papers mentioned, and see how carefully they select from time to time the men who mean the most to American minds.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

THE AUTUMN'S BOOKS

ONE of the questions that people ask each other most frequently is, "Do you know of any good new book?" and in spite of publishers' announcements and magazines given up to book reviews and literary gossip, it is always a hard question to answer. We miss, more often than not, the books we should like most to read and spend our brief time for reading over books which afterward we can only regret. And so we wish to lay before our readers a short account, really only a summary, of the best new books which will be published between the first of September and the middle of November of this year.

This is not a bookish magazine, but good books, whether novels or works of a more sober character, are and ought to be an integral part of our life to-day. For this reason we review each month eight or ten of the conspicuous books of the day, and we try to make these reviews at once concise and absolutely honest.

BOOKS ON CURRENT PROBLEMS

Of the books which deal thoughtfully and seriously with the problems with which we are struggling at the present moment, Thomas Nelson Page's "The Negro and the Negroes," will be one of the most valuable. It gives an exposition and a discussion of this vital problem that is well worth attention of every American, Northerner or Southerner. Another book of this kind which takes up the immigration question is "Imported Americans," by Broughton Brandenburg. Our readers are already familiar with Mr. Brandenburg's work, for it was for this magazine that the work was orginally undertaken, but there is much more in the book than we could find room for in our pages. The question which he is helping us to solve is interwoven with the destiny of America.

Since the war broke out there have been numberless books on Japan, but still another is announced for the fall, this time by Lafcadio Hearn, the Irish aesthete, who was born an O'Hearn and has became a Japanese. It is an attempt at an appreciation o. the Japanese nation and an interpretation of their civilization rather than a history or criticism.

The trusts we have always with us and the greatest of these, the Standard Oil, has certainly found its historian in Miss Tarbell. The complete collection of her articles, which have appeared during the last two years, will be published in the autumn.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

The interest in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and the advertising which has been given by it to a certain period of our history has resulted, of course, in the writing and publishing of a great many novels dealing with the events and heroes of the early nineteenth century, but it has also brought about a compilation of several important historical works that will be of permanent value. The "Original Journals of Lewis and Clark," elaborately edited and expensively got up, and a "Life of Andrew Jackson,'' by Augustus C. Buell—who wrote an excellent "Life of John Paul Jones"—make two important additions to our national historical literature. "Breaking the Wilderness," by F. C. Dellenbaugh (whose name is associated with the exploration of the Grand Canon), is the complete story of the conquest of the Far West from 1528 to 1869. The book covers the Louisiana Purchase Period as well as the years before and since, and the amount of individual anecdote crammed between its covers makes it something between a history and a story of adventure. There are two new collections of memoirs by women who saw and knew much of the making of our history during the Civil War and the years just before it, which will be published this fall. "Reminiscences of Peace and War, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, and "Mrs. Clay, of Alabama," one the memoirs of a Northerner and the other those of a Southerner, are both amusing records of the little incidents which help to interpret the big events of history. A new book on the Emperor William of Ger-

many, this time an attempt to present a gossipy portrait of the man and his surroundings, has been written by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." In strong contrast to this book, both in matter and handling, are the scholarly "Essays on Great Englishmen of the Seventeenth Century," by Sidney Lee, which take up Raleigh, Sidney and Shakespeare and their contemporaries. "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family," and the "Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton," are both to be published this fall.

NATURE BOOKS

The supply of nature books and animal stories is falling off a little, but there are two or three new books in this class which are well worth mentioning. Robert W. Chambers has a new outdoor book for children, which he calls "Riverland." It is of the same series as his "Outdoor Land" and "Orchard Land," and this time he tells of the animals that live in and around the streams and puts his information in the form of personal narrative which the little beasts and fishes tell to two children. The industrious Ernest Thompson Seton has a new bear book, called "Monarch, the Big bear of Talac," written and illustrated in his familiar style, and forming a good example of his method of making natural history attractive. For older people there are two excellent open-air books, though they differ fundamentally from each other. Mrs. Edith Wharton's "Italian Villas," with the exquisite color sketches, which Mr. Maxfield Parrish has made for these papers, is a beautiful book with an attractive text, wherein the literary quality has left little room for the guide book. Stewart Edward White's "The Mountains," on the other hand, is more a guide to those who would go to the hills than an expression of what they feel when they get there.

John Burroughs has also written a new book called "Far and Near," a series of papers founded on his observations in parts of the world as far away from one another as Jamaica, Alaska and the Hudson River Valley.

ESSAYS

A collection of twenty-six humorous sketches by Jerome K. Jerome on subjects that vary from "American Wives, a la Mode," to "On a Red Hot Stove," promises much that is amusing. Besides Mr. Jerome has been over quiet of late. Miss Carolyn Wells, who compiled the "Nonsense Anthology," has now completed a "Parody Anthology" along the same lines, useful as a book of reference, and amusing as a book for straightforward reading. A book of delightful essays is Miss Agnes Repplier's "Compromises." Whatever Miss Repplier writes is well worth reading and these new essays are pithy, keen and delightful.

NOVELS

There is a goodly autumnal crop of novels and many of them are by authors whose style and method are long since well known to the public.

Henry James has at last attempted a "popular" novel in "The Golden Bowl," one that will be intelligibly enjoyable to the thousands who know him by reputation only. W. D. Howells contributes a new novel of his usual pattern, called "The Son of Royal Langbrith," and F. Marion Crawford is to issue another tale of modern Rome and its ancient aristocracy in "Whosoever Shall Offend." Those who like Howells and those who like Crawford,—and their two audiences make no small portion of the reading public—will undoubtedly enjoy these books. The long announced and so far nameless story by Marie Corelli is scheduled to appear within the next two months, and a new story by "Ouida" called "Helianthus" will be brought out at about the same time. Gilbert Parker has a novel, "The Ladder of Swords," an historical romance of the time of Queen Elizabeth, while Justin Huntly McCarthy has taken the period immediately succeeding for his new historical novel, "The Lady of Loyalty House." H. Rider Haggard also has written this year a story of the time of the Crusades called "The Brethren." It is a tale of a beautiful lady, two Christian knights and our old friend Saladin, temporarily disguised as Saleh-Ed-Din, and is full of fighting and love-making and virtue and plotting. "Beverley of Graustark," the new book by George Barr McCutcheon, is a continuation of his successful novel of similar name.

W. W. Jacobs has thoroughly established his position in the world of short story writers, and we know what kind of enjoyment to expect from him. His new book, "Dialstone Lane," has the same qualities of humor and observation that he has made so delightfully familiar to us before.

A number of stories that have appeared serially in the magazines will be brought out in book form this fall, notably "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London; "The Youth of Washington," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Undercurrent," by Robert Grant; "The Soldier of the Valley," by Nelson Lloyd, and "The Flight of a Moth," by Emily Post. One of the few collections of short stories announced for the near future is Rudyard Kip-

ling's "Traffics and Discoveries," all but one of which have already appeared in magazines. Like all true lovers of Kipling, we rather dread his new volume, for few books could deserve to be successor to "Kim," and the short stories which Kipling signs in the current magazines arouse nothing but foreboding. A. E. W. Mason has a new story called "The Truants," which concerns itself with the adventures of a young married couple in London of to-day, while Anthony Hope comes back to us this season with a study of contemporary married life called "Double Harness," partly amusing and partly tragic, but lightened throughout by that epigrammatic give and take conversation with which he first delighted us in "The Dolly Dialogues." Onoto Wanana, who has told a number of stories of Japanese-American life, with always enough flavor of the Oriental in them to be picturesque, yet never so much as to be unintelligible to the ordinary reader, has finished a most timely novel, "The Love of Azalea," the story of a missionary and a Japanese maiden.

"The Leopard's Spots" made Thomas Dixon, Jr., at least well known, and any book by him is bound to be widely read and wildly criticised. "The Clansman," is his newest novel and one that is primarily a love story, though the author incidentally attempts to raise the original members of the Ku Klux Klan to the level of Knights Errant. Robert Herrick has a new story, "The Common Lot," and Gwendolyn Overton another called "The Captains of the World," both of them good stories and well worth reading. "Diana," by Katharine Holland Brown, and "Mammy 'Mongst the Wild Nations of Europe," are two more good novels, the latter with a guide book flavor of the pleasantest kind.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"THE VILLA CLAUDIA," by J. A. Mitchell.

Truly an attractive story, breezy with the Yankee ardor of the heroine, but intensified by the air of mystery in which Mr. Mitchell loves to dabble and dignified by its classical setting in Tivoli—the Tiber of the old Romans. The spirit of Horace presides over the book and his genial philosophy runs through it. (Life Publishing Co.)

"THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL," by Gilbert K. Chesterton.

A new and delightful idea of the twenty-first century and our probable return to the romance of the past. Wit, wisdom, and the sharp sting of satire give to every page the stimulating quality that all Mr. Chesterton's work possesses. It is a book that many people will like enthusiastically, many more dislike unreservedly, but that no one who reads it will forget. (John Lane.)

"ORDER NO. 11," by Caroline Abbott Stanley.

A Civil War story, alleviated by moderation in the sentiment of "the blue and the gray," and relieved by a pleasant style. (The Century Co.)

"A DAUGHTER OF DALE," by Emerson Gifford Taylor.

The story of the unsuccessful attempt of an old professor and a beautiful girl to turn a young man into a scholar. Well written, but not thrilling. (The Century Co.)

"THE CASTAWAY," by Hallie Erminie Rives.

This is a story of the loves of Lord Byron. An endeavor is made to show him more sinned against than sinning. But since true understanding and sympathy are lacking, the result is bald sentimentality and crude sensation. With its red cloth cover and colored Christy illustrations, this novel is an example of the principle of yellow journalism expressed in book making. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"THE TORCH," by Herbert M. Hopkins.

The college president in this novel is an excellent hero-villain, and the story of his triumphs and failures, of his friends and enemies, is well told. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"THE LIGHT OF THE STAR," by Hamlin Garland.

We wish that this dream of a great American playwright and a great American play acted by a great American actress, could be realized outside of the novel. The weakness and unreality of this story make our hope seem more illusory than ever. (Harper & Brothers.)

"THE ROSE OF OLD ST. LOUIS," by Mary Dillon.

Still another Louisiana Purchase romance, mixed this time with the flavoring of Napoleon I. and Thomas Jefferson and sweetened with the usual conventional love affair. Four hundred and sixty pages! (The Century Co.)

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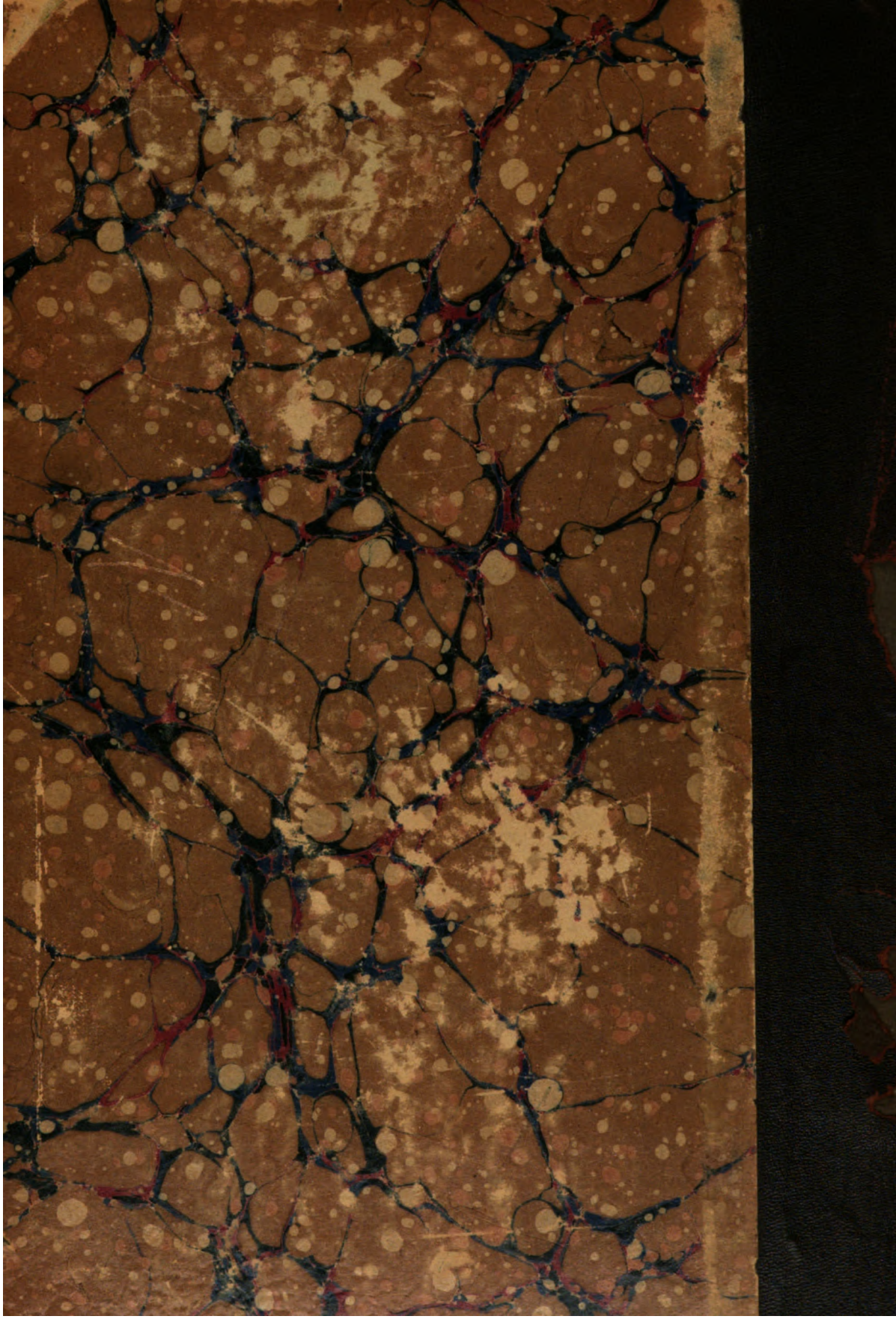
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